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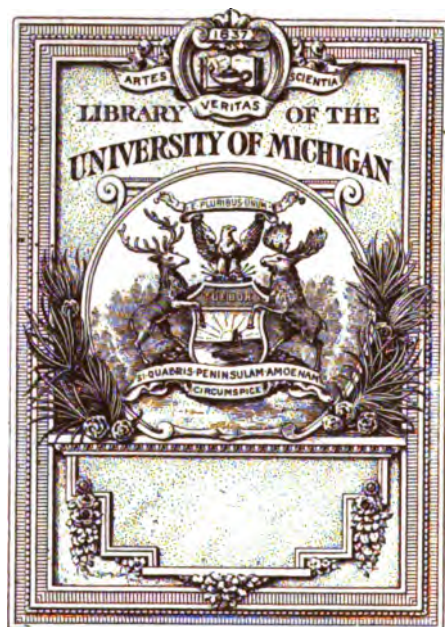
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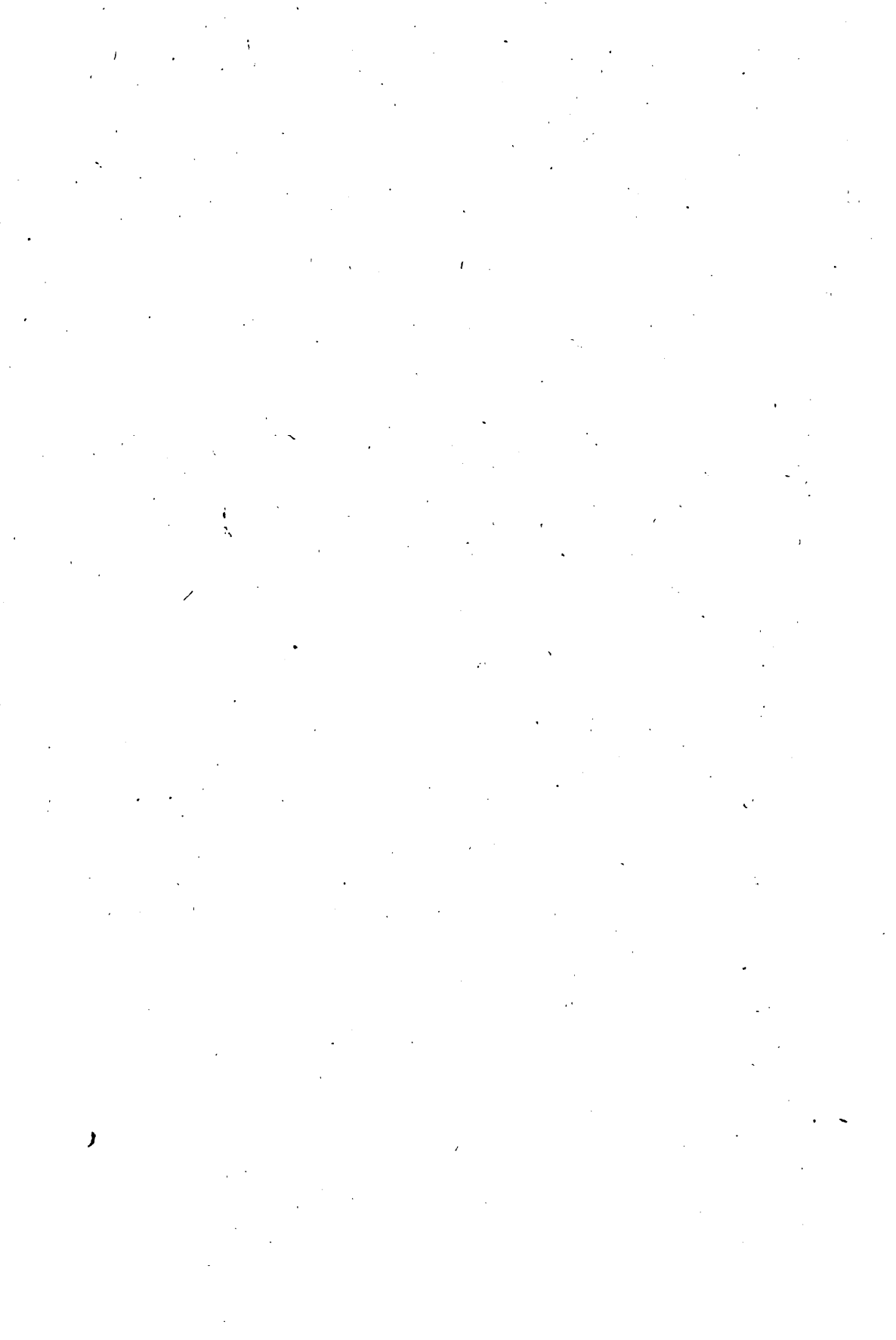
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**APPLETON'S
MAGAZINE**

**VOLUME IX
JANUARY-JUNE
1907**

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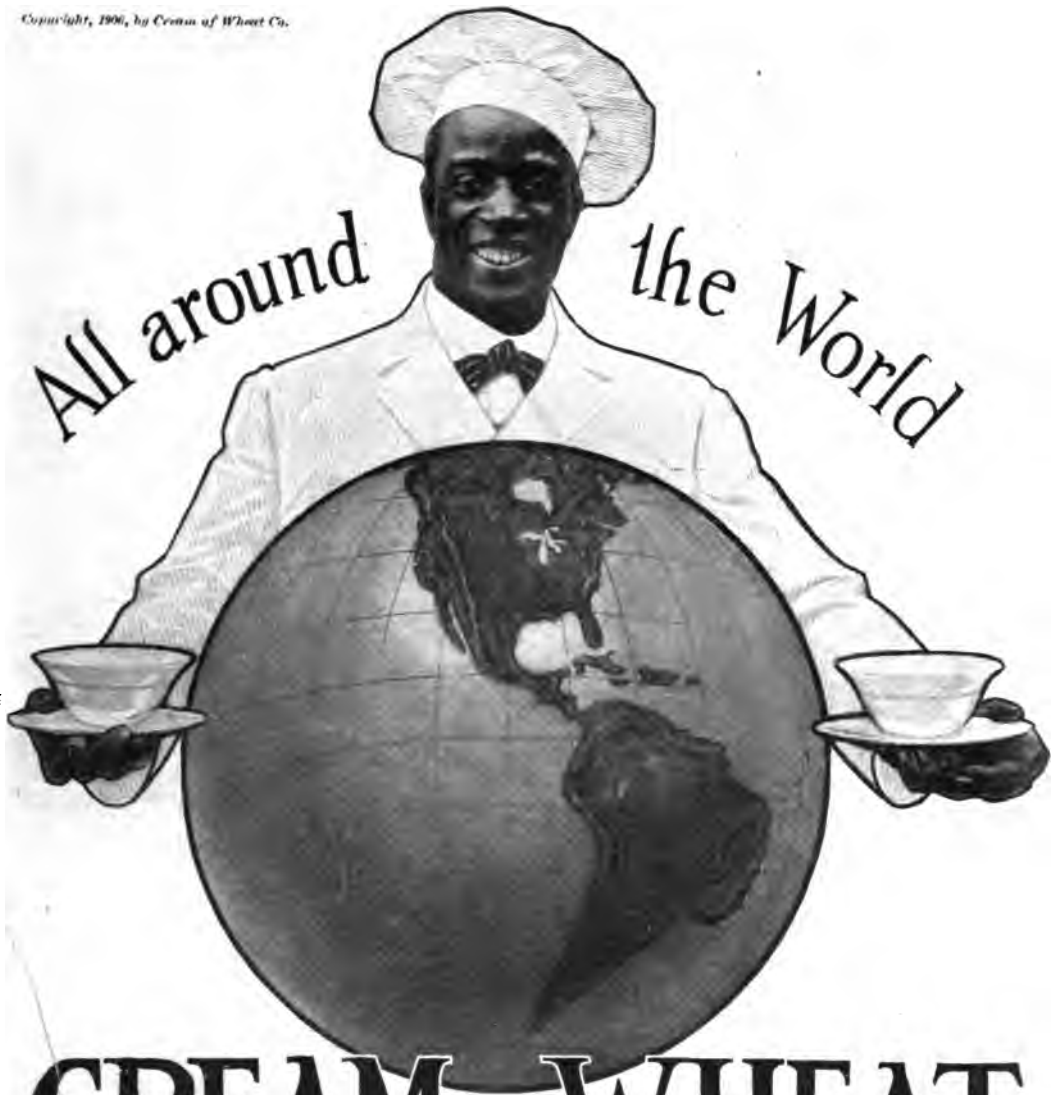
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"It seemed to Vlasova that the officer was but waiting for her tears."

—"Mother," page 99.

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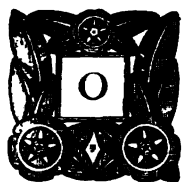
VOL. IX

JANUARY, 1907

NO. 1

VILLAGE ART AT HOME AND ABROAD

BY ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO



OUR larger American communities have already done much work in the direction of public art and prepared extensive plans, in part carried out, toward the creation of the ideal City Beautiful. But our smaller towns have as yet been more lukewarm, slower to move, and, except in very rare instances, have kept on growing along the same old lines. Yet they are the very places where ideal conditions could most easily be established, and they would be the most benefited thereby. They are communities in the making, in direct competition with their neighbors, and consequently desirous of increasing their population and resources. Everything that adds to their attractiveness has its practical as well as æsthetic uses. Every step toward making them more inviting adds just one round to the ladder of their success.

Last year in connection with the Exposition of Liège, there met, if I am not mistaken, the first International Congress of Public Art. And it seems fit that it should have assembled just where it did—in a Flemish town—for Flanders has been for centuries a leader in civic advance. I believe, too, that it is to Mr. Buls, ex-burgomaster of Brussels, that public art, as it is understood to-day, owes

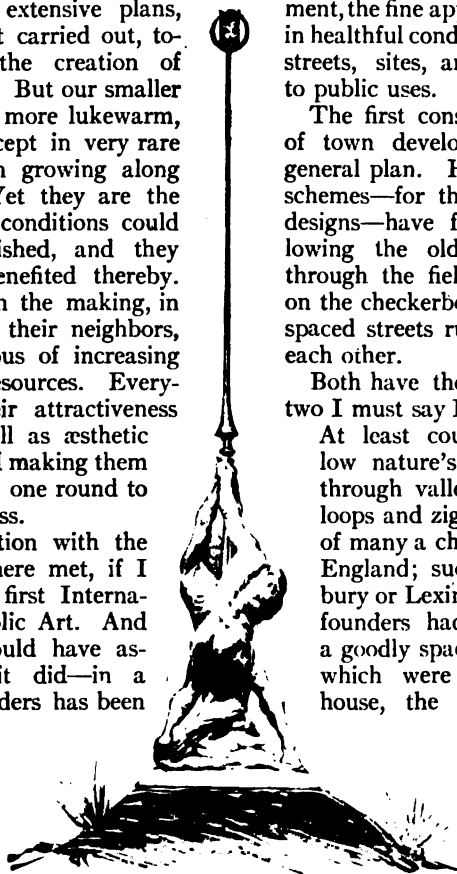
its birth—public art which is now demanding the attention of almost all enlightened communities and by which is generally meant a special art, consisting in the happy placement, the fine appearance, the maintenance in healthful condition, of all squares, parks, streets, sites, and buildings consecrated to public uses.

The first consideration in this matter of town development is naturally the general plan. Hitherto in America two schemes—for they can scarcely be called designs—have found favor: streets following the old cow paths haphazard through the fields; and towns laid out on the checkerboard system with equally spaced streets running at right angles to each other.

Both have their objections, but of the two I must say I quite prefer the former.

At least country roads usually follow nature's contours and meander through valleys or climb hillsides in loops and zigzags. Such is the plan of many a charming old town in New England; such, for instance, is Sudbury or Lexington or Concord. Their founders had the sense to set aside a goodly space for a "green," around which were grouped the meeting-house, the inn, the county court-

house, and other public buildings; and in the case of Concord, its beauty was further enhanced by a fine scheme of tree-planting, and by the or-



FLAG POLE AT GHENT

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AN ENGLISH VILLAGE AND ITS HEDGEROWS

ganization of a society still existing for the preservation of these same trees. And what was the result? Concord became a town apart, the preferred residence of the most intellectual group of people in the country.

Each town should seek its distinctive feature and make the most of it. In this connection Gondinet's *mot* has often been cited, reproaching a town dowered with a volcano for having let it go out. Gondinet was right. Volcanoes are rarities—attractions if you will—valuable assets that should not be thrown away. One would perhaps hesitate about “restoring” an extinct volcano. But a feature should be sought that would remain a dominant impression in the visitor's mind. If situated at the base of mountains of fine design, close the vistas of as many streets as possible with views of these same mountains; if hilly, crown the hilltops with parks affording extensive views, or with important buildings designed to make imposing silhouettes; if by a river bank, convert that river bank into a handsome promenade instead of using it as a rubbish heap. The little town of Kittingham on the Allegheny River has made a boulevard of the rubbish heap when all seemed too late. Out of chaos it has created harmony. The river frontage being too narrow for a fine roadway, ashes and grading from the town were dumped here until an embankment had been formed, at no great

expense, thus widening the roadway into a boulevard. Avenues of trees were planted and a second boulevard created, running at a right angle from the river bank through the town to the old courthouse set back high upon a hill, and the result is certainly satisfactory.

Of all foolish plans the so-called “practical” unbroken checker-board system is the worst. Every Western boom-town was laid out on this principle. Why this pernicious system found such favor is a mystery. It certainly has no artistic merits with streets that

lead *past* everything and *to* nothing; nor is it practical, for one must always make the full length of two sides of a right angle with never the opportunity of a short cut. All lots are of the same stupid shape, giving the architect no incentive to adjust his building to suit more interesting sites.

One of the best town plans that I have seen for a long time is the one drawn for the First Garden City Limited (a truly practical name) by an English firm of architects, and specially designed to meet the requirements of a community that has taken to heart the question of comfortable country living. This Garden City Association certainly merits our attention. Its objects are thus set forth in a little pamphlet issued from its own printing house:

To promote the relief of overcrowded areas and to secure a wider distribution of the population over the land.

Primarily, by advocating and assisting in the establishment of Garden Cities designed from the outset to secure healthful and adequate housing for the whole population.

Secondly, by encouraging the tendency of manufacturers to remove their works from congested centers to the country; by coöperating or advising with such firms, public bodies, and other associations to secure better housing accommodation for work people near to their places of employment, and by generally advocating the ordered design and development of towns.

The association arranges public meetings, lectures, and “Drawing-room Meetings” in

London and the provinces, at which well-known persons advocate the claims of the movement. Among its vice presidents it numbers such notable men as James Bryce, Sir Gilbert Parker, H. Rider Haggard, Earl Grey, and the Bishops of London, Hereford, and Rochester. It was represented at the St. Louis Exhibition and the Frankfort Congress, and "coöperates with other societies

north of London near the town of Hitchin. The estate bought contained about four thousand acres, and the population living upon it at the time of purchase was 450. Two years later, that is, in 1905, this population had increased to 1,000, and this year is estimated at 3,000. Sixty new houses are now tenanted; 150 others have been completed or are nearing completion, and contracts for 200



TOWN SQUARE AT SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND

having somewhat similar aims in carrying on a crusade against overcrowding, and endeavors to influence the development of new towns on Garden City lines." These ideas had been tried in an experimental way at Bournville and at Port Sunlight, and there is, I believe, a Garden City suburb at Hampstead.

But two years ago the direct propaganda of the Garden City Association resulted in the formation of the First Garden City Limited. It is situated about thirty-four miles

more have been let; eight factory sites have been rented—truly a very remarkable showing!

Messrs. Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin drew up the plan. Its advantages present themselves at a glance. The coöperative center is at the very hub of the town together with a dozen streets leading to it. A broad, shaded avenue leads up the main axis to a church which is made the chief artistic feature of the scheme and closes the vista of at least five thoroughfares. Around it are

grouped sites for a public hall, an institute, adequate municipal buildings, hotels, and schools. Back of it, a small park and a wide avenue lead to the railway station in an open situation. There are several breathing spots in the town, and there are golf links and recreation parks in the immediate vicinity. Altogether it is an excellent plan indeed for a

to France or Germany; but England is the country of hedgerows, and it is they that lend half the charm to her lanes and village streets. What an improvement they are upon the whitewashed picket fence, cleanly if you will and suited to certain New England villages, but hard and uncompromising, with a definite sense of mine and thine, always in-



OLD SQUARE AT NEWCASTLE, NEAR WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

township for 10,000, or for 30,000 for that matter, which is the limit the association puts upon the size of this, its first town, deeming that number sufficient for the size of the estate. Many of our towns could be adjusted to fit just such a plan by the cutting of a few new streets, the widening of a few others, and the more careful placement of future churches and public buildings.

English villages can suggest various other schemes for the adornment of small towns. For ordered tree-planting we may better look

harmonious, always growing old with never a touch of Time's beautifying finger!

Then there is the proverbial village green, dear to the boyish heart for baseball, football, and the like, with, perhaps, as at Ockley, an ornamental pump in the middle, whose trussed roof is supported on granite pillars.

Our forefathers laid out such in America. I well remember the one that lay beneath our windows at the Spencer House in Williamsburg, Va. How it must live in the minds of all the boys and all the students of old William



THE GREEN, WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

and Mary, that played upon its sward! With its old brick courthouse, its powder magazine, its Hall of Justice of severest classic type, it presents all the elements of picturesque design—elements that a guiding hand could easily have made a harmonious ensemble with the aid of a few well-placed trees and shrubs. And even now a capable landscape gardener could “pull it together” at very little expense.

The Middle Ages endowed Britain’s older towns with a feature that has always remained an ornament: the Market Cross. The cross had no religious significance, but was merely meant to punctuate the central spot of the town—the crossroads—from which all distances were computed. In towns like Chester and Chichester, that followed the plan of the old Roman camp, the cross was naturally placed at the intersection of the two main streets and served as the principal ornament to these thoroughfares. That at Chichester is especially interesting with its rich Gothic traceries and statued niches, and there still remain a number of others like the Poultry Cross at Salisbury, the quaint Gothic edifice that serves as the central feature of Shepton Mallett, and oth-

ers at Winchester and Gloucester, to lend a real distinction to the English market places.

In many cases our older towns still retain a certain architectural character in accordance with the date of their foundation and the nationality of their founders. They already have a past full enough of historic interest to make it well worth our while to wish to preserve their souvenirs intact. There are old Dutch towns in Delaware and Pennsylvania as quaint and picturesque as many a town in Holland; there are old colonial towns in New England and Virginia whose elm-lined streets and brick churches transport one, with no great flight of imagination, to the byways of Sussex or Wessex; there are old Spanish towns in California, with painted walls and red-tiled roofs, that recall the hillsides of Granada. Each tells its tale of history. But these records of our past are fast disappearing, and it is high time we sought to check this disappearance. Historical societies like the Colonial Dames and the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution have already done much toward this end in cases of individual buildings specially remarkable for historic reasons, but what I mean is the preservation of old sections, even



THE BINNEN ALSTER, HAMBURG. FROM THE OUTER ALSTER

rebuilding them where necessary in conformity with their original design.

In France, Rheims and Amiens have adopted this point of view, and have succeeded in "restoring" several of their old places. In Germany, Nuremberg, with all its growth and prosperity, still seeks to preserve its mediæval character intact despite trolley cars and automobiles. At Chester in England every effort has been made to carry out modern improvements so as not to interfere with the character of the place. In Bruges there exists a militant society for staying the disappearance of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century buildings. The municipal government distinctly encourages the restoration of old houses and has even been induced to pay

half the expenses incident upon such restoration. It has gone further. It decrees that no owner can make alterations in a building that will change its general architectural character. You may pull down an edifice altogether if you wish to rebuild, subject to the approval of the building committee, in which case you must of course bear the entire expense. These certainly are radical measures, better suited to the needs of a city that relies upon its quaintness for its power to attract tourists as its main source of revenue, than to the needs of cities of great commercial activity.

Its neighbor, Antwerp, strikes a happy medium between the old notions and the new. This city has grown very much of late. Yet

its old quarters retain their quaint mediæval character, while in the newer sections quays, avenues, and squares are planned with all the resource of most modern ideas. After various vicissitudes, prosperity alternating with periods of decline, the city took a very definite step in advance about seventy-five years ago. Its harbor becoming too small for its rapidly increasing trade, new basins were created and surrounded with massive stone docks. Its main water front and quays, started by Napoleon who foresaw its commercial and strategic importance, have increased in extent until now they border the Escaut for a distance of three and a half miles. In 1850 its port was entered by about 1,500 ships aggregating a quarter of a million tons burden; in 1903 by 5,760 ships, more than 9,000,000 tons burden! And its imports and exports have increased in like proportion. Yet with all this business activity it has taken time to consider the artistic side of things.

Who that has seen these broad stone quays to which the largest ocean liners can tie up, with all their practical accessories of giant noiseless hydraulic cranes worked by a subterranean aqueduct which also furnishes the power for opening and shutting the sluice gates and shunting the railway cars from track to track, will ever forget their imposing effect, with their broad *promenoirs* or elevated terraces, like boulevards, carried along on the roof line of the warehouses underneath, and



A BELL TOWER, HOLLAND

affording beautiful views over the Escaut and its busy shipping! In the middle, as the keynote, the old castle of the Steen, with turret and battlement, stands guard.

So much for an almost ideal treatment of a river frontage, for the Escaut, like the Hudson, is but a deep, wide river with a difference between high and low tide of twelve to twenty-five feet. Yet even at low water vessels drawing twenty or more feet can dock at the great stone piers.

Antwerp has been equally successful in the treatment of its railway approaches. The roadway is carried into a central locality on a broad and lofty viaduct, which, instead of disfiguring the part of the city through which it passes, can really be said to add to its beauty. Its massive brick arches, strengthened by the courses of white stone so familiar in all the early architecture of Flanders; its piers capped with *lourelles*; its stone balustrades, almost masking the trains as they speed along; even its water tanks designed like twin towers, connected with each other and with the viaduct by arches with stepped



THE MARKET CROSS, CHICHESTER



MARKET PLACE AT RHEIMS

tops, produce a highly decorative effect which is further enhanced by the well-ordered system of narrow parkways that skirt its base.

So with all their progress on practical lines, we see that the people of Antwerp have an eye to the beauty of their city. Art has always been a cult with them, and many of the principal squares and streets bear the names of the artists of whom they are so proud.

A single instance will serve to show how deep-rooted that feeling is. In the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville are a number of old guild-houses dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and, like those of Brussels, of rarely picturesque design. Several were falling to decay and menaced ruin, and there was question of pulling them down, when a wealthy and public-spirited citizen, a grain merchant, I think, Mr. Kreglinger, bought three of them outright, had them carefully restored at his own expense, and now uses

them for business purposes. The municipal government, following his lead, has taken charge of the one adjoining and at the present writing is restoring it. It has also recently purchased four in another row behind the Hôtel de Ville, so that now the preservation of the *place* seems assured.

There exists also in Antwerp a very live society called "Anvers en avant," which, under the guidance of its president, Mr. Verbist, makes every effort toward beautifying the city, preserving its historic souvenirs, organizing great public celebrations, festivals, and *kermesse*, and generally rendering it attractive to strangers.

Ghent has also given much attention to kindred subjects, and Monsieur Cloquet, architect and professor at its university, has taken a prominent part in discussions on public art. The results of this campaign are apparent in diverse forms. The lamp posts

are skillfully designed; the poles of the telegraph and telephone companies, carried to a very lofty elevation, are, like miniature Eiffel towers, openwork foliations of iron, spreading at the top to receive the numerous wires, and by their very height doing away with former disfiguring attachment of wires to houses.

But to me the happiest thought of public art in Ghent is the flag pole that stands in front of the Museum of Fine Arts. It was designed by Jules Van Biesbroeck, and stands on a small marble base at the summit of a circular mound of grass. Two strong men of bronze, almost nude, their muscles strained to acute tension by the great effort they are making, are planting the tall mast securely in the earth, bearing with all their weight upon the pole.

While in Van Artevelde's city, and before turning our thoughts away from the Low Countries, it seems only natural to speak of the old city halls and bell towers that tell so eloquently of the civic pride of the Flemish towns. While all earlier communities of Europe were putting their best effort into the building of great churches and strong city walls and gates, the burghers of Flanders were striving to outdo each other in the magnificence of their town halls, whose façades were enriched with all the splendor of Gothic art, while their interiors were decorated with the best that painter and sculptor could create. Those at Brussels, Louvain, and Ouden-

arde will ever remain models of their class; tributes to the civic solidarity of the communities that built them and monuments to their public spirit. This little country constantly showed its love of commerce by the splendor of its secular buildings. Who could forget the markets at Bruges or the Cloth Hall at Ypres, where the diaper (d'ypres) linen was sold! Or who could forget the Speeltoren that decorate so many a town in Holland—used for summoning the citizens together in cases of uprising or fire—heavy and massive in the lower stories, then blossoming lightly forth into crown and pinnacle at the summit!

But this is all looking backward, and the purpose of this article is rather to look forward, for however much we may enjoy these old Dutch towns from the picturesque point of view, we can hardly look upon them as models of civic progress.

But the towns of Germany have not been idle and have stepped into the lines of distinct advance toward ideal conditions. There is an excellent periodical, *Der Staederbau*, published in Berlin and edited jointly by Theodore Goeke of that city, and Camillo Sitte, the well-known Vienna authority on the construction of cities. This paper is devoted exclusively to the discussion of the artistic arrangement of cities from their economic, hygienic, and social standpoint; it publishes details of all competitions for the rearrangement of public places both in Ger-



A CLIPPED AVENUE IN FRANCE



FISH MARKET AT LEYDEN

many and Austria, and large plates of the successful designs in such competitions. In form and make-up it is not unlike our *American Architect*.

The Germans are avowedly lovers of nature and, while the rich go about in touring cars, the simpler classes, with pack on back, make many a walking trip. The Moselle Valley, the Rhenish side of the Vosges, the nooks and corners of the Rhine Valley itself, and the Schwarzwald, are annually explored by armies of pedestrians. This has inculcated a love for trees, for views, for resting places. We may laugh if we will at their eternal signboards pointing to "views," but these have taught them to use their eyes and look about them, and this cult of nature has found expression through the Verschönerungsvereins in many a town and village.

These Verschönerungsvereins or Beautifying Societies have become a national institution. Almost every little town possesses

one composed of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker—all the petty tradesmen—and presided over by the apothecary, the notary, the doctor, or the mayor. In the smallest villages they find food for fruitful work—not always well advised to be sure, and often destroying picturesque material in their zeal for cleaning up and "beautifying" the environs. But in spite of occasionally tearing down an old mill or a tower and straightening out roads that once were quaint old crooked lanes, they do much good by making paths through the woods without steep grades, that old people can follow as well as sturdy young people; by placing seats and many of them at all the prettiest spots whence views can be obtained, or where the coolest shade rests on a warm summer day. Near by they place receivers, usually of rustic design, like broken logs, for waste paper, orange peel, and other *débris*. And the people take the hint and

pride themselves on keeping these walks neat and clean.

Is it not well worth while thus to encourage in the humbler classes these promenades in the free woods and the open spaces, instead of leaving them to sit on the back stoop with the children playing in the rubbish heap? Does it not make life in the country better worth living? On bright afternoons these woodland parks about the German towns teem with baby carriages, with mothers playing with their children, and with schoolboys out for long walks.

government officials. And who can wonder at it when he notes the well-cleaned streets, the crystal water from the hills, running day and night in rivers down the deep open gutters, the newer quarters with their trim villas set in well-kept gardens strangely like so many of our suburban districts; and in the older part, the quaint, painted house fronts, the twisting streets, the city gates rebuilt and "restored"; and above all the great market place around the Cathedral surrounded by steep-roofed houses and on Saturdays teeming with life and color? Many of the Ger-



DOCKS AT ANTWERP. FROM THE UPPER TERRACE

I know so well the country round about Freiburg, and whenever I think of it, I recall the picture it presents of dense pine woods with their refreshing resin-laden air—not lonely and shunned by man, but filled with life and merriment, with little parties of ladies out for the afternoon bite so dear to the German heart, with elderly gentlemen reading their papers, with nursery maids tending their infant charges; and ever resounding with the cries and laughter of children.

Of course Freiburg is one of the pleasantest spots in Germany, the preferred residence of a large leisure class of retired officers and

man cities combine this charm of new and old; and the new is so new and up-to-date and the old has remained so quaint.

Hamburg presents a unique feature that might give food for thought to many a town situated near a body of water. Like Antwerp, it is not directly on the sea but has set its docks along a broad river. A system of canals reminiscent of Dutch cities connects the Elbe with a large body of water at the other side of the city. This Binnen Alster, a quiet basin or artificial lake, some two thousand yards around, has been made the central feature of a grandiose plan. In shape an irregular rectangle, it has been surrounded

by a broad, well-shaded promenade on three sides. Its fourth side, part of a great circular park system that entirely surrounds the old city on the line of the ancient ramparts, is formed by two wooded peninsulas connected by the broad Lombardbrücke. The Binnen Alster presents a picture of the greatest animation with its pavilions, bazaars, and arcades, and its calm sheet of water, alive with swans, and constantly traversed by little steamers, sailboats, naphtha launches, and pleasure craft of every description. Beyond the bridge lies the quiet Outer Alster.

To my mind most of our river cities have thus far entirely wasted their opportunities. How few situated along the Hudson have profited by the vicinity of that noble river! Compare them, for instance, with the Rhenish towns with their vine-clad pergolas, their pleasure gardens, cafés, and boathouses. One notes with pleasure that Baltimore has awakened to its possibilities and, profiting by its recent fire, has created, among other notable improvements, a fine dock system to supplant the old rotting wharves that formerly lined the basin on Chesapeake Bay; and it has partly surrounded this basin with avenues more than a hundred feet wide. Why should not our small towns profit by such examples? Why not leave space enough in the beginning so that they will not have to buy back land when it has increased tenfold in value? Give to this space a monumental character from the start and develop a town center preferably neither too flat nor too reg-

ular but of interesting shape adapted to the lay of the land.

How naturally a handsome aspect can be imparted to terraces: a flight of steps, a few well-ordered trees and hedges, some pots of flowers, and a fountain—what possibilities lie within these simple means! And the lack of fountains! Why, with all our springs and rivulets, have we so few of them? How seldom we use our water courses for decorative purposes! I remember with what joy I hailed a simple jet of water on my way to Briarcliff, N. Y., the other day. The splash of a fountain brings a touch of nature into the crowded haunts of man, recalling to the hurried passer-by some sylvan spot where the water bubbles over the stones of a dark trout stream.

And my next plea is for trees. You may object that trees take too long a time to grow. Why not transplant them already grown? It is no great undertaking. On the contrary, one wagon specially constructed for the purpose could move enough trees for an entire system of avenues.

These wagons have two wheels, like those of an ordinary dump cart, connected by an axle that drops almost to the ground. The body of the vehicle, swung very low, has only three sides, the rear being open. The tree, with all its roots and a big cube of earth, is raised out of the ground by means of jacks, and pushed into this cart, either standing upright, or, as in Germany where they are bothered by overhead trolley and telephone wires, tilted at an angle of, say, thirty or forty



A GERMAN MARKET PLACE

degrees. It is thus carted to its new abiding place, where a hole, well soaked with water, has already been prepared to receive it. In windy spots it must be braced for a while with wires. This system has been tried with perfect success for years, in fact, I believe, for centuries; for do we not read that Louis XIV had grown trees brought to Versailles in great numbers from all the

surrounding royal forests? Leipzig has recently created new shady avenues by this means, and Paris constantly renews her boulevard trees in like manner.

No one who has known the French clipped avenues and their dense summer shadow, will deny the comfort of sheltered streets. How one longs for them in sun-baked towns of the West! The trees, topped and trained to spread in all directions, instead of growing tall and spindly, put their entire strength into a myriad of tiny branches, thus casting a dense curtain of shade without a break. All



A FRENCH MARKET HOUSE

day long they afford complete protection from the sun's rays. The lime, the sycamore, the hornbeam, the plane tree, all lend themselves to this treatment and can be trimmed to suit any design; that is, arched or boxed or in solid curtain walls.

We Americans, I think, have made a great mistake in throwing open our lawns to the gaze of every passer-by. Our small suburban houses shamelessly throw

themselves at you instead of hiding discreetly behind hedge or fence. This fashion has killed the love of the land; the tender care lavished upon the flower garden, the shady seats under the latticed arbor—all the intimate charm that makes country life worth living. It has quite killed all outdoor home life, for sitting in an open garden is really out of the question. I know that the garden close is coming back into favor, and I sincerely hope that the fashion will continue to flourish and that we shall revert to the good old-fashioned flower garden of long ago.

TRIUMPH

By OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

THE race is won! As victor I am hailed
 With deafening cheers from eager throats—and yet,
 More glad the victory, could I forget
 The strained, white faces of the ones that failed.



Drawn by Arthur Becker.

"Mr. O'Halloran looked 'round just in time."

HOW MR. DENIS O'HALLORAN TRANSGRESSED HIS CODE

BY B. FLETCHER ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER



R. DENIS O'HALLORAN paused in the shelter of the inn porch, clasping his long horseman's cloak about him. He was a man below the middle height and of a spare and active figure.

His expression was resolute and his eyes of a merry audacity. The light from behind him threw his shadow in gigantic relief upon the spreading puddles of the highway. Above him the gale roistered among the chimneys and gables of the old house. An April moon, sailing clear in a hurrying sky, showed him where, to the southward, his road crept up from the village into the shadows of the hills.

"'Tis no night for travelers, sir," said the landlord, pushing forward. "A young gentleman would be safer employed with a bowl of punch, or it might be a spike of mulled claret, than in riding the moors."

"Safer, ye say?" The brogue betrayed him.

"Indeed, sir," urged the landlord, "if you were of this country you would know that we have been much plagued of late by knaves that the late unhappy rebellion has let loose upon us. 'Twas not a week since that Sir Francis Grove, of Oakdale, was waylaid."

"Pish, man, I know ye've a bed to let," grinned Mr. O'Halloran.

"There be yet worse things than a cut-purse," said the landlord, wagging his head.

"Faith, but I'd make their acquaintance."

"The powers of evil, young gentleman. For when a body is freshly swung by the Beacon Hill, which I would have you remember that you must pass, there have been substantial folk come riding here, calling loudly for strong drink and telling of things that crouched beneath the tree like toads, and

things that screamed and chattered in the air. The Lord preserve us."

"Let me be plain with ye, landlord," said Mr. O'Halloran. "On to York I must. As f'r what I may meet by the way, I take it that a sword an' pistol will serve f'r the wan and a clane conscience f'r the other. My horse, if ye please."

"'Tis here, sir, 'tis here," said the landlord. He bustled out into the road as he spoke, waving an arm to an advancing hostler.

Denis O'Halloran rode swiftly through the village street, easing his mount as he met the shoulder of the hill. To right and left, as his horse stumbled and grunted up the ill-kept road, there spread a succession of vast and melancholy moorlands that rose and fell in long undulations until they were merged in the gloom of the middle distance. From the ridges above him the gusts swooped down in sudden squalls like the firing of cannon. Not a cottage, not a barn, nor any creature that might house therein, was to be seen. Bold as he might be, his courage did not save him from uneasy glances toward the shifting pools of shadow which the scattered bushes threw upon the track. It was an age when the wayfarer had still to rely upon his own weapon for safety, and he knew that after nightfall such waste places must have their perils.

He reached the crown of the hill and pushed forward at a livelier gait. It was a rolling country, however, and within a mile he found himself descending a sharp incline into a valley deep in shadow. Once his hand slipped round to his sword; but it was no more than the cry of a distant owl, and he was jeering at himself for a coward as his horse stumbled among the boulders of a ford and breasted the opposing slope.

The wind was still blowing in fitful gusts, but the high crest of the hill, beneath which he now found himself, afforded him an absolute shelter. Moreover, it hid the moon. Silence on a solitary and dangerous way is ever suggestive in its possibilities. He found himself leaning forward with eager ears. Suddenly he drew rein, cocking his head with a queer trick he had, like a dog at a door. From somewhere beyond the bend of the road there came a faint sound as of metal on metal or metal on stone. Yet it was neither beat of hoof nor clink of stirrup iron.

For man Denis O'Halloran had little fear. He had already acquired some reputation in campaigns under an alien flag. But it was a superstitious age and he came of a superstitious people. The tales of the landlord had not left him unaffected. Therefore, when pushing warily forward he rounded the spur of the hill into the full light of the moon, the spectacle which met his gaze shook his heart into his mouth and his hand to the pistol in his holster.

On a little plateau some fifty paces from the road and circled by a rising slope, stood a gallows whereon hung the body of a man. The sight was familiar; by such means were the highways rightfully protected. But the corpse did not swing unattended. A few paces from the foot of the gibbet were two figures, the one erect, wrapped in a trailing cloak, the other crouching to some labor. And there fell on him the conviction that these creatures were not of earth nor of God.

The crouching figure moved; the light gleamed on a pick as it rose, and the clicking sound came again to his ears. It was digging a grave painfully and slowly. Presently it stopped, dropping the tool, and as it did so the other struck it so that it raised a loud wail of pain. A woman's voice, thought the traveler, and his blood stirred within him. He glanced about him like a man waking from a dream. On the road two hundred yards away was the blurred outline of a coach. These were neither ghosts nor wizards then; but a man and with him a woman suffering distresses. With an oath he set spurs to his horse and galloped headlong toward them.

The man never moved from where he stood, but the woman ran toward him, crying, with outstretched arms. The traveler was out of the saddle in a flash and slipped an arm about her, for she seemed near to falling.

"Save me," she said, "for the love of heaven."

"Faith, madam, an' I will be blithe to do so," said Mr. O'Halloran. He looked down at her with satisfaction. She was indeed a fine woman, though not in her first youth.

The man advanced from beneath the shadow of the corpse, dropping his cloak as he did so. The moon showed him tall and lean, with a long face and a stern and melancholy expression. He carried himself with an air of dignity. Plainly he was of gentle breeding.

"It would be well, sir, if you do not interfere in that which nowise concerns you," he said sternly.

"By the blessed saints, but did ye ever hear the like!" cried Mr. O'Halloran, clasping the lady a thought more closely.

"I perceive you are an Irishman," sneered the tall man.

"An' I perceive that ye ar-re an impertinent scoundrel," returned Mr. O'Halloran.

"I do not desire to brawl with you, my good fellow. Let it suffice you that I have an explanation for what I am about."

"An explanation, have ye?" cried Mr. O'Halloran in vast indignation. "Then let me tell ye that amongst Irish gentlemen the striking iv a lady admits no explanation. Sor, ye lack gentility. If I had the time I would tache ye manners with a cane. Is that your coach, madam?" He turned, pointing a finger to where it stood. She nodded her head, watching him with eager eyes.

"Then permit me to escort ye to it."

"That you shall not do, by heaven," cried the tall man.

The Irishman made him a mock reverence. Plainly the situation pleased him greatly.

"'Tis the first word iv sinse that ye've spoken," he said. "The moon shines bravely, sir, though the company"—he glanced at the gallows—"might well be bethered."

"My preserver," whimpered the lady, clinging to his arm.

"That, madam, is as the saints may direct," he said. "Though our melancholy friend yonder seems more apt with his tongue than with his weapon."

"What are you?" said the tall man. "Jacobite fugitive, cutthroat, or an Irish bogtrotter on a journey? Pray give me so much of your confidence."

"I hold a captain's commission," replied Mr. O'Halloran with becoming dignity, "though in what ar-rmy it is not precisely convanient fr me to mention. Does that content ye?"

"I am at your service," said the other.

"May heaven aid you," murmured the lady.

Mr. O'Halloran stooped and kissed her hand.

"Ye do me great honor, madam," said he.

"My knight in time of need," she smiled into his eyes.

"I account meself the more fortunate," he said, and then in a lower tone, "While we ar-re engaged, I pray you, madam, away to your coach. 'Twill be safer—in case——"

"Sir," she said very loud and bold, "I stay here that I may see you kill him."

Mr. O'Halloran slipped off his cloak, drew his sword, and stepped forward with a lean activity. He made a pretty figure of a man as he stood in the moonlight, examining the ground. The moor was rough with tufted heather, save for a level patch in the midst of which the gibbet had been planted. A score of feet to the right he marked the open grave with its banks of dark mold. He did not dwell upon so suggestive a spectacle.

"It must be here or nowhere," he said.

"May the poor lad yonder pardon us."

"For his pardon I will answer, sir," said the tall man with a sad sort of smile. "He would not have wished it otherwise."

Mr. O'Halloran did not reply save by a fencing-room salute.

"The moon shines justly for both," said the tall man; and the swords rang together.

In the French capital there was not a *mattre d'armes* but spoke well of the sword of the Irishman. Yet before the sudden and infernal onslaught of his opponent he gave back five paces and more. The man crowded in upon him with a contained and glowing fury, so that he fought for his life, making no effort beyond the parrying of the deadly stabs hurled at him. Blue shone the blades as they flickered under the moon, save when now and again a spark sprang from a fiercer thrust met by a stronger parry. The ground was bad, the light was bad, and if O'Halloran was by far the more accomplished swordsman, he knew too much to risk an attack against a man to whom death seemed a matter of no concern at all.

In that first mad rush of his opponent the Irishman had been forced back to the very foot of the gallows tree, so that it almost seemed that he fought with his back against it. Above them the corpse swung in its chains so that now its shadow fell upon the blades as if to lend its aid to the fiercer, less expert, of the duelists. He noticed it

and laughed aloud in a high, inhuman note. Yet it was the renewed strength that it seemed to lend him which proved his undoing. He lunged too wildly—too far; the Irishman met him by a keen *riposte*. He stopped with an oath, dropping his sword to the ground.

"Again, again!" screamed the woman.

Mr. O'Halloran paid her no attention, but stepped back, lowering his point. The other swayed where he stood, plucking at his shoulder with red and dripping fingers. In another moment the Irishman was beside him, supporting him.

"It was the charge iv a bull," he panted. "Man, ye were beside yourself. Are ye badly hurted?"

"The shoulder, not the lung, I think," said the tall man. "May I ask you, sir, to keep that woman off me?"

Mr. O'Halloran looked round just in time. The lady had picked up his sword and was running in upon them. She halted, gesticulating.

"You fool!" she cried. "Kill him!"

Mr. O'Halloran was by her side in two strides and recovered his weapon. He moreover took the precaution of picking up that of his adversary before he returned to him. It was a disabling but not a dangerous wound. In three minutes he had triced it up so as to stop the bleeding. He rose from his knees. The woman was standing beside him. He met her eyes without flinching.

"Madam," said he, "I have found this gentleman a very brave and iligant fighter. To be thruthful with ye, I would know more iv this business."

"Then I will bid you good night, sir," she said coldly. "I can find my way to the coach."

"I must ask ye, with due submission, to remain where ye ar-re," replied Mr. O'Halloran. "At least until such time as I have inquired further iv this gentleman."

The tall man was seated on the ground, nursing his arm, his back propped against the gallows. He regarded them curiously.

"I can trust my story to an antagonist who is as honorable as he is bold," he said. "If you can induce the lady to remain——"

"It would only be right," interrupted Mr. O'Halloran.

She laughed defiantly.

"And if I disobey?" she inquired.

"I trust ye will not," he said with a sharp decision.

She made no reply, but seated herself, drawing her cloak about her.

"I am at your service, sor-r," said Mr. O'Halloran.

The tall man bent his head for a moment, plucking at the grass with his uninjured hand.

"My name is Yorke," he said. "Colonel Francis Yorke. You may have heard it?"

"It was tolerably familiar after Fontenoy," laughed the Irishman. "I am proud to make your bettther acquaintance."

"What I now have to tell you is the truth—upon my honor."

"That is sufficient for me," replied Mr. O'Halloran.

"An old man with grown sons about him married again," said the colonel. "Heavens, sir, does not the devil's opportunity lie in old men's follies? He had met the lady at a rout at York. He knew naught of her but that she was bold in spirit and pleasing to the eye. His elder son, a soldier serving abroad, saw neither the wooing nor the wedding; the younger did that which he could to check his father's doting desires. She met the lad and defeated him at every turn of the game. She laughed away his evidence of her past as malicious talebearing. So he perforce must watch this jade come flaunting into his home, knowing full well with what hatred she regarded him and what little hope of joy in life under his father's roof remained to him."

"Ye speak bitterly, sir," said Mr. O'Halloran.

"Is it a merry tale? Come, hear it out. Within a year of the marriage, over the border came the Highland cattle lifters with that Papist adventurer, Charles Stuart—What? Do I touch your politics? Forget it, sir, or I shall never have done. The lad was of an age for romance. His father's wife had raffish friends who made a pothouse boast of it to drink to their king over the water. Together they beguiled him until in the end he rode away to join—pshaw, but I must be careful—to join the most valiant army of the only true and puissant monarch of these islands, then about to retreat from Derby. 'Twas a pretty plot, worthy of the sex to which I observe, sir, you are a devoted champion. The old man was a Whig who hated the Pretender as he would the devil. To him comes his good wife with loud lamentations. The prodigal son had ridden away to join the invaders, a Jacobite declared. She hinted at fines and sequestrations. Whereat the father swore that his son should never darken his doors again; and this may I say of him, that the sterner the

vow the more closely he ever held to it. He had been a strong man in his day, both of mind and body.

"I will not tire you, sir, with needless particulars. The lad was in hiding for six months, starving for a year. He crept back to his home, was turned from the doors, and in his desperation he stopped a coach here upon the moors. Information against him was already out, through whose agency you may best guess. He was apprehended and hanged in chains near by the scene of his offense as a warning to malefactors."

"Ye should have told me iv this before—before we fell to disputing," said Mr. O'Halloran.

"You understand, then?"

For answer the Irishman whipped out his sword and saluted the corpse where it clanked and swung.

"He died for his king," he said, "though I had rather it had been at Culloden. God save the king!"

"You do us honor, sir," said the colonel. "In my brother's name I thank you."

The lady rose from where she sat, throwing back her cloak with an angry gesture.

"Do you believe this man?" she cried.

"Faith, madam, but I do," said Mr. O'Halloran.

"This woman beater?"

She scored a hit. He hung undecided, with a toe scratching the turf.

"Permit me to finish my tale, sir," said the colonel. "I learnt that my good stepmother was journeying home this evening. Wherefore I took the occasion to invite her to my brother's funeral. I could not leave him here, poor lad. As she had hung my brother, it seemed but in due course that she should help me to dig his grave. Finding her opposed to the suggestion, I used the argument most likely to appeal to her. Our work was well-nigh ended when you appeared. Upon its termination it was my intention to escort her to her coach."

"You hear this villain," cried the lady. "He forced me to dig, to dig till my hands were blistered!"

"It would be a better grave were it a few inches deeper," said the colonel, "and the soil is light."

Mr. Denis O'Halloran thrust out his chest, fingered his sword hilt, and scowled at the gallows, the moon, and the moors.

"By the honor of me house, sor-r," he said, "but I think that your stepmother will do well if she takes to the spade again."



GRAND OPERA ON THE BOWERY

BY JOHN S. LOPEZ

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN



PATRONS of grand opera, the country over, who turn in homage to New York as the very fountain head of operatic production in America, will witness this winter what promises to be undoubtedly the most epoch-making period in our musical annals. Impresario Conried, of the famed Metropolitan Opera House, hitherto unchallenged leader in the field of grand opera, has now a rival in Impresario Oscar Hammerstein, projector of the new Manhattan Opera House. Men and theaters are to wage war for public approval and patronage. This conflict will be fought by world-famous tenors, sopranos, barytones, basses, and directors, striving each to vanquish the other by artistic superiority and more lavish productions. Thus the public directly reaps the benefit of this competition, and an important problem in the law of supply and demand is solved.

But meanwhile a more puzzling problem has been solved, and perhaps a more significant stride in the presentation of grand opera is being made by two practically unknown Italian impresarios, Signori G. D'Amato and A. Ferrara, who hail from and hold forth in—think of it—the East Side of New York. Theirs has been the presentation of real Italian grand opera at popular prices—so popular, in fact, that even the very poor, hitherto forced to cheap melodrama or vaudeville for amusement, may, if they so desire, now enjoy the works of the great maestros.

Generally speaking, past notable efforts in the field of grand-opera presentation have been for greater artistic excellence—which stands for increased cost of production and consequently a maintenance of the graduated high rates of admission which are practically prohibitive to the poor. Small wonder then that by most persons grand opera has been regarded as an amusement almost exclusively



"Selling librettos of the opera."

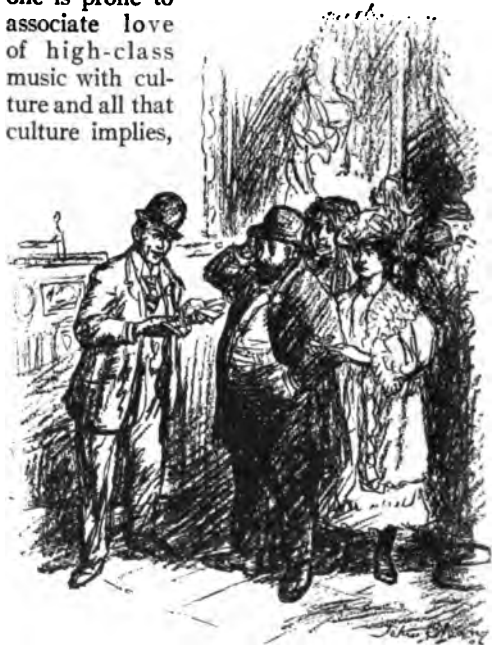
for the rich or well to do. And now Impresarios D'Amato and Ferrara have proved the fallacy of this belief.

You patrons of grand opera who know the Metropolitan Opera House and regard it as the Mecca of Music, go down the Bowery to the People's Theater some Monday evening during the season of the Royal Italian Grand Opera Company and prepare to be astonished. Perhaps you incline to the belief of many impresarios and managers who argue that even if it were possible to produce meritorious grand opera at prices within the reach of the poor, not enough of that class would respond to make the venture profitable. If such be the case, it will pay you to get to the theater an hour early and witness the pulling, pushing crowd in a scramble for admission tickets. Down there, in contrast to the Metropolitan Opera House, the audience comes early, although the opera begins late. It is not a popular practice to go to your seat after the opera has begun, as you will learn once you are inside.

This crowd that blocks the lobby is a refutation of the charge that the poor do not appreciate nor want grand opera. Mostly they are Italians, men, women, and children, unmistakably from the confines of "Little Italy"; although here and there is a sprinkling of the other races that go to make up the East Side. In this "come early" crowd, no niceties of dress are observed. They are

bound for the gallery and dress does not count there. One can pick out the laborer, fresh from work and a hasty supper, coatless perhaps, and with sleeves rolled up. With him, perhaps, is his wife, none too neat but gay in her gaudy kerchief. Over there is another, whose hands bear the imprint of the street cleaner's broom, in conversation with some round-shouldered man who somehow impresses one as a ragpicker. Bootblacks there are, with kits swung over shoulders, small, shrewd-faced urchins who add much to the clamor by struggling for vantage points with other urchins who are unmistakably newsboys. They do not add beauty to the scene, this garrulous throng; but it is invariably good-natured and undeniably picturesque.

It is not exactly representative of the audience, the crowd that comes so early. Indeed it is the poorest element that cannot buy seats in advance and, with typical frugality of the race, would not if it could, for fear something might happen to prevent use of the tickets. Again it would not demand much stretch of the imagination to decide that many of them had been busy until the last moment getting together even the small price of admission. Looking at this motley gathering, it is hard to realize that it is struggling to hear grand opera. Somehow, one is prone to associate love of high-class music with culture and all that culture implies,



"The ticket speculators 'get busy.'"



"Wait until you witness the outbursts of enthusiastic appreciation."

and one might seek here for evidences of the supposed refining influences of music without finding a single trace. To observe these people in the gallery, later on, is to have such ideal theories shattered.

Next to appear are patrons of the opera from a little higher strata in prosperity. These are, if one may guess from appearances, the Italian barbers, small merchants, and fruit venders. Usually they have with them their wives or sweethearts, and bright and dazzling, from an East Side point of view, is their garb. They purchase the cheaper balcony seats, but do not secure them in advance. And now the ticket speculators "get busy," for this is one phase of opera night not peculiar to the Metropolitan Opera House. Oh, the lamentations and Latin maledictions with which these victims of the speculators assail their own caution in not procuring seats in advance! Arguments arise and drown all other sounds, but invariably, after much bargaining, the seats are purchased. Straightway then, all trouble banished, the erstwhile victim enters the theater all anticipatory smiles. Meanwhile, boys have been dashing around selling librettos of the opera, and it is remarkable to see how many of these are purchased by the patrons. Evidently it is not going to be so ignorant an audience, after all.

This impression is heightened when the late comers begin to put in an appearance. They constitute the better class of the audience, the society element, so to speak, because even the East Side has its society, and, just as at the Metropolitan Opera House,

society turns out in force on grand-opera night. It is a well-dressed, prosperous-looking society, this, and although full dress is neither universal nor yet unknown, there are diamonds and other badges of wealth in evidence. One could never mistake it for a "fashionable" opera audience, however. Contrast the happy, vivid, animated faces of these patrons with the blasé demeanor of the uptown operagoers whose very appearance spells boredom suffered for the sake of convention.

One uninitiated might conclude this unconventional gathering was attracted by something else than a desire for high-class music; in fact that they did not know what they were going to get. Wait until you witness the outbursts of enthusiastic appreciation which fairly rock the People's Theater; and compare it with the oftentimes frigidly tolerant atmosphere which pervades the classic Metropolitan. Applause runs riot in both, in truth, but compared with the spontaneous demonstrations of this People's Theater audience, the approval of the others is as that of a feeble bonfire compared with the resistless sweep of a prairie blaze. Latin impetuosity perhaps; but one who notes the nice discrimination with which these demonstrations are awarded, might come to think that love of music, tempered by a knowledge of what is good and what is bad, actuated the outbursts.

This more prosperous class of the audience has secured its seats in advance; the house usually being practically sold out days before the opera. Not all are Italians by any means. Liberally scattered throughout the

theater are Germans, Russians, and others unmistakably of foreign lineage, as well as a proportion of Americans. Many of the latter bear the earmark of students of music who presumably cannot afford Metropolitan prices and seize upon this economical way to hear rendition of the works of the great composers. A cosmopolitan gathering, in truth; varied in point of view, and if theories go for aught, diversely critical.

Out of deference for those who cannot come early the curtain does not rise until a quarter to nine, although long before that time the mass of the audience is in its seats, sporadically venting its impatience in hand-clapping. This hand-clapping at the People's Theater is a mysterious thing in its way, to one not familiar with its ethics. Its use as a demonstration of applause is for certain defined times; at other times the artists do not expect it, nor will the mass of the audience tolerate it at all. And equally mysterious is the use of hissing.

The hand-clapping is general and intense by the time Signor Salvatore, the conductor, steps to his place in the orchestra. Suddenly a strident hiss pierces through the clamor of the hands. Others take it up, the hissing growing until it balances the clapping and then forges ahead until all other sounds are seemingly swallowed in a sibilant roar. One who does not understand, is aghast at this seeming venomous greeting to Signor Salvatore. And wonder grows that he, paying no attention to what is apparently a demonstration of disfavor, placidly taps his baton and guides his orchestra into the intricacies of the overture.

This orchestra which Salvatore so ably conducts begins to grow upon the listener, giving promise of what may be expected of the opera singers. And well it may, because almost every man in the pit is a finished mu-

sician, many of them, in fact, being from the orchestra of the Metropolitan. There are from twenty-five to thirty-five of them, according to the opera produced, and one ceases to wonder at the skill with which Signor Salvatore bends them, when he learns that Signor Salvatore is a conductor of note in his own country and that he has led for the Castle Square Opera Company and other American organizations of note.

What Salvatore does with this skilled orchestra of his, so does Muschiette, the stage director, do with his soloists and chorus. And Muschiette, be it known, has been stage director of the Metropolitan Opera House; from which playhouse come some of his principals and most of his chorus. You may ask, how is it possible that musicians and singers from the greater operatic organization can be here singing at popular prices? It is simply because during off seasons the singers and musicians are glad of the opportunity to keep in trim and earn the money which the Royal Italian Grand Opera Company affords. It is different with the principals, but of that in proper sequence.

By this time, perchance, the prologue is completed, and to the accompaniment of a subdued "ah!" from the body of the theater the curtain rolls up. It is with this same "ah!" embodying good-fellowship and welcome, that the various favorites of the company are greeted as they enter. It is their ovation; there is no hand-clapping such as would greet the American star. That this is full measure of appreciation of the artists, is shown by their smiles of satisfaction. These same appreciative "ah's" answer for applause for the minor solos which meet with approval, and the scattering hand-clapping of any misguided ones brings forth that roar of hissing which at first was so puzzling to the newcomer.



"The society element, so to speak."



"The scattering band-clapping of any misguided ones brings forth that roar of hissing."

By now the relative values of hissing and hand-clapping are borne home. The hissing which greeted Signor Salvatore and hushed down "applause" for the singers, is not evidence of disapproval. It is, in fact, a measure on the part of the sincerely appreciative audience to squelch the noisy, disturbing hand-clapping which will mar the continued efforts of the artist and break the smoothness of the opera itself.

Just as applause does not take the form of hand-clapping, neither does hissing indicate contempt. Let something arouse the disfavor of this audience, and you will see how inadequate mere hissing would be in serving to demonstrate it. Such groans and jeers and even maledictions as come from all parts of the house, but principally from the gallery, would wither an ordinary singer with a conviction of his own utter unworthiness. But if they are vehement with jeers, so they are prodigal with applause. Let some favorite part of an opera be particularly well rendered, and the storm of applause which sweeps over the theater would make the ordinary grand-opera audience seem as listless and cold-blooded as the denizens of an aquarium. Then, and then only, are hand-clapping and cheering and stamping tolerated, because all are of the same mind and all want an encore before the opera proceeds.

By the time the opera is well under way, the skeptic is convinced that, after all, these people love high-class music for music's sake

and that perhaps they know as much or even a little more about its correct rendition than some of those uptown operagoers who pride themselves upon their culture. At least it is evident that this popular-priced audience will not put up with anything but good music.

Witness the predicament of a substitute tenor at one of the performances recently. He had skillfully sung his way half through one of the favorite arias and then, becoming careless, had neglected to save up his voice for the spectacular trill which ends the solo. As a result, when he reached this eagerly anticipated finish, instead of the clear cadenza which the audience awaited, there was an exhausted gasp and splutter which clearly told the tale. With a spontaneity that showed all had detected the failure, there was a roar of protest from the audience, positively cruel in its mockery. Amid it all came the penetrating voice of an urchin in the gallery:

"He's a Caruso; I don't think."

The irony of it suited the audience to a dot. Others took up the cry with variations and in different tongues, and in a few moments good humor was restored. It was not a criticism of any shortcoming in the tenor's voice but a demonstration of utter disapproval at his carelessness which had resulted in ruin to a gem of the opera. Seemingly, everyone in the house knew what was wrong; and there lies the wonder of the thing.

It would seem that in such incidents as this lies vindication of the argument that real



"That sentimental young girl, that urchin with an old-young face."

appreciation of music is preëminently inherent. Else, how can one explain the auricular discrimination of these men and women and children, most of whom pass their lives in the vortex of the stunning, stupefying, almost deafening roar of the noisiest city in America; surrounded by the ceaseless rumble of cars and heavy vehicles, and pent down by the thunderous pounding of the elevated trains which make life miserable for all who pass beneath? Seemingly, they should be tone deaf; actually they follow the changing harmony of the score with an exactness that defies theorizing and a delight that reflects the impression made by beautiful sounds.

It follows that, with such an audience as this, the principals must at least be capable. Long since you have found the measure of the orchestra and chorus and their directors, and meanwhile you have had opportunity to study the principals. Provided you have not set too high a standard, you are probably more than satisfied. Perhaps the quality of their voices is not as high as that of the famous operatic singers whose reputations are world-wide; but at least their culture is as great and their interpretation equally as convincing and exact. There is logic in the argument of Impresario D'Amato, who says the line which separates operatic genius from average high-class merit is so faint that not one in a thousand, unless he be a musician, can discern any appreciable difference.

A Caruso, a Melba, or a Plançon may sing the score no more skillfully or correctly than these less famed artists, and yet some unusual quality or timbre in their voices lifts them out of the commonplace to receive the plaudits of the world and the accompanying financial reward. It is this faint difference in quality that costs the impresario and the public money. Either Caruso, Melba, or Plançon receives more money for a single

performance than it costs Impresarios D'Amato and Ferrara to put on an entire performance with their company. And even if the untutored lovers of music who patronize this organization, could detect a marked difference, is it right that they should be denied hearing that which is good because they cannot afford to pay for that which is superlative?

Not but that these principals of the Royal Italian Grand Opera Company are well known in the operatic world.

All of them in fact, with the exception

of some comparative beginners who occasionally are given some minor rôle, have gained at least secondary fame in the royal opera houses in Italy and with operatic organizations in this country. For instance there is Signorina Rosa Duce, a most alluring *Carmen* or demure *Marguerite*, pretty beyond belief for a prima donna, and as finished in her singing as she is pleasing to the eye. Aside from foreign honors, she has sung with the Metropolitan Opera Company and this year has a contract with Leoncavallo. Then there is Signorina Virginia Novelli, her alternate, who has sung with Caruso and every great singer in existence. So it is with Allesandroni, the robust barytone, handsome and magnetic in his personality, and equally pleasing as a singer. In this country he has won laurels with the Castle Square Opera Company and other organizations. But why go on through the list? It would be practically the same tale over and over. Besides there are changes in the cast for each of the operas and no description of one would do for another.

There is one particularly interesting figure in the person of Chevalier F. Pagano, the tenor, who sings in nearly every opera and is a huge favorite with the patrons. Pagano is a veteran of some forty years' experience, although you would never suspect it to see him made up. Proudly bearing the memory of years of triumph throughout the Old World, he is sturdily and successfully repelling a too rapid surrender to the advance of time. What if his voice does not retain the limpid mellowness of youth? It is still beautiful; and then experience has taught him how to make the best of it. Pagano's method is exact and convincing, and this audience, that knows his history, seems to love him as much for what he has done as for what he is doing. This veteran, it is said, is "up in" more operas than any other living singer,

and can, on short notice and without rehearsal, go on and sing almost any tenor part demanded.

There is a human-interest side to Pagano, of which few in front of the curtain are aware. At each performance his son, F. Pagano, second, remains behind the scenes with his son, F. Pagano, third, a baby in arms, in order that between his songs the old tenor may frolic with his grandchild. It is a strangely beautiful sight to see this operatic veteran, straight from a passionate love scene, hurry from the stage to caress and toss up the crowing infant until his next cue is given.

nights, and its scenery and properties are utilized. So it is that *Carmen* comes tripping from the cigarette factory—so labeled on a sheet of cardboard—while the front of the "factory," which bears startling resemblance to a mosque, is inscribed with signs in Hebraic characters and has in addition an advertising placard inviting readers to "Deal at Bernstein's Clothing Emporium." Or again, some back drop bears blazoned across the heavens a symbolic message in huge golden characters. But the audience is not critical in this. They are seeing through their ears, and the music which sat-



"You see Impresario D'Amato in the lobby."

Naturally, there are some particulars in the staging of the operas that would bear improvement; but this is no fault of Impresarios D'Amato and Ferrara, nor yet of Muschiette, the stage director. With but limited financial resources it is impracticable to give the weekly operas an elaborate setting of scenery or costumes. With the principals, the costumes leave nothing to be desired; but as for the chorus, its costumes are furnished by a costumer who evidently does not consider fit a matter of moment. Then as for the scenery, some ludicrous anachronisms are perpetrated, as well as some absurdities. The People's Theater is the home of a Jewish stock company which suspends on opera

isies glosses over such minor deficiencies as faulty scenery or costumes.

After all it is the audience which is the most interesting part of the opera, and one is apt to turn back to it after he has completed his inspection of the stage. There, clearly defined by the divisions of the gallery, balcony, and pit, are shown the various strata which go to make up the East Side social structure. It is an example in inverse ratio, however, because in this instance the foundation is at the top and the top is at the bottom. Stand down in the body of the house and look up to where the reflected lights from the stage exaggerate every detail in the peering faces in the front row of the gallery, in

sharp contrast to the shadows behind. It is a character study in sharp black and white; almost it might be a panel done in bas-relief, so motionless are the figures. Unmistakably they are all examples of a type, and one wonders that there can be so many variations of a single type. At first glance they are not pretty faces save where here and there an Italian maiden leans over the rail; but another glance shows them full of that subtle charm which intense enjoyment of music so frequently begets. If physiognomy reveals anything, these are people of extremes in taste. How can the same music appeal to that low-browed, brigandish-looking man, that fat matron with practical expression, that sentimental young girl, that urchin with an old-young face, those candidly clinging lovers, those flannel-shirted laborers, or that dandified youth who looks like a barber out for a holiday? Old, young, and the in-between, all equally intent, are drinking in the melody of the music, resenting the slightest interruption, and each, it would seem, finding some strain that exactly harmonizes with his or her emotions. Vulgar, oh, yes; and uncultured; and there is an odor of garlic in the air; but no one would gainsay they love the music and are thankful of an opportunity to hear it.

Down in the balcony it is much the same as in the gallery, save that the people seem more prosperous and therefore not so picturesque. The girls do not look so pretty as the others, possibly because most of them have sacrificed simplicity for what is the East Side conception of fashionable dress. One notices here that the grimy man in shirt sleeves and the dapper man sit shoulder to shoulder. It is the overlapping of the strata; but no one seems to care. Similarity of taste, it is evident, has established a temporary democracy.

Downstairs there are no shirt sleeves, although there is very little ostentation in dress. It is true that there are society folk in the boxes and front rows, but then plumage and diamonds are not flaunted as if that were the only reason for the visit to the opera. This society is decidedly distinctive, representing, as it does, not only wealth but social éclat in the Italian colony. There, for instance, you will find Signor Rosiani and his wife. He cornered the garlic market this year. Together with Signori Cantelano and Quattrucci, also present, he cleared \$400,000 by securing a little monopoly of the delectable

seasoning so dear to their countrymen. Signor and Signora Joseph Marrone are also there, the former famous as the owner of all the dump privileges of the city of New York. Then there is Signora J. Cappezzato, wife of the magnate who sways the lemon market. In fact almost all of the leading lights of Italian society, doctors, bankers, merchants, and what not, find their way to the opera, although motives of economy do not enter into it at all.

They do not hold receptions in the boxes while the opera is on, oh, no; they are there for the music, and, besides, the rest of the audience would not tolerate it. To be sure, the men stroll out between acts; but then it is no one's business what they go for, seeing they take care to get back before the curtain goes up. Neither do they scowl with inexpressible disgust at the vulgar demonstrations of pleasure in the gallery and balcony. To the contrary, they join in heartily and prove what you have already discovered—that this audience from top to bottom, from poverty to wealth, is one in the love of opera, and that there is no class distinction in the real worship of music. What a field of thought is opened to the skeptic who thought that grand opera along the lines projected and carried out by Signori D'Amato and Ferrara could not possibly succeed! Think of it: on the Bowery, a thoroughfare that thrives because it is sordid, and is famous principally because it was infamous, is this theater full of people from the masses doing homage at the shrine of music.

A general spirit of friendliness which pervades the house before and behind the curtain, is one of the things, perhaps, that made the project successful. You suspect that this is so when you see Impresario D'Amato in the lobby cheerily greeting and shaking hands with half the arriving audience. Signor Ferrara, who aside from operatic interests is a popular restaurateur in Grand Street, hovers near, similarly engaged.

Signor D'Amato, the aggressive member of the firm, is a study in himself. His interests are as varied as his versatility, and such have been his activities for the betterment of all that concerns "Little Italy" that he has come to be regarded as a popular leader by his fellow-countrymen. First of all he is a political as well as a social power among his people, and from this grows the fact that he is Deputy Chief of the License Bureau of the city of New York. There are other in-

terests, including a real-estate business, but of them all, D'Amato's hobby is the opera company. He will talk of it by the hour, boasting of its success and just as freely telling of its vicissitudes which, by the way, were many. Proudly he will tell you that the project was inspired by his wife, who one night two years ago, at the Metropolitan Opera House, mourned that the poor could find no opportunity to hear the glorious operas. He tells of enlisting the coöperation of Signor Ferrara whose intense love of music made him disregard the probability of failure. So intense is this music madness in Ferrara, and so strenuous its expression, that D'Amato declares it to be positively dangerous to sit with him at an opera. It seems that, carried away by the singing, Ferrara gives vent to ecstatic and by no means subdued "ah's," and more fulsome ejaculations, meanwhile clutching and pinching and slapping his companion in unconscious emphasis of his exaltation. Summarizes D'Amato: "Provided you escape assault at the hands of disturbed neighbors, you are sure to wake up next morning all black and blue."

As has been indicated, the venture was not a financial success from the start. The initiative was taken in the winter of 1904, when, with a quota of sixty-seven artists, the opera company tried conclusions for one week in Portland, Me. Result: loss, \$1,800. Then it was brought into New York, where for one week, at the Grand Street Theater, a repertoire of Italian operas was given. This time the loss was \$704. Disheartened, the impresarios dropped operatic production until late in the spring of 1905, when three performances were given at the Windsor Theater. This time there was a profit of sixty-seven cents on the three performances, which, in view of the earlier failures, was somewhat encouraging.

D'Amato and Ferrara were impressed with the belief that once they could gain the confidence of the people, patronage was assured, and, as a result, arrangements were made last winter for a series of Sunday night operas in the Academy of Music. "Faust" was the first of the series given, and results surpassed the rosiest anticipations. To the satisfaction of the projectors, a substantial profit was made, more than three thousand persons attending the opening performance. But the

troubles were not ended. "Aida" was the opera scheduled for the second performance, and the house was practically sold out when notice was served by the authorities that Sunday performances would not be permitted. The venture at the People's Theater was one last throw out of the box, and this time success, uninterrupted, has come to the persistent enthusiasts. Apparently there is only one thing that can stop a continuation of the operas throughout the winter. This is that the owners of the theater will refuse to give use of the house after the contract for the present series expires. In that event, the scene of the operas will shift to some other playhouse or else have to suspend until a suitable place of production can be secured.

To convey an idea of the work accomplished by the operatic organization, it may be well to give a partial list of the operas which have been produced. This includes "Aida," "Carmen," "Faust," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," "Il Trovatore," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "I Pagliacci," and "La Forza del Destino," the last an opera rarely produced in America. Since the beginning of the Royal Italian Opera Company there have been four sopranos, three tenors, four barytones, and two bassos, all of them having been entirely satisfying to the patrons of the operas. Some of these are only available while their regular organizations are idle, although many operatic principals as well as chorus singers and musicians can be had at any time. New York being the goal of singers who aspire to American honors, there is always a colony of them glad of an engagement while awaiting greater recognition. Naturally the chorus and orchestra for these popular grand operas is abbreviated, from twenty to forty singers being used and approximately as many musicians, according to the requirement of the opera.

Impresarios D'Amato and Ferrara are making money; not a great deal of money to be sure, but they have proven that grand opera will be accepted by the masses, provided it be properly given and the prices are low. What an opportunity for other impresarios to combine business and philanthropy—make money by producing popular-priced grand opera and, at the same time, rescue the public from the growing era of ragtime and coon songs!

THE TEMPTATION OF YANKEE EVANS

BY CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN B. CHILD



T gray dawn of the morning after the beginning of the equinox, the grumbling crew of Ships Bottom Life Saving Station were roused out of their bunks by the boom of Yankee Evans's big bass coming from the adjoining boat-house, where he was white-leading the scarred strakes of No. 1 lifeboat, battered by the work of the preceding night, and adding to the general disgust of the men in the little white-painted station by trolling his one song:

I've got a re-seet for makin' chowder,
An' th' fines' soft tooth pow-der,
All of w'ich I'll sell to you, for
Tee-wenty-seven cents.

"Yank's some chipper arter the bangin' up you bullies got las' night," Long Johnson, the keeper, remarked to his familiar, Joe Bronson, as he swung his legs over the edge of the bunk and began pulling on his boots.

Joe grinned and yawned. He reached into the next bunk and jerked the blanket off his brother Tom, who simultaneously stopped snoring, snorted, and launched into a vigorous recital of his private opinion of Joe's past, present, and future.

"You don't want to forget to remember that Yank's a godfather now," Joe said, answering Long Johnson's remark, when Tom had exhausted his stock of invectives, and rolled out growling. "Jus' hark to the Dutch peddler!"

Pins an' needles by th' dozen
For your aunt-ee an' your cousin,
Ribbons for th' missus an' a rattle f'r th' kid.

The singer had spoiled slumber in the station. All the crew tumbled out, splashing

their weather-beaten faces in pails of icy-cold water—for the morning brought no abatement of the cold—and scrubbing their heads on the long rollers that hung from the wall.

Some undercurrent of knowledge brought grins to the red faces of these big round-shouldered men, slow and chary of speech and easily amused as children. Long Johnson voiced the general thought as he set out the breakfast dishes.

"He'd better be happy w'ile he can," the keeper commented with an ominous shake of his head. "He seems to think it's all plain sailin', this godfather launchin' business, Mr. Yankee Evans do. He'll hit the rocks, like thet there ole *Paserdena*."

"That bark's breakin' up fast, mates." Little Welsh, the boat-steerer, stopped scrubbing his shock head to gaze out to sea through the open door of the station. "She'll make a bloomin' teapot out o' the whole Atlantic, she will."

It was after midnight when the crew of Ships Bottom had taken off the last of the hands from the wrecked *Pasadena*, the big deep-waterman from Japan, laden with tea, that was now in the dim light of morning grinding her bottom out, two hundred yards offshore, on the Giant's Fingers, the treacherous gridiron of shoals long famous to Barnegat Bay as the Graveyard of Ships.

Nine battered sailormen in the back room of the station bore testimony to the valor of the night's work, and in the corner, back of the Vesuvius heater, a little gray shipmaster stared with hopeless eyes into the coals, counting over his water-soaked papers, with visions of a lost billet coming on the heels of his lost ship.

The crew of Ships Bottom were used to such

scenes. To these bent-shouldered, solemn-visaged life guards the *Pasadena* was only another sheer hulk off the station, keeping company with the *Mindora*, the *Mystic Belle*, the *Three Brothers*, and a half score of others whitening the waters to the eastward; monuments to many thrilling rescues and a long roll of lost comrades.

But a more important matter than storms and rescues had come to worry the big men of Ships Bottom, an event which had just taken place in the household of their captain, Big Jem Casco; and the tiny, squalling, red-faced, hairless, helpless, newly arrived mite of humanity in the captain's home had set the Ships Bottom by the ears—until chance had decided the momentous question on the previous afternoon, before the coming of the ill-fated tea bark.

For the fiat had gone forth from Mrs. Captain Jem that Ships Bottom should decide among themselves which of the crew should godfather the new baby, and the week of strife which ensued was only brought to an end by Yankee Evans proving to the sorrow of the other seven that he was a master hand with the pasteboards.

"You bullies can go godfatherin' w'en you learn to play seven-up," the winner had politely remarked. "Now you Gov'mint scow-bankers kin come an' see *me* run th' kid into the water in style."

Joe Bronson shook his head with melancholy winking at the grinning but envious crew.

"I see how you'll look, Yank, wearin' a nightgown down to your heels an' carryin' the kid to church like you was Big Jem hisself doin' the midnight polka, let alone burdening your soul for a hundred years with all the little imp's sins, like you got to, till he's old enough. An' Lord knows you got black enough insides a'ready."

"I reckon I kin accommodate a few more," the godfather elect replied shamelessly.

A silent but appreciative laugh ran round the circle of listeners.

"And there's them presents you got to give up," Joe added.

"Wot presents you talkin' about?"

The envious shot had told. Yankee's chronic condition of finances was a tradition at Ships Bottom. Bronson stared with innocent surprise.

"Wot presents! Here's a godfather! He don't know he's got to stake the kid to a reg'lar outfit o' joolry. Something scrump-

tious. Watches with blue faces, and gold chains an' mugs an' spoons and things. Ev'ry year you got to give up, too, birthdays an' holidays an' sich. Ain't he, Johnson?"

"It's a job I wouldn't sign fer," the keeper replied mournfully.

"Oh, you all go t'ell."

The victim made the remark impersonally. A cold feeling of apprehension possessed him and grew with his thoughts. The wrecker, impecuniosity, threatened to land him on the rocks, and he, the chosen one of fate, saw himself the butt of the "bullies" ready to hail the opportunity to crow over him. So the feud began and with it Yankee Evans's trouble.

All this had occurred on the previous afternoon. Then the big tea bark, clawing around out of reckoning in the storm, was cast up by the sea, and for six hours the crew fought the white lifeboat against wave and wind. The "godfather business" was forgotten until next morning.

With the light of day Yankee Evans's troubles came back to him. The threat of eventualities had kept him awake despite the wearying boat work in the teeth of the equinoctial gale, and at first break of dawn he had tumbled out and had taken to painting the scarred lifeboat as a relief from disturbing thoughts.

Vague recollections of childhood prevented him from doubting Joe Bronson's word about the presents. That was the shipwreck that threatened him, and he well knew if he balked on any part of the job of "standing up" with Big Jem Casco's baby, he would never hear the end of it. Besides, Big Jem was the apple of Yankee Evans's eye. Jem had taken him from the beach and made a man and a life-saver of him. Why, that very moment he stood, by authority of the absent captain, in charge of the station should a ship come in. Confound seven-up!

He could hear the men stamping about in the station and the rattle of Long Johnson's breakfast dishes. He laid down his paint brush and walked to the door of the boat-house. The long wooden runway for the boat-wagon stretched down sloping toward the beach sand. Straight ahead was an endless strip of flat, sandy breakwater dividing the bay from the sea. The Atlantic rollers piled up along the whole length of the beach, and the wind blew shrewdly. On the skyline gray gulls, those Chinese kites of the ocean, balanced like painted spots against the

cloud-slashed blue. Over the hull of the *Pasadena*, out on the Gridiron, sea spray lashed, white and angry, flinging whitecaps to right and left—ocean flowers strewn over the bones of lost ships.

Yankee Evans thought of the bitter night when the salt-laden *Abiel Abbott* lured the crew of No. 1 lifeboat to their deaths, with old Captain Myers at their head. It was Big Jem Casco, a beach comber then like himself, who had led the band of lurking wreckers to the deserted Ships Bottom station, whence they took out No. 2 lifeboat and brought in five frozen castaways, the remnant of the *Abbott's* crew. That had been the turning point of his life. Now he was honest, a life-saving-station man, temporary captain of Ships Bottom, a godfather by mandate of seven-up—and dead broke!

"You got to give 'em watches with blue faces an' gold chains. Somethin' scrumptious. An' pay 'demnity ev'ry birthday arterwards. An' the c'ris'nin' next week, an' pay day a fortn't away."

He dug down into the pocket of his tarry breeches and brought up a few pocket pieces which he gazed at moodily. After viewing a huge silver watch with equal disapproval, he looked long and yearningly at the wrecked tea bark on the Giant's Fingers. Forty-two hundred chests of tea she had in her hold—and the wrecking tugs could not get down before next morning. He sighed.

"Hell, wot good'll they do me—Jem's kiddy don't want no beach comb'n', tea-graftin' godfathers. Wot?"

He viewed his horny forefinger—the finger which the mite up at Captain Jem's house had seized with a delighted gurgle, when offered by this splotch-faced, flaming-haired giant, on his visit of condolence. The thrill of that touch seemed to run up his arm again, for now he had a feeling of possession; he had fairly won his godson at seven-up and they had exchanged Masonic greeting.

"I don't guess th' kid never heerd of seven-up," he mused, "but he jist natchelly sticked up his hine leg fer me to tow him in. He was flappin' the insi'n at the mizzen for the godfather tug-boat."

"In the boathouse! Hello, Yank! Hello, bully!"

His chuckle of reminiscence was interrupted. A burly bayman, red-capped and red-shirted, with flying peajacket, had turned the corner of the house and stood before him, leaning against the wind, his sharp black eyes

searching the interior of the house. The life-saver's response was not cordial.

"You, Harry Braun? Comin' beach comb'n' arter that bark out there? You kin haul off—she's salvaged."

The beach comber laughed. Satisfied they were alone, he gripped the other's shoulder, and spoke earnestly:

"I've got a job for you, Yank. A good one. You're out for the dough yet, ain't you?"

The lifesaver's eyes glistened. What Providence was this coming to his aid? His eager gaze questioned the beach comber.

"There's a good hundred in it for you," Braun went on. "There's a fellow over in the village now, mighty anxious. It's just to run out the lifeboat to-night, Yank, and take a passenger off'n the old *Knickerbocker*—Morton liner, Boston to New Orleans. That's all he wants you to do."

"O' course, sure!" The answer of Yankee Evans was sharp with disappointment as well as sarcasm. "Course you got a order f'm Washington? There ain't nothin' short o' that to take the boat out to-night—that or a rocket."

The other gave way to an impatient oath.

"Order—the devil! There ain't time. It's Saturday. Look a'here, Yank, you and I are old pards. S'pose it is ag'in regulations? The fellow's wife's dying of heart disease up in Boston. That's why they want to get him off the steamer. Why, it's a act o' charity. Say, Yank"—Braun lowered his voice to a whisper—"I'd take the job myself, on'y I couldn't get him off in my sloop. S'pose there was a distress signal out there to-night, before the old hooker was due? You'd go out, wouldn't you?"

Yankee Evans did not dream of deceiving himself by asking for an explanation. He knew the daring beach comber like a book, and he knew Braun to be a man who would take any chances for money. A more insidious voice than that of the tempter was clamoring within his breast. The thought of that great sum of money brought with it a vision of "scrumptious presents" for Captain Jem's kid—his godson—and the consequent triumph over his mocking mates in the station. A hundred dollars—two months' pay!

The plotting beach comber was quick to see his advantage. Yankee Evans had hesitated; his moody eyes glanced toward the open doors of the boathouse, and Braun caught the ball on the bound.

"Who's on beach watch first to-night?"

"Joe Bronson—cuss him!" The answer came reluctantly. Braun clapped him on the shoulder.

"Good! Mention to Joe to watch sharp nor' eastward. I knowed you'd do it, Yank. Here—I don't want the bullies in there to get on—here's the fellow's name." He pulled a card from his pocket and thrust it on the life-saver. "If you *do* get a rocket 'bout nine o'clock—" Braun grinned, "if you're in the track of the old *Knickerbocker* tub, just sing out for James Anderson—he's the passenger they want. Tell him his wife's dying. Never fear—he'll come! I'm off to fix up—with the chap in the village. Solong, Yank. You're a brick. That hundred's good as made."

It was not until late in the afternoon that the crew of Ships Bottom made another attack upon the fortunate godfather. All day Yankee Evans had sat glum and moody. When the boy brought the evening newspapers across the bay, he also brought a note from Captain Jem Casco. He could not be with them that night, but the crew was to keep a sharp lookout for coastwise craft which would hug the shore in the heavy north-send of the gale that was running. While Yankee Evans was perusing the letter, the crew of Ships Bottom had seized on the newspapers, the one weakness of these men who were partially

cut off from the outside world. Long Johnson, the keeper, was the "preacher" of the crew, and his comments carried weight with the slow-reading men of the station.



"Far down the sands, outlined against the surf, he could make out a slow-moving figure."

"Yank's in the wrong job fer a godfather," he remarked, remembering Joe Bronson's telling attack of the morning. "He oughter be a banker. I see that president chap up in Noo England got away with half a million f'm the widders an' the orphans."

"Where'd he skip to?" Little Welsh asked with interest.

"Nobody knows, on'y here it says"—Long Johnson spelled out the report carefully—"It is now reported, on good authority, thet the capture of President Abram Parker, the absconding head of the Noo Massachusetts Bank, is certain. Two soo-cides have resulted from the de-fal-cation. The or-cifers in charge of the case promise to produce the fugitive within a week, Parker's method o' flight bein' known."

"Then w'y don't they git 'm an' 'ang 'im?" Little Welsh queried indignantly. "Wot they waitin' fer? Mos' likely 'e's skipped to Yurruup to blow that half-million. I see them widders an' orphans gettin' anything back f'm President Abram Parker!"

Sitting beside the window, looking out upon the storm-beaten ocean, Yankee Evans listened to the song of the stolen money and thought upon the plot of Harry Braun, the

beach comber. He felt himself strangely allied to the thieving president of the wrecked bank far north in New England, and the thought kept running through his head.

With the coming of darkness the storm had risen. The great white rollers were thundering on the beach. Through the gloom, out on the Gridiron, he could make out the shadow of the wrecked tea bark, and far down the sands, outlined against the surf, he could make out a slow-moving figure—Joe Bronson watching out to sea.

He was beginning to regret his bargain with the beach comber and listened to the rising wind with pleasure.

"Him an' his dam sloop'll get swamped, ef he goes out in this smother, an' serve 'im right! That bloomin' ole *Knickerbocker* can't make no head ag'in this sea. It'll be mornin' afore she comes down. Wot time is it, anyway?"

Eight o'clock. Yankee Evans knew the old *Knickerbocker* well, as he knew all the coast-wise steamers. She was due to pass Ships Bottom before midnight. Well, let her pass, hundred or no hundred!

As the rebellious thought passed through his brain, he caught his breath and stared into the storm-driven ocean. What was that? Something had shot up out there in the gloom. Before he could spring for the night glass, another thin line of fire shot up into the black sky.

A rocket! The instinct of the life-saver was aroused. He forgot Braun. He forgot his bargain. That line of light from the dark called them, and from without came the pounding of heavy boots, the crew running. From the back room, emptied for hours of the *Pasadena's* castaways, Long Johnson stumbled.

"D'ye see it?" he cried. "They jist give us a— Joe's lit a Coston."

"Course I see it!"

Flinging open the locker, Yankee Evans pulled down his sea clothes. When he ran to the boathouse the rest of the crew was at his heels, knotting their sou'westers under their chins and belting up their sea boots. In a moment, No. 1 lifeboat was swarming with men, alert and cool.

"We'll need the bow gun. Make 'er fast, Welshy, an' see the line's clear!"

"They're a long way out," Little Welsh mumbled, as he climbed over the high sides of the lifeboat. "Mus' be dismasted—los' their sticks in this blow."

"Git in the block an' tackle; we'll have to shoot 'er a line in this welter!" Yankee Evans had taken charge with the booming roar of Big Jem, his idol. "Johnson, ye hulkin' swine, git hold o' the wagon an' run her down. We don't need no sand anchor this trip."

Dripping with sea spray and panting for breath, Bronson ran in, flinging down his heavy coat and struggling into sea clothes.

"They sent up two rockets. She's nor'east from the Gridiron!"

"Now, tail on!" The life-savers sprang upon the hauling ropes. "Run her down handsome!"

Balanced on the long, flat-wheeled wagon, No. 1 lifeboat shot from the house and spun down through the swirling sands to the beach. As the forward wheels touched the incoming roller, the axles of the carrying wagon fell away, the men sprang over the sides, the nose of the boat was lifted high in the air and came down with a thump and a quiver. A dozen strokes of the long oars brought her clear of the shallows. In the absence of their captain, Little Welsh was tugging in the bow and Long Johnson wielded the stroke oar. Yankee Evans, in the stern sheets, thrust over the steering sweep and headed the white lifeboat straight into the incoming seas that tossed her like a feather.

"We'll git her clear an' make a board into the nor'east under the sprits'l," he yelled against the biting wind, to the struggling oarsmen.

Once offshore, Yankee Evans rapped out a quick command. In the bow the small spritsail thrashed viciously, the sheet rope was passed aft and secured by Johnson, and the boat spun around and lifted on the big rollers that struck her quarter. Yankee Evans set his teeth as he dug the steering oar into the boiling wake of the fleeting boat. In the grip of the gale, the gallant craft leaped the combing waves and spun like a living thing across the send of sea and storm, boring deeper and deeper into the raging black waters. The men sat silently on the thwarts, strapped to their seats and staring through their hollowed hands for the signals that told of disaster far out on the ocean.

"She's five mile out, easy," Little Welsh shouted from the bow. "There she goes again!"

A long, thin line of fire shot up from the sea, rising higher and higher until it shot downward with a sharp turn and died out.



"When the full force of the rushing current caught him he was flung back against the bow."

"She must be a small craft out o' reckonin'," one of the men commented. "She's runnin' too fast to be dismasted."

For the first time since they left the beach, Yankee Evans realized the farce he was playing. Even then, he could hardly believe that even that dare-devil Braun would play so recklessly with life and death. *Was* it he, firing the rockets?

"If she's bound over the pond, we ain't goin' to chase her to Lunnon," he cried angrily. "She's borin' east f'm where she fired before."

In spite of his threat, for a long hour the white lifeboat held on, slanting her way into the black ocean, now breasting the gale when the seas threatened to swamp the little craft, now fleeing before wind and sea into the north, always drawing offshore with the speed of a fast steamer. The life-savers' eyes were sore,

gazing into the cutting salt spray, and the steersman's brawny arms were stiff and heavy struggling with the long sweep. A long silence was broken by a shout from the bowman:

"Big steamer comin' down, 'ead onto us. I see both her bow lights."

To the northward of them a cluster of lights shone in the darkness, lifting and falling in the heavy seas. A thrill of expectancy ran through Yankee Evans's veins.

"She's the *Knickerbocker*," Bronson supplemented. "She's the on'y south-bound scow passes here to-night."

Another shout came from Welsh in the bow, this time prefaced by an angry oath:

"Well, wot d'ye think o' that! That rocketin' beast is burnin' a Coston. There goes another, two of 'em. Here's a April fool fer Ships Bottom!"

"He seed our light, an' thought he'd save

us trouble. I wisht I had 'im by the neck, that there con-sidrit mariner sayin' he's under control ag'in!"

"Wonder who trusted him with a craft? I hope he'll drown hisself ag'in before he gits in, whoever he is."

Of all the crew, Yankee Evans alone was silent amid the general disgust. Of all the crew, he alone knew why the dare-devil Harry Braun, in his big sloop to the eastward, was telling them that their assistance was not now required, and he uttered a deep oath under his breath. Doubtful for the second time whether to go on with the plot, he was roused by a warning cry from Little Welsh:

"Watch out for that rammin', jammin' liner, Yank! She's pounding down on us."

The proximity of the coming steamer that meant so much money to him put an end to the captain's hesitancy. Even as he swung the lifeboat into the eye of the gale he informed the others in half a dozen brief sentences of the opportunity that awaited them, though he did not mention the beach comber's bargain in the proposition. Of the promised reward, he knew the men too well to speak.

"Tain't reg'lar, but it's a act o' charity, 'cause the passenger's wife's dyin'," he added, remembering the beach comber's argument. "Consequently, the inspector'll on'y cuss a bit. Are you bullies with me?"

An affirmative chorus had already answered him. To these men, who knew no fear, boarding a plunging steamer in a gale was play after what they had expected to do from the call of the rockets. While Welsh and Bronson hauled in the thrashing spritsail, the others threw over their oars, ready for the word from Yankee Evans.

At that moment a faint cry to windward caused all eyes to turn in that direction. Two hundred yards away a gray shadow flitted athwart the bow of the lifeboat—a large sloop with close-reefed foresail, racing inshore.

"There goes them fool rocketers," one of the crew exclaimed. "It's some cussed yachters that had highstrikes 'cause they missed the shore light."

Only Yankee Evans, in the light of his secret knowledge, recognized the big sloop of the beach comber, Harry Braun, hurrying home now that his part of their compact was completed.

But they had no time to exchange views on what had occurred. The bluff bows of the

liner loomed up astern of them. The big seas that drenched them pounded the oncoming steamer with the sound of distant guns.

"'Ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer, on 'er 'ard, 'ard 'ead! . . . I'm all ready to 'shoot 'er a line, Yank," Little Welsh sang out from the line gun that he was crouching over in the bow.

Yankee Evans raised himself to overlook the men on the thwarts. "All got yer cork wes'kits? All set? Give way then!"

A hoarse roar from the liner's steam siren told them they had been seen. Then from the bridge a searchlight flashed, flooding them in a glare of white, as they tossed like a feather on the seas.

Little Welsh swung a coil of line in the air and pointed to the bow gun. The signal was understood, for the whistle sent up three or four blasts and they could hear the thumping of the telegraph signal on the bridge.

"She'll slow down, but they'll have to keep heading her into it," Yankee Evans shouted. "She'll yank us out of our boots."

The bow of the steamer was even with them as she forged into the gale, fifty fathoms away, when the growl of a megaphone came from the bridge:

"Aboard the lifeboat! What's wanted?"

"Ja-a-mes Anderson. Passenger. Wife's dying!" Yankee Evans's roar challenged the bass of the trumpet. "Now, bullies, pull like a ton o' porous plasters!"

The long sweeps struck the water and the lifeboat leaped in line with the steamer, heading in to decrease the distance between the two as the liner slipped past.

"Way enough! Now, Welshy! Give 'em the line jus' forred the hine stick. Steady, 'er, mates."

The little mortar in the bow of the lifeboat barked viciously. The boat recoiled, quivering as the line shot circling over the stern of the passing steamer. They saw the seamen fall upon it and haul in hand over hand until they caught the heavier rope which was attached and which had almost reached them when dragged back by its own weight.

"They've got it! Give 'way! Pull like th' sheriff was arter you!"

The life-savers needed no urging. They knew the terrible danger they were facing, a danger that could only be lessened by getting the greatest speed on their boat before the long towing rope straightened and "jerked them out of their boots."

A dozen powerful strokes brought them swinging into the wake of the steamer, where they struck the lane of smooth water swirling back from the propeller, and where they were partially sheltered from the gale by the huge bulk of the vessel. They had hardly straightened into the watery lane before the rope sung and cracked and the lifeboat made a tremendous lunge ahead, jerking the thwarts from under the crew and sprawling Yankee Evans into the stern sheets.

But the towline held, straight as a bar of iron and singing like a fiddlestring. The lifeboat was fairly in tow of the liner.

When the men scrambled back on the thwarts to which they were held by the seat straps, an officer was shouting to them from the stern of the steamer. Close beside him, in the crowd of passengers, a big man in a steamer cap was waving his arms excitedly.

"We can't broach the ship in this sea, we'd risk foundering," the officer shouted. "What is your message?"

Blowing back on the wind they could hear every sound on the steamer; but Yankee Evans had to exert all his lung power against the blast.

"Ja-ames Ander-son. Friends say wife dying. Want to take him off. We're Ships Bottom Life."

The big man in the steamer cap thrust the officer aside and gripped the rail.

"I am James Anderson," he said. "How can you get me off? They won't stop. Will you catch me if I go over in a life preserver?"

"By George, fatty's got pluck," little Welsh grinned. "Can't we cradle 'im, Yank?"

Turning the steering oar over to Long Johnson, the captain of the lifeboat made a trumpet with his hands:

"On board, Mr. Officer! Float back a light hawser an' we'll block him back."

The bold suggestion caused a flurry of excitement on the steamer. After a short but apparently warm argument with the big passenger, the officer came to the rail again.

"At his own risk, and yours," he shouted. "Stand by to catch the hawser. You can make it the towline and run the block with your present towing tackle."

"Teach your grandmother to take snuff," Welsh scoffed. "'E's a reg'lar nautical school 'e is. Stan' by and see fatty do the porpus act."

They passed the end of the towing line back along the thwarts and hauled the lifeboat closer to the stern of the steamer, until

the rope made a long slant from the liner's upper deck to the ringbolt in the bow of the boat. By this time the seamen had made a small cask fast to the end of a hawser and lowered it over the stern. It was caught by the life-savers and the end made fast. The plunging of the steamer made the work extra hazardous, but the weight of the second towline steadied the boat.

"Now git out one o' them hangin' blocks an' tackle, an' we'll show 'em how to make a britches buoy!" Now that he was plunged into the dangerous work of his profession, Yankee Evans forgot all else. "Clap our line onto the pulley an' let 'em haul away."

In the time that it takes to tell it, the life-savers had equipped a miniature breeches buoy, first fitting on the hawser a heavy pulley block with belt and tackle dangling from it, and making fast the lighter towing line to the block, that it might be hauled either way. Then, with the lifeboat plunging and bucking under the weight of the tackle, Yankee Evans raised his voice again:

"Aboard the steamer! Aw-l right! Haul away!"

The irrepressible Welsh pounded on the bow with the boat hook, and chimed in:

"Ca-ash! Send the gen'lman down to the ribbon counter!"

The block ran out on the swaying hawser and was hauled up to the rail of the steamer. In a moment it reappeared, a large square object swaying from it.

"Ello, they're sending 'is suit case. Front! Gen'lman's luggage fer No. 1!"

The suit case, for such it was, dropped down to the boat. Watching his opportunity, Welsh dragged it into the boat, dripping with water.

"This 'ere bag weighs a ton," he grunted. "Gen'lman must 'a' forgot to leave the brick-bats with 'is landlady."

"Step lively an' pass it back," Yankee Evans exclaimed impatiently. "This ole hooker'll drag us down to the Capes afore we git done. Git ready to boat-hook that stout party if he turns turtle, Welshy."

"Mos' likely 'e'll swamp us," the little boat-steerer grumbled. "He'll get 'is feet damp, all right!"

On the deck of the steamer the officer was strapping the tackle upon the big passenger. Then, with a quick shake of the hand, the big man stepped over the rail, drawing his cap tighter upon his head. Without a moment's hesitation he crouched down, grasping t'he eye

of the running block, and swung off from the steamer. The heavy hawser sagged with his weight as the men on deck paid out the line. Before he was halfway, his legs were thrash-

"Happy voyage, lieutenant!" he shouted. "All clear! Take in your hawser!"

A cheer went up from the passengers as the steamer's lights dwindled away. No. 1 life-



"A great wave lifted and swept under them."

ing in the swirling waters. When the full force of the rushing current caught him he was flung back against the bow of the boat, where, choking and gasping, he was dragged over the side by Bronson and Welsh, while the remainder of the crew balanced the boat on the off side to keep her from capsizing.

"Now cast off that line afore we get hauled to the Gulf o' Mexico!" Yankee Evans cried.

boat swung around to the westward with the full fury of the southeast gale driving her, and sped under the pull of her spritsail toward the distant shore. Then, with Long Johnson at the steering oar, Yankee Evans sat down in the stern sheets beside the transhipped passenger. At last he had time to think over his night's work.

And at last the life-saver's somewhat tardy

conscience had time to speak to him. What had he done? Why, he had taken off a passenger as an "act of charity." He ran his moody eye over the row of bent backs on the thwarts before him. He had risked every life in the boat—that was what he had done! And for a hundred dollars. No use pretending anything else.

The thought came over him like an icy douch: Suppose Harry Braun had tried to bribe any of the bullies in the boat, besides himself? He smiled grimly as he pictured the beach comber after the attempt. He knew from the first that Braun was going to send up those rockets, and he had let him pull the wool over the crew's eyes—just that *he* might crow over the bullies at the "christening business." Suppose Captain Jem should find out? . . . By George! He hadn't taken the money yet, and, what's more, that kid would have an honest godfather, presents or no—

"Hard ale! We're on top o' the bark! Jam her down!"

Right ahead of them rose the wave-washed hulk of the wrecked tea bark, pounding on the Gridiron. Steering for the inlet, none of them had thought of the wreck until they were on top of it, running almost before the wind. With a startled curse, Long Johnson threw his weight on the steering oar and swung the lifeboat into the wind.

Then from right astern of them came a wild yell of fear. A big sloop, under reefed foresail, flashed past, a boat's length away. They caught the vague outlines of a man standing up in the cockpit with what might be a broken tiller in his hands. Then came a sickening crash as the sloop *hurtled* into the side of the stranded bark.

"It's Harry Braun! Unship that sail! Oars, bullies!" Yankee Evans's deep voice blared at them. "Stroke, Johnson!" He sprang to the steering oar as the long sweeps rattled in the thole pins. "Back her, bullies."

He sprang upon the thwarts in his cork jacket, scanning the black water that separated them from the wreck. A great wave lifted and swept under them and threw a sheet of spray high over the hulk. Under the heel of the bark, sweeping shoreward, Yankee Evans saw an arm thrown up out of the boiling water, and he sprang far out, throwing the steering oar behind him.

When the lifeboat reached him he was holding up a man's body and fending off the

wreckage of the sloop. When they pulled both men in and sent the lifeboat with mighty strokes out of the treacherous Gridiron, the two men still lay in the bottom of the boat, the beach comber clasped in Yankee Evans's arms.

Yankee Evans was half conscious in the bottom of the boat when No. 1 swept through the inlet and was beached by the crew back of the station. The rescued beach comber, still dazed from his rough experience, let his eyes rove from the stout passenger to the white-faced captain. Long Johnson answered the unspoken question:

"You'd been in Davy Jones all right, ef it hadn't been fer Yank, Harry Braun. What was you doin' out in that blow?"

Braun did not answer. He followed the life-savers to the door of the station. Refusing their gruff invitation to come inside, despite his drenched clothes he paced the sands with bowed head, thinking deeply.

In the station the men stood around while the stout passenger dried his garments before the Vesuvius heater. The suit case lay at his feet. Yankee Evans, silent and gloomy, sat on the edge of a bunk, stripped to the waist,



"He calmly laid him on the floor."

while little Welsh rubbed arnica in liberal splashes over his bruised arms and shoulders.

"You will be well paid for this, my lads," the passenger said condescendingly. "It was a very daring deed——"

A growl of resentment from the life-savers stopped him. Yankee Evans reddened with shame. It was plain what the boys would have done with Harry Braun if the beach comber had tried to bribe *them*! He answered the man with savage gruffness:

"There 'ain't nothing to pay—not a dam penny. You can git back to your wife in Boston just as quick as you want."

A slight smile of derision flitted over the stout passenger's face.

"Oh, yes, my wife!" He gave himself a final turn before the stove and picked up his suit case. "It is a wild night, but I must hurry," he said. "Can one of your men guide me to the nearest village? It's Barnegat, is it not?"

"Half a mile over the trestle; your friend's waitin' over there."

Yankee Evans spoke to Welsh, and the little boat-steerer nodded, grumbling, and pulled on his peajacket. The stout man advanced to offer his hand to the captain of Ships Bottom. Yankee Evans, possessed by a curious repugnance, hesitated, and at that moment a voice came from the open doorway, and all eyes were turned on the burly form of Harry Braun.

"He ain't going," the beach comber said grimly. "He's Parker, that president that skipped with that Massachusetts bank's money the papers is telling about."

The silence of amazement fell upon the station. The rumble of the breakers came from the beach, and the wind whistled and hooted around the buildings.

"S'pose I'm goin' to let Yank get it in the neck?" the beach comber continued gruffly. "I lied to him about the sick wife w'en I knowed better and I went out and shot the rockets. The police knowed that bank thief was on the steamer and his friends knowed he'd get ketch'd at New Orleans if he wasn't took off. I bet he's got the money in that grip now——"

There was a savage snarl, and the stout man with the suit case reached back to his hip pocket. But Long Johnson was too quick for him. He snatched the shining revolver as soon as it was drawn, and, wrapping his brawny arms around the cursing man, he calmly laid him on the floor.

"Chuck us a length o' line, Welshy," the long keeper said coolly. . . . "Hold hard, bullies!" The life-savers had risen in a body. With grim faces they moved toward the beach comber, defiantly facing them in the doorway. "Hold hard, mates," Long Johnson exclaimed. "I move we give Harry Braun a fair start; we're eight to one. How about it, godfather?"

Yankee Evans was lowering darkly at the man on the floor and the well-filled suit case that lay at his side. He smiled grimly as Long Johnson addressed him.

"I'll be a bum godfather to Big Jem's kid," he murmured, "but I'll be a hell of a good godfather to them widders an' orphans up in Mass'choosetts!"

A week later when the inspector of the life-saving stations called at Captain Casco's home he was presented to the son and heir of the proud captain. The baby was dressed for the occasion. A tiny, blue-enameled gold watch hung on a long gold chain from its neck, its finger bore a little gold ring, and beside its cradle a table was covered with an array of silver mugs, spoons, forks, and rattles that astonished the inspector.

"Presents from the kiddy's godfather, Yankee Evans," Captain Jem explained, laughing. "It was all I could do to keep him from buying out a whole jewelry shop."

The inspector joined in the laugh.

"It's the most curious case, his getting that five thousand reward for capturing that absconding bank president," he said. "For the life of me I can't see that they broke any regulations. But there's just one thing I can't understand. They seem to be sore about that false alarm of the rockets. So far as I can make out it was some yachtsman who lost his nerve out in the gale."

"Well, it was mighty providential anyway," Captain Jem laughed. "I guess the bullies were satisfied when Yankee whacked up with them on the reward. He seems to be cock o' the walk over at Ships Bottom."

But neither Captain Jem nor the inspector knew the true reason of Yankee Evans's popularity. It was he who first met Harry Braun and paid the crew's grudge in a ten-round battle on the beach. Then the crew of Ships Bottom clubbed together and bought the beach comber a new sloop, which the scoffing Braun promptly christened the *Rocket*.



TO MECCA AND MEDINA BY RAILWAY

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD



RAILS rolled in Yankeeland are being laid from Damascus, the oldest city in the world, to Mecca, the one exclusive city (now that mysterious Lhasa has fallen) where the white man is still forbidden to set his foot; and when these words meet the eye, this railway will in all probability have been completed from Damascus to Medina, the burial place of Mohammed.

This new sacred railway, hundreds of miles in length, named after its projector, the Sultan, has been built so rapidly and so quietly that the news of its completion reaches the outside world even before the general knowledge that it has been commenced. "Mahmal," the sacred annual caravan pilgrimage of the Turks, becomes a thing of the past. By decree of the Sultan Abdul Hamid, the iron horse replaces the sacred camel. An

imperial irade has gone forth that the Damascus-Mecca railway is to be completed to Medina in January, 1907, and before the end of the year it is to reach its final terminus, the birthplace of Mohammed. So that henceforth from every part of the Mohammedan world the worshipers of the Prophet will now proceed over Turkish soil by railway to Medina, and to the Kaaba or Sacred Mosque at Mecca, the birthplace of Islam; and the once picturesque annual departure of the Holy Carpets from Cairo, Constantinople, and Damascus becomes prosaic in the extreme.

With Dr. C. C. Higgins, of Dallas, Texas, I was the first white tourist to make the overland trip to Jerusalem by way of the new Mecca railway. We journeyed by rail to Amman, and thence across country on horseback to Jerusalem. Trains were then running regularly to Mann at the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, which is as far

south as Alexandria. Rails had been laid to a point opposite the Gulf of Akabah, and work was progressing toward Medina. Plans were being made for a continuation to Mecca and thence to Jaddah on the Red Sea. Only the boundary dispute with Great Britain prevented the laying of rails to Akabah, about one hundred and fifty miles from Suez, where the Egyptian railway system ends. Dr. Higgins and I had also traveled northward from Damascus by rail toward Aleppo, from which point to the completed portion of the railway from Constantinople, was scarcely more than one hundred and fifty miles. In fact, with the construction of about three hundred miles of railway, it would to-day be possible for tourists to make the entire trip by rail from Calais to Cairo.

No one outside of slothful Turkey, realizes that when an irade falls it strikes like lightning. For twenty years French and English companies dawdled with the Damascus-Haffa railway. A year ago the Turkish Government took possession, and by imperial fiat the road was completed within a few months, through trains running and a steamboat line placed in operation upon the waters of Tiberias. And now word has gone forth from Constantinople that a carriageway is to be completed from Jerusalem to Amman; primarily, of course, for pilgrims who land at Jaffa and go by rail to Jerusalem. But its value to tourists whose time in the Holy Land is limited cannot be overestimated. Beirut to Baalbek, Damascus, the Dead Sea, Jerusalem, and Jaffa, now becomes a three days' journey instead of occupying as many weeks. The plans the capitalists of all nations have from time to time projected for the opening up of the Holy Land have been carried to completion in a twinkling by the mere word of the man who has hitherto opposed every movement of the outside world for the regeneration of the land that is sacred alike to Jew, Mohammedan, and Christian.

I had planned my overland trip by way of the Mecca railway before I left New York. The tourist agencies insisted that no such railway was in course of construction or even projected. Aboard the steamer those in charge of the cruise advised against such a trip as dangerous to life and limb, and even in Egypt and the Holy Land I was warned that the tribes east of the Jordan were at war and that no tourists would be permitted to pass through the Land of Moab. Arriving at Beirut, I was cautioned that the Mecca

railway would not permit any but Mohammedans to enter its cars. No one seemed to know anything about the railway and no tourist had ever visited the line. The best informed spoke of the railway as a part of the Damascus-Haffa project, which had been taken over by the government, whereas the sacred railway follows the pilgrim route from the time it leaves Damascus till it reaches Medina, paralleling the Damascus-Haffa railway as far as Mezarib, opposite the Sea of Galilee. In fact, from New York to Damascus I found no one who could give me an iota of correct information concerning the Mecca railway, which made me only more determined than ever to investigate for myself.

Difficulties began at Alexandria. I had written to the American consul at Beirut, asking him to notify me at Alexandria if I could forward the necessary money for local passports and have these delivered to me aboard the steamer upon arriving at Beirut, as I intended taking the first train to Damascus. My letter remained unanswered, and I was assured that it would be impossible to travel inland from Beirut without a *tezkerah* or local passport, which I would have to get from the American consul in person, the cost being two dollars. The steamer arrived at Beirut at six A.M., and the only daily train was to leave at seven. A party of six or eight had decided to go with me to Damascus and they too lacked local passports. They were not people, however, to be daunted. We did not carry firearms, but we did carry both gold and silver, and without the slightest fear we boarded the train with a feeling of satisfaction that the sixteen dollars due our discourteous American consul would now go into the rapacious maws of a horde of minor Turkish officials. Indeed, we were not thirty miles out of Beirut when the plump, copper-colored official, whose duty it is to record *tezkerah*, stuck his bullet head into our compartment. Some of us explained matters truthfully, others stated that their *tezkerah* had been paid for and forwarded to Damascus. Truth or falsehood was one and the same to the Turkish official. He impressed us with the fact that he could stop the train and put us off and then departed. Half an hour later he returned in the guise of a humanitarian. Having discovered a poor family in one of the third-class compartments who was destitute of food or tickets, he was

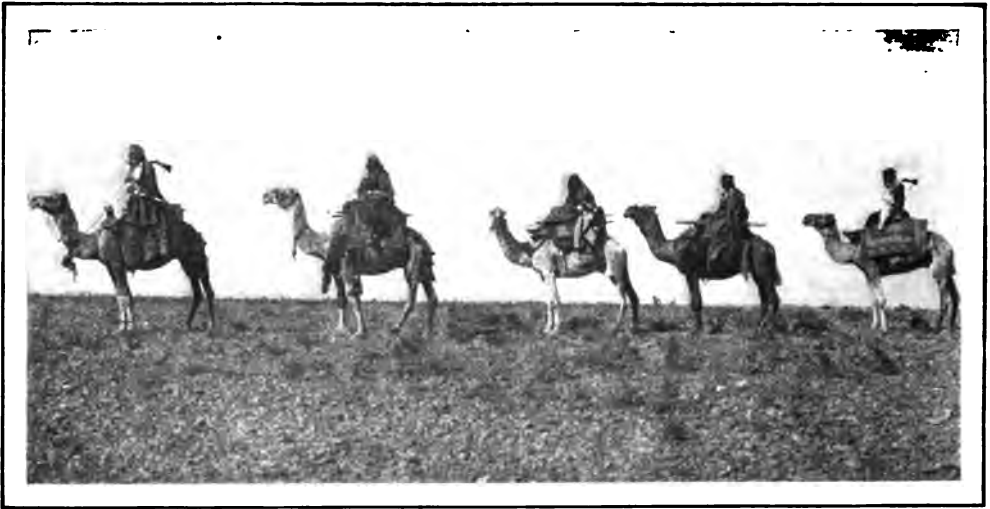


"MAHMAL," THE SACRED ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE OF THE TURKS

going through the first-class carriages, taking up a subscription. We each reached for our silver. I led with a franc piece. Seven others in the compartment followed suit. We expected, of course, that he would go around again. In fact it was our plan to keep putting in franc pieces until our friend, the official, voluntarily desisted from his cleverly disguised demand for backsheesh. To our astonishment he looked into the hat and disappeared wreathed in smiles. An expendi-

ture of eight francs had saved us sixteen dollars in hard cash, and undue annoyance. At Ryak we left the Damascus train to travel northward by the railway just completed to Aleppo, which will very shortly connect with the Constantinople-Bagdad system, thus bringing almost the entire Holy Land in actual railway connection with every part of Europe.

It was the next day that we returned and resumed our journey to Damascus. The

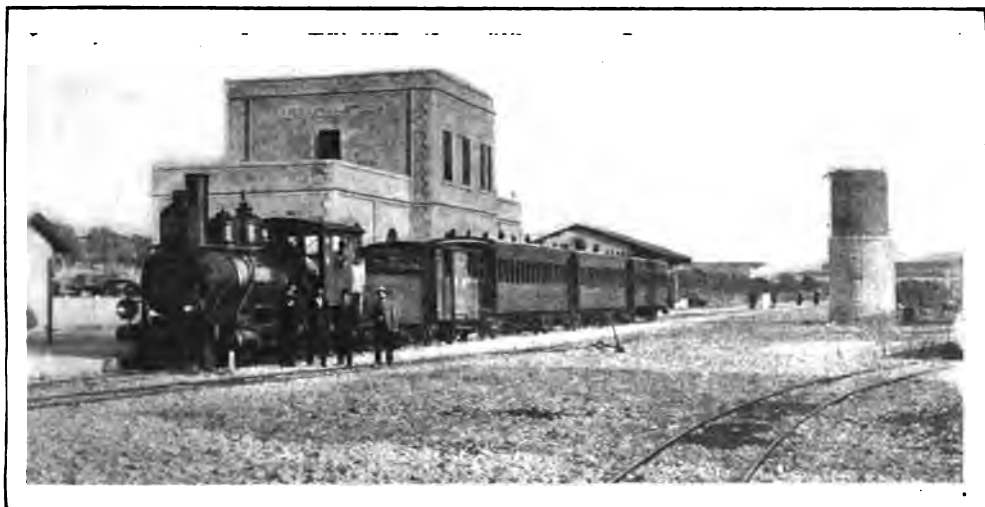


A CARAVAN OF PILGRIMS TO MECCA

French are still interested in this railway, and outside of the city of Damascus we passed the great dam across the river which gives power to the Belgium Electric Company that lights the oldest city in the world, gridironing its streets, through which Saint Paul walked, with modern trolley rails. In Damascus all of our troubles vanished. The president of the Ottoman Bank laughed to scorn the fears of those who had advised against our going via the new railway to Jerusalem. He assured us that our lives would be as safe on the Mecca railway as in any part of the world, and that we would be most welcome as passengers. The American Consul Metshaka, who has succeeded his father to that office, not only ridiculed those who feared to make the journey, but insisted that, if it were not possible for me to secure our *tezkerah* in time, we should go without. He kindly sent his dragoman to the railway station with us to purchase our tickets to Amman, and gave me his personal card, upon which he had written in Arabic a message to any official who should molest us. I still have the card and the recollection of one of the most enjoyable trips with as courteous a people as it has ever been my good fortune to meet.

Trains upon the Damascus-Mecca railway are operated thrice a week, leaving one hour after daylight or at the same hour that the daily train departs for Beirut. As the station of the Beirut railway is beyond the city limits in one direction, and that of the

Mecca railway in the open fields at the opposite end of the town, our leave-takings took place at the hotel. We, Dr. Higgins and myself, were looked upon as a pair of hair-brained adventurers, notwithstanding the fact that I had been around the world more than once, and Dr. Higgins has ridden horseback across Texas many times. Our little journey was looked upon as a great event in the history of the Oriental cruise, and there were still many who believed that we were attempting the impossible. At the last moment one recruit offered herself—the doctor's wife. Not because she wished to go, but because she could not persuade her husband to give up the trip and wanted to be with him. By a unanimous vote, however, the doctor and I decided that the party should be limited to two. Our astonishment began at the railway station. We had come prepared to pay an exorbitant price and hire a car to ourselves if our Mohammedan fellow-passengers refused, as we had been told they would, to enter any car desecrated by the touch of Christians. Instead, we were welcomed by the railway officials, who apologized for there being nothing but third-class cars in use upon the railway. For five dollars for the two of us, they offered us a compartment for the entire journey from Damascus, nearly two hundred miles, to Amman. We paid willingly and received our little compartment, the only one on the train. Alas! however, a Turk had already placed his household utensils upon the seats, in the racks, and on



AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE AT THE JERUSALEM RAILWAY STATION

the floor. He returned and held his ground. We looked at each other and decided that we wanted not trouble, but success, so we retreated to the general car, where several Turks politely made room for us, receiving us most cordially; and these were pilgrims on their way to the birthplace of Mohammed at Mecca.

To call any part of the country through which the Damascus-Mecca railway passes, interesting, would be a stretch of the imagination; to call it beautiful, would be a deliberate falsification. About the railway stations at Damascus, Bedouins were encamped in their inky-black tents. Caravans of camels came and went. The barrenness of the surrounding country was relieved only by the light of snow-capped Hermon in the distance. As the train slowly sped along, we came to know the lay of the country. There were fields of stunted grain and fields upon which nothing seemed to grow except crops of rocks and stones. Here and there would be three stones, one upon another, which to this day, as in the days of Solomon, it is a crime to move, for they are the boundary posts between the fields. On our route we passed a caravan of more than one hundred camels, one of the last, perhaps, of the sacred pilgrimages that will ever start out in this way from the oldest city in the world to the birthplace of the newest prophet. At Dara, where the road from Hafia connects with the Mecca system, Turks from Constantinople, Egypt, and Morocco helped make picturesque the

station yard, with their strange, quaint costumes. Sometimes when the train would stop for water everyone would descend to *terra firma*, the tired Christians to stretch their legs, the Turks to fold theirs beneath them, start a charcoal fire, and enjoy the restful nargile. Here and there we would come upon a native of the land, poor, rag-bedecked women, and filth-begrimed children. The men were evidently hundreds of miles south at work upon the railway.

Ours was not a rapid train, and yet when compared with those of the Spanish railways, it could not be called slow. In fact it went as fast as a dog can run. I know this because I tried the experiment. The dogs in Turkish lands are the scavengers of both city and country. The country-bred dog is *per se* more fleet-footed than his city cousin. At one of the stations I fed a sleek-looking animal. As the train started he followed and I kept on feeding. The dog kept on running. His eyes were upon my window. Never once did he look to the ground, save when I threw a morsel of chicken or a bone, and even then he did not slacken his speed. With a light movement his head would bend, there would be a snap, and if a bone or morsel was picked up, well and good; if not, he looked to me for further donations. Everyone on the train became interested in the race. From every window Turks held tempting morsels to entice the cur. Mile after mile, and still our companion kept pace. The engineer drew his head out of the cab window and put on



A YANKEE LOCOMOTIVE IN TURKEY



A WAY STATION IN THE DESERT



THE DAMASCUS RAILWAY STATION

extra steam, and the dog an extra spurt. My friend, Dr. Higgins, who was quite familiar with the coyote of the West, was quite unwilling to give the palm for speed to this worthless cur of Moab. Ten miles farther on we reached the next station, and our dog was with us. Everyone was delighted, and I have seldom seen a more enthusiastic and promiscuous reception given to any human being. After that it was the sport of everyone to tempt the dogs of each station to run races with the train. At one time we had a line of dogs stretching out for miles behind. I think perhaps it was the only real thing of interest that Mark Twain missed in his journey through the Holy Land. He should have gone east of the Jordan.

It was a twelve hours' ride from Damascus to Amman, so that it was quite dark when we arrived at the stopping place. As time is no object to the Oriental, the trains are not run at night. When Amman is reached and darkness falls, the engineer deserts his cab and the passengers pour out to occupy the hundreds of tents that surround the railway station. We might have hired a tent for the night, at a cost of two or three francs, but as we had wired ahead in Arabic for horses, we expected to find them, it being our intention to pass the night at the ancient town of Amman, some two or three miles

west of the railway station. Now that the railway has approached completion for its entire length, it is quite probable that night trains may be run, so that the through route from Damascus to Mecca will occupy days instead of weeks as at present.

The official name of the railway is Hamideyeh Hadjez, being named after the Sultan Abdul Hamid, whose personal project it was. While its chief object is to carry pilgrims to and from Mecca and Medina on the occasion of the great annual Mohammedan pilgrimage, there is also a strategic significance in the construction of this railway. At present Turkish soldiers must be sent by way of the Red Sea and Suez Canal to crush the rebellion at Yamen. With the through connection made to Constantinople, the now completed line from Haffa on the Mediterranean, the Akabah branch, and the road from Jaddah on the Red Sea to Medina, all in working order, rebellions in Arabia will be more easily suppressed. Moreover, the scandal throughout the Mohammedan world, of armed bands of the followers of the Prophet lying in wait to rob and massacre the faithful *en route* to the tomb of the Prophet, will be eliminated. The completion of the Damascus-Mecca railway removes from the mind of the attending pilgrim his awful dread of the night massacres without the walls



A CONSTRUCTION TRAIN, LABORERS UNDER GUARD



"ALL ABOARD" IN TURKEY



HARBOR OF JAFFA

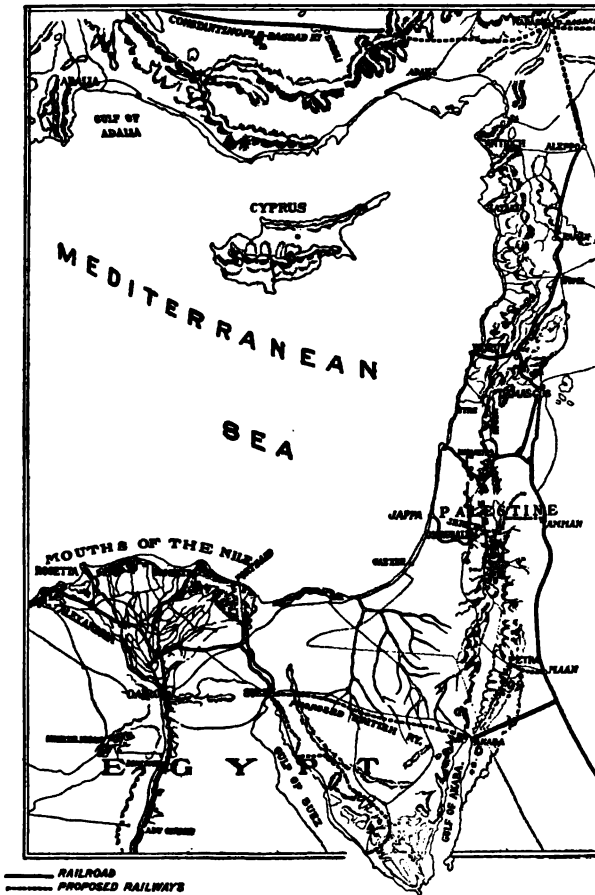
of the Holy City. Instead of weakening the hold of Islam, the new railway cannot fail to make the Holy Pilgrimage more popular than ever.

The road is well built. The rails are chiefly from the United States, and the locomotives from Germany and Belgium. However, it must be admitted that the administration of the road is at present inefficient. This is due to the fact that Turkish soldiers fill all the posts connected with the running of the road and they are without any proper training or experience. While the construction has been in the hands of competent German engineers, the actual work has been done by Turkish soldiers. Wooden sleepers were at first used in building the road, but are being replaced with iron ones, the old wooden sleepers being utilized to build temporary stations along the route, giving the entire country much the appearance of some of our primitive Western lands just penetrated by the railroad.

It was pitch dark when we alighted from the train at the station at Amman. In vain we tried to make the telegraph operator understand that we expected horses. He pointed to the tents without and shrugged his shoulders. We looked at the tents and then at each other. Doubtless we would have secured one of these, but as we were passing down the line, a heavy native wagon rattled by. "Amman," I cried to the driver. "Amman," he replied, nodding his head, and in another moment

our hand satchels were resting in the body of the wagon, and Dr. Higgins and myself were being jostled along over the country road. The moon arose and it was a brilliant night. Along the course of the mountain torrent our driver drove his rattletrap conveyance. Men on horseback, with great long spears, dashed on ahead, and one stopped to gaze into our faces and then rode on to his

companions, who kept abreast of us far away on the hillside. At the end of an hour's ride we entered a single street of one-story mud buildings. Before one of these the wagon stopped. "Amman," cried the driver, and we leaped to the ground. Several hooded men in long Turkish raiment stood at the door of the little tavern, in which the strongest drink served was Russian tea. We entered. Around us sat about twenty Turks upon the bare ground floor. The proprietor seemed as astonished as his patrons. When we put our hands to our heads as a sign we wished to sleep, tea was of-



ROUTE OF THE DAMASCUS-MECCA RAILWAY

fered to us, and having accepted the hospitality of the Turks, I gave no further consideration as to safety. From a dark inner cavern some rough planks were produced and placed upon the floor, and we were invited to lie down and rest. With the twenty picturesque Turks seated around us in evident violent discussion as to the object of our coming among them, we turned over after a hearty laugh at our strange situation, and slept soundly. I awoke once during the night and found that we

were alone with the exception of the proprietor, who slept upon the floor before the door.

In the morning we were up bright and early, exploring the very interesting Roman remains at Amman. By eight o'clock we had returned and were served with excellent tea in glasses. No one seemed to know what to do with us, and it was evident that the man who had brought us to Amman was not the one to whom we had telegraphed. We were alone in a village of Turks, not one of whom spoke our language, and neither of us could speak a word of theirs. With a group of a dozen watching us at our morning meal, I straddled my fingers across a table knife, made the motion of a man riding horseback, and repeated the word "Jericho," then placed money on the table. One of the men cried out "Jeriah;" and signified that he would take us across country for what amounted to about four dollars. He led us to his home, where we again had tea with his family, while he saddled his horses. My astonishment at this tea-drinking community was effaced when I learned, after my arrival in Jericho, that they belonged to a tribe of Russian Mohammedans who had been driven from the Caucasus and had brought their tea-drinking habit with them. Our bill for our night's lodging, tea at night and in the morning, amounted to less than fifty cents for the two of us.

It was nine o'clock before we made a start. Our sturdy guide, with his cartridge belt about him and his rifle over his shoulder, walked ahead while we rode. Mile after mile we went along a really serviceable carriage road, the country being rolling and destitute of trees, very like western Texas. It was not until we reached the vicinity of Arrak El-Emir that the road became what might be called bad. As we entered the gorge, the one sublime bit of beautiful scenery we encountered in all Syria and the Holy Land, burst upon our view. A stream dashed between two mountain ridges, and there the valleys and the mountain sides were either cultivated or covered with verdure. Little houses, diminutive as those in Japan, hid themselves here and there against the rocks. Old Roman water mills still ground the corn grain. In the adjacent gorges aqueducts that had not been used in a thousand years, still remained standing in mute testimony of the former grandeur of the country. Our guide took us by short cuts over the moun-

tain, but we could see that the wagon road from Amman to the Jordan was still in fair repair. In fact the expenditure of a few thousand dollars would provide a very creditable carriage or automobile route from Jericho to the Damascus-Mecca railway station at Amman.

Never once did we weary of the ride across Moab. Toward midday we lunched upon a mountain height from which we could look down on the Dead Sea and the Jordan Valley. Mount Nebo was near, but we could not understand even by comparison how Moses had looked with envious eyes upon the land across the Jordan as one "flowing with milk and honey." After lunch our pathway led down the mountain sides to the Jordan Valley far below the level of the sea. Several times we passed Bedouin encampments, and once there was a sound of rifle shots and the twanging of bullets, but our guide paid no attention, nor did we. Evidently it was some such playful sport as is indulged in to-day in the far West where the tenderfoot intrudes. Riding toward the Jordan, we passed vast areas of land given over to the Rose of Sharon and other wild flowers that made the hillside glow with crimson or hid it behind royal carpets of purple. Once just before we left the foothills behind, we rode through such a cloud of locusts as I have never encountered elsewhere on my travels. As we emerged from the hills, we could see the numerous caves of the Anchorites cut into the soft rock; and then came the long desolate road through level marshes and hard white sand to the Jordan bank. It was dusk and the river was swollen. We stopped for a few moments to drink some of the muddiest water that ever passed mortal lips, then rode across the single-spanned wooden bridge to the other side, where a Bedouin stopped us for backsheesh.

The moon was rising and our horses were weary after over thirty miles across country, so we alighted and climbed the seven miles of desolation up to the straggling village of Jericho. A night's rest, and the next morning, unable to secure horses, our own being too tired, we hired two donkeys at three francs apiece, paid and dismissed our guide, and rode out toward Jerusalem over one of the most magnificent carriage roads in Asia. We arrived in Jerusalem at noon, just two days and four hours out from Damascus, and some hours in advance of our friends on the steamer, who had returned to Beirut from Damascus and had come down to Jaffa,

whence they continued their journey by rail to Jerusalem. We had not been niggardly in our expenses, nor did we hurry the journey at all; yet in casting up accounts we found that, including our lunch and wine *en route*, it had cost us, from the door of the hotel in Damascus to the door of the hotel in Jerusalem, just \$9.20 apiece to make the trip. In Jerusalem we called at the leading tourist office and were informed that there were no trains running on the Damascus-Mecca railway, and that it was impossible to go from Jericho to Damascus by that route, but that we could be sent through overland, by caravans, the journey occupying a week, for the sum of \$105. Tourists and even native business men in Jerusalem seemed astonished that we had been able to come overland from Damascus by the new railway. In fact few of them seemed to know that the Damascus-Mecca railway was even under course of construction; and yet

within a few months, by imperial irade, the pilgrimages to the Holy City of Mecca are to be sent to their destination over this new route.

The laying of this railway through the Land of Moab and the Arabian desert lifts the Holy Land from the realm of the dread mysterious and throws it directly in the zone of safe and sane tourist travel. In another year or so at most, the Mohammedan will be robbing the Christian at the Mosque of the tomb of Mohammed as industriously as he does about the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem to-day. Before the world realizes what is going on in benighted Turkey, Aleppo, Damascus, the ruins at Petra, and the Suez Canal will all become to the tourist but so many lunch stations on the all-rail route from Calais to Cairo and Cape Town, a railway through three continents, that, built largely of American material, is now within hailing distance of completion.

THE MOSQUES

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THERE was a flower in ancient Fez
That (so the glowing legend says)
Has never lost its matchless light,
From summer dawn to winter night,
Since Allah cast his pitying glance
Upon the city's far expanse,
And with all mercy in his eye,
Said, "One white flower shall never die."

So from the city's forest maze
Pure alabaster domes upraise
Their gleaming beauty through the dawn,
Or when the dusk of day is gone;
White flowers that blossom through the years,
And hush a people's solemn fears,
Pale blooms of wonder that shall last
Till Time, and Life, and Death are past.



"'Louisa here, she was sort of set on Afric's coral strand.'"

THE REGICIDE

BY H. G. DWIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX



THE Atlantic, after all, is nothing but an American lake, and one passage is like another. You could almost make up the sailing list before going on board. There will be the person on his first trip, who speaks of London and the Alps as if they were Lhasa and the Himalayas. There will be the person on his sixty-ninth trip, who finds occasion to apprise you of that fact when you give your name to the bath steward. There will be the lady who sings. There will be the gentleman who plays. There will be the individual who organizes the concert. There will be the college professor leading sixteen young ladies by the nose. There will be the distracting widow, accompanied oftener than not by an infant ruffian whom she confides to you to be the image of his poor father. There will be the mysterious being who speaks to no one and who is variously referred to as Hall Caine, Auguste Rodin, or J. Pierpont Morgan. And after that, to make up the chorus of the piece,

there will be job lots of priests, drummers, students, card sharps, detached ladies, invalids, bridal couples, and nice-looking people you don't get a chance to meet.

And yet, after all, one passage never is like another. Consider, for instance, the difference between the voyages east and west. The card sharps, the distracting widow, and the person on his sixty-ninth trip are the only members of the cast who do not outwardly and visibly undergo, between the two, some manner of change. Then you can never exhaust the permutations and combinations possible between the various groups. And with the strange contrasts that meet your eye, the strange tales that sooner or later reach your ear, the strange sense of the sea's power to put men into immediate relation with one another, it always comes to you with a fresh shock—at least it always comes to me—that the most unpromising people are often the ones who have the most surprising adventures. For life has a trick of being true to itself even in the little rocking world of a ship.

All of which is a more or less inconsequent

preamble to my acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Blakemore. I first saw them at dinner the night we left Naples. I must confess, however, that I paid but a mediocre degree of attention to the severe and gloomy dame upon my right. I have skimmed about a bit in my day and I have my generalizations. They are not so narrow as they might be, thank goodness; but neither are they so wide as to claim that every human being is interesting. I have known too many who were not. I therefore took as much credit to myself as if I had calculated the transit of Venus when Mrs. Blakemore undertook to convince a scandalized steward that she required tea with her fish. It went with her perennial black dress and its speckles—to call them polka dots would connote more liveliness than their wearer diffused. Singularly destitute even of the maturer airs and graces of femininity, she kept a watch upon her lips that would have discouraged a more pertinacious companion than myself. Moreover nature had found means to enhance a certain martial deportment which was hers. You could not affirm that she was bearded like the pard, but you wouldn't be willing to answer for her in ten years. Nevertheless I might as well say here and now that, as custom facilitated our intercourse, she rather came to remind me of Lamb's Gentle Giantess—except, of course, that she was neither a giantess nor genteel.

A curious little passage with her husband gave me the first hint of the sort. I happened one noon to see her examining with that gentleman the chart of our daily run, when all of a sudden she executed the most extraordinary little caper and gave vent to the most extraordinary little squeal. It was over so quickly that I could not be quite sure of my senses. I would as soon have expected such a maneuver from the Statue of Liberty. But it made me think, for some absurd reason, of a sea monster I had watched a few days before in the Aquarium at Naples. This was a fearsome-looking creature with frazzles waving from it and a general air of intending to make mincemeat out of you. And then a cavity opened somewhere in its grisly person and exhibited an interior of a most melting baby pink. Well, I did not arrive at any great intimacy with Mrs. Blakemore, and I am unable to account for the distinctness of an impression which she did so little to confirm; but I never could quite rid myself of an idea that this singular woman was lined with pink.

It may be that I saw Mrs. Blakemore's case as a reflection of her husband. He was a rosy and genial little gentleman who affected a red necktie. He also used don't in the third person singular and looked askance upon the "I-talians" crowding the forward deck. But that didn't prevent him from being full of kind offices and a certain dry humor. Indeed he only lacked a degree of flamboyancy to become what is euphemistically known as the life of the ship. As it was, the nicest thing about him was the way he treated his wife. He carried her off as if she'd been the Queen of Sheba—although I had my suspicions as to who did the carrying off. I will not say, however, that I would have appreciated the subtleties of the case to such a degree if Blakemore had not been so polite about my stories. Of course everybody knew everybody else's name by the second or third day out, and as under mine on the steamer list was neatly printed the legend "Consul of the United States at Pianura," it came about naturally enough that I related various of my adventures. I have had some wonderful ones, first and last. What a book I could write about the things I have seen and heard out of my consulate window! The only trouble is that people would think I was making fun of my country.

As for Blakemore, though, he was so romantically pleased to be among his own people again that it mattered little what they said. And even Mrs. Blakemore appeared to take a cue from him in our somewhat one-sided councils. About Italy in general it was plain enough that she knew or cared no more than about Patagonia. She had apparently gone there for the pure pleasure of going home. But she would occasionally ask me, *à propos de bottes*, or perhaps by way of steering the conversation into fields where she knew me to be most eloquent, how hot it was in Pianura, and what the people wore, and whether there was a king, and if I saw many Americans.

For my own part, I dispensed with questions. In the first place asking for information has always seemed to me a crude and unreliable way of getting it. Then with regard to the Blakemores I felt that there was no information worth getting. I had met them a hundred times in New England villages. I had seen them a hundred times hurrying through the tangled streets of Pianura, the old cathedral, the ducal palace and its wonderful gardens, with grave unseeing eyes. A hundred

times I had discoursed with them in my office, at compartment windows, on steamer decks, concerning the superlative beauty of American as compared to all other human institutions. There was nothing about them I didn't know beforehand. So, but for an accident of the dinner table, my smugness might never have been rebuked. I might never have heard, that is, one of the funniest little stories I ever picked up at sea.

It came out through the agency of the college professor, a gentleman for whom life was a large and unruly classroom and the sole method of establishing relations therewith the Socratic. Having doubtless learned the story of everybody else's life, he set about obtaining that of Mrs. Blake-more, to which end he inquired how long she had been over. I didn't exactly prick up my ears when she said eight months; it only made her more typical to have spent eight months in Europe without any of it rubbing off on her. I did prick up my ears though when it

came out that the eight months had been spent not in Europe at all, but in Africa. In fact I felt a little irritated about it—as you do when you get very chummy with a man on the way over and then see him drive away from the pier in a Black Maria. What on earth had these good people been doing in Africa at a season when everybody who can gets out of it? The question evidently agitated other minds, for the professor began speaking of Egypt and Algiers. It appeared that he sometimes varied the monotony of taking young ladies abroad in the summer by escorting old ones in the winter.

"Well, we did pass Egypt on our way south," I heard Blakemore say, "but we spent most of our time in Tanaland."

Everybody looked blankly at everybody else, wondering where in the world Tanaland might be, and wishing that Blakemore had

not chosen just that moment for getting up—everybody, that is, except the narrator of this tale, who had not kept a departmental map on his wall for six years for nothing.

"Why, that's that place down in the East Africa Protectorate, isn't it?" I asked, wondering as I stirred my coffee whether missionaries and red neckties went together. "Did you happen to run across that consul of ours who's been kicking up such a row down there in Lamu?"

"Oh, I saw something about it in the *Paris Herald*," said a lady across the table. "Didn't he kill somebody, or something?"

"There's no telling what he did," I answered. "The people who sit in consulates, under our admirable system, are about as queer as those who visit them, especially at those out-of-the-way posts, that are generally filled by gentlemen into whose antecedents the Department does not feel it necessary to inquire very deeply. The Italian papers were quite amusing about this particular orna-



"I'm the man."

ment of my profession—the White Peril, and so on—but they didn't make it very clear what he was up to when he tried to pot some local royalty. Perhaps he was on the order of the capitalists we hear so much about nowadays, who hunt in pairs and contrive to wring concessions out of dusky potentates with the help of a dazzling pair of shoulders! Anyway it raised all kinds of a fuss. Washington has had to apologize to everybody from King Edward to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and gunboats have been skipping about like spring lambs, and my worthy colleague has gone home very much *persona non grata*. You probably know more about it than I do, Blakemore."

The minute I turned to him I saw that he did. He was looking down at Mrs. Blake-more, who had swung her chair about in order to get up. Then he said to me with a smile:

"Well, I don't know as I'd have put it just that way. But I'm the man." And the two of them walked out of the saloon.

The consul of the United States at Pianura hasn't blazed on every occasion of his career with the brilliancy of an eighty-million candle-power arc light, but on this one he felt uncommonly like a wax match in a waterspout. And it wasn't altogether on my own account either. I would have given anything not to have thrown Blakemore to the lions like that, for a liner is a worse place for gossip than a village Dorcas society. So as soon as I got myself together a bit, I went up on deck, where I found the two of them sitting silently in their chairs. It didn't make me feel any more comfortable. I pulled up another chair beside Blakemore—a vile trick, too: nothing makes me more furious than to have other people snatch my chair—and began rather lamely:

"I say, old chap, I'm awfully sorry to have made such an infernal donkey of myself. The thing positively never entered my head. You see I modestly took it for granted that I was the only pebble on the beach. And then no human being would ever take you for a regicide, as the papers had it. But they always distort things so. If you—if there was some trouble, I know there must have been good reason for it."

I knew the man was a brick, but I never knew what a brick he was till I heard him chuckle there in the dark.

"The reason was the funny part of it!" he exclaimed.

I had no doubt of that. The reason is the funny part of most human achievements. For the moment, however, I could only be conscious of gratitude to Blakemore for letting me down so softly and of admiration for the way he did it.

"It's a wonder you didn't die of beriberi in such a deadly place," I said, trying to take his cue and incidentally to disclaim some of my aspersions in the saloon, "or get eaten up by cannibals. How on earth did you ever happen to go there?"

"Well," answered Blakemore, "I've rather wondered myself. I guess our senator had as much to do with it as anybody. He's a neighbor of ours, you know. And I'd never been about very much, and always had an idea I'd like to see the world. And then Louisa here, she was sort of set on Afric's coral strand——"

A voice suddenly came out of the darkness beyond him:

"Golden sand, Alonzo."

"Golden sand, then, Louisa," he returned good-humoredly—"though if India's no more like than Africa was, I don't see as it makes much difference." And to me: "I suppose you know the missionary hymn, sir. I'm always getting mixed up on it myself, but it's Louisa's strong point. She's vice president of the Woman's Auxiliary at home, and I guess she'd have been a missionary herself if I hadn't persuaded her to undertake a tougher job."

I confess I had rather forgotten Louisa until she spoke. But the nature of the words she uttered reminded me of the incident which I have recorded and of my somewhat ill-substantiated theory with regard to her composition; which, with what Alonzo had been saying, gave me a new sense of the situation. I hardly know how to express the curious complication of interest it suddenly presented to me. I began to see so much, indeed, that I'm afraid I forgot my contrition in my curiosity. Blakemore saved me, however, from the embarrassment of betraying it.

"So far as gettin' et up is concerned, I guess the natives were worse off than we," he said with a laugh, taking up the train his wife had interrupted. "And that coast ain't as unhealthy as some, they say. It's low, but it's fairly dry. The only thing is it's pretty hot. But we expected that, and there's quite a breeze comes in from the Indian Ocean. Most of the towns are where they can get it, on a lot of islands offshore. They don't show much on the map. They sort of fit into each other, like a puzzle piece, with cracks of water between. Lamu is on one of 'em—quite a big one too, but so flat you wouldn't hardly notice it from the water if it wasn't for the palms standin' up, prickly-like."

"What kind of a place is Lamu itself?" I asked. I was getting beyond caring how curious I seemed.

"Well, I'm not very much up on foreign parts," he replied, "never having seen much of any towns but Naples and Mombasa, and those mostly from the boat, so that they seemed more like painted places than real ones. But if they're all like Lamu, the United States is good enough for your Uncle Alonzo. It's some ways up a dirty creek that runs out opposite another island. There's an old tumble-down fort in the middle of it, and around that about as fine a collection of pigpens and henhouses as you'd



"'Vice said it was the Sultana.'"

care to see, all made out of mud and plaster, with cow paths wanderin' around between. In fact the first time we see it we pretty near turned around and come home. And I guess it would have been better for us if we had."

"How did you make out for a consulate?" inquired I hastily.

"Fairly well, considerin'. One of the first things we did was to go over to the Twaka, as they call it, which is A-rab for Afric's golden sand, I guess. Anyhow it's a beach on the sea side of the island. There wasn't much gold about it, seein' it was white enough to put your eyes out, and we didn't happen to come across any of the sunny fountains that the hymn talks about. We could have used two or three very comfortably. But it was more what we expected, and it was so much cooler and cleaner than the town that we decided to camp out there—in a house that belonged to a cocoa plantation, facin' the sea. It was a long sight better than anything on Lamu creek. We found it pretty lonesome though—specially at night, with nothin' much goin' on but the Indian Ocean bangin' on the beach and the palm trees slashin'

around. They're a remarkable restless kind of trees."

The picture grew under my eyes curiously as Blakemore paused. The sounds about us, weaving a sort of melodic figure above the deep rhythm of the engines and the wash of the water against the side, made it all the more vivid—the coming and going of footsteps in the dark, the broken play of voices and laughter, the music of the Italians in the steerage. I wondered, rather inconsequently, what the band was playing that night in the Piazza Valsecca, at Pianura.

"But I had my work," Blakemore went on. "There were quite a lot of invoices. They send out rubber and copra and mangrove fiber and that sort of thing, you know. And then there were the reports. Don't the Department soak you for 'em though!"

"I don't suppose you were lucky enough to have any other Americans in with you," I threw out. "What sort of people did you have for vice and deputy consuls and clerks and all that—white or black?"

"Neither. He was Swahili, like most of 'em there, and he had a name longer than his nationality. I called him Vice for short.

They're a queer kind of folks—A-rabs, I believe, mixed up with most anything that comes along. We didn't just get onto their curves, Louisa and I. Not that some of 'em didn't afford us a pretty copious exhibition of 'em though!" he laughed. "We didn't see so many visitors, either, as you seem to, up in your place. I certified a signature once for a sailor whose aunt had died in Portland and left him \$10 and a mourning ring, and that was about all. You can believe I didn't charge him any fee, I was so glad to see him. But it wouldn't be fair to make out that we were the only white people in the place. There was the English subcommissioner and his assistant, and the English vice consul, and a few traders, and people who came along once in a while on boats. And then there was quite a lot that spoke English, like the Portuguese consul, and the German consul, and Vice. And I mustn't forget his nibs, the Sultan."

Which reminded me. And I'm afraid my thirst for knowledge wasn't altogether ingenuous when I inquired:

"How does there happen to be one, by the way? I had an idea King Edward and the Sultan of Zanzibar ruled the roost between them down there."

"Well, they do. But there's a little ten-acre lot of a country in back somewheres, called Witu, that's got a Sultan of its own. It's along o' him and his folks that Louisa and I got into trouble." Blakemore chuckled again. "They used to come down to Lamu quite a lot. In fact the place where we lived belonged to 'em. There wasn't much doin' up their way, I guess, and I presume they gave a tone to the society of Lamu. It was quite the thing, too, to go up to Witu and have audiences with 'em. Louisa and I went once."

He paused a moment.

"It was quite amusin'. We got a boat and rowed over to the mainland—it's a wonder we ever got there in such a sieve—and then about fifteen miles up a creek that went windin' around through mangrove woods. They didn't seem a bit like real woods. They were powerful hot and dark, and there were all sorts of queer sounds and smells. You'd see real handsome sights, though. I remember in one place another creek came into ours that was just white with pond lilies as big as a table top, and a lot of big red birds were standing around among 'em, with long legs and bills. You should have seen

'em flappin' off among the trees! I shot a couple of 'em.

"Witu itself wasn't on the creek, but quite a ways to one side, through a rubber forest. The Sultan had quite a pleasant house there, in the middle of a garden that was all pine-apples and mosquitoes. I don't know which was bigger either. The Sultan showed us all about, most polite. I'd never seen a Sultan before, and didn't suppose they'd put themselves out so much. It was partly because he was our landlord, I guess, and maybe he wanted to sell us some vegetables. He gets most of his state revenues out of his garden, they told me. And then he'd been a clerk in the English Vice Consulate at Lamu, before he succeeded to the throne, and he liked to keep up with the news. He talked English quite well. You'd never guess it to see him, though. He was a dark-complected party in a green bath robe with gold fixin's, and a white nightcap for a crown. And under his bath robe he had on a white night-shirt effect. They all wear 'em down there—when they wear anything. I don't much wonder at 'em either. You feel like goin' to bed half the time in those parts.

"I guess the Sultan's mother felt that way most of the time, for that was where she was when she received us. It seemed the old lady was the whole thing in Witu, and there was nothin' for it but we must have an audience with her too. We were taken into her part of the house and into a big room where there wasn't much of anything but an iron bed in the middle of the floor with a big mosquito net over it. I thought we'd made a mistake, 'specially when I saw something move behind the net, and I started to back out. But Vice said it was the Sultana, and I must make a dive for the bed, tearin' my hair and hollerin' that I must see the beautiful being behind those curtains if it took a leg. Well now, I never was much for goin's on like that, and even when Vice told me that I'd be dragged back in time, and that all I'd have to do would be to visit with the old lady when she got through gigglin', I was afraid there'd be some mistake about it. So I stood in the door and asked her how she felt—via Vice. She said she felt warm. Then I told her I didn't wonder; she'd better come out where it was cooler and we'd give her a chance. She didn't seem much pleased at that, though, nor at some of the other things I said, and by and by we went away. And it turned out that

she was mortally offended by my coldness. She was that mad she wouldn't see Louisa alone!" Blakemore chuckled again. "Now did you ever have such doin's as that up to your place?"

I certainly never did. And I inwardly blessed myself for the marvelous ass I was in so nearly missing the strange adventures of Alonzo and Louisa.

"Yes, they were funny folks," Blakemore went on, "easy-goin' and good-natured and all, but you never could tell which way they'd jump. Now take the ladies. They were all just about as modest as the Sultana. They looked like walkin' mosquito nets when you met them on the street, they were so scared you'd see the tip of their nose, and some of 'em never traveled without a regular tent that it took a couple of servants to hold over 'em. But they didn't seem to have no kind of moderation in their ideas. They were all one thing or all the other, and you never could tell which it'd be. At least that was the way with one bunch of 'em, that used to go bathin' on our beach. There was plenty of room there, heaven knows. Yet for some reason that we never made out till afterwards, they used to come squarely in front of our place. And they—the fact is they didn't—"

Alonzo's delicacy left me to gather wherein consisted the immoderation of the ladies of Lamu.

"I have always understood," I observed gravely, "that they are somewhat free in those countries."

"Free!" came a voice for the second time beyond Alonzo's chair. "The last part of the time Alonzo couldn't go out of the house."

Mrs. Blakemore spoke so seldom that her words weighed more than those of other people, and these affected me so powerfully that I was grateful to the darkness for hiding my face. Nevertheless I was able to appreciate increasingly what a brick Alonzo was. For in what he went on to communicate he somehow contrived to impart his own sense of the situation without being in the least nasty to his wife.

"That was just Louisa's meat, though," he continued. "We'd been a little disappointed in the sunny fountains and the golden sand, you know, but it was a case of every prospect pleases and only man—or woman—is vile, all right. We were sure, too, that at least from one ancient river and one palmy



- CORRECTION -

"I knew a little bird shot wouldn't hurt 'em."

plain they called us to deliver their land from error's chain. Somehow they weren't much for it when it came to the point, however. I presume it might have been different if they'd known what Louisa was talkin' about when she took her knittin' and went to set with 'em. You see I had to keep Vice pretty busy in my end of the house. Anyhow, they were powerful sot in their ways. So Louisa and I did what we could. We sent down to Mombasa for a lot of bathin' suits. I wasn't sure how much they'd do toward turnin' the heathen from the error of her way, but I thought there was room for quite a trade if once it got started. And sure enough it got started all right. There ain't a lady of wealth and fashion in Lamu this summer who don't go to parties in a red-and-white-striped bathin' suit. But Louisa didn't come out so well, for the same sort of doin's went on as before. And when she and Vice had a long session with 'em on the subject they rather insisted on it that clothes were for land, not for water, and that they wouldn't dream of wettin' such pretty things."

Blakemore laughed with me that time. He was not the man to miss the humor of his wife's difficulties with the daughters of the sun. I am quite incapable, however, of reproducing the tone of his amusement. There was not a trace of sharpness in it. All the same an old line of Virgil popped into my

head, repeating itself to the rhythm of the engines: *Dux femina facti, dux femina facti, dux femina facti*. I had no idea how this missionary consulship ended in a regicidal attempt; but I knew perfectly well that however Blakemore might ascribe it to himself, Mrs. Blakemore was the head and front of it.

"We had quite a time about it first and last," Blakemore went on. "When we found that the slumberin' susceptibilities of our lady friends were not likely to be aroused by ordinary means, we tried more powerful ones. We sent Vice to order 'em off; we invoked the authority of our country and went out with Louisa and Vice holding up the flag and I promisin' all kinds of destruction; we appealed to the subcommissioner. But it didn't do any good. So at last, you know, we kind o' got our blood up about it. I can't explain it very well, and I shouldn't wonder if it would be harder still when I get to Washington. I don't know—things look sort of different with the thermometer two or three hundred in the shade and nothin' particular to do. Anyhow it riled us that those women should go on like that in spite of everything—and we the representatives of the greatest country in the world. So I concluded there was nothing for it but to take to gunpowder. I knew a little bird shot wouldn't hurt 'em."

"Gracious!" I exclaimed. "Did it?"

"No," he answered, "but one of 'em didn't fancy it. You should have heard her yell! She went to our friend the Sultan about it. It turned out she was his wife."

For the third time during this interview the voice of Mrs. Blakemore issued from the shades.

"They all were!" she uttered sepulchraly.

"Yes," corroborated Blakemore. "Vice told us—afterwards. He hadn't thought fit to mention it before. And the subcommissioner thought we knew, as the Sultan was our landlord. I couldn't blame 'em for bein' annoyed. It's a rude thing to do—to fire bird shot at ladies."

He settled back in his chair. It was the only sign he gave. As for me, I hardly knew

what sign to give. I watched the rail heave slowly up and down across the stars. I heard the water wash against the side. I listened to the interwoven sound of voices and laughter and singing about us in the summer night, pervaded by the deep rhythm of the engines. And it seemed to me that this preposterous little story was preposterously like life. It was nothing but a farce. It would make its fortune if it fell into the right hands. But told as Blakemore told it, jerkily, without half bringing it out, betraying its real values in spite of himself, it did not particularly incline me to mirth. It inclined me, rather, to something very different. It also inclined me to think that if you put a good God-fearing New England woman down on a blazing East African island, with too little to think about, there's no telling what will happen. Something must, and it needn't necessarily make copy for Robert Hichens. The sense of it, and of us all on that lighted ship in the dark sea, sailing together for a few days, heaven only knew where and why, made me lapse off into a reverie of this queer improper world of ours, that isn't fit for ladies and children to walk about in alone, but that we have such a passion for seeing—where some of us are whited sepulchers, and some of us are lined with pink, and few of us can help it, and the best souls get put down as *persona non grata*, and funny stories lie behind cold official facts, and people may be as absurd as hippopotamuses and yet—

"Wouldn't you have done it yourself?" suddenly inquired Mrs. Blakemore.

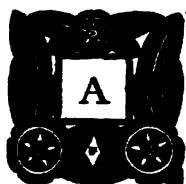
I turned in surprise and saw the profile of this formidable woman against the light of a porthole a little way down the deck. I knew it wasn't her fault if a dozen innocent ladies of Africa were not at that minute lying cold in their graves. But—I don't know—it came over me that the variations on the theme of what a man will do for a woman are sometimes extremely strange. And I couldn't help wondering how this one would look if she were turned inside out.

"Why, yes," I heard myself answer. "I believe I would."

THE FIFTH FENCE

BY ELEANOR BLAKE

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST



MID the bustling crowd in front of Euston station, Jack Trefusis strode impatiently up and down, looking every now and then half angrily at his watch. As he did so for the tenth time, there was a clatter of hoofs, and a cab came racing through the archway and pulled up with a slide and a scramble in front of him. The doors flew open with a jerk, and a girl with heightened color and dancing eyes jumped out nimbly, followed by a business-like little maid who, with dressing case in hand, started for the ticket office with the methodical action of a well-trained retriever. With an assumption of assured authority Mr. Trefusis stopped her, much after the manner of a policeman at a crossing, and putting a ticket in her hand, turned to her mistress.

"It's all right, I've got 'em," he said. "Come along; we'll just about do it."

Without further explanation he handed the cabby his fare, chartered several porters, and headed a breathless rush to the platform. The guard banged the door of the reserved carriage, and Mr. Trefusis, leaning out of the window, saw the last of the bags and boxes tossed, on the move, into the van ahead. With a grunt of relief and a satisfied smile he sank back into the receptive cushions.

"By Jove, that was a close shave, wasn't it? Always catch trains like that?" he asked.

"No, I usually leave a little more margin," replied the girl, from the depths of the opposite seat, "but to-day everything went wrong. I—I thought I never should get away; but," glancing up with a laugh, her words coming more quickly, "how did *you* happen to be there? Did you know I was coming? We certainly should have missed the train if we

had been left to our own resources; I was too glad to have assistance even to wonder why you had our tickets, or anything."

"That's easily explained," replied Mr. Trefusis, smiling back at her complacently. "When dear, good-natured Lady Brunswick asked me to Beverly, she told me who was coming, and mentioned the fact that you would probably take this train, and of course," looking at her admiringly, "I naturally did not intend missing the opportunity of escorting you down. It's a long time since I've had a chance to do anything like that. I suppose," he continued ruefully, "when you do arrive at the Brunswicks' some idiot will monopolize you as usual."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, the way Morrison did at the Nortons'."

"You are hardly complimentary to my choice of companions," replied Miss Aylward with a provoking smile. "I found Mr. Morrison very entertaining."

"So it appeared," grunted Mr. Trefusis.

"Well, he was until he spoiled the best run of the season by taking a 'voluntary' at the first fence, leaving me to catch his horse for him. By the way, I hear you've sold him your mare, Gipsy. Do you think he's up to riding her? She's a brute!"

"Oh!" returned Jack indifferently, "it's not for me to be a judge of that. I wanted to get rid of the mare; the money came in handy, as I was going to shoot big game for several months. Morrison was dead set on buying her, though he haggled a good deal over the price. As he had seen *me* ride her, it was not my business to insist she would be too much for him. Besides, he has plenty of pluck; only needs practice and hands." Jack patted himself metaphorically on the back for

saying anything half as decent as that about a man he quite frankly disliked, and with whom he felt he had little in common.

Somehow the transaction did not seem a very nice one to Miss Aylward, but as she did not pretend to be a judge of the ethics of horse dealing, she dropped the subject and began to ask him questions about his shooting trip.

The journey ended all too soon for Jack, who, much to his own surprise, discovered an unwonted volubility. As for Jessie, she was used to admiration, and without being conceited had always enjoyed Mr. Trefusis's companionship without analyzing her feelings. Quite unconsciously, also, she had prevented the conversation taking a serious turn whenever it had threatened to do so.

On arriving at Blandon station, Miss Aylward discovered many friends and acquaintances who had come down by the same train, and found herself quite surrounded as she stepped to the platform. Glancing at Jack, she caught the tail end of a self-satisfied smile. He was evidently pleased at having secured her all to himself on the journey, and was not above showing it.

"So glad to see you, Miss Aylward," said a voice suddenly at her shoulder. "I've a trap here. Do let me drive you out to the Hall."

With a recollection of the self-satisfied smile, Jessie greeted the speaker warmly.

"How nice of you!" she said, letting her hand linger a little in his. "Come, let us get off before the others."

She followed him through the group of chattering girls and men, and Mr. Trefusis, turning at that moment, didn't seem quite so pleased with himself when he saw her being driven off in Mr. Morrison's high dogcart.

Jessie dressed more carefully than usual that evening—not an easy matter in that great, bare room. A huge four-posted bed, draped in faded brocade, occupied the center, and large pieces of Old World furniture, placed here and there against the walls, only emphasized the space between. Still, it was a beautiful old room, with a reputation of having once been honored by the presence of royalty, a fact that had little effect upon Miss Aylward's maid, who much preferred to array her mistress by electric light instead of the time-honored candles. She had just caught a necklace in the lace that framed Jessie's shoulders, and was endeavoring to divert her young lady's attention, while she disengaged it, by detailing some of the harmless gossip of the servants' hall.

"I've just 'eard, miss, that Mr. Morrison's 'orses arrived this afternoon. It's strange he's took so to 'unting lately, miss." Emma carefully excluded all expression from her tone. "They say he's going out to-morrow on that mare Mr. Trefusis sold him. There's likely to be a h'accident, Jim, the 'ead groom, says, when a gentleman ain't used to 'ounds. Very good, miss. I don't think I've torn the lace. Is that all right now? Your 'air looks lovely, miss."

"Yes, thank you, Emma—that will do," said Jessie, absent-mindedly, as she glanced at her reflection in the mirror.

She was looking forward to an unusually pleasant visit at Beverly Hall; it was in the heart of the best hunting country in England. She had at least two old admirers among the guests, and who could tell how many new ones there might be? She was young enough to enjoy the sport of mild flirtation, and flattered herself that men were far easier to manage than horses. She had hardly begun to realize that the former animal is quite as apt as the latter to become restive under sudden spur and check, and likely enough, if at all high-spirited, to lash out regardless of consequences. That Jack Trefusis had a temper, she knew well. Evidence of that she had perceived at a time when they had seen more of each other. In fact, they had parted over a year ago, after something approaching a quarrel; this parting having been observed with gratification by the worldly-wise members of her family, who viewed the appearance of the very eligible Mr. Morrison with relief. But they (the family) having sensibly never openly advocated his claims, Jessie was free to think of him from an unprejudiced standpoint, and of her own accord had begun seriously to consider certain possibilities.

"You did ought to have a flower, miss," said Emma, bringing her unconsciously down to realities. "Perhaps you can get one before you go in to dinner. The 'ead gardener, he just—"

The end of Emma's sentence was lost, as Miss Aylward, fearing she was already late, hurried downstairs.

In that happy-go-lucky household you might do as you pleased all day, come in to meals or not, be late or early, help yourself or be served by the servants. But—dinner! That was sacred! Kind-hearted, genial Sir John could be really severe to a delinquent.

Jessie ushered herself into the big, ugly drawing-room—furnished in all periods from

Louis XVI to hideous Victorian—and to her relief found she was in time. So she paused at the door.

As usual in an old-fashioned country house, where the inmates spend most of their time out of doors, it was too hot to sit very near the huge, open fireplace, piled up with sweet-smelling, crackling logs; and yet to a foreigner the rest of the room would have seemed too cold. But these people had nearly all been hunting; their blood was coursing freely; they would have been surprised if anyone had suggested that the house was not thoroughly warmed in every corner.

The assembled party, physically perhaps a little jaded and mentally a bit weary of each other's society, gave Miss Aylward the usual aggressively silent welcome. Sir John looked up from his morning paper (just arrived), and Lady Brunswick merely murmured: "Ah, there you are, my dear! Not very tired, I hope," and relapsed into silence. Only Mr. Morrison, who rose at her entrance and stepped toward her, showed any mental color. He thought Miss Aylward was looking surprisingly fresh and enticing, and as he approached was moved to violate the solid quiet of the atmosphere.

"Aw, Miss Aylward!" he began. "Talk about visions! Well, really! I was looking—er—expecting," and ended tamely, "and here you are, you know!" Then, as she moved deftly toward the conservatory in search of the flower Emma had recommended for her costume, he followed, adding:

"Going to get some flowers? Can't I—I mean, can I—that is—of course I *can*, but may I—help?"

Jessie was rather pleased with this flattering stupidity of a clever man, and smiled at him graciously as they walked among the ferns. Randolph Morrison not only had a reputation for possessing brains, but there was a belief that his manner of using them was generally pleasing to women. Jessie wondered if it was her fault that she could never substantiate it.

"You don't know how glad I am you're here," he continued. "How much it has added—will add to—" He paused awkwardly.

"But you expected to see me. You told me so on the way up from the station. It wasn't altogether a surprise," she put in.

"One doesn't really dare *believe* in what one *expects* till it *happens*," he answered, laughing. "My heart went down into my

boots when I thought you were not on the train. You're not going to let—er—to let anybody monopolize too much of your society while you are here, are you?"

"Well, to-morrow I shall be hunting," began Jessie evasively, half smiling as she remembered this hope being expressed in other words that very day.

"So shall I," declared Mr. Morrison firmly.

"I trust you have a good mount; it's a pretty stiff country, you know."

She said this hoping it would induce confidences about the mare he had just taken from Jack Trefusis, and so give her the opportunity to drop some hints upon the management of hunters in general, and this animal in particular. She couldn't help wondering *why* he'd bought her. In spite of Emma's hint in regard to Mr. Morrison's newly acquired taste for hunting, her mistress was far from guessing that he had accepted Sir John's invitation solely on her account, and was wishing himself well over the next day that he might appear creditably before her. They had wandered back within sight and sound of the drawing-room. Mr. Morrison was framing some explanation, but before he could murmur more than the words, "Oh, yes—a new purchase," the door opened and Jack Trefusis himself appeared with all the glamour of a fresh arrival. Stopping at Lady Brunswick's chair, he bent over with a whispered interrogation. The nodded reply was evidently pleasant to hear, for Mr. Trefusis plumed himself visibly.

Dinner was solemnly announced at last, and Jessie found herself between the two men at table. Each of them seemed bent upon monopolizing the conversation. One was full of allusions to times past, the other of suggestions of those to come, and both eager to talk at once.

"Remember the day we went out cub-hunting after the dance at the Cumbers'? You'd been up all night and you looked as fresh as a daisy——"

"Miss Aylward, do give me some faint idea of your future plans. For instance, where do you go from here?"

"Do you remember, not so very long ago, I used to call you Jessie? We've been pals ever so long—haven't we? You weren't so tall then! No, you weren't a child though. Why, there can't be any harm in it! I did a year ago—let us begin all over again. Doesn't it seem like yesterday, our getting

into the boat and drifting down the river without any sculls? And I paddled ashore with my hat. Eh? Remember?"

"Miss Aylward—I wonder whether I could ever make up a party and persuade you to come down to my little place——"

"And that fat pony you used to ride! Do you remember the trick your brother Bob taught you—and the way you unseated the farmer who balked you at the wall?"

At this point Mr. Morrison resolutely demanded an answer. Would Miss Aylward visit his house in Yorkshire if he made up a party?

Miss Aylward thought it would be very nice indeed.

"You won't find it a very sporting neighborhood," murmured Mr. Morrison, leaning close to her. "We don't go in much for that sort of thing. Indeed, I don't know that I should if it were not for—you see—you don't mind my talking about myself, do you? I've worked hard all my life to reach my present position" (he was a rising young Conservative member in spite of an ancestry tainted by "trade"), "and I've had little time for pleasure. I haven't cared much about sport—*still now*—and I know very little about it. I'm quite nervous, really, as to how I shall acquit myself to-morrow."

Jessie said something kind and encouraging, and the conversation dropped for a moment. She was very uneasy in her mind about Morrison's ability to manage his new acquisition, and he was exceedingly anxious about the appearance he should present before the hunting set, who seemed to think of nothing else. Plucky he knew he was. But Jack Trefusis had managed now to divert her attention to himself entirely, but although she listened, she appeared to be very angry at something; her face was flushed, and there was a little furrow between her eyes.

Mr. Morrison wondered what it was that disturbed her, as he tried, not very successfully, to talk to the flat-chested, horsy young woman on his other side.

Jessie was electric in her innocent flirtations, but to-night, somehow, Jack did not appear at his best in her eyes.

"You are in a horrid mood to-night," she said to him.

"Do you suppose I asked to sit beside you for the purpose of seeing you encourage that pompous duffer?" he inquired.

"I didn't know you had asked to sit beside me; but one can't talk exclusively to one man

—and Mr. Morrison is not a pompous duffer," she returned with spirit. "Besides, I haven't given you permission to call me Jessie—I outgrew that some time ago."

"Oh, of course if you like him, he's anything you choose to think him," returned Jack, ignoring the last sentence entirely.

"There's one thing I'm afraid he isn't," said the girl, who had quickly recovered her temper, "and that is a finished horseman. Couldn't you persuade him not to ride the mare to-morrow? She isn't safe except under hands like yours."

Somewhat appeased by the compliment, Mr. Trefusis felt, nevertheless, a certain exasperation at her solicitude for Morrison's safety, so he replied, rather unexpectedly, that if that gentleman wanted to appear as a mighty Nimrod, he must take his chances like the next man.

"But he doesn't understand, Jack," she urged, using his first name with a tacit suggestion of reciprocity. "He's got plenty of spirit, but he doesn't in the least know about horses. He hasn't the least idea what a difficult brute she is. I declare I wish you'd tell him he can't ride her, and offer to take her back. Do, to please me, won't you?"

"A lot he'd thank me for showing him to his face what a fool I think him," answered the indignant Mr. Trefusis. "He was keen to buy her—I didn't throw her at him. He's got to learn by experience, like the rest of us, what he can do and what he can't. I told him she wasn't the easiest mount in the world, and he said if one man had ridden her he supposed another could. I'd give fifty pounds to see him spilled to-morrow. By Jove! I'll bet him that amount that he'll go over her head!"

"Oh, please don't," she whispered.

The only reply she got was a short and bitter laugh. She felt it impossible to pursue the subject farther, under the circumstances, and began to realize that a furiously jealous man was hard to reason with; and though this jealousy was in one way complimentary, in another it was disconcerting.

Poor girl! She saw that she had created more trouble than she had intended. Morrison occasionally glared past her at Trefusis in a manner that was almost bloodthirsty, all of which was distinctly uncomfortable, and made her unusually nervous. She ate very little and occupied the time by tearing her menu into tiny pieces. The bright alertness faded out of her face, and when she turned

again to Mr. Morrison, her lids veiled eyes that were full of tears. He was polite enough not to notice it, however, although he glared more fiercely at the back of Trefusis's head.

Dinner was over at last. Bridge followed for a short time only, and by ten o'clock Lady Brunswick, yawning surreptitiously behind her fan, conducted her guests—at least the feminine portion—into the great hall to receive their candles, without which they could hardly have found their way through the dim corridors. Jessie had seen neither of her admirers since dinner; she was almost nervous at leaving them together.

Later, as she lay half asleep, half awake, she thought she heard angry voices outside her door in the corridor; one apparently sarcastic, and the other poured into something not far removed from boastfulness. She could only faintly distinguish the words.

"Well, I bet you fifty pounds you can't stick to her as far as that."

"Done. If I can't keep going as long as you can, I'll break the mare's neck or my own."

A laugh, in which many voices joined, followed, and there was a confused murmur as the men passed on to the bachelors' wing.

Presently everything was quiet; but long into the night Jessie Aylward lay awake. She had deliberately encouraged Morrison—that was true—especially at the Nortons'; and why shouldn't she? He had always been nice to her, and he had money and position enough. People said he was a coming man. Who knew how far he might climb? Her own slim purse hardly sufficed to pay her debts. Money meant many things, and Jack Trefusis was only a younger son, with decidedly sporting tendencies; and, besides, he was disappointing, for he had done exactly what she had requested him not to.

Jessie was ready early the following morning, and as she went down the wide staircase she was willing to dismiss all the anxieties of the night before. But her lips set in rather a hard line as Jack Trefusis attempted to jostle Mr. Morrison aside in his hurry to help her mount. Jessie turned to Morrison, however, and in an instant her hand was on his shoulder and her foot in the stirrup. In rather a set, old-fashioned speech he was telling her how pretty and fresh she looked.

She really was splendid on horseback. Her slim, supple figure moved in unison with every movement of her horse. Her color—generally the clear, pale complexion of a healthy but highly strung girl—became brilliant with

exercise. She enjoyed it so thoroughly that her usually dreamy eyes sparkled, though their blue was as deep as the sea, and her soft brown hair seemed to catch any stray gleam of sunshine that managed to push through the damp, misty atmosphere of the mild English November day.

Jack Trefusis was also a pleasant sight on his big-shouldered Irish horse. Mr. Morrison, on the contrary, had an unfortunately new look in everything but his mount.

As they started down the drive, Jack rode up and leaned toward Jessie with a set face and meaning glance.

"You'll desert that fellow Morrison this morning, won't you?" he said, "and ride with me? I fancy he'll have all he can do to look after himself."

His manner annoyed her as it had done the previous evening. She was young enough to have retained ideals which she expected her friends to live up to. Their failure to do this she would learn to understand and forgive some day, but just now she was a spoiled and intolerant child, and she revenged herself upon Trefusis for what she considered an uncalled-for sneer by returning him no answer, and drew in her rein.

He muttered something under his breath and struck his big hunter a crack across the neck. Poor Jack! He was at his worst and could not help showing that he was growing reckless of consequences.

Jessie rode forward silently and in a short time found herself alone with Mr. Morrison. He was so occupied, however, with the management of his mare that he did not prove as diverting as could have been desired.

"Yes—a beautiful day, Miss Aylward, as you say—the finest sport in the world—yes, I suppose so—I mean, I agree with you entirely. The curb? No—yes—was I pulling it?"

Such were the brief answers shaken out of him by jogging and fidgeting of the now excited Gipsy, who refused to walk under his unaccustomed hands.

But Jessie was now determined to find out how far the angry voices she had heard the night before had real significance, and after some clever finessing, during the next two or three miles, she led Mr. Morrison into an admission that Jack Trefusis had bet him he would not be able to stay over five fences.

"Of course, I know I'm not such a horseman as Trefusis, but really, you may imagine, Miss Aylward—it—well—it rankles to be told you can't even keep in your saddle for a

few fields, especially when the man who tells you so has ridden your mount safely for two seasons."

"Of course it's not pleasant, Mr. Morrison," she replied guardedly, "but I feel sure it was not intended to be taken seriously." She wondered at herself for making this trite excuse.

"There can be no two opinions about that," returned Morrison. "A bet is a bet, and this one was made in the presence of many witnesses. It's easy to see that Trefusis has particular reasons for disliking me," he added. "I'll beat him out if I can. Wish me good luck, won't you?"

"Why, yes," said Jessie.

And then, for some strange reason, her heart smote her. By the time they all arrived at Ashton Farm, people noticed that she was not in her usual spirits. As for Jack Trefusis, he seemed very far from the cordial, pleasant man they had always thought him. He kept to himself and avoided all temptation to join in the general greetings and chatter.

The open space before an old farmhouse was filled with the usual moving combination of vehicles always congregated at a meet. There were ralli carts, dogcarts, wagonettes, gigs, and a coach or two. Farmers, mounted and afoot, women folk in splendor, in traps of all kinds, the country people neatly turned out, the little doctor's wife anxiously hoping to catch some great lady's eye. Men in pink and men in mufti; well mounted, badly mounted. Farmers' sons on shaggy animals little more than colts, but always up with the hounds, somehow, at a check. Several smart-looking men from the barracks in the next town were talking to the three or four pretty women who were not riding, while the strange types of hard-faced, flat-chested, high-voiced female who constitutes to a great extent the feminine part of the actual hunt were keenly waiting for the business of the day to begin.

Gradually, and only noticed by a few, the hounds quietly disappeared through the farmyard, and it suddenly came home to Jessie that she would have to push and jostle a way in that *mêlée* of carriages, horses, and pedestrians if she wanted to get to covert in time. Mr. Morrison, not being a sportsman at heart, did not observe this. He was beginning to feel more at home with his nasty-tempered mare; he had forgotten the unpleasantness of yesterday evening, for the moment, and the bet also. He was happy in reminding Jessie of a certain delightful occasion when he had

met her at the opera. It was charming the way he did it, but a morning and a moment like this went to the girl's head like wine. She heard the hounds in the covert making music as they warmed to the scent, and she fairly trembled with excitement when a far-carrying "View halloo" rang out from up the hill.

"They're away!" she cried to Morrison, and without waiting headed out into the meadow. Some one was at her elbow. She turned and saw Jack Trefusis spring past her like a flash. In spite of herself she dropped her hands and was beside him in two strides.

In an instant Mr. Morrison followed them, gaining on them every minute, with his mare quite out of hand. She could go with the best for a short time, but had a mouth that only experienced riders could handle, and when once roused, the headstrong temper of a fury. As it was, her ears were back, and the harder Morrison pulled the faster she went; they all three landed on the farther side of the first jump together.

So they went, without a word exchanged, for the next three fields, well up with the leaders, Mr. Morrison getting over the trappy country more by luck than judgment.

At the fourth fence—a stiff bullfinch with a ditch and drop—he was slightly ahead, but just at the crucial moment, almost in taking off, the mare, who was getting pumped, swerved, nearly unseating him. Jessie was just behind, and for an instant it looked as if there would be a double fall, for her plucky little chestnut was gathering himself together for the spring. By good fortune both she and Morrison got over with a scramble. Jack Trefusis shouted something in which the words "clumsy idiot" occurred, and Mr. Morrison (with what little breath he had left) replied in the same strain, as he once more found his seat and caught a swinging stirrup.

He was too busy trying to keep control of the mare to notice that he had nearly caused Jessie a nasty accident. But Jack, blazing with anger at the thought of her running a risk like that, and seeing Morrison's intention to stay close to her, made up his mind to look out for her the rest of the run at all hazards. A mad desire crossed his brain to teach "that fool" what it felt like to be jostled over a jump. He'd show him!

As they crossed the field he contrived to get between her and Morrison, giving sidelong glances at that gentleman with a plain intent. It suddenly flashed upon Jessie that the fence they were now approaching was the



Drawn by G. C. Walmshurst.

"Jessie dressed more carefully than usual that evening."

fifth. It was clear to her that Jack had forgotten it. She could see he was in an ugly mood, and suddenly she understood the anger which her endangered safety had prompted in him; she could hardly recognize the easy-going, kind-hearted Jack Trefusis in the angry, dangerous man ahead of her. The madness that overtakes men of sudden action had transformed him. She saw what he meant to do!

She glanced at Morrison. He was keeping as close to the saddle as possible, with his mind evidently centered on getting well over the next jump. Riding near her were several members of the Beverly house party; they knew of the fifth-fence wager.

The old mare was beginning to look "tucked up," and made for it with an evil slouch to her ears. Morrison steadied her as best he could, but trouble was brewing and it would take little to send her crashing into the fence. With a good rider a jostle might mean nothing—but for him!

They were not more than sixty yards away from it now, the two men leading, and Jessie's heart thumped as she saw Jack deliberately edging nearer to Morrison. Some dreadful thing was about to happen. On her account, unmindful of his bet and of how he would appear in the eyes of other men, she knew that he was about to commit himself to an action the consequences of which he would regret to the end of his days; an action that he never could explain away—could never, in his walk of life, live down.

In the agony of that instant she remembered the jealous devotion that Jack had always shown. Then flashed to her mind the trick learned as a child from her brother, and that she once had played upon the farmer on the occasion alluded to the night before. She had often threatened to repeat it in fun. Now, to save Jack from lifelong disgrace and remorse, it would have to be done in earnest.

She urged her horse forward. She *must* get between them at all costs before they reached the hedge with gleaming new rails showing beyond it. How slowly her chestnut covered the ground! Would she never overtake them? A little nearer! She was gradually creeping up! At last, when quite close, she saw she could not separate them! The old mare had a sulky look; the chances were that she might refuse the fence anyhow; but so near were they that their stirrups clashed. They went steadily at it, Jack edging closer and closer to Morrison's knee.

"Keep off! Go wide!" shouted Trefusis at her over his shoulder, for now she had reached his girth on the off side.

But Jessie was waiting for her chance; a few strides and they would be rising to the jump. She, by force of hard riding, swung in suddenly and managed to put her left foot under Jack's stirrup! With a mighty effort she sent him flying over his horse's head. At the same time, in the *mêlée*, her own horse stumbled and went down!

She remembered nothing for an instant until she heard a voice above her asking how she felt. Dizzy and aching, she got to her feet and looked about. One or two people had pulled up and were dismounting. A farmer's son was standing beside her, his hand on her elbow. Her heart stopped beating! There was poor Trefusis, lying white and still, a few paces away; no one was near him!

Dazed and shaken as she was, she forgot her own bruises, and with a little moan of fear went over to him and, crouching on the turf, gently raised his head against her shoulder.

"Oh, Jack," she cried, her face close to his, her lips at his ear, "I couldn't help it. I just *had* to do it. If I hadn't, you—you——"

He opened his eyes.

"Did he get over?" he asked weakly.

"Yes, yes," she whispered.

"Thank God for that!"

People were approaching; the country doctor was stumbling toward them on the run; a man in a pink coat was unscrewing the top of his riding flask as he came up.

"I think I'm all right," said Trefusis weakly, and as he spoke his hand sought hers. Suddenly he realized that victory was his. Undeserving and humiliated as he was, the thing he longed for was his! Women were strange creatures!

"For *his* sake or for mine, Jessie?" he whispered.

"Yours, yours, *dear*," she answered.

Later that night, at the Hall, when Trefusis, his arm in a sling, paid Morrison his bet, he drew him to one side and stumbled through a manly explanation. Strange to relate, Mr. Morrison looked much surprised, even relieved, as he listened.

"It was as much my fault as anyone's," he said. "I tried to ride you off, but didn't mean to give you such a spill. We both forgot the bet, I take it. I really *lost*, you know."

"But you got over finely."

"I wasn't thinking of the fence," said Mr. Morrison.



Drawn by G. C. Walmsley.

"Dinner was over at last."



THE RENAISSANCE OF THE ART OF DANCING

BY HAMILTON BELL



It is likely to be many years yet before the question of Nietzsche's influence on his generation can be authoritatively determined, and until that time arrives it would be perhaps premature

to assert that to the teaching of the Dancing Philosopher is due the notable revival in the interest manifested in what he pronounced to be the highest of the arts.

Zarathustra the Dancer bids the Übermensch:

"Raise your hearts, my brethren, high, higher, and forget not your legs! Moreover it is better still if ye stand on your heads.

"And if it be mine Alpha and Omega that all that is heavy should become light, all that is body become a dancer, all that is spirit become a bird. And, verily, that is mine Alpha and mine Omega.

"Thus would I have man and woman: fit for warfare the one, fit for giving birth the other, but both fit for dancing with head and legs.

"And be that day reckoned lost on which we did not dance once." Thus spake Zarathustra.

Moreover he has written more than one Dance Song which would well bear translating into music and motion.

Yet if this revived interest in the art be not due to Nietzsche's teachings, it is at all events a curious coincidence, not only that the spread of his doctrines and that of the cult of the New Dance should have been contemporaneous, but that both should have taken deepest root in Germany. Miss Isidora Duncan, for instance, who was an all but total failure here, has her own theater and lyceum in Düsseldorf, where she reigns as a sort of high priestess of her art. Miss Loie Fuller, too, had to found her success in this country on her European triumphs, and Miss St. Denis, after all the enthusiasm of her comparatively limited audiences in New York last winter, has entered on a long engagement in Europe, where she is already meeting with the recognition her beautiful achievement deserves.

Until the introduction of the "round dance" in place of the gavot and minuet, in the early years of the nineteenth century, the tradition of dancing to express an emotion or tell a story had never failed from its birth in an antiquity so remote that there is no record of any race so primitive that it had not its dances. Indeed the instinct to thus express

emotions may be traced much farther back; in the animal kingdom, even insects have the habit of expressing emotions, for the most part amatory, by rhythmic movements which we are justified in regarding in the light of rudimentary dances. Certain reptiles, as for instance the hooded cobras, dance, and many birds, with their greater powers of leaping and gyrating, have some of them carried their love dances to a high pitch of perfection. All the dances of birds are not love dances, however, the Great Plover having been observed executing a number of different kinds of dances, while the same is true of other birds. Mr. Selous, a famous authority on ornithology, divides these dances into nuptial and social. Kipling has told us of the great periodical elephant dances; so that we see man comes naturally by his tendency to indulge in saltatory performances.

When we reach the human race we find that the more primitive forms of dancing among savages, although probably arising from and ministering to the same emotions as among the lower animals, appear to be chiefly suggested by the mere pleasure of movement and the excitement produced by it.

The next upward step is to the mimetic stage, wherein the simplest forms consist of the imitations of animals, birds, reptiles, and even insects; the Moqui Snake Dance and the Bee Dance of the Hottentots are examples to the point. Then come hunting dances, in which one man or a party of men pretends to stalk or chase and kill others who represent the prey. The war dances wherein the warriors of the tribe, in full battle array and armed to the teeth, simulate all the events of

an actual fight, are usually enacted to the accompaniment of inspiring cries on the part of the women and noncombatants.

To this stage also belong the Corn, Vintage, and other seasonal dances, together with the nuptial, funeral, and what may be called social dances. These being performed at

certain fixed periods naturally took on a sacred character, and ultimately became a part of the ritual of so many religions that it is not always easy to decide which begat which; in all the great nations of antiquity we find them at the dawn of civilization playing an important part in religious ceremony. The Corybantes were priests of Cybele, the Earth Mother, the Sali, of Mars, god of war, not to mention the hierarchy of Bacchus. The people of Israel adopted the practice from the Egyptians, if they had not already derived it from their Mesopotamian ancestors,

and many of the Psalms would betray by their construction that they were dance songs, did we not know that Deborah and David chanted them as they danced before the Lord. The Choric Dances of the Greek Tragedies were also to some extent religious, and the practice survived into the early church, whose priests danced in the choir. The Bishops were given the title of *Præsules* because they led the dances on festivals of the church. Even so late as the middle of the eighteenth century, traces of religious dancing were to be found in the churches of Spain and Portugal, the Mussarabian Mass at Toledo being specially famous.



STATUETTE OF ISIDORA DUNCAN

Among the ancient Greeks the *Ars Gymnastica*, which formed an important part of the daily life of every male—and in some communities, Sparta for instance, of every female also—was divided into *Palæstria*, or what we should call gymnastics, and *Saltatoria*, showing the high esteem in which they held what their poet Simonides called "Silent Poetry." In the highest forms of dancing not the legs and feet only, but the head, all the limbs, and indeed the whole body took part.

Under the Roman Empire the ballet as a theatric entertainment attained great vogue and was presented with music and splendid dresses and appointments. Augustus went so far as to exempt the pantomimists from the operation of certain laws. The modern ballet made its first appearance in 1480 at Tortona before Galeazzo Sorza, Duke of Milan, was imported into France by Catherine di Medici in the following century, and into England in the reign of Henry VIII, probably under the auspices of Cardinal Wolsey.

But dancing was not by any means confined to the stage or to professional performers. It formed part of the accomplishment of every lady and gentleman, and monarchs were proud to excel in so charming and delightful a pastime. Charles VI of France in 1392 narrowly escaped with his life from the burning of the costumes of himself and some of his companions in a masked dance wherein they represented *Salvage men* fantastically attired. Did not Queen Elizabeth dance "high and disposedly"? And Louis XIV, "*Le Grand Monarque*," did not disdain to

caper and pirouette for the delectation of his court.

The high esteem in which the art was held may be gathered from the fact that the assemblage of princes and prelates for the Council of Trent, so momentous in church history, was opened by a state ball at which Philip II of Spain and the Cardinal of Mantua danced together a stately measure: "Everyone was ravished with the grace of the King's steps, and with the dignified deportment of his eminence."



ONE OF LADY HAMILTON'S ATTITUDES

The social dance probably reached its most gorgeous and stately height in the *Polonaises* with which every state function opened in the romantic kingdom where East and West joined hands, performed by knights and ladies in their most gorgeous array; knights in full panoply, on some great occasions even mounted on their destriers; prelates in full canonicals, led by the monarch himself.

In the eighteenth century the social dance culminated in an art which may

almost be said without exaggeration to be the flower of that exquisitely refined civilization. The greatest musicians competed to compose the music which accompanied the graces of the minuet, and the accomplished painters of the day recorded its triumphs on canvases which still radiate its charm.

A volume might easily be written on this fascinating subject, but my especial purpose on this occasion is rather to give an account of certain individual dancers whose performances seem to achieve the rank of artistic demonstrations of an emotion or an episode,



ISIDORA DUNCAN

in much the same manner as does a picture, poem, or musical composition, and so become worthy to be classed as works of art. This is accomplished by an appeal on the part of the dancer to the eye, which is closely related to the appeal of the musician to the ear; the one feels the beauty of cadence and emphasis in motion in exactly the same way as the other feels it in sound, and the message must always be to the individual in the same quality and degree. A story may or may not be told by either art, but this is quite superfluous to the achievement, and if it is included becomes merely a peg on which to hang a series of lovely movements or exquisite sounds. Dancing to music is always more delightful than either alone because more senses are pleased at once and because additional pleasure is derived from the harmony of sound and motion and their action and reaction on one another; this third harmony is the reason of the great pleasure afforded by the spectacle of two or more persons dancing together. Indeed, it rarely happens that these two pleasures can be dissociated, since the emotion which finds expression in song is apt to seek other forms of expression, even if only by marking time; a crowd sways in unison with a stirring

air, and a jaded regiment pulls itself together and marches in time when the band strikes up.

But to return to our poets of motion; we have no record of anyone at all comparable with those of our own day, whose performances have inspired this article, earlier or more famous than Emma, Lady Hamilton, Nelson's Egeria and Romney's model. This remarkable woman, to whose extraordinary career justice has not even yet been done, rose literally from the gutter to be the esteemed companion and adviser of monarchs, statesmen, warriors, poets, and artists. She was gifted with more than ordinary beauty of person, to which she must have added a most powerful mind. An accomplished musician and singer, she was inspired to the invention of a form of dance which perhaps owed its origin to the contemplation of the Greco-Roman wall paintings unearthed in Italy in her time under the auspices of the Society of Dilettanti, of which her husband, Sir William Hamilton, was so distinguished a member. A number of her poses were recorded in a series of engravings published under the title of "Lady Hamilton's Attitudes." Goethe, in his Italian journals, gives perhaps the most graphic as it is certainly the most famous description of them:



TANAGRA FIGURINE OF A DANCER



ROSE LA TOUR

BADET

A lovely girl—English, and some twenty years of age. She is exceedingly beautiful and finely built. She wears a Greek garb becoming her to perfection. She then merely loosens her locks, takes a pair of shawls, and effects changes of postures, moods, gestures, mien, and appearance that make one really feel as if one were in some dream. Here is visible, complete, and bodied poetry in movements of surprising variety, all that so many artists have sought in vain to fix and render. Successively standing, kneeling, seated, reclining, grave, sad, sportive, teasing, abandoned, penitent, alluring, threatening, agonized—one follows the other, and grows out of it. She knows how to choose and shift the simple folds of a single kerchief for every expression, and to adjust it into a hundred kinds of headgear.

Many other writers have borne testimony to the exceeding beauty of what must have been in every sense a most enchanting performance. To the charm of the idea must be added the exquisite loveliness of the perform-

er, some reflection of which has come down to us in the paintings of George Romney.

It is difficult to describe the dances or posings of Miss H. J. without almost quoting Goethe's words. True, this young Philadelphian artist does not wear a Greek garb, her inspiration and attire being more Japanese, but she "effects changes of postures, moods, gestures, mien, and appearance that make one really feel as if one were in some dream." She dances unaccompanied because, as she says, she has found no music which exactly fitted her conceptions. For the "Creation" she thought that a high monotonous chant, accentuated by the beat of a gong somewhat muffled, would possibly form the appropriate musical accompaniment, but that on the whole silence was the best. On the occasion on which I had the pleasure of witnessing her



Photo. by Alice Boughton.

"RADHA"

LADY MCLEOD

posing, a company of congenial friends met in a darkened drawing-room which opened by a wide pair of doors into a second room. We sat together at one end of the room grouped about a piano. On the floor two candles in old brass sconces shed a dim light into the farther room and struck faint gleams from a gilded Japanese screen which stood there. One of the party improvised softly on the piano while the others sat hushed in the gloom. The music died away and silence reigned; presently one became aware, felt rather than saw, that something—some one—was moving in the farther room. A pale face, dusky hair, draperies with just a suggestion of somber red somewhere in them, and the fateful gleam of a sword at intervals. Again Goethe must speak for me: "Successively standing, kneeling, seated, reclining, grave, sad, . . . allur-

ing, threatening, agonized"—one gesture followed another and grew out of it. She suggested impressions in a rhythmical sequence, movements forming, dissolving, and reforming into momentary pictures in the soft candlelight. Her own words can best convey the intent of this "Dance of the Creation":

"In the Dance of the Creation I had the idea of a mural decoration in movement—as far removed from Miss Duncan's dances as the Greeks were from the Japanese in their conceptions of art—conventionalizing each pose to its least expression, making of it a symbol. The first movement shows Earth, projected from the glance of Buddha, reading in the lightning the message of Creation, Destruction, and Death. With complete acceptance of the decree she vows her children to the sword—the emblem of battle, by means

of which the tyranny of the senses is vanquished and destroyed, and the soul liberated is able to return to Buddha.

"The next is the Coming of Man. Blindly he questions the Infinite for the reason of his creation. He receives no reply, but his awakening perceptions are challenged by the cry of the senses. He plunges into battle, fights, receives his death blow, and falls. Not till the death of the senses, come perfect consciousness, the true vision of the Infinite, and the perception of man's relation to God.

"In the last movement the Earth Mother repassed without the sword, a promise of the higher forms to come."

It would seem as if no movements could convey these ideas to a spectator, but it was done, though no words of mine can give any impression of how it was done, as no words can render the effect upon the hearer of some poignant passage of Wagner; yet one felt it keenly and deeply.

Another dance—for so one must call it for want of a better term—showed the emotion of Fear, or, as she prefers to call it, "The Apprehension of the Unrevealed." For this the candles in the sconces were extinguished and we sat in total darkness and silence for a few moments. By now the spell bound us all. In the other room a faint gleam grew nearer and nearer till the dancer swam into our ken, bearing in her hand a taper. Slowly she crossed the room and paused a moment; you felt that she had become aware of some stealthy thing following her. With infinitesimal movements she turned, her head first, then her body and feet, the smile fading from her lips and a growing

terror taking its place, till as she confronted the invisible horror her whole face and figure contorted with uncontrollable anguish, she flung out her arms to keep it back, dropping her candle, which quivered in a quick descending zigzag, and we were plunged in darkness again. It was almost insupportably awful, and the cry she did not utter was all but wrung from the lips of her audience. It must have been, had they been less sophisticated.

Finally in response to our enthusiastic solicitation she appeared again in a Japanese costume and by the light of the two candles rendered a series of what I can only call Flower Poses, culling imaginary blossoms and arranging them in a tall pale jar, moving continuously, slowly, rhythmically, herself like

some delicate sapling, as if some great Oriental artist, Outamaro for instance, had laid bare his thought to us instead of fixing it on paper. Even as it was, they were inexpressibly lovely; accompanied by the right music they would have been perfectly ravishing. They were the growth of the moment, quite unpremeditated, and had all the fresh charm of improvisation.

Miss Rose La Tour has devoted her art to the solution of entirely different problems, and has applied an entirely different method to this task. She has attempted the translation into motion of certain musical numbers, mostly classical; sometimes she has rendered them into narrative, sometimes into purely emotional form, but in every

case her performance is more strictly a dance as that word is commonly understood than Miss J.'s. She accompanies the music—



LA LOIE FULLER

or the music her—with continued cadenced movements, not of the feet alone but of arms, head, every portion of her person. Each is of course her own individual interpretation of the music to which she dances, but in most instances this interpretation is such a charming one that it convinces her audience for the moment that it is the only possible rendering in terms of motion of that particular piece.

Perhaps the most charming of all is that inspired by Moszkowski's well-known "Serenade." Ariel flits across the scene with all the airy inconsequence of his nature and is arrested in mid-career by the discovery of Miranda asleep beneath the moon. After a moment of poised contemplation he summons with a wave of his wand a crew of invisible trixy spirits like himself and suggests that they shall serenade her with their pipes and bows. On their seeming to consent he

ranges them in a semicircle and proceeds to conduct this imaginary orchestra, dancing the while to the strains they evoke, stilling them when, carried away by the melody, he fears they may rouse her, and weaving a spell of pleasant dreams about her till as dawn slowly breaks he waves them away and follows them himself with a series of graceful reverences. It would not be easy to describe the mixture of airy grace and piquant mischief with which Miss La Tour contrives to suffuse this most delightful dance. It seems impossible to believe that Moszkowski can have had any other idea in mind when writing the music.

Nevin's "Narcissus" is so much more a piece of descriptive music that its translation

into terms of motion would seem an easier task, but even here Miss La Tour introduces a number of delicious little touches of "busi-

ness," as when Narcissus, having discovered the illusoriness of his image in the pool, scatters it with a shower of musical drops from his finger tips; and the touching contrast of the dejected exit with the joyous entrance.

The argument is so completely suggested by the music that to quote it from Miss La Tour's programme is almost a description in brief of her dance:

Narcissus, a Greek shepherd, dancing happily in the woods, sees his reflection in a pool, and falls in love with it, thinking it a nymph. The vision eludes his kiss, and vanishes. He looks and calls for it in vain, and is overcome with grief at finding himself alone.

She renders also Chopin's "Funeral March," veiled from head to foot in iridescent purple draperies like a mourning figure from some Greek stele. The first part

is purely processional till she pauses at the head of an open grave and slowly drops to her knees, a picture of desolation. The pianissimo, or as Chopin called it the celestial passage, she regards as the consoling Vox Dei floating down from above, and uplifted and comforted by it she throws back her veils and raises a tear-stained face to heaven. With the first somber chords of the return to the opening passages she sinks again into woe, and covering her face once more rises to her feet, resumes her weary way, and so passes from sight.

These are only a few of the musical numbers which Miss La Tour has illustrated by her charming art.



JAPANESE PRINT SUGGESTIVE OF ONE OF MISS H. J.'S "FLOWER POSES"

Miss St. Denis's dances are of two kinds, descriptive and symbolic, although, strictly speaking, the symbolic dances, such as the "Rhada" or dance of the senses, are descriptive or mimetic and really neither so beautiful nor so interesting dramatically as the "Incense" and "The Cobra." Except for the use of certain somewhat obvious stage properties, flowers, wine, et cetera, all the senses are expressed through much the same medium of waving hands and woven paces. This dance has, however, many beautiful and one triumphant passage where, having drained the wine cup to the dregs, she bursts into a Dionysiac nautch which rages ever wilder and madder until she collapses under the overpowering influence of the wine god.

The "Incense" dance, though marred, as is the "Rhada" also, by the brutality of the crude calcium lighting, is a beautiful piece of mimetic posing. Miss St. Denis enters bearing aloft a bowl of smoking incense; from this with solemn hierophantic gestures she kindles two censers, one on either side of the stage. Placing the bowl with reverent grace on a stand prepared for it in the center, she proceeds to dance gravely before it. All her movements are suggested by the rising smoke, thrills beginning at her feet course upward through her body and seem to pass out at the very tips of her outspread fingers, exquisite waves of motion indescribable and all but invisible as separate movements, so subtly connected and incessant are they, till you would swear that the ripples are not confined to her joints but run along the rigid bones, from shoulder to elbow and thence to her wrists; quite consummate as feasts of muscular control and as beautiful as consummate—in their way the poetry of motion.

Equally wonderful and in much the same way is "The Cobra" dance, though, as will readily be seen, somewhat simpler in its conception and effect. Casting off an enveloping mantle, Miss St. Denis reveals her arms clasped over her bosom and shoulders. On the fore and little fingers of each hand are large rings, each of a single brilliant stone. Thus equipped her slender brown arms suggest a pair of the deadly serpents of India. Standing erect, kneeling, crouching, lying on the ground, she simulates with her hands and arms the movements of a couple of snakes

writhing up and down her body, fighting, making love, wreathing and twining in a thousand sinuous coils till the primitive human horror of the reptile almost culminates in the shudder which would be evoked by the sight of the creatures themselves.

All Miss St. Denis's most conspicuous successes are achieved by this power of sustained, continuous, rippling movement, which produces on one's senses exactly the effect of the progress of a serpent. Everyone knows that the reptile advances by holding on to the ground with the edge of its belly scales, to the extremities of each of which are attached the tips of a pair of ribs; but so bewilderingly complicated are its lateral and other movements in every possible direction that this simple action is disguised until it becomes all but indistinguishable except to a close observer and when the animal is moving very slowly and directly. It is precisely by this process of elaboration of a number of simultaneous movements that Miss St. Denis produces her effects. Add to this a beautifully proportioned and lithe figure and you have an ensemble of extraordinary charm and grace.

One of the triumphs of the very successful opera "Aphrodite," now running at the Opéra Comique in Paris, seems to be the classic dancing of Mlle. Regina Badet in the rôle of *Theano*.

Parisian usage permits a degree of verisimilitude in the costume or lack of it, characteristic of the dancers of antiquity, which might prove excessive here, but Mlle. Badet does not seem to content herself with the lavish display of her charmingly pretty figure, but to run the gamut from the acrobatic and to our eyes somewhat grotesque posturing and "stunts" which found so much favor with the ancients, to dances of ideas and emotions of a much higher and more poetic order, mingled with passages of adoration of and oblation to the goddess whom she serves.

Enough has been said to indicate that there is a distinct renaissance of the art of dancing to tell a story or express an emotion, and with the cultivation in our audience of a corresponding intelligence and sympathy, we shall find that we have at our service a new and most delightful form of entertainment.

THE RED MAGNIFICENCE

BY LEO CRANE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER



HE was a very jealous beast, a large black leopard, with a flat, mean-looking head and eyes like jade. He was graceful as any woman, and the strength ran all over his body in supple waves. He was reputed to have a mean disposition, though he really had done nothing to justify this description, save that he was jealous. Billy Andrews, the press agent, named him "The Death," but Andrews was always a fellow to get high-sounding names for the posters, and leopards do seem very vicious, snarly, treacherous beasts at best. There was some reason in the name, too, for when Andrews wanted to "get fancy" and to make a show of education before his management, he would print it *La Mort*, which sounded foreign and heavy, though it was all the same leopard.

He really was a jealous beast. The show people never understood him. They penned him up in a separate cage, away from the other leopards, among whom he had caused dissension like the individualist he was, so that he had nothing to do but think on his superiority and grow dissatisfied. Had *La Mort* been allowed to work out his own ideas of happiness, he might have been a far different creature, for all his slinking movement and catlike mouthing, which is only the way of leopards. But the show people did not understand him, not any one of them—not even the Lady of the Red Magnificence, who made *La Mort* take the great leap in the big den daily. She thought she understood him, but he was a jealous-thinking animal—jealous of her, the lady of the red maze, and yet, could he have spoken to her, there is little doubt that out of his love *La Mort* would

have told her of his hatred, his peculiar hatred for her and the fascination of her, which was something even puzzling to himself, something that had troubled him ever since he was a cub, when there had been another lady, the first lady of the red magnificence. Perhaps he would have spoken of it after this fashion:

He could remember only one scene of wild life. But his desire for freedom he had not lost, despite the miserable trifle of that which he had tasted. It was his heritage, the wild, the free, and the dank, green-smelling forests, to which he had been born, and through which his mother had carried him, a little weakling cub, in her mouth, sniffing and mewling to him, and telling him not to be afraid. These things could *La Mort* remember dimly, and he dreamt dreams in the dark periods when the sides of his cage were put up and the den resounded with the awesome roaring of trains.

He could remember first of all that mother, a great strong creature, with the graceful, gentle movement, a much finer creature than he could ever be, so *La Mort* thought. One day into the forest there came strange, weird sounds, terrifying the mother. Seizing him, she tried to escape from this terror, making off in long swinging bounds, but a fearful blast crashed out, shivering the trees, whereupon the mother dropped *La Mort*. He felt something hot running all over his head, blinding him; and this hot, blinding stuff got into his eyes, the smell of it maddening. Then he was picked up, held high, by a soft pinching something; and through a reddish maze, a thin wavering film, he saw for the first time men. Wild, grinning, merciless things he thought them, and he had never come to change that first opinion.



Drawn by Arthur Hecher.

"While a clown is often wise, this one did not interpret all the reason."

But through the red he had also seen a beautiful creature, a long-haired creature, so different from the others, and her throat was softly white and swelling. She was very regal-looking, this first lady of the red magnificence, and *La Mort* thought she would be kind, though she had not touched him. There was a fascinating air about her which almost stifled the newborn hatred within him; yet, when he came to consider each and every happening of the day, *La Mort* gave to her the credit of the day's tragedy. She had caused the mother to desert him for the first and only time, she was to blame for the awful sensation of blindness in that sticky flood, and she had claimed him as her hostage. She had cuddled him up to her breast, and together they went riding on the back of a mammoth beast, and all the way *La Mort* wavered between the desire to snuggle up to that soft, white, swelling throat and the wish to rip it with his claws. In after days he learned that men too, wild and grinning as they were, swayed between these peculiar fascinating influences, some loving, some hating her, but each and all desiring to touch the white throat of her.

And *La Mort* never looked on the lady without seeing her through a faint, misty, reddish haze, which puzzled him, worried him, and kept him in doubt between love and vengeance. Other long-haired beings came and went among the cages, but they were beyond the pale of his interest, while she was always the lady of the red magnificence. These things happened when he was a cub, half blind, weak, and sniffing. Now he was a captive of new cages, amid the strange odors of many beasts and the soft scent of new hay.

He had been sold when in his full growth, after he had nearly torn the arm from an insolent attendant. He could remember the first lady bidding him good-by, and *La Mort* felt a relief in the knowledge that they were to meet no more, since he had never conquered his desire to rend the magic veil which ever enveloped her, and to find the real taste of that soft, swelling throat. Now, he thought, at least there will be but enemies with which to contend, men folk, wild and grinning.

Sick with the savage roll of the seas, he had been transported to a vast aggregation of ropes and poles and grayish canopies, and he spent long drooling days in the blare of harsh-voiced trumpets and the murmuring of a new people. Sullen, suspicious, and

half-fearing, he had observed all the changes. Then, before he had had time in which to weigh and distinguish good from evil, a new element creating a new hatred entered his life, for he beheld after much solitude a second lady, a second Lady of the Red Magnificence, with a soft, white, swelling throat and a sweet, crimson smile on her lips. He saw her first through a thin film of lurid light. Then *La Mort* knew that this was to be part of his life, and that he would always exist between the loves and hates of this problem.

Realizing his helplessness, he would study it all out in the half-solitude of his cage. To begin with: did he love her, this woman with the smooth, delicious throat? Yes—and no. His jealousy lived, and in so much was love for her; but it lived only that hatred might be satisfied when came the ultimate moment of solution, the conquering of the red fascination. So she rested secure, while he patiently waited for the time when the paralysis of his wrath might be loosed into the freedom of rage.

He watched her, studied her, as he paced back and forth, his flat head low down and swinging. How beautiful she was, with the beauty loved by these grinning men! He wondered if they too desired the sweet flesh of her for the soft rending of it and the tenderness of revenge. He could only measure their fascination by his own. A thousand times, just before his great leap from the top of the den to the rolling ball, had he tightened his sinews for the fateful spring upon her, and had imagined in savage glee the crushing of that soft, swelling throat. And a thousand times his hot strength had cooled into trembling weakness because of the thin meshes of the red veil about her, cloaking her with a magnificence, a regality, a dominant security which he might not hope to attack.

Her hair rippled back from a smooth brow. The long red folds of it were caught in a golden band from which glowed the fire of rubies. How he hated those red, red points glinting wrathfully from her hair! About her form was the sheen of red silk, and the crimson trunks were held at her waist in the clasp of a huge red stone. Thus she was a red vision to him, a moving spectacle of his only terror, the reincarnation of his first cowardice. He would pace forward and back in the den, his jade-green eyes burning, aching, as he contemplated this picture of his living fear; and he would hesitate, pause, while the tough pads of his feet sought a



Drawn by Arthur Becker.

"With a savage whining scream The Death hurtled through the air."

firmer grip on the floor to make the cast and spring upon her—only to quiver at her call of "Down!" and the swish of her whip, and the hot, blinding red in his eyes. Thus he lived in the agonies of a never-to-be-forgotten helplessness.

Each night he made the great leap at her command; each night he longed for the fierce exultation of victory when he would have the splendid courage to rend the veil; each succeeding day he wondered when he would ever dare to court the red magnificence.

Then came the first hour of his rebellion. True, the execution was not a complete success. But he learned that the red was more a fascination than a reality; that its thin veil was not proof against his fangs; that the flesh which it enveloped was a different thing, living within and separate from the mystery itself. And *La Mort* growled and mewed to himself in satisfaction, cleansing the claws of his one paw of that something which he had brought from the flesh of her arm. He had narrowly missed the throat, and the burn in his green eyes throbbed from the stroke of her whip—but had she not cried out at the touch of his claws!

There was one thing which he could not understand, however. Instantly her arm had flushed the whiteness of it into red, and this alone had prevented his seeking the throat a second time, for the brand of the whip had been nothing to his rage. But he had instantly quivered into subjection at the thought of this red blinding him, at the imagined groping with the hot thickness of it in his eyes. And he was sadly perplexed. Had she not entered his den unaccompanied by the usual atmosphere? The glowing jewels of her hair had been supplanted by a string of jade-green beads, and the scarlet of her body by a deeper green which he did not fear. And yet, though more than half the sheen of the terror had disappeared, allowing him to make the spring, the thing itself existed actually, ready to confront and humiliate him at the first touch of her arm. And the scattering of the green beads had showered her with a tissue of the finest red strands, falling over her head and shoulders. He could not understand this magic. The mystery of it was almost more than he could bear; but the fascination, the desire, the lust, lived on within him, and bade him leap straight for the throat when he no longer feared.

A great excitement had prevailed in the tent when Mlle. Loretto of the Leopards re-

ceived so terrible an injury at the claws of the world's most vicious and intractable beast, rightly named *La Mort*. Women had screamed out at the sight of blood, and men trembled. Wise old circus hands told each other that the wound was but a scratch, and they admired the intense pluck of the woman, though they mentally admitted that a little wider sweep and Mlle. Loretto of the Leopards would be in a nasty way. Billy Andrews, white of face, had hurried to the side of the den as several attendants succeeded in dragging her into safety.

"Just like a press agent," commented Miggles, who was a clown. "Rushin' in to get all he can for the reports, an' the giant type— Oh! Yes!—an' what lies he will make of it, to be sure. Death defyin' an' all that rot. A little bit more, an' she wouldn't have any throat. I'd like to stick a pin in that leopard. He's vicious."

But while a clown is often wise, this one did not interpret all the reason of Billy Andrews's rapid movements. He could not see the possibilities suggested by Andrews himself carrying pretty little Mlle. Loretto of the Leopards into her dressing tent, and the further evidence that he did not reappear until the surgeon had dressed the arm.

Some time after this happening, this slight ruffling of the circus temperament, *La Mort*, lying at full length on the bottom of his cage, which had been moved very close to the dressing tent's entrance, observed more than did the others, from his point of vantage. He heard too, though he could not understand clearly the meaning of so many complicated and swiftly uttered words; but in his jealous sight, a leopard's life being entirely action, restless animation, he saw movement and the meaning of more than words. Billy Andrews, that grinning beast who had helped rob him of his vengeance, had entered the little inclosure to talk with the lady. They sat side by side, for a time quietly; then things began to work out before the eyes of *La Mort*.

It was quite evident that she fascinated these men, and particularly this man, in much the same way as she did him. Perhaps they too saw enveloping her a strange film of that ethereal something which in moments of jealous action lighted with the splendor of a red magnificence, blinding the sight and unnerving the will. The eyes of the leopard interpreted quickly.

"Aren't you afraid?" the man said.

She shrugged her little shoulders prettily, affecting a nonchalance which, delicate though it was in all truth, was but a mask for the real fear she felt.

"I keep watching," she admitted a moment after. "One never completely masters a leopard, you know, Billy, but I have always felt that I was sure of *La Mort*. Why did you give him such a name?"

"You will be very sure of it some day, when he does not miss," the man said gravely. "Why don't you quit this dangerous game? Why, why in the name of all good sense and reason do you go on with it?" Andrews shuddered.

La Mort had not understood the spoken words, but he had seen the shudder, and he knew the man felt the lure of the woman. The man was hesitating now, even as *La Mort* hesitated when he most wanted the feel of her. The green eyes of *La Mort* lighted with an intense interest. He would watch this man, this wild grinning thing which had been shrewd enough to pen him in a cage, and perhaps something could be learned of the fascination, of their treatment of it. He saw the man move closer to the woman—closer. He seemed to be charmed and the face of the man was pale.

"Be careful, Loretto," said Andrews earnestly. "They are treachery personified. Why, I have seen that beast watching you, watching you—like—like a devil lusting for a soul, his mean eyes glittering and changing color, and his head moving about like the head of a cobra. Be careful, dear—"

And she had looked upon the man swiftly, her large eyes regarding him in a way which the beast had never experienced. They were not the masterful, hard, unchanging eyes he knew and which he feared. They were softly luminous, sweet, and tender in their glances. *La Mort* could not understand and he stirred uneasily. A sudden twinge of pain in her arm brought a quiver to her lips, and the lady turned away. Then the beast saw that which he had always desired in himself—for the man caught her in his masterful arms, dragging her toward him, weak, limp, helpless. *La Mort* sprang erect, his eyes lighting, his sides quivering, his tail lashing in a great arc, to and fro. He knew now the red magnificence could be torn asunder, the spell broken, the woman subdued, and by a man, a man who always shuddered at the side of his cage, and who feared him, *La Mort*. He saw the man touch

her face, her mouth, her soft, white, swelling throat with his lips, and she had put up her hands to fight him away, but without success. This was indeed a revelation to *La Mort*. He was learning, learning.

"Don't—" said the woman softly. "Some one will see you—us—"

"That is the way to put it, sweetheart mine—us—and why keep on facing those devils in that den, when you know I love you, love you, and you know you can come to me, and I want you so? Come away and leave it all, Loretto mine—"

La Mort saw the man's lips touching the hair of the woman's forehead, the red luster of it, without pain to him.

"No, no, not yet," she said.

"But some day that damned beast will not miss. He may tear open your throat. Think of that."

"He did not mean to claw me to-night," she declared, smiling bravely. "Poor thing—he was nervous to see me in new costume. I had put off the old red one, and the freshness of this new green silk made us both awkward and strange. I should have evaded him. It was mere play on his part. I have The Death more in hand than I shall ever have you. Poor Death! And he groveled down. Will you ever grovel? I do wish you had not given him that name, though, Billy. It makes me shudder."

"There you have it!" cried out the man, releasing her. "You are afraid of the beast. You shudder. You feel that you have lost his confidence."

"Oh! no, no, you are foolish."

"But promise me one thing: you will wear the red costume again."

"I shall grow used to this one, Billy, and so must he."

"Wear the red."

She shrugged her shoulders. *La Mort* saw they were disputing something. Then he saw in the woman's smile that she had yielded—and to this man who shuddered at the side of his cage—she, the woman terrible, of the red magnificence, the woman he had feared—before whom he had hesitated in the sweep of his powerful stroke, the stroke this man feared. All these things raged through the flat head of *La Mort*. He would no longer be a coward. He would crush this mystery at the very first chance. He would throttle, rend, mangle this weakling woman despite her atmosphere of the visionary red.

"Well, I will wear it to please you, Billy,"

she said, lifting her face for his kiss. "You cannot understand, though, Billy-boy, that I am absolute mistress of The Death. He loves me, poor thing, and woe to you if he is jealous."

"Rather woe to you—sweetheart."

Then *La Mort* saw the man catch her without fear, and roughly kiss her. The sight maddened him, and his green eyes shot fire. When they came to the door of the little tent, which opened into the great one, he was lashing up and down his cage, snarling wrathfully.

"What is it, poor Death?" asked the woman softly.

La Mort looked out at them, then into the man's eyes malignantly. He hated that man for usurping his desire, for conquering his dreaded fascination, for possessing his cruelly longed-for love. This was his woman, his portion for greed and hatred, his fascination. And the man had reached out to take it from him. *La Mort* therefore hated them both. He saw the man shudder as he snarled; but the woman only smiled, which cut into the heart of *La Mort* bitterly.

Then came a grim expression to the face of the man, such an expression as he recalled had adorned the face he had first seen when a cub, held aloft in the sight of the wild grinning men, and the first lady of the red. And *La Mort* knew in that glance that they battled for the woman.

La Mort could not not understand the purpose of the man. He saw there was in it determination, a grim prosecution, a desire that could not be denied. He knew that the man had partially conquered. He had seen the same eager fascination shining through the woman to the man; he had seen the man swept by it, lured by it, even as he himself had been, until the desire had raged forth, sweeping aside hesitation. But he could not understand the man. He had seen him fight aside hesitancy, he had seen the man covet and touch the white, sweet-swelling throat of her. But why had not the man torn that beautiful throat and feasted in his victory? When he had the woman at his mercy, why not? This *La Mort* could not understand. He came finally to the conclusion that the man too, even as he in his first attempt, had missed, had failed, had weakened. And *La Mort* prided himself that he would be the one to win in this struggle through the fascination, that the woman would fall to his portion after all.

But when next she came into the cages, she

was attired in the old wavering illusion of red, the sheen of it enveloping her, the gleam of the red gems glowing into his green eyes. And once again *La Mort* made the leap at her command, like a coward.

Oh! the heart of him ached in the realization of his weakness. Could he never fight aside, banish, rend this veil of the red madness, this shimmering fear of the red magnificence! The sinews of his graceful body throbbed as cords of hot iron, and he lashed himself into a fury as he waited.

Always he noticed the man, grim of face, determined, staring-eyed, at the side of the den as he made that leap. This man came to witness his daily humiliation. And the bitterness of defeat in the man's sight ate into the miserable heart of *La Mort*.

How many hundreds of opportunities he allowed to pass without effort! But opportunity was always throttled in her glance. Those large, set, hardened eyes, having the dull red glowing in their depths, riveted his cowardice upon him. Never did she grant him one instant of that glorious look which the man had enjoyed, that rich, sweet, golden glance, when the man had conquered her. This was her strength and her weakness. *La Mort* came to recognize it even with the red, and he waited.

Then came the day when his rage was highest. He had seen the man kiss her just before her entrance to the den. Now must he obey in the hour of another's glory! The blood coursed molten through his veins. And as at her word he made ready for the leap, high up in the top of the den, the ball trembling beneath him, *La Mort* hesitated. He saw her eyes leave him and travel to the man outside. He saw a smile flit across her lips, and her eyes show golden in the faintest instant of subjection to that dominant force without. *La Mort* could not charm that look into her eyes, but he could profit by it now that the moment had arrived through another's power. With a savage whining scream The Death hurtled through the air toward her. She started, cried out, lashed at him, but he was already swinging in the air, his claws outspread as so many keen knives. In his eyes glared the hated red sheen, maddening him. He barely touched her when the red leaped out and over him. There came a blinding, shuddering crash.

He had touched her, had felt the soft velvet of her flesh, but something, some force had deadened his rage, withered his power.

He could not understand. The whole world was reeling, dark. He could feel the rough floor of the den. Then came a convulsive spasm along his spine. Into his eyes there flooded once again a hot, blinding, long-dreaded something; a fire, a vengeance not his own. Throughout this darkling world there were tumult and confusion, and the flat head of *La Mort* trembled as the spine grew numb.

Amid the shouting and roaring he knew a man had entered his cage. *La Mort* could distinguish movement and sound, but the detestable hood of blindness bound his sight. He knew this to be his enemy, the man who had formerly feared him, and he knew why the man had dared enter the cage; but *La Mort* could not lift from the rough floor.

"A trifle higher," said this intruder to some one, "and the cat would have ripped out her very life."

"He's worth a thousand dollars," roared savagely a new voice, "and you've ruined him with that shot!"

"I'll ruin you next," promised the man.

Then *La Mort* knew that she was being carried away. He knew who carried her, and he made a desperate effort to protest, but the strength in him was feeble. As the footsteps sounded fainter and smaller, the great tumult which had raged without died, and a sharp pang smote *La Mort* in his wasted eyes. Then there entered the den a terrible, binding silence. And The Death stretched quiet in the tight folds of the red magnificence.

THE ANGEL OF DAWN

By CURTIS MAY

WHEN night, with dusky wings outspread,
Has slowly risen from hill and firth,
And paling stars a radiance shed
To light the dayspring at its birth,
In vesture golden, like seraph olden,
The angel of dawn comes down to earth.

The morning star within his hand
Is shining like a torch alit,
And over purpling sea and land
A fitful gleam is thrown from it;
At noon the story is told in glory
Which faintly on his brow is writ.

The low grass wakens green and meek,
A chirping sounds in hedge and nest,
The dewdrops hung on nature's cheek
Are quickly dried since she is blest,
The silver river, with gleam and quiver,
Bears rosy lights on every crest.

The mountain wears her crown of fire
And stands in state at the regal hour,
The treetops stretch their branches higher,
On tiptoe waits the silent flower;
Then, hushed and tender, goes by in splendor
The angel of dawn in peace and power.

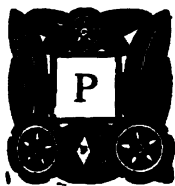
MOTHER*

A NOVEL

BY MAXIM GORKY

CHAPTER V

HEARTS IN THE BALANCE



PEOPLE tried to surprise the secret hidden within the house by the ravine. They peeped into the windows at night. Now and then somebody would rap on the pane, and quickly take to his heels in fright.

Once the tavern keeper stopped Vlasova on the street. He was a dapper old man, who always wore a black silk neckerchief around his red, flabby neck, and a thick, lilac-colored waistcoat of velvet around his body. On his sharp, glistening nose there always sat a pair of glasses with tortoise-shell rims, which secured him the sobriquet of "bony eyes."

In a single breath and without awaiting an answer, he plied Vlasova with dry, crackling words:

"How are you, Pelagueya Nilovna, how are you? How is your son? Thinking of marrying him off, hey? He's a youth full ripe for matrimony. The sooner a son is married off, the safer it is for his folks. A man with a family preserves himself better both in the spirit and the flesh. With a family he is like mushrooms in vinegar. If I were in your place I would marry him off. Our times require a strict watch over the animal called man; people are beginning to live in their brains. Men have run amuck with their thoughts, and they do things that are positively criminal. The church of God is avoided by the young folk; they shun the public places, and assemble in secret, in out-of-the-way corners. They speak in whispers.

Why speak in whispers, pray? All this they don't dare say before people in the tavern, for example. What is it, I ask? A secret? The secret place is our holy church, as old as the apostles. All the other secrets hatched in the corners are the offspring of delusions of the mind. I wish you good health."

Raising his hand in an affected manner, he lifted his cap, and waving it in the air, walked away, leaving the mother to her perplexity.

Vlasova's neighbor, Marya Korsunova, the blacksmith's widow, who sold food at the factory, on meeting the mother in the market place also said to her, "Look out for your son, Pelagueya!"

"What's the matter?"

"They're talking!" Marya tendered the information in a hushed voice. "And they don't say any good, mother of mine! They speak as if he's getting up a sort of union, something like those Flagellants—sects, that's the name! They'll whip one another like the Flagellants——"

"Stop babbling nonsense, Marya! Enough!"

"I'm not babbling nonsense! I talk because I know."

The mother communicated all these conversations to her son. He shrugged his shoulders in silence, and the Little Russian laughed with his thick, soft laugh.

"The girls also have a crow to pick with you!" she said. "You'd make enviable bridegrooms for any of them; you're all good workers, and you don't drink—but you don't pay any attention to them. Besides, people are saying that girls of questionable character come to you."

"Well, of course!" exclaimed Pavel, his brow contracting in a frown of disgust.

"In the bog everything smells of rottenness!" said the Little Russian with a sigh. "Why don't you, mother, explain to the foolish girls what it is to be married, so that they shouldn't be in such a hurry to get their bones broken?"

"Oh, well," said the mother, "they see the misery in store for them, they understand, but what can they do? They have no other choice!"

"It's a queer way they have of understanding, else they'd find a choice," observed Pavel.

The mother looked into his austere face.

"Why don't you teach them? Why don't you invite some of the cleverer ones?"

"That won't do!" the son replied dryly.

"Suppose we try?" said the Little Russian.

After a short silence Pavel said:

"Couples will be formed; couples will walk together; then some will get married, and that's all."

The mother became thoughtful. Pavel's austerity worried her. She saw that his advice was taken even by his older comrades, such as the Little Russian; but it seemed to her that all were afraid of him, and no one loved him because he was so stern.

Once when she had lain down to sleep, and her son and the Little Russian were still reading, she overheard their low conversation through the thin partition.

"You know I like Natasha," suddenly ejaculated the Little Russian in an undertone.

"I know," answered Pavel after a pause.

"Yes!"

The mother heard the Little Russian rise and begin to walk. The tread of his bare feet sounded on the floor, and a low, mournful whistle was heard. Then he spoke again: "And does she notice it?"

Pavel was silent.

"What do you think?" the Little Russian asked, lowering his voice.

"She does," replied Pavel. "That's why she has refused to attend our meetings."

The Little Russian dragged his feet heavily over the floor, and again his low whistle quivered in the room. Then he asked: "And if I tell her?"

"What?" The brief question shot from Pavel like the discharge of a gun.

"That I am—" began the Little Russian in a subdued voice.

"Why?" Pavel interrupted.

The mother heard the Little Russian stop, and she felt that he smiled.

"Yes, you see, I consider that if you love a girl you must tell her about it; else there'll be no sense to it!"

Pavel clapped the book shut with a bang.

"And what sense do you expect?"

Both were silent for a long while.

"Well?" asked the Little Russian.

"You must be clear in your mind, Andrey, as to what you want to do," said Pavel slowly. "Let us assume that she loves you, too—I do not think so—but let us assume it. Well, you get married. An interesting union—the intellectual with the workingman! Children come along; you will have to work all by yourself and very hard. Your life will become the ordinary life of a struggle for a piece of bread and a shelter for yourself and children. For the cause, you will become nonexistent, both of you!"

Silence ensued. Then Pavel began to speak again in a voice that sounded softer.

"You would better drop all this, Andrey. Keep quiet, and don't worry her. That's the more honest way."

"And do you remember what Alexey Ivanovich said about the necessity for a man to live a complete life—with all the power of his soul and body—do you remember?"

"That's not for us! How can you attain completion? It does not exist for you. If you love the future you must renounce everything in the present—everything, brother!"

"That's hard for a man!" said the Little Russian in a lowered voice.

"What else can be done? Think!"

The indifferent pendulum of the clock kept chopping off the seconds of life, calmly and precisely. At last the Little Russian said: "Half the heart loves, and the other half hates! Is that a heart?"

"I ask you, what else can we do?"

The pages of a book rustled. Apparently Pavel had begun to read again. The mother lay with closed eyes, and was afraid to stir. She was ready to weep with pity for the Little Russian; but she was grieved still more for her son.

"My dear son! My consecrated one," she thought.

Suddenly the Little Russian asked: "So I am to keep quiet?"

"That's more honest, Andrey," answered Pavel softly.

"All right! That's the road we will travel." And in a few seconds he added, in

a sad and subdued voice: "It will be hard for you, Pasha, when you get to that yourself."

"It is hard for me already."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

The wind brushed along the walls of the house, and the pendulum marked the passing time.

"Um," said the Little Russian leisurely, at last. "That's no joke."

The mother buried her head in the pillow and wept inaudibly.

In the morning Andrey seemed to her to be lower in stature and all the more winning. But her son towered thin, straight, and taciturn as ever. She had always called the Little Russian Andrey Stepanovich, in formal address, but now, all at once, involuntarily and unconsciously she said to him:

"Say, Andriusha, you would better get your boots mended. You are apt to catch cold."

"On pay day, mother, I'll buy myself a new pair," he answered, smiling. Then suddenly placing his long hand on her shoulder, he added: "You know, you are my real mother. Only you don't want to acknowledge it to people because I am so ugly."

She patted him on the hand without speaking. She would have liked to say many endearing things; but her heart was wrung with pity, and the words would not leave her tongue.

They spoke in the village about the socialists who distributed leaflets in blue ink broadcast. In these leaflets the conditions prevailing in the factory were trenchantly and pointedly depicted, as well as the strikes in St. Petersburg and southern Russia; and the workmen were called upon to unite and fight for their interests.

The staid people who earned good pay waxed wroth as they read the literature, and said abusively: "Breeders of rebellion! For such business they ought to get their eyes blacked."

And they carried the pamphlets to the office. The young people read the proclamations eagerly, and said excitedly: "It's all true!"

The majority, broken down with their work, and indifferent to everything, said lazily: "Nothing will come of it. It is impossible!"

But the leaflets made a stir among the people, and when a week passed without their getting any, they said to one another: "None

again to-day! It seems the printing must have stopped."

Then on Monday the leaflets appeared again; and again there was a dull buzz of talk among the workmen.

In the taverns and the factory strangers were noticed, men whom no one knew. They asked questions, scrutinized everything and everybody; looked around, ferreted about, and at once attracted universal attention, some by their suspicious watchfulness, others by their excessive obtrusiveness.

The mother knew that all this commotion was due to the work of her son Pavel. She saw how all the people were drawn together about him. He was not alone, and therefore it was not so dangerous. But pride in her son mingled with her apprehension for his fate; it was his secret labors that discharged themselves in fresh currents into the narrow, turbid stream of life.

One evening Marya Korsunova rapped at the window from the street, and when the mother opened it, she said in a loud whisper: "Now, take care, Pelagueya; the boys have gotten themselves into a nice mess! It's been decided to make a search to-night in your house, and Mazin's and Vyesovshchikov's——"

The mother heard only the beginning of the woman's talk; all the rest of the words flowed together in one stream of ill-boding hoarse sounds.

Marya's thick lips flapped hastily one against the other. Snorts issued from her fleshy nose, her eyes blinked and turned from side to side as if on the lookout for somebody in the street.

"And, mark you, I do not know anything, and I did not say anything to you, mother dear, and did not even see you to-day, you understand?"

Then she disappeared.

The mother closed the window and slowly dropped on a chair, her strength gone from her, her brain a desolate void. But the consciousness of the danger threatening her son quickly brought her to her feet again. She dressed hastily, for some reason wrapped her shawl tightly around her head, and ran to Fedya Mazin, who, she knew, was sick and not working. She found him sitting at the window reading a book, and moving his right hand to and fro with his left, his thumb spread out. On learning the news he jumped up nervously, his lips trembled, and his face paled.

"There you are! And I have an abscess on my finger!" he mumbled.

"What are we to do?" asked Vlasova, wiping the perspiration from her face with a trembling hand.

"Wait a while! Don't be afraid," answered Fedya, running his sound hand through his curly hair.

"But you are afraid yourself!"

"I?" He reddened and smiled in embarrassment. "Yes—hm— I had a fit of cowardice, the devil take it! We must let Pavel know. I'll send my little sister to him. You go home. Never mind! They're not going to beat us."

On returning home she gathered together all the books, and pressing them to her bosom walked about the house for a long time, looking into the oven, under the oven, into the pipe of the samovar, and even into the water vat. She thought Pavel would at once drop work and come home; but he did not come. Finally she sat down exhausted on the bench in the kitchen, putting the books under her; and she remained in that position, afraid to rise, until Pavel and the Little Russian returned from the factory.

"Do you know?" she exclaimed without rising.

"We know!" said Pavel with a composed smile. "Are you afraid?"

"Oh, I'm so afraid, so afraid!"

"You needn't be afraid," said the Little Russian. "That won't help anybody."

"Didn't even prepare the samovar," remarked Pavel.

The mother rose, and pointed to the books with a guilty air.

"You see, it was on account of them—all the time—I was——"

The son and the Little Russian burst into laughter; and this relieved her. Then Pavel picked out some books and carried them out into the yard to hide them, while the Little Russian remained to prepare the samovar.

"There's nothing terrible at all in this, mother. It's only a shame for people to occupy themselves with such nonsense. Grown-up men in gray come in with sabers at their sides, with spurs on their feet, and rummage around, and dig up and search everything. They look under the bed, and climb up to the garret; if there is a cellar they crawl down into it. The cobwebs get on their faces, and they puff and snort. They are bored and ashamed. That's why they put on the appearance of being very wicked and very mad

with us. It's dirty work, and they understand it, of course they do! Once they turned everything topsy-turvy in my place, and went away abashed, that's all. Another time they took me along with them. Well, they put me in prison, and I stayed there with them for about four months. You sit and sit, then you're called out, taken to the street under an escort of soldiers, and you're asked certain questions. They're stupid people, they talk such incoherent stuff. When they're done with you, they tell the soldiers to take you back to prison. So they lead you here, and they lead you there—they've got to justify their salaries somehow. And then they let you go free. That's all."

"How you always do speak, Andriusha!" exclaimed the mother involuntarily.

Kneeling before the samovar he diligently blew into the pipe; but presently he turned his face, red with exertion, toward her, and smoothing his mustache with both hands inquired, "And how do I speak, pray?"

"As if nobody had ever done you any wrong."

He rose, approached her, and shaking his head, said, "Is there an unwronged soul anywhere in the wide world? But I have been wronged so much that I have ceased to feel wronged. What's to be done if people cannot help acting as they do? The wrongs I undergo hinder me greatly in my work. It is impossible to avoid them. But to stop and pay attention to them is useless waste of time. Such a life! Formerly I would occasionally get angry—but I thought to myself: all around me I see people broken in heart. It seemed as if each one were afraid that his neighbor would strike him, and so he tried to get ahead and strike the other first. Such a life it is, mother dear."

His speech flowed on serenely. He resolutely distracted her mind from alarm at the expected police search. His luminous, protuberant eyes smiled sadly. Though ungainly, he seemed made of stuff that bends but never breaks.

The mother sighed and uttered the warm wish, "May God grant you happiness, Andriusha!"

The Little Russian stalked to the samovar with long strides, sat in front of it again on his heels, and mumbled: "If he gives me happiness, I will not decline it; ask for it I won't, take it I have no time."

And he began to whistle.

Pavel came in from the yard and said con-

fidently, "They won't find them!" and started to wash himself. Then carefully rubbing his hands dry, he added, "If you show them, mother, that you are frightened, they will think there must be something in this house because you tremble. And we have done nothing as yet, nothing! You know that we don't want anything bad; on our side is truth, and we will work for it all our lives. This is our entire guilt. Why, then, need we fear?"

"I will pull myself together, Pasha!" she assured him. And the next moment, unable to repress her anxiety, she exclaimed, "I wish they'd come soon, and it would all be over!"

But they did not come that night, and in the morning, in anticipation of the fun that would probably be poked at her for her alarm, the mother began to joke at herself.

CHAPTER VI

A MAN'S CASTLE

THE searchers appeared at the very time they were not expected, nearly a month after this anxious night. Nikolay Vyesovshchikov was at Pavel's house talking with him and Andrey about their newspaper. It was late, about midnight. The mother was already in bed. Half awake, half asleep, she listened to the low, busy voices. Presently Andrey got up and carefully picked his way through and out of the kitchen, quietly shutting the door after him. The noise of the iron bucket was heard on the porch. Suddenly the door was flung wide open; the Little Russian entered the kitchen, and announced in a loud whisper, "I hear the jingling of spurs in the street!"

The mother jumped out of bed, catching at her dress with a trembling hand; but Pavel came to the door and said calmly, "You stay in bed; you're not feeling well."

A cautious, stealthy sound was heard on the porch. Pavel went to the door and knocking at it with his hand asked, "Who's there?"

A tall, gray figure tumultuously precipitated itself through the doorway; after it another; two gendarmes pushed Pavel back, and stationed themselves on either side of him, and a loud mocking voice called out, "No one you expect, eh?"

The words came from a tall, lank officer,

with a thin, black mustache. The village policeman, Fedyakin, appeared at the bedside of the mother, and raising one hand to his cap, pointed the other at her face, and making terrible eyes said, "This is his mother, your honor!" and waving his hand toward Pavel, "And this is he himself."

"Pavel Vlasov?" inquired the officer, screwing up his eyes; and when Pavel silently nodded his head, he announced, twirling his mustache, "I have to make a search in your house. Get up, old woman!"

"Who is there?" he asked, turning suddenly, and making a dash for the door.

"Your name?" His voice was heard from the other room.

Two other men came in from the porch: the old smelter Tveryakov and his lodger, the stoker Rybin, a staid, dark-colored peasant. He said in a thick, loud voice, "Good evening, Nilovna."

She dressed herself, all the while speaking to herself in a low voice, so as to give herself courage: "What sort of a thing is this? They come at night. People are asleep and they come——"

The room was close, and for some reason smelled strongly of shoe blacking. Two gendarmes and the village police commissioner, Ryskin, their heavy tread resounding on the floor, removed the books from the shelves and put them on the table before the officer. Two others rapped on the walls with their fists, and looked under the chairs. One man clumsily clambered up on the stove in the corner. Nikolay's pockmarked face became covered with red patches, and his little gray eyes were steadfastly fixed upon the officer. The Little Russian curled his mustache, and when the mother entered the room, he smiled and gave her an affectionate nod of the head.

Striving to suppress her fear, she walked, not sideways as always, but erect, her chest thrown out, which gave her figure a droll, stilted air of importance. Her shoes made a knocking sound on the floor, and her brows trembled.

The officer quickly seized the books with the long fingers of his white hand, turned over the pages, shook them, and with a dexterous movement of the wrist flung them aside. Sometimes a book fell to the floor with a light thud. All were silent. The heavy breathing of the perspiring gendarmes was audible; the spurs clanked, and sometimes the low question was heard, "Did you look here?"

The mother stood by Pavel's side against

the wall. She folded her arms over her bosom, like her son, and both regarded the officer. The mother felt her knees trembling, and her eyes became covered with a dry mist.

Suddenly the piercing voice of Nikolay cut into the silence:

"Why is it necessary to throw the books onto the floor?"

The mother trembled. Tveryakov rocked his head as if he had been struck on the back. Rybin uttered a peculiar cluck, and regarded Nikolay attentively.

The officer threw up his head, screwed up his eyes, and fixed them for a second upon the pockmarked, mottled, immobile face. His fingers began to turn the leaves of the books still more rapidly. His face was yellow and pale; he twisted his lips continually. At times he opened his large gray eyes wide, as if he suffered from an intolerable pain, and was ready to scream out in impotent anguish.

"Soldier!" Vyesovshchikov called out again. "Pick the books up!"

All the gendarmes turned their eyes on him, then looked at the officer. He again raised his head, and taking in the broad figure of Nikolay with a searching stare, he drawled, "Well, well, pick up the books."

One gendarme bent down, and looking slantwise at Vyesovshchikov, began to collect the books scattered on the floor.

"Why doesn't Nikolay keep quiet?" the mother whispered to Pavel. He shrugged his shoulders. The Little Russian drooped his head.

"What's the whispering there? Silence, please! Who reads the Bible?"

"I!" said Pavel.

"Aha! And whose books are all these?"

"Mine!" answered Pavel.

"So!" exclaimed the officer, throwing himself on the back of the chair. He made the bones of his slender hand crack, stretched his legs under the table, and adjusting his mustache, asked Nikolay, "Are you Andrey Nakhodka?"

"Yes!" answered Nikolay, moving forward. The Little Russian put out his hand, took him by the shoulder, and pulled him back.

"He made a mistake; I am Andrey!"

The officer raised his hand, and threatening Vyesovshchikov with his little finger, said, "Take care."

He began to search among his papers. From the street the bright, moonlit night

looked on through the window with soulless eyes. Some one was loafing about outside the window, and the snow crunched under his tread.

"You, Nakhodka, you have been searched for political offenses before?" asked the officer.

"Yes, I was searched in Rostov and Saratov. Only there the gendarmes addressed me as 'Mr.'"

The officer winked his right eye, rubbed it, and showing his fine teeth, said, "And do you happen to know, Mr. Nakhodka, yes, you, Mr. Nakhodka, who those scoundrels are who distribute criminal proclamations and books in the factory, eh?"

The Little Russian swayed his body, and with a broad smile on his face was about to say something, when the irritating voice of Nikolay again rang out: "This is the first time we have seen scoundrels here!"

Silence ensued. There was a moment of breathless suspense. The scar on the mother's face whitened, and her right eyebrow traveled upward. Rybin's black beard quivered strangely. He dropped his eyes, and slowly scratched one hand with the other.

"Take this dog out of here!" said the officer.

Two gendarmes seized Nikolay under the arm and rudely pulled him into the kitchen. There he planted his feet firmly on the floor and shouted, "Stop, I am going to put my coat on!"

The police commissioner came in from the yard and said, "There is nothing out there. We searched everywhere!"

"Well, of course!" exclaimed the officer, laughing. "I knew it! There's an experienced man here, it goes without saying."

The mother listened to his thin, dry voice, and looking with terror into the yellow face, felt an enemy in this man, an enemy without pity, with a heart full of aristocratic disdain of the people. Formerly she had but rarely seen such persons, and now she had almost forgotten they existed.

"Then this is the man whom Pavel and his friends have provoked," she thought.

"I place you, Mr. Andrey Onisimov Nakhodka, under arrest."

"What for?" asked the Little Russian composedly.

"I will tell you later!" answered the officer with spiteful civility, and turning to Vlasova, he shouted, "Say, can you read or write?"

"No!" answered Pavel.

"I didn't ask you!" said the officer sternly, and repeated, "Say, old woman, can you read or write?"

The mother involuntarily gave way to a feeling of hatred for the man. She was seized with a sudden fit of trembling, as if she had jumped into cold water. She straightened herself, her scar turned purple, and her brow drooped low.

"Don't shout!" she said, flinging out her hand toward him. "You are a young man still; you don't know misery or sorrow——"

"Calm yourself, mother!" Pavel intervened.

"In this business, mother, you've got to take your heart between your teeth and hold it there tight," said the Little Russian.

"Wait a moment, Pasha!" cried the mother, rushing to the table and then addressing the officer, "Why do you snatch people away thus?"

"That does not concern you. Silence!" shouted the officer, rising.

"Bring in the prisoner Vyesovshchikov!" he commanded, and began to read aloud a document which he raised to his face.

Nikolay was brought into the room.

"Hats off!" shouted the officer, interrupting his reading.

Rybin went up to Vlasova, and patting her on the back, said in an undertone, "Don't get excited, mother!"

"How can I take my hat off if they hold my hands?" asked Nikolay, drowning the reading.

The officer flung the paper on the table.

"Sign!" he said curtly.

The mother saw how everyone signed the document, and her excitement died down, a softer feeling taking possession of her heart. Her eyes filled with tears—burning tears of insult and impotence—such tears she had wept for twenty years of her married life, but within the later years she had almost forgotten their acid, heart-corroding taste.

The officer regarded her contemptuously. He scowled and remarked, "You bawl ahead of time, my lady! Look out, or you won't have tears left for the future!"

"A mother has enough tears for everything, everything! If you have a mother, she knows it!"

The officer hastily put the papers into his new portfolio with its shining lock.

"How independent they all are in your place!" He turned to the police commissioner.

"An impudent pack!" mumbled the commissioner.

"March!" commanded the officer.

"Good-by, Andrey! Good-by, Nikolay!" said Pavel warmly and softly, pressing his comrades' hands.

"That's it! Until we meet again!" the officer scoffed.

Vyesovshchikov silently pressed Pavel's hands with his short fingers and breathed heavily. The blood mounted to his thick neck; his eyes flashed with rancor. The Little Russian's face beamed with a sunny smile. He nodded his head, and said something to the mother; she made the sign of the cross over him.

"God sees the righteous," she murmured.

At length the throng of people in the gray coats tumbled out on the porch, and their spurs jingled as they disappeared. Rybin went last. He regarded Pavel with an attentive look of his dark eyes and said thoughtfully, "Well, well—good-by!" and coughing in his beard he leisurely walked out on the porch.

Folding his hands behind his back, Pavel slowly paced up and down the room, stepping over the books and clothes tumbled about on the floor. At last he said somberly, "You see how it's done! With insult—disgustingly—yes! They left me behind."

Looking perplexedly at the disorder in the room, the mother whispered sadly, "They will take you, too, be sure they will. Why did Nikolay speak to them the way he did?"

"He got frightened, I suppose," said Pavel quietly. "Yes— It's impossible to speak to them, absolutely impossible! They cannot understand!"

"They came, snatched, and carried off!" mumbled the mother, waving her hands. As her son remained at home, her heart began to beat more lightly. Her mind stubbornly halted before one fact and refused to be moved. "How he scoffs at us, that yellow ruffian! How he threatens us!"

"All right, mamma!" Pavel suddenly said with resolution. "Let us pick all this up!"

He called her "mamma," the word he used only when he came nearer to her. She approached him, looked into his face, and asked softly, "Did they insult you?"

"Yes," he answered. "That's—hard! I would rather have gone with them."

It seemed to her that she saw tears in his eyes, and wishing to soothe him, with an indistinct sense of his pain, she said with a sigh, "Wait a while—they'll take you, too!"

"They will!" he replied.

After a pause the mother remarked sorrowfully, "How hard you are, Pasha! If you'd only reassure me once in a while! But you don't. When I say something horrible, you say something worse."

He looked at her, moved closer to her, and said gently, "I cannot, mamma! I cannot lie! You have to get used to it."

CHAPTER VII

THE QUEST FOR LIGHT

THE next day they knew that Bukin, Samoylov, Somov, and five more had been arrested. In the evening Fedya Mazin came running in upon them. A search had been made in his house also. He felt himself a hero.

"Were you afraid, Fedya?" asked the mother.

He turned pale, his face sharpened, and his nostrils quivered.

"I was afraid the officer might strike me. He has a black beard, he's stout, his fingers are hairy, and he wears dark glasses, so that he looks as if he were without eyes. He shouted and stamped his feet. He said I'd rot in prison. And I've never been beaten either by my father or mother; they love me because I'm their only son. Everyone gets beaten everywhere, but I never!"

He closed his eyes for a moment, compressed his lips, tossed his hair back with a quick gesture of both hands, and looking at Pavel with reddening eyes, said, "If anybody ever strikes me, I will thrust my whole body into him like a knife—I will bite my teeth into him—I'd rather he'd kill me at once and be done!"

"To defend yourself is your right," said Pavel. "But take care not to attack!"

"You are delicate and thin," observed the mother. "What do you want with fighting?"

"I *will* fight!" answered Fedya in a low voice.

When he left, the mother said to Pavel, "This young man will go down sooner than all the rest."

Pavel was silent.

A few minutes later the kitchen door opened slowly and Rybin entered.

"Good evening!" he said, smiling. "Here I am again. Yesterday they brought me here; to-day I come of my own accord. Yes,

yes!" He gave Pavel a vigorous handshake, then put his hand on the mother's shoulder, and asked, "Will you give me tea?"

Pavel silently regarded his swarthy, broad countenance, his thick, black beard, and dark, intelligent eyes. A certain gravity spoke out of their calm gaze; his stalwart figure inspired confidence.

The mother went into the kitchen to prepare the samovar. Rybin sat down, stroked his beard, and placing his elbows on the table, scanned Pavel with his dark look.

"That's the way it is," he said, as if continuing an interrupted conversation. "I must have a frank talk with you. I observed you long before I came. We live almost next door to each other. I see many people come to you, and no drunkenness, no carrying on. That's the main thing. If people don't raise the devil, they immediately attract attention. What's that? There you are! That's why all eyes are on me, because I live apart and give no offense."

His speech flowed along evenly and freely. It had a ring that won him confidence.

"So. Everybody prates about you. My masters call you a heretic; you don't go to church. I don't either. Then the papers appeared, those leaflets. Was it you that thought them out?"

"Yes, I!" answered Pavel without taking his eyes off Rybin's face. Rybin also looked steadily into Pavel's eyes.

"You alone!" exclaimed the mother, coming into the room. "It wasn't you alone."

Pavel smiled; Rybin also.

The mother sniffed, and walked away, somewhat offended because they did not pay attention to her words.

"Those leaflets are well thought out. They stir the people up. There were twelve of them, weren't there?"

"Yes."

"I have read them all! Yes, yes. Sometimes they are not clear, and some things are superfluous. But when a man speaks a great deal, it's natural he should occasionally say things out of the way."

Rybin smiled. His teeth were white and strong.

"Then the search. That won me over to you more than anything else. You and the Little Russian and Nikolay, you all got caught!" He paused for the right word and looked at the window, rapping the table with his fingers. "They discovered your resolve. You attend to your business, your honor, you

say, and we'll attend to ours. The Little Russian's a fine fellow, too. The other day I heard how he speaks in the factory, and thinks I to myself: that man isn't going to be squelched; it's only one thing will knock him out, and that's death! A sturdy chap! Do you trust me, Pavel?"

"Yes, I trust you!" said Pavel, nodding.

"That's right. Look! I am forty years old; I am twice as old as you, and I've seen twenty times as much as you. For three years long I wore my feet to the bone marching in the army. I have been married twice. I've been in the Caucasus, I know the Dukhobars. They're not masters of life, no, they aren't!"

The mother listened eagerly to his direct speech. It pleased her to have an older man come to her son and speak to him just as if he were confessing to him. But Pavel seemed to treat the guest too curtly, and the mother, to introduce a softer element, asked Rybin, "Maybe you'll have something to eat."

"Thank you, mother! I've had my supper already. So then, Pavel, you think that life does not go as it should?"

Pavel arose and began to pace the room, folding his hands behind his back.

"It goes all right," he said. "Just now, for instance, it has brought you here to me with an open heart. We who work our whole life long—it unites us gradually and more and more every day. The time will come when we shall all be united. Life is arranged unjustly for us and is made a burden. At the same time, however, life itself is opening our eyes to its bitter meaning and is itself showing man the way to accelerate its pace. We all of us think just as we live."

"True. But wait!" Rybin stopped him. "Man ought to be renovated—that's what I think! When a man grows scabby, take him to the bath, give him a thorough cleaning, put clean clothes on him—and he will get well. Isn't it so? And if the heart grows scabby, take its skin off, even if it bleeds, wash it, and dress it up all afresh. Isn't it so? How else can you clean the inner man? There now!"

Pavel began to speak hotly and bitterly about God, about the Czar, about the government authorities, about the factory, and how in foreign countries the workingmen stand up for their rights. Rybin smiled occasionally; sometimes he struck a finger on the table as if punctuating a period. Now and then he cried out briefly, "So!"

And once laughing out he said quietly, "You're young. You know people but little!"

Pavel stopping before him said seriously, "Let's not talk of being old or being young. Let us rather see whose thoughts are truer."

"That is, according to you, we've been fooled about God also. So. I, too, think that our religion is false and injurious to us."

Here the mother intervened. When her son spoke about God and about everything that she connected with her faith in him, which was dear and sacred to her, she sought to meet his eyes, she wanted to ask her son mutely not to chafe her heart with the sharp, bitter words of his unbelief. And she felt that Rybin, an older man, would also be displeased and offended. But when Rybin calmly put his question to Pavel, she could no longer contain herself, and said firmly, "When you speak of God, I wish you were more careful. You can do whatever you like. You have your compensation in your work." Catching her breath she continued with still greater vehemence, "But I, an old woman, I will have nothing to lean upon in my distress if you take my God away from me."

Her eyes filled with tears. She was washing the dishes, and her fingers trembled.

"You did not understand us, mother!" Pavel said softly and kindly.

"Beg your pardon, mother!" Rybin added in a slow, thick voice. He looked at Pavel and smiled. "I forgot that you're too old to cut out your warts."

"I did not speak," continued Pavel, "about that good and gracious God in whom you believe, but about the God with whom the priests threaten us as with a stick, about the God in whose name they want to force all of us to the evil will of the few."

"That's it, right you are!" exclaimed Rybin, striking his fingers upon the table. "They have mutilated even our God for us, they have turned everything in their hands against us. Mark you, mother, God created man in his own image and after his own likeness. Therefore he is like man if man is like him. But we have become, not like God, but like wild beasts! In the churches they set up a scarecrow before us. We have got to change our God, mother; we must cleanse him! They have dressed him up in falsehood and calumny; they have distorted his face in order to destroy our souls!"

He talked composedly and very distinctly

and intelligibly. Every word of his speech fell upon the mother's ears like a blow. And his face set in the frame of his black beard, his broad face attired, as it were, in mourning, frightened her. The dark gleam of his eyes was insupportable to her. He aroused in her a sense of anguish, and filled her heart with terror.

"No, I'd better go away," she said, shaking her head in negation. "It's not in my power to listen to this. I cannot!"

And she quickly walked into the kitchen followed by the words of Rybin, "There you have it, Pavel! It begins not in the head but in the heart. The heart is such a place that nothing else will grow in it."

"Only reason," said Pavel firmly, "only reason will free mankind."

"Reason does not give strength!" retorted Rybin emphatically. "The heart gives strength, and not the head, I tell you."

The mother undressed and lay down in bed without saying her prayer. She felt cold and miserable. And Rybin, who at first seemed such a staid, wise man, now aroused in her a blind hostility.

"Heretic! Sedition-maker!" she thought, listening to his even voice flowing resonantly from his deep chest. He, too, had come—he was indispensable.

He spoke confidently and composedly, "The holy place must not be empty. The spot where God dwells is a place of pain; and if he drops out from the heart, there will be a wound in it, mark my word! It is necessary, Pavel, to invent a new faith; it is necessary to create a God for all. Not a judge, not a warrior, but a God who shall be the friend of the people."

"You had one! There was Christ!"

"Wait a moment! Christ was not strong in spirit. 'Let the cup pass from me,' he says. And he recognized Cæsar. God cannot recognize human powers. He himself is the whole of power. He does not divide his soul saying: so much for the godly, so much for the human. If Christ came to affirm the divine he has no need for anything human. But he recognized trade, and he recognized marriage. And it was unjust of him to condemn the fig tree. Was it of its own will that it was barren of fruit? Neither is the soul barren of good of its own accord. Have I sown the evil in it myself? Of course not!"

The two voices hummed continuously in the room, as if clutching at each other and

wrestling in exciting play. Pavel walked hurriedly up and down the room; the floor cracked under his feet. When he spoke all other sounds were drowned by his voice; but above the slow, calm flow of Rybin's dull utterance were heard the strokes of the pendulum and the low creaking of the frost, as of sharp claws scratching the walls of the house.

"I will speak to you in my own way, in the words of a stoker. God is like fire. He does not strengthen anything. He cannot. He merely burns and fuses when he gives light. He burns down churches, he does not raise them. He lives in the heart."

"And in the mind!" insisted Pavel.

"That's it! In the heart and in the mind. There's the rub. It's this that makes all the trouble and misery and misfortune. We have severed ourselves from our own selves. The heart was severed from the mind, and the mind has disappeared. Man is not a unit. It is God that makes him a unit, that makes him a round, circular thing. God always makes things round. Such is the earth and all the stars and everything visible to the eye. The sharp angular things are the work of men."

The mother fell asleep and did not hear Rybin depart.

But he began to come often, and if any of Pavel's comrades were present, Rybin sat in a corner and was silent, only occasionally interjecting, "That's so!"

And once looking at everybody from his corner with his dark glance he said somberly, "We must speak about that which is; that which will be is unknown to us. When the people shall have freed themselves, they will see for themselves what is best. Enough, quite enough of what they do not want at all has been knocked into their heads. Let there be an end of this! Let them contrive for themselves. Maybe they will want to reject everything, all life, and all knowledge; maybe they will see that everything is arranged against them. You just deliver all the books into their hands, and they will find an answer for themselves, depend upon it! Only let them remember that the tighter the collar round the horse's neck, the worse the work."

But when Pavel was alone with Rybin they at once began an endless but always calm disputation, to which the mother listened anxiously, following their words in silence, and endeavoring to understand. Sometimes

it seemed to her as if the broad-shouldered, black-bearded peasant and her well-built, sturdy son had both gone blind. In that little room, in the darkness, they seemed to be knocking about from side to side in search of light and an outlet, to be grasping out with powerful but blind hands; they seemed to fall upon the floor, and having fallen, to scrape and fumble with their feet. They hit against everything, groped about for everything, and flung it away, calm and composed, losing neither faith nor hope.

They got her accustomed to listen to a great many words, terrible in their directness and boldness; and these words had now ceased to weigh down on her so heavily as at first. She learned to push them away from her ears. And although Rybin still displeased her as before, he no longer inspired her with hostility.

Once a week she carried underwear and books to the Little Russian in prison. On one occasion they allowed her to see him and talk to him; and on returning home she related enthusiastically, "He is as if he were at home there, too! He is good and kind to everybody; everybody jokes with him; just as if there were a holiday in his heart all the time. His lot is hard and heavy, but he does not want to show it."

"That's right! That's the way one should act," observed Rybin. "We are all enveloped in misery as in our skins. We breathe misery, we wear misery. But that's nothing to brag about. Not all people are blind; some close their eyes of their own accord, indeed! And if you are stupid you've got to suffer for it."

CHAPTER VIII

THE REEK OF THE MARSHES

THE little old gray house of the Vlasovs attracted the attention of the village more and more; and although there was much suspicious chariness and unconscious hostility in this notice, yet at the same time a confiding curiosity grew up also. Now and then some one would come over, and looking carefully about him would say to Pavel, "Well, brother, you are reading books here, and you know the laws. Explain to me, then——"

And he would tell Pavel about some injustice of the police or the factory administration. In complicated cases Pavel would give the

man a note to a lawyer friend in the city, and when he could, he would explain the case himself.

Gradually people began to look with respect upon this young, serious man, who spoke about everything simply and boldly, and almost never laughed, who looked at everybody and listened to everybody with an attention which searched stubbornly into every circumstance, and always found a certain general and endless thread binding people together by a thousand tightly drawn knots.

Vlasova saw how her son had grown up; she strove to understand his work, and when she succeeded, she rejoiced with a childlike joy.

Pavel rose particularly in the esteem of the people after the appearance of his story about the "Muddy Penny."

Back of the factory, almost encircling it with a ring of putrescence, stretched a vast marsh grown over with fir trees and birches. In the summer it was covered with thick yellow and green scum, and swarms of mosquitoes flew from it over the village, spreading fever in their course. The marsh belonged to the factory, and the new manager, wishing to extract profit from it, conceived the plan of draining it and incidentally gathering in a fine harvest of peat. Representing to the workmen how much this measure would contribute to the sanitation of the locality and the improvement of the general condition of all, the manager gave orders to deduct a kopeck from every ruble of their earnings, in order to cover the expense of draining the marsh. The workmen rebelled; they especially resented the fact that the office clerks were exempted from paying the new tax.

Pavel was ill on the Saturday when posters were hung up announcing the manager's order in regard to the toll. He had not gone to work and he knew nothing about it. The next day, after mass, a dapper old man, the smelter Sizov, and the tall, vicious-looking locksmith Makhotin, came to him and told him of the manager's decision.

"A few of us older ones got together," said Sizov, speaking sedately, "talked the matter over, and our comrades, you see, sent us over to you, as you are a knowing man among us. Is there such a law as gives our manager the right to make war upon mosquitoes with our kopecks?"

"Think!" said Makhotin, with a glimmer in his narrow eyes. "Three years ago these

sharpers collected a tax to build a bathhouse. Three thousand eight hundred rubles is what they gathered in. Where are those rubles? And where is the bathhouse?"

Pavel explained the injustice of the tax, and the obvious advantage of such a procedure to the factory owners; and both of his visitors went away in a surly mood.

The mother, who had gone with them to the door, said, laughing, "Now, Pasha, the old people have also begun to come to seek wisdom from you."

Without replying, Pavel sat down at the table with a busy air and began to write. In a few minutes he said to her, "Please go to the city immediately and deliver this note."

"Is it dangerous?" she asked.

"Yes! A newspaper is being published for us down there! That 'Muddy Penny' story must go into the next issue."

"I'll go at once," she replied, beginning hurriedly to put on her wraps.

This was the first commission her son had given her. She was happy that he spoke to her so openly about the matter, and that she might be useful to him in his work.

"I understand all about it, Pasha," she said. "It's a piece of robbery. What's the name of the man? Yegor Ivanovich?"

"Yes," said Pavel, smiling kindly.

She returned late in the evening, exhausted but contented.

"I saw Sashenka," she told her son. "She sends you her regards. And this Yegor Ivanovich is such a simple fellow, such a joker! He speaks so comically."

"I'm glad you like them," said Pavel softly.

"They are simple people, Pasha. It's good when people are simple. And they all respect you."

Again Monday, Pavel did not go to work. His head ached. But at dinner time Fedya Mazin came running in, excited, out of breath, happy, and tired.

"Come! The whole factory has arisen! They've sent for you. Sizov and Makhotin say you can explain better than anybody else. My! What a hullabaloo!"

Pavel began to dress himself silently.

"A crowd of women are gathered there; they are screaming!"

"I'll go, too," declared the mother. "You're not well, and—what are they doing? I'm going, too."

"Come," Pavel said briefly.

They walked along the street quickly and

silently. The mother panted with the exertion of the rapid gait and her excitement. She felt that something big was happening. At the factory gates a throng of women were discussing the affair in shrill voices. When the three pushed into the yard, they found themselves in the thick of a crowd buzzing and humming in excitement. The mother saw that all heads were turned in the same direction, toward the blacksmith's wall, where Sizov, Makhotin, Vyalov, and five or six influential, solid workingmen were standing on a high pile of old iron heaped on the red brick paving of the court, and waving their hands.

"Vlasov is coming!" somebody shouted.

"Vlasov? Bring him along!"

Pavel was seized and pushed forward, and the mother was left alone.

"Silence!" came the shout from various directions. Near by the even voice of Rybin was heard:

"We must make a stand, not for the kopeck, but for justice. What is dear to us is not our kopeck, because it's no rounder than any other kopeck; it's only heavier; there's more human blood in it than in the manager's ruble. That's the truth!"

The words fell forcibly on the crowd and stirred the men to hot responses:

"That's right! Good, Rybin!"

"Silence! The devil take you!"

"Vlasov's come!"

The voices mingled in a confused uproar, drowning the ponderous whir of the machinery, the sharp snorts of the steam, and the flapping of the leather belts. From all sides people came running, waving their hands; they fell into arguments, and excited one another with burning, stinging words. The irritation that had found no vent, that had always lain dormant in tired breasts, had awakened, demanded an outlet, and burst from their mouths in a volley of words. It soared into the air like a great bird spreading its motley wings ever wider and wider, clutching people and dragging them after it, and striking them against one another. It lived anew, transformed into flaming wrath. A cloud of dust and soot hung over the crowd; their faces were all afire, and black drops of sweat trickled down their cheeks. Their eyes gleamed from darkened countenances; their teeth glistened.

Pavel appeared on the spot where Sizov and Makhotin were standing, and his voice rang out:

"Comrades!"

The mother saw that his face paled and his lips trembled; she involuntarily pushed forward, showing her way through the crowd.

"Where are you going, old woman?"

She heard the angry question, and the people pushed her, but she would not stop, thrusting the crowd aside with her shoulders and elbows. She slowly forced her way nearer to her son, yielding to the desire to stand by his side. When Pavel had thrown out the word to which he was wont to attach a deep and significant meaning, his throat contracted in a sharp spasm of the joy of fight. He was seized with an invincible desire to give himself up to the strength of his faith; to throw his heart to the people. His heart kindled with the dream of truth.

"Comrades!" he repeated, extracting power and rapture from the word. "We are the people who build churches and factories, forge chains and coin money, make toys and machines. We are that living force which feeds and amuses the world from the cradle to the grave."

"There!" Rybin exclaimed.

"Always and everywhere we are first in work but last in life. Who cares for us? Who wishes us good? Who regards us as human beings? No one!"

"No one!" echoed from the crowd.

Pavel, mastering himself, began to talk more simply and calmly; the crowd slowly drew about him, blending into one dark, thick, thousand-headed body. It looked into his face with hundreds of attentive eyes; it sucked in his words in silent, strained attention.

"We will not attain to a better life until we feel ourselves as comrades, as one family of friends firmly bound together by one desire—the desire to fight for our rights."

"Get down to business!" somebody standing near the mother shouted rudely.

"Don't interrupt!" "Shut up!" The two muffled exclamations were heard in different places. The soot-covered faces frowned in sulky incredulity; scores of eyes looked into Pavel's face thoughtfully and seriously.

"A socialist, but no fool!" somebody observed.

"I say, he does speak boldly!" said a tall, crippled workingman, tapping the mother on the shoulder.

"It is time, comrades, to take a stand against the greedy power that lives by our

labor. It is time to defend ourselves; we must all understand that no one except ourselves will help us. One for all and all for one—this is our law, if we want to crush the foe!"

"He's right, boys!" Makhotin shouted. "Listen to the truth!" And, with a broad sweep of his arm, he shook his fist in the air.

"We must call out the manager at once," said Pavel. "We must ask him."

It was as if a tornado had hit the throng. The crowd rocked to and fro; scores of voices shouted, "The manager! The manager! Let him come! Let him explain!"

"Send delegates for him! Bring him here!"

"No, don't; it's not necessary!"

The mother pushed her way to the front and looked up at her son. She was filled with pride. Her son stood among the old, respected workingmen; all listened to him and agreed with him! She was pleased that he was so calm and talked so simply; not angrily, not swearing, like the others. Broken exclamations, wrathful words and oaths descended like hail on iron. Pavel looked down on the people from his elevation, and with wide-open eyes seemed to be seeking something among them.

"Delegates!"

"Let Sizov speak!"

"Vlasov!"

"Rybin! He has a terrible tongue!"

Finally Sizov, Rybin, and Pavel were chosen for the interview with the manager. When just about to send for the manager, suddenly low exclamations were heard in the crowd:

"Here he comes himself!"

"The manager?"

"Ah!"

The crowd opened to make way for a tall, spare man with a pointed beard and an elongated face and blinking eyes.

"Permit me," he said, as he pushed the people aside with a short motion of his hand, without touching them. With the experienced look of a ruler of people, he scanned the workingmen's faces with a searching gaze. They took their hats off and bowed to him. He walked past them without acknowledging their greetings. His presence silenced and confused the crowd, and evoked embarrassed smiles and low exclamations, as of repentant children who had already come to regret their prank.

Now he passed by the mother, casting a stern glance at her face, and stopped before

the pile of iron. Somebody from above extended a hand to him; he did not take it, but with an easy, powerful movement of his body he clambered up and stationed himself in front of Pavel and Sizov. Looking around the silent crowd, he asked, "What's the meaning of this crowd? Why have you dropped your work?"

For a few seconds silence reigned. Sizov waved his cap in the air, shrugged his shoulders, and dropped his head.

"I am asking you a question!" continued the manager.

Pavel moved alongside of him and said in a low voice, pointing to Sizov and Rybin, "We three are authorized by all the comrades to ask you to revoke your order about the kopeck discount."

"Why?" asked the manager, without looking at Pavel.

"We do not consider such a tax just!" Pavel replied loudly.

"So, in my plan to drain the marsh you see only desire to exploit the workingmen and not a desire to better their conditions; is that it?"

"Yes!" Pavel replied.

"And you, also?" the manager asked Rybin.

"The very same!"

"How about you, my worthy friend?" The manager turned to Sizov.

"I, too, want to ask you to let us keep our kopecks." And drooping his head again, Sizov smiled guiltily. The manager slowly bent his look upon the crowd again, shrugged his shoulders, and then, regarding Pavel searchingly, observed, "You appear to be a fairly intelligent man. Do you not understand the usefulness of this measure?"

Pavel replied loudly, "If the factory should drain the marsh at its own expense, we would all understand it!"

"This factory is not in the philanthropy business!" remarked the director dryly. "I order you all to start work at once!"

And he began to descend, cautiously feeling the iron with his feet, and without looking at anyone.

A dissatisfied hum was heard in the crowd.

"What!" asked the manager, halting.

All were silent; then from the distance came a solitary voice, "You go to work yourself!"

"If in fifteen minutes you do not start work, I'll order every single one of you to be discharged!" the manager announced dryly and distinctly.

He again proceeded through the crowd, but now an indistinct murmur followed him, and the shouting grew louder as his figure receded.

"Speak to him!"

"That's what you call justice! Worse luck!"

Some turned to Pavel and shouted, "Say, you great lawyer, you, what's to be done now? You talked and talked, but the moment he came it all went up in the air!"

"Well, Vlasov, what now?"

When the shouts became more insistent, Pavel raised his hand and said, "Comrades, I propose that we quit work until he gives up that kopeck!"

Excited voices burst out, "He thinks we're fools!"

"We ought to do it!"

"A strike?"

"For one kopeck?"

"Why not? Why not strike?"

"We'll all be discharged!"

"And who is going to do the work?"

"There are others!"

"Who? Judases?"

"Every year I would have to give three rubles and sixty kopecks to the mosquitoes!"

"All of us would have to give it!"

Pavel walked down and stood at the side of his mother. No one paid any attention to him now. They were all yelling and debating hotly with one another.

"You cannot get them to strike!" said Rybin, coming up to Pavel. "Greedy as these people are for a penny, they are too cowardly. You may, perhaps, induce about three hundred of them to follow you, no more. It's a heap of dung you won't lift with one toss of the pitchfork, I tell you!"

Pavel was silent. In front of him the huge black face of the crowd was rocking wildly, and fixed on him an importunate stare. His heart beat in alarm. It seemed to him as if all the words he had spoken vanished in the crowd without leaving any trace, like scattered drops of rain falling on parched soil. One after the other, workmen approached him praising his speech, but doubting the success of a strike, and complaining how little the people understood their own interests and realized their own strength.

Pavel had a sense of injury and disappointment as to his own power. His head ached; he felt desolate. Hitherto, whenever he pictured the triumph of his truth, he wanted to cry with the delight that seized his heart.

But here he had spoken his truth to the people, and behold! when clothed in words it appeared so pale, so powerless, so incapable of affecting anyone. He blamed himself; it seemed to him that he had concealed his dream in a poor, disfiguring garment, and no one could, therefore, detect its beauty.

He went home, tired and moody. He was followed by his mother and Sizov, while Rybin walked alongside, buzzing into his ear, "You speak well, but you don't speak to the heart! That's the trouble! The spark must be thrown into the heart, into its very depths!"

"It's time we lived and were guided by reason," Pavel said in a low voice.

"The boot does not fit the foot; it's too thin and narrow! The foot won't get in! And if it does, it will wear the boot out mighty quick. That is the trouble."

Sizov, meanwhile, talked to the mother.

"It's time for us old folks to get into our graves. Nilovna! A new people is coming. What sort of a life have we lived? We crawled on our knees, and always crouched on the ground! But here are the new people. They have either come to their senses, or else are blundering worse than we; but they are not like us, anyway. Just look at those youngsters talking to the manager as to their equal! Yes, ma'am! Oh, if only my son Matvey were alive! Good-by, Pavel Vlasov! You stand up for the people all right, brother. God grant you his favor! Perhaps you'll find a way out. God grant!" And he walked away.

"Yes, you may as well die straight off!" murmured Rybin. "You are no men, now. You are only putty—good to fill cracks with, that's all! Did you see, Pavel, who it was that shouted to make you a delegate? It was those who call you socialist—agitator—yes!—thinking you'd be discharged, and it would serve you right!"

"They are right, according to their lights!" said Pavel.

"So are wolves when they tear one another

(To be continued.)

to pieces!" Rybin's face was sullen, his voice unusually tremulous.

The whole day Pavel felt ill at ease, as if he had lost something and anticipated a loss, without the ability to realize what he had lost.

At night when the mother was asleep and he was reading in bed, gendarmes appeared and began to search everywhere—in the yard, in the attic. They were sullen; the yellow-faced officer conducted himself as on the first occasion, insultingly, derisively, delighting in abuse, endeavoring to cut down to the very heart. The mother, in a corner, maintained silence, never removing her eyes from her son's face. He made every effort not to betray his emotion; but whenever the officer laughed, his fingers twitched strangely, and the old woman felt how hard it was for him not to reply, and to bear the jesting. This time the affair was not so terrorizing to her as at the first search. She felt a greater hatred to these gray, spurred night callers, and her hatred swallowed up her alarm.

Pavel managed to whisper, "They'll arrest me."

Inclining her head, she quietly replied, "I understand."

She did understand—they would put him in jail for what he had said to the workingmen that day. But since all agreed with what he had said, and all ought to stand up for him, he would not be detained long.

She longed to embrace him and cry over him; but there stood the officer, watching her with a malevolent squint of his eyes. His lips trembled, his mustache twitched. It seemed to Vlasova that the officer was but waiting for her tears, complaints, and supplications. With a supreme effort endeavoring to say as little as possible, she pressed her son's hand, and holding her breath said slowly, in a low tone, "Good-by, Pasha. Did you take everything you need?"

"Everything. Don't worry!"

"Christ be with you!"

HUMILITY

By C. L. BETTS

A MAN I met outbraved me in debate,
 Frowning, Jovelike, at all I fain would say;
 At once the arraigner and the judge of fate,
 Counseling humility he went his way.

LEGISLATING IN PARLIAMENT AND CONGRESS

BY A. MAURICE LOW

II. GOVERNMENT BY PRIME MINISTER



ENGLAND is governed by the House of Commons. The House of Commons is governed by the Prime Minister. The real ruler of the British Empire is not the titular sovereign, nor the hereditary nobility; it is the leader of the political majority, who derives his power solely from the direct vote of the people. The Prime Minister of England is subordinate neither to the King nor the House of Peers. Every man who shares with him in the work of the government is his subordinate.

Following a general election the sovereign sends for a member of the majority party and instructs him to form a government. This is one of those fictions of the constitutional authority of the sovereign to which the English people cling as to the heritage of tradition. The summons is delivered, but it is merely a form. The party leader is such not by the grace of the sovereign but by the choice of the majority; not by election but because he has the qualities of leadership.

The leader, having received the sovereign's instructions to form a government, becomes by that mandate the autocrat of the empire. His power is absolute. Like the President, he may appoint whomsoever he pleases a member of his cabinet; but unlike the President, he is not influenced by geographical considerations, nor does he have to submit his nominations to the Senate. In both countries the members of the cabinet hold office at the will of the appointing power, but the tenure of office is even more precarious in England than it is in the United States. Here a minister may differ from the Presi-

dent on a matter of policy and not feel it incumbent upon him to resign; in England there can be no differences. Either a minister agrees with his chief or he resigns.

In England the cabinet is an extra-legal creation. Nominally it is one of the committees of the privy council, whose functions are to advise the sovereign, but this is simply a survival of mediævalism. The cabinet is under the sole control of the Premier, unhampered by royal or other interference; but—another survival—no member of the cabinet may make public any matter discussed by the cabinet without the express sanction of the sovereign; and when the Premier issues a summons to a cabinet council, which meets at irregular intervals according to the exigency of public business, the minister is "requested to attend a meeting of his Majesty's servants." English cabinet ministers are human, and although they are seldom garrulous, they have been known, even without the sovereign's permission, to tell cabinet secrets. Lord Melbourne was a delightful gossip, as everyone who has read Greville's memoirs recalls.

In England there are two classes of ministers, those who form the cabinet and are ministers with seals, and those who are not members of the cabinet. The "seals of office" are small metal disks with a device or inscription, inclosed in a velvet case, which the outgoing ministry surrender to the King, and are given by him to the new ministers. The seals are never used and are merely a relic of a day when great men were a little bit shaky about their signatures and found it more convenient to seal a document than to sign it. Probably a minister never sees his



THE PALACE YARD, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

seal except when he receives it from the sovereign and returns it to his hands, which he always does personally. When Lord North went out of office, George III was so incensed at him that he refused to grant the customary audience and sent him a peremptory order to deliver the seal to an under secretary. When he arrived, Lord North was in bed, and on being told that a messenger desired to see him on the King's business, North replied that in that case he must see Lady North too. The under secretary was admitted to the bedroom. Lord North gave him the key to the closet where the seal was kept and calmly went to sleep.

The English cabinet is a flexible body as to numbers, usually consisting of about twenty members. It includes both lords and commoners, so that the government has its official spokesmen in both houses. The Premier may be a peer or a commoner—in either case his authority is equally great—but if he is a peer his control over legislation must be exercised by a deputy, a member of the cabinet who is officially recognized as the leader of the House. In Washington a senator may go on the floor of the House of Representatives; in the House of Commons a peer is a "stranger," permitted no more

privileges than a "stranger" from Kalamazoo, and, like him, liable to arrest if he set foot on the sacred legislative ground.

The Lord Chancellor, the Secretaries of State for Home Affairs, Foreign Affairs, War, Colonies, and India, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (the British Secretary of the Treasury), the First Lord of the Admiralty (the Secretary of the Navy), and a few others, are invariably members of the cabinet, or ministers with seals. Apart from that, it is solely a matter of choice with the Premier what other men he shall include in the cabinet or make them ministers without portfolio. There is no fixed rule. A big man is often compensated for having to take a minor office by its being gilded with a portfolio. Even such an important official as the Postmaster-General is not by right a member of the cabinet, and in Lord Salisbury's ministry of 1895 the Postmaster-General was not included in the cabinet. All told, the government of England consists of only forty-six persons, and the transfer of political control from one party to another directly affects only these forty-six persons and a few great functionaries of state, whose duties are purely ornamental. In all, not one hundred persons are concerned by a change of ad-

ministration. Postmasters, government employees of every class, from messengers to ambassadors and colonial administrators, are not disturbed by the transfer of power. Clearly no political party in England can count upon patronage as a political asset.

The principle on which the parliamentary system of England is founded is the rule of the majority, and the majority elects to surrender its power to one man—the Premier. The power of the majority is so strictly recognized that the rules of the House of Commons deprive the minority of all power to initiate or shape legislation. When a majority of the electorate of the kingdom has sanctioned a policy represented by a political party, that party is given free hand to put its policy into operation. In all legisla-

tures the power of the majority is the control which it exercises to tax the people and spend their money. See then how absolute is the power of the Prime Minister in his command of the treasury.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is the finance minister of the empire. He calculates on certain sums to be derived from the customs, internal revenue, income tax, death duties, and other miscellaneous sources, and, like every prudent man of affairs, is governed in his expenditures by his estimated income. In America the Secretary of the Treasury estimates the national income and Congress spends it or exceeds it according to its mood;

a loose way of doing business that would wreck any country whose expenditures must be scientifically adjusted to its receipts. The heads of the great spending departments submit their estimates to the Chancellor. As-

suming, by way of illustration, that the First Lord of the Admiralty is advised by his technical experts to build three great battleships and has accepted this recommendation, he forwards an estimate for their construction to the Chancellor. The Chancellor, because he cannot see his way clear to supply the money, or for any other reason, antagonizes the expenditure, and as the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not superior to the First Lord of the Admiralty, the question is referred to the cabinet. In the cabinet there is a committee on finance, consist-



SPEAKER'S CHAIR, HOUSE OF COMMONS

ing of the Prime Minister, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one or two additional members depending upon circumstances. This committee will finally decide whether the First Lord of the Admiralty or the Chancellor of the Exchequer shall be sustained. But although nominally it is the committee, it is really the Premier who decides, because if any member of the cabinet disagrees with his chief, he is compelled to resign. If the finance committee of the cabinet sustains the First Lord of the Admiralty in opposition to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the latter would at once tender his resignation. It was a difference of this char-

acter that brought to a sudden end the brilliant but brief career of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he opposed the estimates of the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War, and as they were supported by the cabinet, his resignation followed as a matter of course.

The cabinet having accepted the estimates, they are prepared and laid before the House. The committee system as it exists in Congress, by which every bill after introduction in the House or Senate is automatically referred to a standing committee, is unknown in Parliament. There are only two standing committees in the House of Commons: the Grand Committee on Law and the Grand Committee on Trade. To the former are referred all bills relating to law, courts of justice, and legal procedure; and to the latter, bills relating to trade, manufactures, and agriculture. These committees consist of from sixty to eighty members each; they are nonpartisan, their members being selected by a committee on selection, which is appointed for the purpose and consists of the oldest and most experienced members of the House. To the grand committee the com-

mittee on selection adds fifteen members of the House as specialists who have professional or technical knowledge of the subject under consideration, and who retire from the committee when the bill is reported back to the House. These committees, it will be seen, are radically different from the committees of Congress; they, in fact, do what the House or Senate does in open session, and by putting a bill in proper legislative shape save the time of the House.

The House goes into committee to raise revenue and to expend it. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer lays his budget before the House and explains how he proposes to obtain money for the needs of the empire, the House resolves itself into Committee on Ways and Means. When the money that the Chancellor has raised is to be expended, the House resolves itself into Committee of Supply. There is a permanent chairman of committees, who holds office during the life of a Parliament and is paid a salary of \$12,500 a year. The chairman of committees is deputy Speaker and takes the chair in the absence of the Speaker. In committee a member addresses the chairman by name and not by his title. The Speaker ceases to be a



FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY ROOM, HOUSE OF COMMONS

partisan the moment he is elected, and is simply the presiding officer of the House, and although parties change, the Speaker does not. He takes no part in debate and does not vote except to break a tie. The chairman of committees is always a member of the majority party and, on the death or resignation of the Speaker, is almost invariably promoted to the speakership, even although he is the political opponent of the majority. Thus the present Speaker, Mr. Lowther, was nominated chairman of committees by the late conservative Premier, Mr. Balfour; he succeeded to the speakership when the Conservatives were in power and he was continued in office by the present Liberal Party. So exalted is the respect of politicians for the office of Speaker that the return of the occupant of the chair to Parliament is no longer opposed, as it would be considered unseemly for him, even for the few weeks required to make a political campaign in England, to descend from the high plane of judicial nonpartisanship to the level of party controversy. The Speaker is the free choice of the House, but the fiction of the sovereign's approval is still preserved. When a new Parliament is elected the House is summoned to the bar of the House of Lords and instructed by the Lord Chancellor to elect a Speaker. When the Speaker is elected he duly presents himself at the bar to announce the fact of his election, and then is gravely told that the King, being sensible of "his zeal for the public service" and "his undoubted efficiency to execute all the arduous duties," does "most readily approve and confirm your election as Speaker."

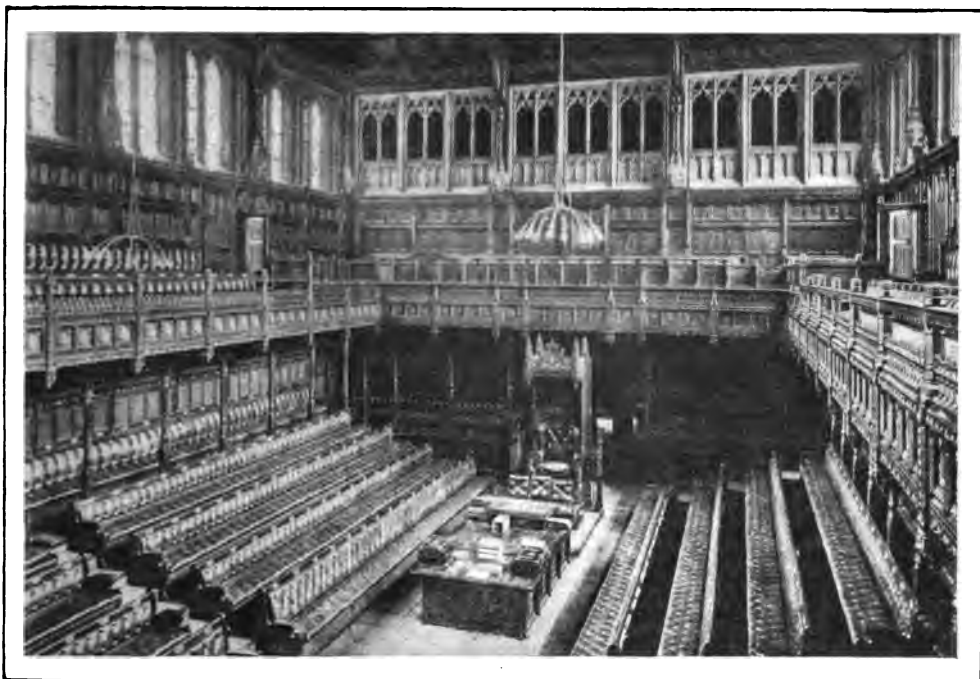
The election of a Speaker by the House is a quaint reminder of the past. The chief clerk rises and points with his finger, but without saying a word to the member on the government side who has been deputed to nominate the Speaker, and the motion having been made, the clerk similarly points his finger at the member on the opposition side who is to second the motion; after which both sides of the House cheer. The Speaker elect, sitting with the other members, rises and makes a brief speech of thanks, then his proposer and seconder take hold of his hands and escort him up the floor of the House to the chair.

Now this rather amusing spectacle of three men, one of them the First Commoner of the Realm, walking up the floor hand in hand like children playing a game, is another of those traditions so dear to the House of Com-

mons. Long years ago, long before Columbus strained his eyes through the spume of the sea to view the land of his discovery, it was the custom for the Speaker elect to protest that of all men he was the most unfit and unworthy to be thus honored above his mean deserts, and the hands of his sponsors in his was proof to the House that unwillingly he was being forced into the chair. As the years went by, the speech of deprecation was dropped, but as the Speaker elect was escorted to the chair, he had to wriggle his shoulders to pretend that he was struggling to escape the honor that the House would thrust upon him. A sense of humor is fatal to tradition. The wriggling of the Speaker excited ridicule and not respect. He no longer wriggles, but he must still go as a captive led to the place of honor.

What are known in Congress as appropriation bills, in Parliament are called supply, because the House is asked to vote supplies to the crown for the various purposes indicated; in theory all money being voted to and expended by the sovereign. When a supply bill is brought in, the minister whose department is in charge of the bill, first makes a general statement explaining its broad principles, after which the estimates are taken up and each item is separately passed upon. So far there is not much difference in the procedure between Parliament and Congress, but from now on the methods of the two bodies radically diverge. In Congress any member may move to reduce or increase any item recommended by the head of the department or reported by the committee to which the bill has been referred, but in Parliament only a "Front Bench" man (so called because ministers sit on the front bench to the right of the Speaker) can move to increase an estimate, and a motion to that effect made by a "private" member (that is, a member in opposition or in the majority but who is not a member of the government) is out of order and cannot be entertained by the chairman. Any member may move a reduction of the proposed expenditure, and he has of course the right to vote against any single item of a bill, or the bill as a whole. No private member can introduce a bill to impose a tax or charge upon the British people or its revenues.

It will be seen that the government, or in other words the Prime Minister, can count with absolute certainty on the House adopting the estimates without the change of a



HOUSE OF COMMONS, FROM THE STRANGERS' GALLERY

single figure so long as he commands a majority. Not a penny can be added to the estimates, because a motion to that effect can only be made by a minister. None of the estimates will be reduced, because that could only be done by a combination of the Prime Minister's supporters with the opposition, which would mean the defeat of the government and a dissolution of Parliament.

The life of a Parliament is seven years, but it may be brought to an end at any time before the septennial period if the government of the day no longer has a majority in the Commons, which may come about through by-elections or the disaffection of the government's nominal supporters. In that case the method employed is to move the reduction of the salary of the First Lord of the Admiralty (assuming that the naval estimates are before the House) by £100. The amount of course is merely a convenient symbol, but it is the principle involved and the unwritten law that governs it that are all important. If the motion should carry, it would be tantamount to an expression of disapproval on the part of the House, which would result in the immediate resignation from the cabinet of the First Lord. But it

would have even more serious consequences. It would mean the downfall of the cabinet, because in theory the cabinet is a whole and not a collection of units, and disapproval of the course of one member, who presumably has the confidence of his colleagues, means disapproval of all, and no cabinet can exist that does not have the confidence of the majority of the House. It is worth remembering that the present Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, pulled down the last Liberal government in that way. Sir Henry was Secretary of State for War, and in committee of supply on the army estimates, on June 21, 1895, St. John Broderick moved the reduction of the salary of the Secretary by £100, in consequence of the insufficient supply of cordite, which was used by the Conservatives generally to attack the administration of the war office. The motion being carried, the cabinet at once resigned.

A cabinet may also be forced out by being squarely beaten on an important measure. On a minor amendment or an unimportant measure it has sometimes been caught napping, especially when the normal majority is large, as then the members become careless in their attendance; but the defeat of any measure to which the government stands

committed, or any of its major provisions, marks the fall of the government.

There is still a third way to bring about a dissolution. A motion can be offered expressing want of confidence in the ministers; a motion, by the way, which the Speaker will not entertain unless it is made by the Leader of the Opposition or a member acting for him and in his name. Then a day is set for the discussion of the motion and the government is put on trial, the opposition acting as the prosecuting attorney. The leader of the minority, who is formally known as the Leader of his Majesty's Opposition, an ex-premier or a distinguished former member of the cabinet, opens the debate and arraigns the government for its sins of omission and commission, and the Prime Minister and the other ministers reply. At the time appointed for the close of debate the House divides, and on that division depends whether the world shall learn next morning that the government still holds office or has been swept into the oblivion of defeat.

The fact that everything done by the government is sustained by the party, would create the impression either that party discipline is much stronger in England than in America or that Englishmen are much less independent than Americans. Neither conclusion is correct. The reason the government is sustained is that sane men do not commit suicide, and politicians are more anxious to remain in the flesh of politics than to find obscurity in the graveyard of private life. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that the President in his annual message to Congress announced that a tariff bill would be laid before the House, which must be passed at the session about to begin. Suppose that in the event of the bill not passing Congress would be dissolved. If that were the parliamentary system of America, how often would Republicans vote against their own party or Democrats vote with their opponents? A man has been known sometimes deliberately to "cross the floor," that is, to renounce his party and enter the ranks of the opposition, but so long as he is a party man, he must vote as the Premier commands him or be the means of turning him out. This of course applies only to questions of policy or business which is sponsored by the government; on legislation not backed by the government a member may vote as he pleases.

Perhaps one reason greater than all others why men stand for their party and frequently

vote to sustain it when they are not thoroughly in sympathy with its entire policy, is the primal instinct of possession. Except for the honor and a certain prestige, men profit nothing by being elected to Parliament. They are not paid; they have no perquisites in the way of luxurious committee rooms, private secretaries, clerks, messengers, mileage, or patronage. They pay their own election expenses, which are frequently heavy. A seat in Parliament is not a stepping-stone to a seat on the bench or a diplomatic appointment or a "government job," which is the solace for the broken-down politician in America whose constituents have tired of him. Of the 670 men who make up the House, forty-six only can hope to gain direct financial profit (putting the most sordid construction on motives) by their party being in power; and as a rule a man serves a long apprenticeship before he can hope for even a minor appointment. Clearly the dominating motive is not to be found in the financial return, and the more rational explanation, in addition to the one already given, is that the Englishman is more conservative than the American. With him party allegiance is a conviction almost as strong as faith, and the Conservative really and honestly believes that the country is in danger whenever its destinies are controlled by the Liberals; exactly as a Church of England man regards a Non-conformist as little better than a heretic.

A vote in the House of Commons is a more elaborate ceremony than in Congress. When a question is put to vote, the Speaker asks the members who support it to say "Aye," and those opposed "No." If he announces, "I think the ayes have it," a member who has voted in the negative may say, "I think the noes have it," whereupon the Speaker repeats that the ayes have it, and on again being challenged says, "Strangers must withdraw." Formerly the occupants of the galleries were unceremoniously hustled out, but now only the strangers under the clock are turned out, and a bar is dropped cutting off the under-the-clock seats from the floor of the House. When the Speaker orders strangers to withdraw, the clerk at the table turns a sandglass, which runs out in three minutes; the doors of the House are opened wide by the sergeant-at-arms and strangers in the lobby must retire; electric bells ring in all parts of the building. As the last grain of sand trickles out the Speaker cries, "Order, order," and the sergeant-at-arms



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE

locks the door. The Speaker again puts the question, and on being challenged says: "The ayes to the right, and the noes to the left. Tellers for the ayes, Mr. A and Mr. B; tellers for the noes, Mr. X and Mr. Y." Usually the government tellers are the two junior lords of the treasury, and for the opposition the mover and seconder of the amendment. The ayes then pass to the right of the Speaker's chair into a lobby separated from the chamber by a partition, and the noes pass to the left into a similar lobby. When the House is empty the entrance doors to the lobbies are locked and the exit doors at the other ends are opened, and as the members pass through, their names are checked on a list. At the exit door are two of the tellers, one representing the government and the other the opposition, who count the members as they leave the

lobby. When the counting is finished the four tellers range themselves in a row in front of the table, and after they have bowed to the Speaker, the principal teller for the majority announces in a loud voice: "Ayes to the right, 298; noes to the left, 240." The tellers again bow and return to their seats, and the Speaker announces the vote and adds: "The ayes have it."

The rules of the House of Commons do not permit of irrelevancy in debate, and the rule is rigidly enforced. When the naval estimates are under consideration members must confine their speeches to the discussion of those estimates and the policy involved, and they cannot, as they do in Congress, offer a formal amendment and use it as a peg on which to hang a speech on tariff, the Philippines, or any other subject which is not relevant to the navy strictly construed. This

rigid adherence to the subject matter has its effect on the styles of oratory of the two bodies. In Washington one goes to the Capitol to listen to oratory and is disappointed if he doesn't hear it. The speeches of men with a reputation for eloquence are announced days in advance in the local papers just as is the lecture of a renowned platform speaker, and on the appointed day the galleries are crowded with people, as in the old days they went to lyceums or theaters to hear Beecher or Ingersoll. I have spent a good many hours in Parliament, but I have never heard a speech that in any way corresponded to the set speeches of senators and representatives; I mean the speech in which "Rome steeped in her corruption" fell, with the moral that the American republic was tottering because there is a duty on eggs. The English parliamentary speech, even when it is made by a front bench man who has full confidence in his powers and knows that the House will listen to him, is essentially the speech of a business man or a lawyer who feels that the jury is too hard-headed and too cynical to indulge in the luxury of emotions; too unimaginative to be blinded by rhetorical color; and that only the facts and the evidence, presented in the most lucid and direct manner, will make it render a verdict in his favor.

Last summer I heard Mr. Haldane, the Secretary for War, explain his army scheme to the House in his three hours' speech, which the reader will remember from the previous article was regarded by the London press as a remarkable *tour de force*. Mr. Haldane is one of the leaders of the British bar, and his manner of speaking in the House differed scarcely in a perceptible degree from an argument I have heard him make in the law courts. His sentences were short, crisp, and terse; the manner of a lawyer. His speech was almost as full of figures as the budget speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He dealt with money and men; of the money to be saved by the reduction of certain regiments and the increased efficiency that would follow, and here was the opportunity to talk about the valor of British troops, beginning with the cloth yard shafts at Agincourt and ending with the Tugela, which I venture to believe no American Congressman could have resisted. But Mr. Haldane knew his audience too well. He marshaled his facts as he would his evidence, but metaphors and tropes and similes, his-

torical references, poetical illusions, and imaginative color, one may search for there as fruitlessly as in a text-book on contracts.

This army scheme of Mr. Haldane's is one of the most striking illustrations of the enormous power of the government and the negligible power of Parliament. Without attempting to give details, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Haldane announced to the House that he proposed to reduce the army by 20,000 men, to disband certain regiments and make other changes, by which a very large sum of money could be saved to the taxpayer and the efficiency of the army would be greatly increased. The merits of the scheme are not material, but one can see that it is somewhat startling for a war minister to reduce the strength of the army without specific authority from Parliament. Mr. Haldane laid his plan before the House, which was permitted to discuss it for three hours, and that was the end of the matter. The discussion, so far as the House was concerned, was purely academic, as there was no opportunity given for a vote and no means whereby the House could register its disapproval except by speeches. ~~Even if~~ the measure had been so shaped that it required a vote of the House of Commons it would have been sustained, because, as I have already explained, had the House rejected it the cabinet would have at once resigned. Compare Mr. Haldane's power with that of the President, or Secretary Taft, or Speaker Cannon backed by his majority, and it will be seen how unhampered is the majority party in England in executing its policy.

There are five different forms of address used by members in speaking when referring to other members. A plain mister is an "honorable member"; a privy councilor is "the right honorable member"; a naval or military man is gallant as well as honorable; a lawyer is "learned and honorable"; and the younger son of a peer, who bears a courtesy title but is a commoner, is "the noble lord." It is bad form not to use the precise mode of address, which is frequently embarrassing for the new member. A former leader of the House, popularly supposed to have been the original of Gilbert's "Ruler of the Queen's Navee," Mr. W. H. Smith, who made a fortune selling books and newspapers and was a very simple and delightful old gentleman, was once addressed as "the right honorable and learned." "Oh, no, not learned," he modestly interrupted.



THE CHAPEL IN THE CRYPT, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

One of the most interesting times for a stranger to be in the House is after the conclusion of routine business, when, for the hour following, the ministers or their under secretaries are kept busy replying to questions. That is at least one privilege of which the private member has not been robbed. The question is reduced to writing and handed to the clerk at the table, and the following day it is printed on the white paper with which every member is supplied. On one day when I was in the House last summer there were 104 questions on the paper affecting almost every branch of the government. The Natal uprising had been used by the opposition to hackle the government, and on the notice paper appears this question:

"No. 16. Mr. Bottomly—To ask the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies whether his Majesty's government will consider the propriety of making a friendly representation to the Natal military authorities in favor of substituting photography for decapitation as a means of identification in the field."

Ministers may not ignore a question or refuse to furnish the information required unless they are unable to do so or they frankly tell the House that any discussion of the sub-

ject at that time would be contrary to the public interests. The replies to be made by the ministers have been carefully prepared for them by their departmental chiefs, and as the number of the question is called by the Speaker the member rises and repeats the number and the minister to whom it is directed reads the answer. Sometimes the reply may lead to a further question, which the minister may answer at the moment if he has the information readily available; but in case he wants time for reflection or research he asks for notice, and the matter remains in abeyance until the question duly appears on the paper. Question time often enables the House to bait a minister or permits him to show the not overexalted opinion he holds of those pestiferous persons who sit on the opposite benches. A minister must treat a question with respect, but he may select his own words and give his voice that particular inflection which is most exasperating to the person whom he addresses. Argument or discussion of a question is contrary to the rules of the House. The member must strictly confine himself to eliciting information, and the reply of the minister, to use a legal term, must be responsive and not argumentative. But a witty or pointed reply is

sometimes as good as an argument. Last summer in honor of Mr. Chamberlain's seventieth birthday his Birmingham constituents held a great celebration which wound up with a torchlight procession. Judge then the amusement of Mr. Chamberlain's political rivals when the reporter of a free-trade paper discovered that the torches used in honor of the great protagonist of protection were made in Germany, to guard against whose pauper labor is one of the principal objects of the English protectionists. One of the Irish members asked the 'president of the Board of Trade if his attention had been directed to the matter, and whether the law had not been violated as the torches were not marked "Made in Germany." The president of the Board of Trade said he had no official information on the subject, but "I should be glad to think that the followers and admirers of the right honorable gentleman the member from West Birmingham appreciated for at least one evening the advantages of free trade. I have great doubt if there was any contravention of the Merchandise Marks Act. In any case action would be difficult now, as I understand that the last particle of evidence as to the nationality of the torches imported was consumed in the course of the festivities."

If you had read your London paper the next morning you would have seen in brackets following the quotation, "Ministerial laughter." The English newspapers always make a point of carefully noting these interruptions. "Ironical opposition cheers," "Ministerial cheers," and other similar parenthetical explanations are freely scattered through the parliamentary report; and although frequent reference is made to cheers, the House never cheers as the word is understood in America or as Englishmen use it everywhere else except as applied to Parliament. A House of Commons "cheer" is but a short and guttural "Hear, hear! Hear, hear!" and the "ironical cheers" consist in members saying "Oh, oh!"

In Congress, in the House or Senate, any member can introduce a bill without formality; in the House a member merely drops the bill in the box, and it then automatically goes to the appropriate committee; in the Senate the bill can be presented at any time in open session. In the House of Commons the procedure is more elaborate. No bill can be introduced, not even by the government, unless the House has by motion given its per-

mission or a member has given notice of his intention to bring in a bill, but the introduction of a bill may be, and sometimes is, opposed. No "money bill" (that is, a bill imposing a charge upon the public revenues or on the people or making any appropriation of money) can be introduced unless it has been authorized by a committee of the whole House, and then only by a minister. The scope therefore permitted the private member in the introduction of bills is very limited, and the opportunity afforded him to enact his bill into law is even more circumscribed. In fact, it is only by the veriest chance that a private member's bill becomes a law. Government business has precedence, and it is only twice a week, before Easter, and after that once, that the private member can be heard. The first reading of a bill in the House of Commons is formal, but it is on the second reading that the debate takes place; and when a member introduces a bill he gives notice of the day when he will ask to have the bill read the second time. On the first two days of a session a member who proposes to introduce a bill enters his name on a list, once only, and on the third day the names are drawn. The members whose names are drawn may in their order select the day on which they will have their bills read for the second time. Those members who have drawn blanks are not precluded from introducing bills, but they must take their chance; and it is seldom that a chance presents itself, as the time is so fully occupied. In that case he may be able to get a friend to introduce the bill for him, and the bill does not bear the name of a single member, as it does in Congress, but is inscribed with the names of the members, not exceeding twelve, by whom it is to be supported.

It is very rarely that a private member's bill becomes a law. If a private member's bill has the approval of the country the government will come to its support or agree to introduce a bill to deal with the question, and then the bill is safe, as the government controls the business of the House and can secure time for the consideration of its measures. The English system is hard on the private member, but it has its advantages. Thousands of ridiculous bills are not introduced at every session as they are at Washington simply for effect, and time is not wasted in considering bills which everyone knows are not introduced with the serious intention to enact them into laws.

THE RIDDLE OF PERSONALITY

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

III. PIONEERS OF FRANCE IN A NEW WORLD



FRANCE may well be called the cradle of the scientific study of personality. It was there that Mesmer first drew popular attention to the phenomena of hypnotism, and thus raised

doubts as to the correctness of the habitual view of the nature of the self; it was there that Bertrand discerned the great fact of suggestion underlying and animating all hypnotic manifestations; and if, with the researches of Esdaile, Elliotson, and Braid, England for the time assumed leadership in this field of research, France since Braid's day has regained and continues to hold premier place. It is unquestionably true that, from the theoretical and philosophical standpoint, England is to-day in a unique position, thanks to the labors of Sidgwick, Myers, Gurney, and their associates in the Society for Psychical Research. But in respect to practicality, to the application of the new knowledge to purposes immediately beneficial to mankind, there is no country that has achieved as much as France. Since, therefore, any survey of the subject would be incomplete without making clear the concrete as well as abstract

gains effected, it is not only desirable but necessary to review the work of those who may with peculiar fitness be termed pioneers of France in a new world.

A Frenchman, indeed, was the legitimate inheritor of the mantle of Braid. This was Dr. A. A. Liébeault, now famous the world over as the founder of psychotherapeutics, or the science of healing by suggestion. Liébeault, who was born in 1823, began to study

mesmerism in a desultory way as early as 1848. But it was not until 1860, the year of Braid's death, that he undertook systematic research with a view to ascertaining its efficacy as an adjunct to medicine. A poverty-stricken country doctor, always hard pressed to earn a livelihood, he did not hesitate to make great sacrifices to attain his object. To his thriftily inclined peasant clientèle he announced: "If you wish to be treated by drugs as of old, I will so treat you, but you will have to pay my fees; if, however, you allow me to treat you by mesmerism, I will do so free



JEAN MARCOT CHARCOT

of charge." In this way he secured many patients suffering from the most varied ailments, and the cures he effected brought him fame throughout the countryside. Soon he removed to the town of Nancy, where he



F. W. H. MYERS

based his practice entirely on mesmerism—or hypnotism, to use the term then being generally adopted—and devoted himself to the relief of the afflicted poor. In his view, as in that of the "school" of which he later became the head, the induction of hypnosis and all the phenomena of hypnotism are due to nothing but suggestion, and the hypnotic trance itself is of the nature of sleep. These opinions he set forth in a book which he published in 1866, but which attracted so little attention that, it is said, only one copy was sold. The time was not yet ripe for wide acceptance of the marvels of hypnotism, and if the peasantry, rid of their ills, blessed him as "the good father Liébeault," his medical colleagues deemed him a fanatic if not a madman.

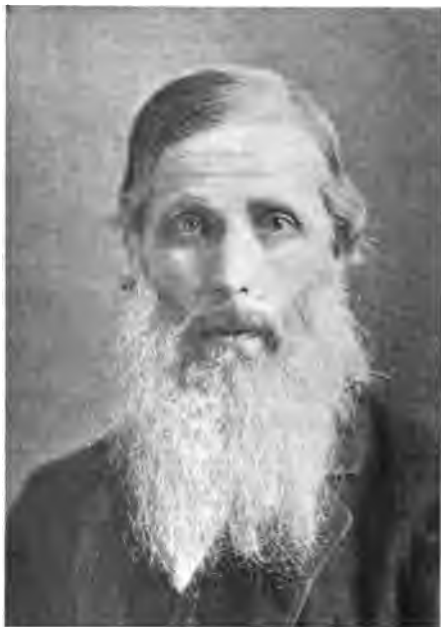
In fact, general appreciation of the services Liébeault was rendering did not come until 1882, when a case of sciatica of six years' standing was reported as cured by him. It happened that the patient had been treated by the celebrated Dr. Bernheim of the College of Nancy, and the latter, desirous of meeting the man who had succeeded where he had failed, paid a visit to Liébeault's clinic. He came as a skeptic, but what he saw shook his skepticism to its foundations. A small outer room was crowded with patients, victims of all manner of maladies, but singularly hopeful and cheerful, chatting together with

a vivacity unknown in the mournful waiting room of the orthodox physician. In an inner chamber Liébeault, of unimposing presence but of a countenance that radiated kindness and strength, hypnotized each in turn and with wonderful rapidity. It was seldom that more than ten minutes elapsed between the entry and departure of a patient. "Sit down, think of nothing, absolutely nothing. Look at me. There, you are going to sleep already, your eyes are heavy, you cannot open them. No, there is no use of trying. My voice seems distant to you. You are asleep, asleep, asleep. Sleep then, my friend." Thus, with variations, ran his formula. Sometimes he had but to pronounce the word "Sleep!" and the patient was entranced. Then would follow curative suggestions, impressing upon the sleeper's mind the fact that the painful symptoms would be ameliorated and finally disappear, that he would be free from insomnia, enjoy good digestion, et cetera.

"But do you mean," cried Bernheim, as he watched the patients come and go, "do you mean that by telling these people that they will regain health they actually regain it?"

"Not always, but often."

"How, then, do you do it?"



HENRY SIDGWICK

"As yet I do not know. Come and help me learn."

And Bernheim came, not once but many times; in the end to associate himself with Liébeault's labors, and to bring as coworkers two other scientists of wide reputation, Dr. Liégeois and Professor Beaunis, the first to study hypnotism in its legal aspects, the second to explore it from the physiological standpoint. Now Liébeault's reputation advanced by leaps and bounds, became national, even international; now the first edition of his long-neglected book was speedily exhausted; and now savants of all countries turned their steps to Nancy.

Meanwhile another Frenchman, Dr. Charcot, had been working vigorously in the effort to arouse the scientific as well as the general public to the importance of hypnotism. Charcot, however, was handicapped from the outset by theories which from their very nature tended to retard his progress. Unlike Liébeault he affirmed that hypnosis was essentially a pathological condition akin to hysteria, and unlike Liébeault again he confined his experiments to one class of subjects, hysterical patients, and principally to the patients in the Salpêtrière, the great Parisian asylum with which he was connected. "There were two reasons for this," he once explained, "first, because the practice of hypnotization is by no means free from danger to whoever may be subjected to it; and, secondly, because not infrequently we see hysterical symptoms manifest themselves at the first attempt of this kind, which may thus be the occasional cause of this neurosis. One avoids this danger, and consequently a heavy responsibility, by operating, as I have ever done, only upon subjects that are manifestly hysterical. The second reason why I have always preferred to act in this way . . . is that hysterical subjects are as a rule much more sensitive than persons reputed to be in sound health."

Charcot stoutly denied that suggestion played any important rôle in hypnotism, and he employed purely physical means to induce the hypnotic state. Sometimes he would follow the Braidian method of having the patient gaze steadily at a small bright object; sometimes he would substitute for protracted gazing suddenness and intensity of impression by unexpectedly exposing before the patient's eyes a powerful electric or magnesium light, or by clanging a gong. "The instrument being struck, the patient not expecting it, she

is seen to become suddenly motionless, as though frozen where she stands, fixed in the gesture she may have been making when the gong was sounded." But this last method not infrequently brought on attacks of hysteria instead of the hypnotic trance, and even Charcot admitted that it was "a rather brutal expedient." For our present purpose it is not necessary to inquire into the merits of the controversy provoked by his theories and methods, and still in progress. Our chief concern is with results, and however much the Salpêtrière school of hypnotism may be in error, its founder and his disciples, notably Pierre Janet and Alfred Binet, have in no small measure advanced our knowledge of the true nature of man. This, though, must be said, that had not Bernheim, Beaunis, and Liégeois associated themselves with Liébeault when they did, hypnotism must have languished longer in disrepute, for Charcot was far from persuading the scientific world of its rationality.

From the standpoint of personality the researches of both schools have been significant in two important ways—first, in proving the complexity and divisibility of the self, and, second, in focusing attention on the possibility of manipulating this complexity and divisibility to repair the ravages of disease in the bodily organism, as also to provide the individual with means of better adjusting himself, morally and intellectually, to his environment. Almost from the first the French investigators were forced to recognize the fact that under the hypnotic influence personality is subject to strange alterations. Indeed, even before they began to gain any insight into the mechanism of these alterations, there was suggested to them, by the peculiar case of Félicité X., the hypothesis that every human being is born with at least the germ of a secondary personality latent within him. The reported details of this case may be outlined as follows:

Félicité was a native of Bordeaux, the daughter of a sea captain, and until her thirteenth year seemed like any normal child. Then, however, she manifested tendencies to hysteria, and a little later fell periodically and quite spontaneously into a trancelike condition, out of which she would emerge the possessor of characteristics radically different from those of her normal self. Oddly enough, the secondary Félicité was a conspicuous improvement over the primary Félicité, who was of a melancholy, fretful, and

taciturn disposition, whereas the trances left her buoyant, vivacious, and social. What was still more striking, when in the secondary state she had a clear memory for all the events of both states, but when her normal self, knew nothing of the happenings of the secondary condition. Before she was fifteen the alterations of personality occurred so often that her parents called in a physician, Dr. Azam, of Bordeaux, who has left a graphic account of her mysterious history. Every means was tried in vain to check the recurrence of her "crises," but, happily, her malady ultimately worked its own cure. Little by little the secondary state gained command over the primary, until the latter finally appeared only at rare intervals, and the patient thus became a new woman in the strictest sense of the term. In no way did she suffer inconvenience save when lapsing into her primary self, for each such lapse meant a loss of memory for the occurrences of a now lengthy period. "She then," we are told, "knew nothing of the dog that played at her feet, or of the acquaintance of yesterday. She knew nothing of her household arrangements, her business undertakings, her social duties." Making a virtue of necessity, Félicité accustomed herself, whenever she felt the premonitory symptoms of an attack, to write letters to her other self, giving full directions as to the conduct of her domestic and social affairs, and in this way she was enabled to bridge the gap in memory to some extent. It was in 1858 that Dr. Azam first studied her, and when he last reported on her case, in 1887, she was married, was the happy mother of a family, and was constantly in the secondary state excepting for lapses of but a few hours' duration occurring only six or seven times a year.

Once scientific experimentation with hysterical subjects began in earnest, it was seen that Félicité's, while an exceptional, was by no means an isolated case. From Paris, from Havre, from La Rochelle, from other parts of France, came reports of instances of alternate and even multiple personality. It would be tedious to recite the details of these cases, accounts of which are accessible in numerous publications. But something must be said of at least one, remarkable both for its phenomena and the care with which it has been reported. Of the subject, the peasant wife of a charcoal burner, F. W. H. Myers could at one time justly write: "There is perhaps no one in France whose personal history is watched with so keen an interest

by such a group of scientific men." In her normal state Madame B. was a timid, dull, uneducated woman. When hypnotized she at once became bright, vivacious, quick-witted, even mischievous, and when cast into a still deeper state of hypnosis a third personality emerged, a personality with characteristics superior to those of both the others and regarding both with considerable disfavor. To these personalities Professor Janet, who has observed the case more closely than any other investigator, gave the names of, respectively, Léonie, Léontine, and Léonore. Léonie, it seems, knew nothing of the thoughts and actions of Léontine and Léonore; Léontine had knowledge of Léonie but none of Léonore; and Léonore was cognizant of all that occurred in the Léonie and Léontine states. Thus there existed in the single individual three distinct personalities of which the normal, work-a-day self was the least gifted. How sharp the line of demarcation was, may clearly be seen from an incident reported by Professor Janet in the *Revue Philosophique* for March, 1888, and illustrating at once the cleavage between the several selves and the possibility of one of the latent selves appearing spontaneously, that is to say without the aid of hypnosis.

"She had left Havre more than two months," writes M. Janet, "when I received from her a very curious letter. On the first page was a short note, written in a serious and respectful style. She was unwell, she said, worse on some days than on others, and she signed her true name, Madame B. But over the page began another letter in a quite different style, and which I may quote as a curiosity. 'My dear good sir, I must tell you that B. really, really makes me suffer very much; she cannot sleep, she spits blood, she hurts me. I am going to demolish her; she bores me. I am ill also. This is from your devoted Léontine.' When Madame B. returned to Havre I naturally questioned her about this singular missive. She remembered the *first* letter very distinctly, but had not the slightest recollection of the *second*. I at first thought that there must have been an attack of spontaneous somnambulism between the moment when she finished the first letter and the moment when she closed the envelope. . . . But afterwards these unconscious, spontaneous letters became common, and I was better able to study their mode of production. I was fortunately able to watch Madame B. on one occasion while she went

through this curious performance. She was seated at a table, and held in her left hand the piece of knitting at which she had been working. Her face was calm, her eyes looked into space with a certain fixity, but she was not cataleptic for she was humming a rustic air; her right hand wrote quickly and, as it were, surreptitiously. I removed the paper without her noticing me and then spoke to her; she turned round, wide awake, but surprised to see me, for in her state of distraction she had not noticed my approach. Of the letter which she was writing she knew nothing whatever."

The phenomenon of automatic writing, or rather the principle of "distraction" underlying it, will require attention later and particularly when we come to consider the work of Dr. Boris Sidis, a young psychopathologist, American by adoption. For the present let us continue our survey of the evidence emphasizing the instability and divisibility of personality. Investigators reported not only that the hypnotized subject would assume, with almost preternatural dramatic fidelity, any rôle suggested to him by the operator, but that with the aid of hypnotism a subject might be carried back to any previous period of his life, losing all memory of events subsequent to that period but regaining in most exact detail the early memories long forgotten by the waking self. Here, it was at once suggested, was a therapeutic hint of first-rate importance, for thus the physician might be able to learn both the cause and the nature of some obscure malady baffling his best powers of diagnosis. It was also stated that, although the waking self is seemingly not cognizant of the events of the hypnotic state, any command given in the hypnotic state will infallibly—unless it be a command repugnant to the moral sense of the subject—be obeyed, even in the waking state, no matter what the lapse in time between the moment of giving the command and the moment set for its performance. Thus, A hypnotizes B and orders him to go to the public library, exactly a week later, and call for a certain volume of poetry. B is then awakened. Next week, to the hour, impelled by some uncontrollable impulse, he obeys A's command.

Here, however, we are brought face to face with a fact fully demonstrated in the opening years of Nancy and Salpêtrière experimentation, but too often overlooked in recent discussion of the nature of personality. The

very persistence of a subconscious memory for posthypnotic suggestions such as that just described, bears out F. W. H. Myers's theory that personality is at once extremely complex and profoundly unitary. Indeed, it has been definitely shown that the waking self is not so oblivious to conditions imposed during hypnosis as circumstances would indicate. Liébeault, Bernheim, Liégeois, Binet proved this by experiments in the hypnotic production of so-called negative hallucinations. For instance, according to the reports of one experiment, Elise B., eighteen years old, a servant girl of a shy, modest disposition, was hypnotized and told that upon awakening she would see everyone in the room with the single exception of the operator. When she was aroused the latter did all in his power to attract her attention—even to making unpleasant remarks concerning her and rudely handling her person—but she placidly conversed with those about her and gave no sign of being aware of his presence. He then requested a colleague to rehypnotize her and to suggest that she would now see him. Reawakened, she at once replied to his salutation, but persisted in denying that he had been in the room during the preceding interval. But when, placing his hand on her forehead, he commanded, "You remember everything, absolutely everything. Speak out! What did I say to you?" she blushed deeply and, although with reluctance, rehearsed all that had taken place, insisting meanwhile that she "must have dreamed it."

Thus we find the hypnotists of France, like the psychical researchers of England, seeking the way to wiser conceptions of the self; and, as was said above, we also find them turning the new knowledge to practical account in the betterment of the individual and the race. This is particularly true of the Nancy school, which from Liébeault's time has recognized the influence of suggestion on the bodily organism and has steadfastly employed hypnotism for therapeutic rather than experimental purposes. Of course, at the outset of their labors the representatives of this school did not possess the information since gained of the subtle interactions between the physical and the psychical in the human body; but they believed clearly that in some mysterious way suggestions made to a hypnotized patient set in motion forces mighty to heal and upbuild. Undeniably, their enthusiasm led them to indulge in extravagant hopes and to much futile effort. Neverthe-

less, the experience of years promises, I think, an ever-widening sphere of usefulness for therapeutic hypnotism. Among the first allegations was the claim that hypnotic suggestion radically affects the power of digestion, nutrition, circulation, and the like; also that it could be utilized to strengthen the intellect and the will and thus be made to serve educational and morally corrective ends. Liébeault, according to his report, took in hand a group of weak-minded children and by hypnotism alone expanded their intelligence to a really marvelous extent. One boy who was actually an idiot and deemed incapable of learning to read or write, he claimed to have so stimulated that in less than three months he had mastered the alphabet and could make simple arithmetical calculations. In the checking of bad habits in children, conspicuous success was reported, more particularly by Dr. Bérillon, who was perhaps the first systematically to apply the hypnotic method to education. Similarly, according to numerous reports, adults were cured of alcoholism, the morphine habit, excessive smoking, and kindred vices.

With the passage of time, too, it was realized that if, from the therapeutic standpoint, hypnotism were unavailing in the treatment of most physical ills, it might be utilized to alleviate the pain accompanying such ills, and in some cases to effect cures indirectly; possessing probable curative value in connection with all maladies having a psychical basis, unless these maladies had progressed from the functional to the organic stage. Just what this means to mankind may best be shown by citing illustrative cases, some taken from the earlier and some from recent reports of French hypnotic practice. Mention has been made of Liébeault's sciatica cure which was the means of interesting Bernheim in hypnotism. Here, as in similar cures of neuralgia, rheumatism, inflammation, et cetera, the important element in effecting the cure was probably the removal of pain by hypnotic suggestion. For this reason, moreover, the use of hypnotism was recommended to lessen the sufferings of those attacked by painful incurable diseases, such as cancer; and by some it was even claimed that a painless death might be assured by impressing upon the dying the suggestion that they should feel no pain. In this connection it is interesting to recall a remarkable case thus reported by F. W. H. Myers:

"From the age of thirteen the patient,

Marceline R., had been subject to a miserable series of hysterical troubles—chorea, crises, anæsthesia, et cetera. In January, 1886, the hysterical tendency took its most serious form—of insuperable vomiting, which became so bad that the very sight of a spoonful of soup produced distressing spasms. Artificial means of feeding were tried, with diminishing success, and in June, 1887, she was paralytic and so emaciated that (in spite of the rarity of deaths from any form of hysteria) her death from exhaustion appeared imminent.

"M. Janet [Jules Janet, the brother of Prof. Pierre Janet] was then asked to hypnotize her. Almost at once he succeeded in inducing a somnambulant state in which she could eat readily and digest well. Her weight increased rapidly, and there was no longer any anxiety as to a fatal result. But the grave inconvenience remained that she could eat only when hypnotized. M. Janet tried to overcome this difficulty; for a time he succeeded; and she left the hospital for a few months. She soon, however, returned in her old state of starvation. M. Janet now changed his tactics. Instead of trying to enable her to eat in her first or so-called normal state, he resolved to try to enable her to live comfortably in her secondary state. In this he gradually succeeded, and sent her out in October, 1888, established in her new personality. . . . When he took me to see her . . . she had been in the hypnotic state continuously for three months and ten days, during which time she had successfully passed a written examination for the office of hospital nurse, which she had failed to pass in her normal state."

According to this report, hypnotism benefited the subject both physically and mentally. Unquestionably, of course, mental malady lay at the root of Marceline's affliction, and it is precisely in the treatment of such disorders, if in any, that hypnotism should be most successful. Frequently, as recent research is making very evident, physical ills are but the outward manifestation of some deep-seated psychical disturbance, and whenever this is the case, the hypnotist would advocate his methods of treatment. To illustrate: There was once brought to Pierre Janet a young woman suffering from periodical and prolonged attacks of hysteria, violent headaches, and total loss of the sense of contact and of the sense of pain. She could not walk, she felt no injury however severe. By hypnotism alone

this unfortunate was restored to her family in complete health, her hysteria and her headaches gone, her sensibility normal.

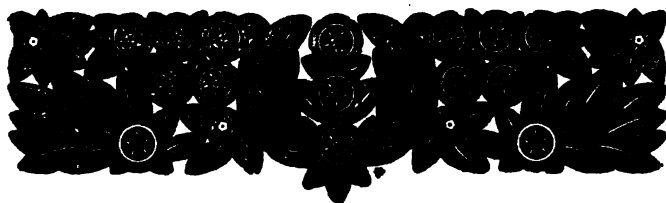
As in the cure of hysteria, so should hypnotism find a wide field of usefulness in the removal of hallucinations and those phobias, or irrational fears, which so often end in the commitment of the victim to an asylum, or in his despairing death by suicide. Few people are aware of the extent and variety of this form of mental disease. There is, in truth, no predicting the strange obsessions that may invade the human mind, haunting it with vampirelike insistence. One man, terrified by he knows not what, may find himself unable to cross an open space; another be afraid to venture outdoors alone; another to sit in a room with closed doors; another may feel that everyone he meets is eying and criticising him; another asserts that he is made of glass and must exercise the greatest care to prevent himself being smashed to fragments. Such fears would be ludicrous were they not so tragic. Particularly pathetic is a case that came to Professor Janet's notice some years ago. Madame P., a dyspeptic, had been put on a diet of toast and water, and, rebelling, was wont to indulge in secret in coffee and rolls. These she found did her little harm, and gradually the habit grew upon her until finally she passed her entire time wandering from one Parisian restaurant to another, drinking from twenty to thirty cups of coffee a day and consuming incredible quantities of rolls. At night, if she chanced to wake and could find no coffee and rolls in the house, she would pace her room in feverish anxiety until the restaurants opened in the morning. Somewhat similar is a case reported a few months ago by the same authority:

"Here is a young woman, Que, twenty-six years of age; in coming to see us she brings with her a large bag, and her pockets are filled to overflowing. What is she bringing with her in coming to us for a consultation? It is simply provisions for the journey. She has in her bag and in her pockets several pieces

of bread, a few slices of ham, some chocolate tablets, and some sugar. One would say that she was going to cross a desert, when it is simply a question of crossing a few streets. The provisions are indispensable to her, for, especially in the open air and in squares, it is absolutely necessary that she should take something to strengthen her. At the end of several steps she feels dazed, becomes dizzy, chokes, and is covered with cold sweats. The danger would be great if she did not know the remedy. All she needs is to strengthen herself. She eats a piece of ham, puts a piece of sugar in her mouth, and is thus able to take a few more steps. But very soon it all begins again, and it is only with the aid of rolls and chocolates that she is able to cross a square. One can, therefore, understand her miserable plight when her provisions run short. She is obliged at all costs, with unheard-of efforts, to cross the desert to reach an oasis—that is, a bakery. During this terrible journey she gets along as best she can. What do unfortunate travelers not eat? She may pick up a raw potato, capture an onion, or a few green leaves; this hardly sustains her, but gives her enough strength to reach a bakery. In general, she prefers to remain at home; that is less dangerous, and so she does nothing else but prepare and eat food all day long."*

For such unfortunates there is little hope unless they place themselves under the care of a skilled savant accustomed to explore the vagaries of the mind and able to touch the hidden springs of thought and feeling and action. Then and only then will the evil spirits of obsession be exorcised, and the stricken mind find itself once more in harmony with its environment. Whence the secret of the cure? As yet none can say with certitude. But let us now observe the solutions of the mystery, suggested by various investigators in the realm of psychical research.

* *The Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, Vol. I, No. 1, p. 3.



TWO SOCIAL PARIAHS

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE



STRIP of canvas lashed from a beam to the wall in a big bare dormitory is the accommodation offered for seven cents in the big bunk house in Blind Alley near Chatham Square. Three hundred men lodge there nightly. It is the bottom rung of the social ladder. Men who slip through at this point land in the Potter's Field or in the penitentiary. It is a good place in which to get lost. It is a place for men with pasts and for those who have lost their way in the jungle of the underworld, and are not likely to find it again.

I was the missionary and sat with a group in a corner of the lounging room one winter's night many years ago. In the group were two soldiers who had fought in Egypt, India, and China. There was a disbarred lawyer, an unfrocked minister, an ex-member of Parliament, and several hobos who were born that way. The ex-lawyer at this time was a panhandler, with pencils and shoe laces as a side line. He had a cracked celluloid collar with a string tie that had been white. His clothes were threadbare and shiny. He had three weeks' growth of beard and mustache, and his hair looked as if it had not been combed in years. He was a fine conversationalist and we always enjoyed his viewpoint in the settlement of world affairs, in that corner of the bunk house. An extra glass of beer had unlimbered him somewhat on this occasion and he told a story:

It happened in one of our northern counties of Connecticut, one of those primitive, backward places where religion is popular and morality at low ebb. Jim Farren was six feet two inches tall. He was well built, broad-shouldered, with fine head and a handsome face. Whether well dressed or in rags, he was remarkably fine in his personal ap-

pearance. But he was a degenerate. The community said so, and the community knew. Jim got the name of being a desperado and lived up to his reputation.

"Hey, Jim," said a tough, by the stove in the grocery one morning as he was making a purchase, "Ah heerd ol' Barnes pay his respec's t' ye th' other day!"

"So? What'd th' ol' skin got t' say?"

"Said ye was a cross between Judas Iscariot an' Jesse James."

"He did, eh? Waal, I'll git square."

A few days later "ol' Barnes" found two of his best cows dead and mutilated in the pasture.

Farmer Davis at the four corners, a mile from the village center, imported a bulldog, after losing some chickens, and one day he set the dog on Jim and watched the result through a crack in the barn door. It cost Jim a pair of trousers and the farmer a dog. A year after the farmer's death the community was shocked when the Davis mound was scattered and the headstone smashed.

A man who cast some aspersions on Jim's mother had his barns burned to the ground. Happenings like this struck fear into the hearts of men and there wasn't a man in the community brave enough to have him arrested. The march of crime continued. A man's house was splashed with kerosene and set on fire while the family slept; the church had been broken into and desecrated; whole crops of hay had been wantonly fired; and in time Jim Farren's name became a synonym for brutal lawlessness throughout the county.

One winter's morning a farmer made the discovery that six of his fine shoats had been killed and taken away in the night. It was a very awkward piece of work and the blood stains were easily traced over the snow-covered road to the home of Farren.

This was the last straw. The sheriff was called. He organized a posse of desperate

men and dispatched them on a desperate mission. Each man took his life in his hands. They played a strategic game, and, getting Jim separated from his arsenal, pounced upon him. He fought like a lion, but was overpowered, heavily chained, and landed in the county jail. A day was set for the trial, and the community breathed easier.

The jury was composed of men who were moved by a common motive, beset by a common fear. The judge was a man of stern timber, cold, pitiless, scrupulous. "He could sweat ice water in August," was what one farmer gleefully said of him. The district attorney was one of the best criminal lawyers in the State, and a terror to the tough. The judge assigned several lawyers one after another to defend the accused, and one after another they respectfully declined. Finally at the end of the list came a young man whose declination the bench refused to accept.

"I refuse to accept your declination," the judge said, "and I appoint you the attorney for the defense." Sullenly and in silence was the charge accepted.

On the day of the trial, the court room, which was also townhall and opera house, was crowded. The farmers had taken a day off. It looked like a fair. Quite a sprinkling of women were drawn to the scene.

T—— County had never known such crime nor such a criminal. Jim Farren hadn't a friend in the county—nor in the world. The New York and Hartford papers sent reporters and artists to report and illustrate the case. People gazed at the artists' sketches of the prisoner and saw pictured there the baser element of themselves.

"What is your name?" was asked the first witness.

"Jabez Hemingway."

"You saw Farren the night the shoats were stolen?"

"I did."

"Describe how."

"Waal—I was in m' nightgown an' about t' turn in. I heerd sounds down the road. It was a fine moonlight night an' I cud see a long ways. I saw th' white horse an' a buck-board comin' an' I knew it was Farren."

"What did you do?"

"I tuk down m' gun."

"What else?"

"I sat down by th' window wi' th' gun on m' knee."

"Did you open the window?"

"I did."

"It was a cold night, wasn't it?"

"Y-e-s—but ye don't think of th' weather when Farren's around."

"What happened?"

"He drove past my house—I watched him away up the road, then I went to bed."

"I traced the blood stains to his door," said the sheriff, "and found the shoats salted down in a barrel."

Men described how cattle had been mutilated and farm products stolen. Others told of fires and wanton destruction of property.

"Are you not going to cross-examine these witnesses?" the judge asked the attorney for the defense.

"No, your Honor."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't help the defense."

The judge was evidently of a different opinion. The witnesses were presuming heavily on the silence of the defense. They were overanxious to tell all they knew, and all everybody else knew. They not only testified on the six specified counts but on sixty counts that were unspecified. When the last man in the procession had left the witness box, the district attorney opened the summing up for the State. When he sat down he looked over toward the attorney for the defense and tried in vain to attract his attention.

"The attorney for the defense will reply," the judge said snappishly.

"No, your Honor," was the answer.

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't help the defense."

His elbows were on the table in front of him, his chin rested in his hands, and he gazed abstractedly at the prisoner in the dock. The district attorney arose. There was a look of triumph on his face.

"Your Honor," he said, "it did not surprise me when my young friend, the attorney for the defense, refused to cross-examine witnesses, nor did I expect him to take any part in the summing up. Gentlemen of the jury," he continued, "there is no defense in this case. Jim Farren has been the scourge of this community for a number of years. Men good and bad have shunned him as they would a leper. He is a scoundrel who stops at no meanness. Jabez Hemingway taking down his gun and deliberately covering Farren from the moment he hove in sight until he disappeared over the hill, is a picture—an epitomized conscience of this terrorized community. So immune has he been hitherto that the telltale blood on the spotless snow

never bothered him in the least. Men had feared, dreaded him, and he presumed on their fear and their cowardice. It but spurred him to greater depths of infamy.

"Gentlemen of the jury, he is a ghou! who follows his victims to the grave and disturbs the mound beneath which they rest, and wreaks his vengeance on the stones bearing their names. Nay more, he enters the house of God and desecrates the sacred altar. He defies law, virtue, religion, men, angels, and God. You know him, gentlemen, and your minds are made up, your verdict all but rendered."

The words were impassioned and stinging with vehemence. All eyes were turned toward the accused. He was watching his attorney, but his attorney had nothing to say.

The judge delivered his charge. It was simple and brief. Evidence had covered all the counts. There was no defense—their duty was plain. They would return a verdict in accordance with the evidence.

The jury retired and ten minutes later filed again into court, with a verdict of "Guilty on all the counts."

"Now, your Honor," the district attorney said, "I ask that the accused be given the full penalty of the law. Jim Farren is a menace to this town and to this county. In some parts of the country they would shoot this man like a dog or string him to a lamp-post. Personally, I feel that for a desperado of this type and for such crime as we've listened to here to-day this man should forfeit his life. Our laws and customs in Connecticut, however, will not permit us to dispose of him in that way.

"He is now twenty-eight years of age; the maximum penalty of thirty years on the six counts will rid the world of him until he is fifty-eight. It will relieve this community of a pest, a social pariah, a vulgar incendiary, an insensate brute, and a vagabond who is rotten to the very core."

The prosecutor sat down—satisfied. The crowd was weary of waiting. The twilight was past. The janitor lit the oil lamps overhead. It seemed to the crowd a waste of time; there was light enough to pronounce sentence surely.

"Has the defense anything to offer?" asked the judge.

"Before you sentence the prisoner," said the attorney, "I would like to offer a few remarks."

Silence fell on the assembly. What *could* be said on behalf of the culprit?

"Jim Farren," he said, "was born in this town. His father was a drunkard and was killed in a drunken brawl. His mother was a poor characterless creature who died a year after her husband, leaving Jim at the age of nine to push for himself. Jim was the last of his name in these parts, and the poor make no new friends.

"When the landlord took possession of the shack called a home, Jim just went out and began the battle of life. Began it as a little animal; not a domestic animal, for then he would have had care, but as a wild animal, without the ferocity or fleetness of the forest. When hungry he ate garbage—how many of you men and women in this court room remember the urchin who years ago lingered like a hungry wolf around your back door picking up scraps?"

The stillness grew intense.

"He lived on refuse, and if he craved for anything else there was but one way to get it—steal it. In the winter he crept into your haylofts or stables and partook of the shelter of your cows, your horses, your swine. In the springtime he went to the woods, and as he had wintered with domestic animals, now he summered in the freedom of the forest where life is by claw and beak and fang. And when you good people, sauntering for pleasure through the woods, came upon little heaps of dead ashes you never suspected that it was the track of an Anglo-Saxon child thrown violently into conflict with the forces, the raw, crude forces of Nature, like the untamed cub denizen of some jungle.

"He returned one day—still a child, but ludicrously arrayed in a man's coat. He came sauntering innocently down past the village stores, and the boys of his age laughed and trod on the tail of the garment he had found in the fields. He became self-conscious, ground his little teeth in rage, and swore, mentally, to return some day and avenge the wrong.

"At twelve he was known around here as a prowler, a boy tramp. He belonged to nobody, knew nothing, cared for nothing but enough to eat and a place to sleep where it was cool in summer and warm in winter. I say he knew nothing, but that is a mistake. He belonged to the wild and knew his own. He felt akin to things of earth and river and sky; he lived as they lived, without restraint.

"Before he was nineteen he avenged him-

self of the wrongs he suffered when a boy. The youth of this town knew the toughness of his arms—the power and speed of his body. Some of you farmers know too; you employed him.

"Your Honor, I hope the district attorney will pardon me for a parallel. Suppose instead of his upright father and godly mother he had been brought up—or indeed hadn't been brought up at all, but dragged down by drunken, dissolute parents into a horrible pit of ignorance and vice and shame; would he be the honored member of the bar that he is, or would he be the prisoner in the dock? Do we gather figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns? Your Honor, in twenty-eight years the prisoner never had the touch of a kindly hand nor the sound of a tender word from a human soul; but in manhood as in childhood whoever was able kicked him, and his experience, among men and women looking at him in this court room, led him to believe in but one law. It was the law he saw in the wild and he saw it among men and women and children—it was the law of the survival of the fittest.

"I do not accuse these people of crime, but Jim Farren is what this community made him by neglect. I said a moment ago that not a single soul had done him a kindness. I will modify that: there was one, just one and not another. He was a man who smiled occasionally at the wastrel. He put his hand sometimes on his unkempt head and even lent him small sums of money—very small sums—fifty cents was the largest sum.

"He paid back the loans, but how could a man of the type described by the district attorney pay back a smile, or a kind word? 'An insensate brute' couldn't and 'a man rotten to the very core' wouldn't. But Jim Farren paid back the smile. A week ago a plot was hatched in the jail over there, by four of the most desperate men ever corralled by process of law. Between these men and the wide-open country and liberty was one man, a keeper. Jim Farren was selected to strike the blow that meant liberty to four men and death to one. A day and an hour were set.

"Your Honor, in the providence of God, when that day dawned the keeper was at home sick and the man who came through the cells that day was the sheriff himself.

"'Never mind,' they said; 'what does it matter whether it's one man or another? Strike the blow!' But it did matter to Jim Farren. It mattered much which man he struck, for the sheriff was the man who had smiled at him when a boy, said a kind word to him in youth, and encouraged him—just a little—when a man.

"'If you don't strike the blow we'll do it and kill you for your cowardice.' Your Honor, 'an insensate brute' would have saved his own skin—'a man rotten to the core' would have made a dash for liberty, but Jim Farren turned around and said, 'All right. You'll kill the sheriff over my dead body,' and the prisoner at the bar put his life in the scales for the only human being that ever fanned that spark in him that we call soul, and he fought three desperadoes, and he won!

"Mr. Sheriff," said the lawyer, "will you kindly stand up?"

The sheriff stood.

"Have I related the facts?"

"You have, sir. Farren saved my life at the risk of his own."

"That is all, your Honor."

When the judge spoke there was something strange and entirely new in his voice:

"Farren," he said, "your record is bad—very bad. You have been found guilty of burglary on six counts. But I am unable to ignore the fact that you responded to the only appeal ever made to your nobility. On the first count I will give you the minimum penalty—one year; on the second, the minimum—one year; and I will suspend judgment on the rest. Before your attorney spoke I was in a hurry to give you thirty years."

There was a long pause. The narrator rose and walked over to the window and looked out over the roofs of the houses at the blinding snowstorm.

"Fwhat iver becomed av' 'im?" asked an Irish ex-soldier.

"He became insane at the end of his first year in prison."

"An' th' lahyer?"

"The lawyer," he said, as if talking to himself, "the lawyer for the defense succeeded him as a social pariah. I am—I am what is left of the lawyer who defended him."

THE NEW INTERNATIONALISM*

By HAROLD BOLCE



THE New Internationalism, rapidly welding the world into an economic unit, is not Utopian. It is nothing less than a financial and commercial amalgamation of the nations. There is

nothing anæmic in the programme, nor is there anything altruistic. The men who are inaugurating it are not poets. They carry their favorite book in an inside pocket, and the quotations with which they are most familiar trip through the ticker. Plato to most of them would be of far less consequence than a company's prospectus.

Men whom we have been taught to believe stood between the idealist and the world's material redemption, are hastening a peace more sure and a prosperity far more abundant than anything sung by poets or forecast by political optimists.

These leaders, so long as they can control the pockets of mankind, are indifferent as to who writes its economic pamphlets. These men are generals who with mighty armies to do their bidding have laid no cities waste, but on the contrary, have made the waste places bloom. They have no captives in their train, but they can look behind them upon a world-wide procession of cities and farms and factories, quickened into new life within the past few years by the touch of reciprocal trade and international investment.

These men, not only in America but in many lands, are building strong for prosperity on cosmopolitan foundations. True, their international ventures are yielding vast returns. That is the secret of the inevitable triumph of the new economic era. The important thing is that the new finance, the new commerce, the new spirit in the operation of

continental railways and ocean fleets, are all a pledge to peace and to the promotion of the selling and purchasing power of the world.

Confucius was asked by his disciples to put into one sentence, if possible, the philosophy of life and progress. He replied that it was all contained in one word, "reciprocity." He meant more than Chicago and Boston mean by that term, and so, too, does the New Internationalism.

We are still doing in the United States what the Medes and Persians did. They were the original stand-patters. It was their ancient boast that their laws did not change; and over their buried glory history has chiseled their proud phrase as their abiding epitaph. To stand pat is to stand still.

There was a time when a city could wall itself in, lock the gate, and go to sleep. But when Christian genius fused with gunpowder, the walls fell down and the world woke up. Nearly two hundred tariff walls have for a time accomplished what the barriers of the ancients did. But the force let loose by the New Internationalism is battering down these walls no less effectively than civilized artillery made a mockery of the mud and masonry of the pagan.

Our tariff has been the great American religion, if the customs inquisition is not its most hallowed sacrament. Yet there should be nothing sacrosanct about a tariff. It would be as sane to worship a directory, a trade catalogue, or any printed programme.

We have been, for several fat years of domestic prosperity, so indifferent to the economic transformation of the rest of the earth that we are hardly prepared for the revelation, or for the readjustments which we must surely make lest we fall behind. What we

* This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Bolce, who has just returned from Europe, where, in order to prepare these papers for "Appleton's Magazine," he has been investigating current trade conditions as they affect American foreign commerce.

have been regarding as an American commercial invasion abroad is a mere skirmish success. Of our actual manufactures we sell less than a cent's worth a month per capita to the people of prosperous Europe. The first step in the way of real economic advance is to come to a conviction of the sin of trying to remain stationary. To stay put, to stand pat, and to stick in the mud may all be the result of similar inertia.

Sometimes a man may get ahead by standing still for a time, as, for example, when he is on a moving stairway. But the basket of fish at his feet will travel just as fast. On the ascending stair, no less than on the rigid steps, the man that climbs gets to the summit first. So it is with the nations. The forward impulse of the big powers is carrying passive states ahead. The record of this is a startling economic fact; but the countries that actually initiate progress, as have Germany, Japan, and England, travel most rapidly in the competitive fields abroad. And if a nation could permanently reject reciprocal opportunities it would fall far behind.

Within our own time the Boer Government has given a proof of this. They resisted railways because they wanted no communication with that part of the world beyond their tariff wall, also for the reason that locomotives are not mentioned in the Bible. They banished the American lightning-rod agent because they said that if Heaven wanted to send fire to consume man, it was impious for even an American to attempt to arrest that Wrath. They made one law for the Boer and another for the Alien, and so the Alien now makes laws for both. It is the story again of the Medes and Persians. The laws of the Transvaal did not change.

What our own statesmen in general have not learned is that an economic truth to-day may be a fallacy to-morrow. For example, before steam carried merchandise to the coast, vessels tacked as far upstream as possible, and on river banks at the head of navigation there was always likelihood of cities and busy piers. Thus, John Adams predicted that Alexandria, Va., would be one of the leading shipping centers of the world. To-day, river steamers on the way to Mount Vernon stop at Alexandria if they're flagged!

It was an economic truth, when the foundations of our White House, our State, War, and Navy Building, and our Treasury were laid at Washington, that a navigable stream was the best highway through a city or a state,

and so these fine structures were built to face the Potomac. To-day, American civilization enters the White House by the back door and the other two buildings by a side entrance. Only a stray photographer ever gets around to the real imposing front.

There is no virtue, *per se*, in sticking to an old truth. When we fancy that a high and unchanging tariff is a forbidding barrier and a sure safeguard of the nation behind it, it may be well to recall that at one time the biggest man in battle was the best. A Thracian giant, a shepherd, became such a hero because of his burly strength in battle, that they called him Maximus and made him Emperor of Rome!

The recent battle in Manchuria between the Russians and the Japanese symbolizes in a sense the new power in the world; not that the new economic programme deals with implements of war, but that its most effective operations are unseen. Thousands in that neutral Chinese province were slain without getting a glimpse of the foe. The red artillery flashes farther to-day than when the Frank first grappled with the fiery Hun. In these sanguinary Asiatic campaigns, topographic maps to guide the sighting and the mathematical precision of shooting from a distance did the deadly work. The powder was smokeless. The shouting was reduced to a minimum. A Japanese army of half a million men, stretched along a line of fifty miles, was closely connected by the flying telephone, and commanded as a unit. The whole contest which led to abiding victory was managed in virtual silence.

To this extent, that the New Internationalism moves mysteriously and does not advertise, and that its *coups* are intercontinental in scope, is it similar to the operations of the Battle of Mukden.

It is a truism that change is the eternal law of progress. Formerly every man wore a helmet in war; now four hundred get under one, expanded into the armor sheathing of a battle ship. Everything tends toward concentration of power. The old-time helmets are now exhibited as curiosities in museums. If that giant shepherd were alive in Thrace to-day he would soon be traveling with a circus. The mediæval heroes who strode about under their comic headpieces, were confident that they had thought out the most perfect system of protection. They wore it not for revenue—purely for defense. So, too, no doubt, the people of Rome fancied that in

putting on the throne a physical giant they had given a new security to the state.

Just as every age has its own idea of protection, so has each period a new law of progress, certain, but in some things slow. One of the largest departments of the United States Government, whose chief, by the way, is unalterably opposed to any change in our tariff defiance of the nations, still uses the same single-entry bookkeeping installed by Alexander Hamilton. And not until July, 1906, did the Government change the statistical classification of exports adopted thirty-six years ago, and fantastically unadapted to the new commodities forming the bulk of commerce during the past two decades.

A graphic illustration of the simultaneous progress of nations and their interrelation of interests was presented in the autumn of last year (1906) when the official representatives of thirty-two of the leading powers of three continents met in Europe to come to some arrangement, if possible, in the universal exchange of wireless messages. It was formerly true that whatever a man invented or discovered was his, but here is genius filing a caveat on the cosmos. It has established a patent on the forces of the empyrean, and has sold the exclusive right to two powers of the Old World to use the uncharted void as a highway for the transmission of thought. Russia, in the war in the Far East, complained to the nations against the flashing of battle news from Marconi towers at the mastheads of neutral ships. America, hunting for a derelict in the path of our commerce, sent a wireless signal to all ships on the Atlantic, asking if they had sighted the dangerous wreck. The tidings came back that they were equipped with the wireless system, but under contract to send no messages to American vessels or towers, all of them being outside of the Marconi alliance.

Here was a situation that appealed to all the financial and trading nations, and hence the convention of the leading countries of the world. Statesmanship has been compelled to follow in the footsteps of science and recognize the rapidly approaching unity of the earth.

Everyone knows how a succession of inventions and discoveries has transformed the American continent and chained it together as the most compact national integral the world has known. But we are less apt to realize that with that consolidation of a continent has come, more cautiously perhaps, and

totally without the burning of fireworks, a financial unification, stronger even than the nation, for it would outlive a change of government. And when we realize that in its dynamic power and in the tenacity of its cohesion the American Republic is without parallel among the nations, present or past, the still more sinewy Titanic strength of federated finance becomes significantly real.

And if we project our minds beyond our own boundaries and remember that associated capital knows no political frontiers, that American gold, upward of a billion dollars in the aggregate, is invested in Mexico, that another billion of European capital is developing the resources of the southern half of our hemisphere, that we have factories in Great Britain and the Continent, and that Old-World wealth is flowing into American industries, we get a glimpse of the coming world power.

It is largely within the last thirty years, the age of iron and steel, electricity, and perfected cables, when cargoes began to be bought and sold around the world by men sitting at desks in London, New York, Bremen, and Hamburg, and similar centers, that commerce has grown complex and vast. And the further fact that capital no less than trade has become a migrant, has so merged the interests of the money lenders that what benefits one nation to-day benefits them all, and whatever in the way of tariff wars and the more sullen conflict to which they lead, disturbs one nation's trade, likewise injures the traffic of many. Moreover, such violence to commerce contracts confidence, brings down the value of securities, and dwindles the dividends of the world. And thus destroying the faith or credit which peace promotes, a tariff war opens the way for the emergence of panic, a curse more menacing than pestilence to the prosperity of the commonwealth.

In a way the socialist and the syndicate are working to the same end. The strongest element in socialism is its international character. If it were possible to overturn the present system, sever our financial alliances with the nations, and attempt to work out an ideal condition at home, regardless of the relation we bore to the rest of the world, panic would inflict hopeless and desolating paralysis upon all industry. The only way, however, for socialism to combine the nations into anything like the unity which money has already wrought would be by an international parliament, an international fleet for police

patrol of the seven seas, and an international constabulary. That is the dream of a remote Arcady. Ever in the meantime genius will rule the world, and better that genius in the rôle of peacemaker, however self-seeking, than that the war lords, cunning in strategy and ruthless in ambition, should reenact the old scenes of striding through slaughter to thrones.

What is unique about the New Internationalism is that it needs no propaganda to succeed. It seeks no proselytes. And without waiting or asking the consent of mankind, it has already arrived.

When we jubilantly isolate our own statistics, or regard the progress of our own or any other land as an unparalleled phenomenon, we shut our eyes to a common progress throughout the world, and thus blind ourselves to commercial opportunity abroad, clog the way to reciprocal trade, and not only prevent that international comity which grows fast when interests are mutual, but, in provoking and declaring foolish ultimatums in commerce, we check our own development and diminish the purchasing power of our patrons.

The story of the creation of the American city is a continental romance. But it is a purblind civic pride that fails to recognize the similar emergence of municipalities throughout the world, for these complex and expanding centers of civilization furnish eager and coveted markets. In them, American wares are seldom seen.

We are apt to forget that the big city is a modern phenomenon, made possible by rapid transit. The growth of Chicago, for example, has been truly magical. Many years of the nineteenth century had passed when the department at Washington received a plaintive report from the commander of Fort Dearborn recommending that the post be discontinued, as he doubted the expediency of maintaining in that remote and worthless wilderness an expensive military station which could never be of practical benefit to the United States. Yet marvelous as has been the history of Chicago, its development has not been swifter than that of Argentina's capital.

The expansion of New York City is a latter-day wonder, but Berlin, for sixty years, has been growing just as fast if not at an even more rapid rate. We think of London as

piling up its population through the slow lapse of fifteen or twenty centuries. As a matter of record, since the time of the founding of our own national capital that of England has increased four hundred per cent. In the same period Paris has grown three hundred per cent in population and a thousand per cent in comeliness.

In 1870 Rome, the Eternal City, had only half the population it has to-day. I visited Milan a few months ago. I had not been to this famous capital of Lombardy in ten years, and in that time they have made a new and modern city of the historic place. The old cathedral with its two thousand statue-crowned spires is still the center of interest to the pleasure-hunting tourist; but around that ancient pile whirl electric cars, some of them with an upper as well as a lower deck, all clanging and crowded like the cars on Broadway at a busy hour, or like those of Tokio all day!

Because of the international complexity of trade, the constantly increasing aggregations of capital, and the instantaneous communication of economic changes in all parts of the world, not only are the nations advancing as one, but every nation is influenced by depression in any other nation. Even if a country has no foreign commerce and seeks none, it is still vitally concerned in the financial stability and progress of distant countries. This is perhaps the most graphic fact in the New Internationalism. It makes every nation its brother's keeper.

Inasmuch as all nations are progressing together, it is obvious that no one nation has a monopoly of the economic secret of success. There is prosperity behind high tariff walls, and prosperity behind low walls; there is prosperity in countries that have established reciprocity and countries that have not; there is prosperity under monarchies and democracies; there is prosperity in countries with continental resources, and there is prosperity in a country like Japan, for example, whose arable area is equal to one-third the size of the State of Illinois. Latter-day prosperity is a world phenomenon. It is the result of the many-handed strength of mechanics, and as finance has become international, the dollar-mark and the German mark look alike to the man seeking profits, when these are reduced to the terms of sterling, the world's clearing-house money.

CURRENT REFLECTIONS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



It was related two months ago how the "suffragettes" stormed the House of Commons and, failing to get what they wanted, would not be appeased, but stormed the more and were dragged to court. There some of them, disdaining to give bonds to keep the peace, were gratified by short terms of imprisonment. They were gratified by it because the outbreak was an advertisement of the seriousness and urgency of the conviction of the "suffragettes" that Englishwomen ought to vote, and that it was time that Englishmen made up their minds to share that duty with them.

In France, they tell us, the efforts toward a more complete separation of state and church and the elimination of church influence from politics have led the Catholic Church to favor woman suffrage. In England some of the foremost statesmen, both of the government and of the opposition, profess to have come to the belief that women ought to vote. In this country when that venerable periodical, the *North American Review*, lately became a fortnightly, and for the first time set up some definite opinions of its own, the first opinion with which it accentuated its new departure was that American women were now ready for the suffrage and ought to have it. All these incidents have brought a well-worn topic a little more than usual to the fore.

THE GREAT MASS of American men and women are not persuaded as yet that women ought to have the suffrage. The idea of woman suffrage is perfectly familiar. There is a little company of women who are devoted to its accomplishment, and another little company of women who have been constrained to organize against it for fear that the ag-

gressive suffragists would win their fight by default if nobody met them with definite and organized opposition. But the mass of the people do not bother their heads about it one way or the other, and the attitude of most of the more thoughtful people toward it is merely contemplative. They are ready to be persuaded that it is expedient that women should vote, but as yet they have not been persuaded. Not being for it they are necessarily against it, and, joined with all the mass of people who do not think about it at all, they constitute the enormous *vis inertia* which the aggressive suffragists must overcome before they can have their way.

Are they going to overcome it? A huge conservative force that, on the whole, is fairly well satisfied with things as they are and dreads the jolt of any fundamental change, is an exceedingly valuable asset of any people, and makes in most important measure for peace, order, and continuity of government. But as where such a force is lacking there is change, disquiet, and insecurity, so where it is unduly preponderant it halts progress. Our country is certainly not old-fogy. There are observers who hold it to be more conservative than Great Britain, and that the very freedom of thought and license of speech and printed words which obtain here, give so much vent for the ebullitions of the restless and allow so much steam to be blown off, that our land is really more conservative than most of the monarchies of Europe. But still it is not so set in the ways that are, as to be in danger of missing advantage for lack of mental energy to embrace it. Theoretically it is quite possible to persuade the American people that woman suffrage is a good thing, and to induce them when persuaded to establish it.

THE DIVISION ON the woman-suffrage question does not run on the lines of sex. If

the women wanted to vote and nothing hindered them but the difficulty of getting the men to consent to it, that would not hinder them long. They could get the consent of the men to anything under the sun as to which they were agreed. The men, now, would be glad to give the suffrage to the individual women who want it if the thing could stop there. But it couldn't. If some women in any State are to be allowed to vote, all women in that State must be allowed to vote; and if all women have the privilege of voting, it immediately becomes the duty of the conscientious and responsible women to exercise that privilege to the very best of their ability. A limited suffrage can be given to women who can qualify for it. Women can be invited to vote for school officers, and women who are taxpayers can and should be invited to vote for municipal officers, and both of these things have already been done in many cases. But an unlimited suffrage can hardly be given to a limited number of women. Even if it is theoretically possible, it is not thought of as a project that is practically worthy of consideration. In every State, if unlimited suffrage is conferred on women at all, it will be conferred on all of them who are of voting age, and on the same terms that men have it. All the women will be expected to vote, and just as much pains will be taken to influence their votes and get their votes out as is now taken with the votes of men.

More of them, too, will run for public office than do at present. There is no doubt that there are many public offices now restricted to men, which competent women might fill efficiently. The question would be rather what offices they were not suited to. The other day the federal district attorney in New York appointed a woman lawyer to be special assistant United States district attorney to prosecute an employment agent charged with sending immigrants to lumber and turpentine camps in the South, where they were held in peonage. This woman, Mrs. Quackenbos, had this work intrusted to her because it was through her efforts, including visits to the Southern camps complained of, that the federal authorities came to be interested in the case. There is no doubt that there are many individual women who are capable of creditable performance of most of the public services now commonly rendered (not always creditably) by men. Women at a pinch can usually do

men's work, provided that they have a fair chance to learn it. So can men do women's work, and they are particularly successful as cooks and dressmakers. Nevertheless there is something approaching a general agreement that the existing division of labor, by which certain tasks usually fall to men and certain others to women, is on the whole a division that suits both the women and the men, and one that it is expedient to preserve. In Colorado, where women vote, the papers say that women have not proved popular candidates for office.

THE REMARK THAT the early suffragists were fond of exploding—that the suffrage was denied to women, idiots, and criminals—never had anything more than a rhetorical value. Perhaps the intelligence and capacity of women in certain lines, have come to be more respected than they were fifty years ago; and justly, on the ground that the education of women is broader and deeper now than it was then, and their participation in affairs is much more extensive. But the withholding of the suffrage from women was never based so much on disparagement of woman's intelligence as on a disbelief that direct participation in government belonged in the class of duties that are in her line. The controlling influence that affects the opinions of men about woman suffrage, is that they like women as they are and don't want to favor anything that may change them. The same influence controls the opinions of the great majority of women. On the whole they like their job as it is, or at least prefer it as it is, to what they think it might be if modified by woman suffrage. The common run of men are not hoggish of political power. The difficulty is to get them to put a high enough value on it. They do not regard it as too precious a birthright to be shared with women. Their opinion is rather that woman is too precious to be hampered with an additional obligation.

Perhaps the suffragists will laugh at that. Of course it is not universally true, but substantially it is true. It may be said that mere selfish regard for his own convenience may make a man reluctant to have his wife vote, just as it sometimes makes a woman try to deny to her maidservants the inalienable privilege of having beaux. Such is the imperfection of our fallen natures that even American husbands are sometimes selfish about their wives, and so are sons about their

mothers. But how is it about daughters? Does there exist on a large scale anywhere so notorious an infatuation as that of the American father with his daughters? Is he selfish about *them*? Is there any good thing on the earth that he does not want to get for them? Would he raise a finger to keep them from voting if they wanted to vote, or if he thought it might be profitable to them?

He would not object. Regard for his own convenience would not influence him, for he would be delighted to have his daughters' company to the polls. Neither would he be concerned about the convenience of his future sons-in-law, for his forecasting mind is hostile, if anything, to sons-in-law, and so far as he is himself concerned, he is apt to think of them only as a necessary evil. If he does not bestir himself to get votes for his girls, it is purely because he does not think it would pay his girls to have votes.

Almost always men reflect the opinions of their women folks in this matter. You will recall that Robinson, the eloquent champion of woman suffrage, was the husband of one of the Brown girls, and that all the Browns were as ardent for woman suffrage as their parents were for antislavery. Robinson could not have stayed comfortably married in that family if he had not come out for woman suffrage. Of course he came out for it. He would have been a foolish man, and neglectful of his obligations as a husband and a son-in-law if he hadn't.

So when Smith suddenly declared for woman suffrage in his newspaper, you wondered what put that idea into Smith's head. You asked him, and he said, oh, he was tired of men voters. You wondered some more; recalled that any lively, unexpected idea or declaration was useful to a newspaper, but still wondered, until it flashed across your mind that Mrs. Smith might have come to feel that she would like to vote. Of course either his own wife or some other man's wife put him up to it.

THE MOST IMPORTANT of woman's rights is the right to have children of her own, and raise them. To vote may help or harm her, but not much either way. It is not a vital matter. The other right is vital; a true birth-right. Our society takes a vast deal of pains to secure its realization, but not enough. It

is the first desire of most parents—of all wise ones—that their girls shall marry good men and be fit wives for them, but the aim is imperfectly accomplished. Some observers say that American parents are at fault in not realizing betimes the imperative need of laying up money for their daughters' marriage portions. Perhaps so. At any rate too large a proportion of our women, for one reason or another, do not marry and go to their graves an honorable and useful but pathetic procession of women deprived of their rights. There is a sentiment, how well founded need not here be discussed, that women, if they had the suffrage, would interest themselves in politics to the detriment of their vastly more important family interests. They might go into politics young and neglect to get married, just as in too many cases they now are constrained to go into money-making occupations and (some of them) neglect to get married. That sentiment has a good deal to do with keeping ballots out of women's hands.

IF IT WERE PRACTICABLE to give the suffrage to all spinsters at the age of thirty-five, a good deal could be said in favor of it. A great many of them would be very valuable voters. It would add interest to their lives, and would be in the nature of a reparation made to them by society for the loss of a vastly greater privilege which the imperfection of our social apparatus has caused them to miss. It may even be suggested that the vote of every bachelor of thirty-five should be taken away and given to a spinster. That might be just, but probably not expedient, for the reason that grown-up bachelors are apt to be useful politicians for the same reason that spinsters might be, because they are not distracted by family ties from the cares of state. One would like to see a trial of the experiment of letting all the unmarried women over thirty-five vote, and especially all the school teachers and other self-supporting women. It would give them power, and concede to them equality of privilege in certain directions with the unmarried men, which certainly most of them deserve. But whether woman suffrage, having progressed so far as that, could be stopped there, is a question: And probably most of the spinsters would not care to vote, for women are still women, even though thirty-five and unmated.



HAROLD BOLCE
Authority on International Trade Relations



Drawn by Arthur Becker.

"The single contemptuous exclamation fell like the cut of a whip."

—"The Debt of Honor," page 138.

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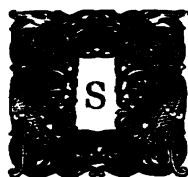
THE DEBT OF HONOR*

BEING AN ADVENTURE OF VISCOUNT ROCKHURST, LORD CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER,
SOMETIME FRIEND OF CHARLES II, AND NICKNAMED BY HIS
MAJESTY "MERRY ROCKHURST"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "Rose of the World," "If Youth but Knew," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER AND JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL



STORM without; and within, melancholy humors! Without, fine, blinding, dry snow, driven in eddies against whatever obstacle it met; against the walls of Sir Paul Farrant's Manor House, against the holly and clipped yews of his garden, against the serried ranks of firs which screened his estate from the wild blasts that ride from the downs up the great rise of Hindhead. Never more wildly, never more triumphantly did the winds rise than on this night of the winter solstice, this Christmas eve, the fifth since the happy date of his Most Gracious Majesty's Restoration.

Within, a fire of logs glowing under the huge manteled chimney; rosy flicker on wainscot, glitter of crystal and silver on fair white napery, and a full-paunched bottle or two, dusty and cobwebbed; crocus flames of candles against the rose of the hearthlight, and the brown of the oak. Cheerful enough surroundings, one would have deemed—a sort of room where a man might hug comfort with philosophic egotism and have the greater zest in it for the thought of the outside desolation; sip his glass to the tune of the wind; and toast his legs in luxury as he

pictured to himself the circumstance of any poor devil who, upon such a night, still chanced to be on the road.

Yet, as it has been said, the temper that reigned within the oak parlor of Farrant Chase was no whit more cheerful than the weather on the moor. Indeed, my Lord Viscount Rockhurst—on his way back from France, by stress of weather obliged to halt at the house of a fellow-traveler—looked more particularly disqualified than usual to wear the nickname bestowed upon him by the "Merry Monarch" himself, in mockery of his wild favorite's invariable gravity. "Merry Rockhurst" never was less merry of aspect than to-night.

He lay rather than sat in the straight-back chair of honor beside the hearth. His head with its chiseled features, worn, keen, witty, was sunken on his breast; his eyes were fixed abstractedly upon the darting flame, his hands inertly folded. For some ten minutes he had not uttered a word or altered his attitude, and the silent immobility of his guest was beginning to tell heavily upon the nerves of the young host.

Sir Paul Farrant bit his lip, paced the room three or four times; then halted before the card table, which stood against the wall, as

* Copyright, 1906, by Agnes and Egerton Castle.

if it had been thrust aside by an impatient hand. He took up the dice box, dangled it, dropped it; flipped a few of the scattered cards; his eyes ever wandering back to his companion, a hesitating phrase, ever checked, upon his lips. Now he went to the window, pulled the curtains aside, and peered forth.

"More snow—more snow! Ugh, 'tis plaguy cold!" he cried, with exaggerated airiness, returning to the hearth.

"The drifts are rising higher and higher," he pursued. "No hope for the road; 'tis not fit weather for a dog."

The figure in the great chair stirred, a lazy voice was raised:

"Certainly not weather for a gentleman."

The other leaped to the symptom of restored companionship.

"As you say, my lord, very vile weather indeed. Not fit for us in very truth."

Lord Rockhurst's long eyelids flickered.

"Sir," said he, with marked deliberation, his gaze still fixed on the fire, "I spoke in the singular."

Sir Paul's hand, still stretched toward the glow, suddenly trembled. He had a young, smooth face, transparent to emotion.

"And what might your lordship mean?" he asked, breathing quicker.

Lord Rockhurst shifted his person to a more erect attitude, and turned his satiric face toward the speaker. The elder by some fifteen years, he had none of the genial gleam in his eye, none of the something almost fatherly with which the mature man of kindly mettle regards youth. Lord Rockhurst's gaze was colder than the wind that whistled in the leaves, bleaker than the moorland.

"I do not desire to qualify you," said he.

From its uneasy flush, the young face paled.

"My lord, my lord!"

But Rockhurst raised his hand.

"When a man enters upon a game of hazard with another, 'tis the very essence of honor that the chances should be equal between them. Now, my excellent young host, had you played me with loaded dice——"

The other broke out foaming at the mouth, with the acrid rage of the helplessly insulted.

"My Lord Rockhurst—I will suffer no man, nay, not even under my own roof, to dare such an insinuation. The dice——"

He made a frantic gesture toward the card table. But like the play of water upon red iron, Rockhurst's voice fell upon his heat:

"Nay—the dice are right enough—so are

the cards. We were but us two, moreover, so you had no accomplice. These are the elements of honest play, as I was about to expound to you—since, indeed, your father's only son, and a lad of your experience in court and camp, appears to require such expounding." He changed his tone for one more subtly keen, as the surgeon his blade at the delicate moment. "Another element in play, between gentlemen, is that one player should not stake against the other sums he does not possess."

Farrant, wincing, ran his hands desperately through his fair locks; he fell into an arm-chair and, still clutching his love curls, drew them across his face. From behind this screen, after a long pause, he spoke:

"Your lordship seems to forget the circumstances. To help your lordship to pass this time of tedium (since no horses that ever were foaled could take your coach through these snows), having the responsibility of entertaining your lordship—since you can find little pleasure but in the cards—and having, in these cursed twenty-four hours, lost every stiver of money, every rood of the poor land I possess—zounds, my lord, that I should have risked a few more throws with naught but my ruin to back them—damnation, my Lord Rockhurst, since but a turn of the dice might have set us even again, these are hard words, it seemeth to me! Aye, and hard thoughts."

Thus set forth, his own case seemed to the youth so strong that he lifted his head again and displayed his countenance as wrathful and full of reproach now as, a minute ago, it had been shamed.

Lord Rockhurst crossed one lean leg over the other, settled his elbows at the most comfortable angle the carven arms of the chair would afford, and let his brilliant hazel eye wander to the red embers and become dreamy once more. For a long while silence reigned in the oak parlor of Farrant Chase.

A resinous knot in the pine log exploded with miniature fierceness—a white flame jetted out, hissing, and dropped. The fire settled itself, and the ashes slipped away sighing. In the tense silence these small sounds made emphasis; while without, ever and anon, the blast came rolling up the slope from the far distance, dashed through the frantic swaying firs with screams of triumph, to hurl itself against the sturdy walls, there to break and part on either side and dash onward once more.

So comes the charge of horse against the solid mass of foot with ever gathering speed, rider and beast, in one frenzied impetus, to break themselves against the serried pikes.

"Your father fell beside me at Naseby," said Rockhurst presently, as if speaking to himself. The incisive note had vanished from his voice. Farrant rose from the table and came toward him, with something of the schoolboy's mien, who half resents his master's anger and half hopes to see him mollified. Rockhurst went on musingly: "He and I were neck and neck through Edgell, Newbury, Marston Moor. Until that hour I was young, younger than you are. And in those days I had mighty thoughts. But in my mightiest I never saw myself reaching to his level. If I could but keep my nag's head close to his, and go where he led, leap where he leaped—'twas enough for me. When he fell, struck down by Ireton's pikes, I thought the world grew dark. Then I was young, Master Paul. And now, sitting in this chair to-night"—Rockhurst slowly straightened himself and turned his head toward Farrant—"I find there is still something left in me of the old self that I had deemed to be dead this many year. Enough to be glad to-night, sir, that your father is dead. Paul Farrant," went on the elder slowly, "speak: had the luck turned as you hoped, upon what foundation would you have built your winnings?"

The other hesitated, stammered, made a fresh abortive effort to brazen it out.

"Nay, my lord, the world hardly knows you so squeamish. If such rigid rules obtained at Whitehall we should be a dull lot, and many a merry hour lost. Did your lordship say you had charged Ireton's men? By these tenets we might have dreamed your place had rather been among the precisian."

A subtle change swept over Rockhurst's countenance. The air of grave severity, the shadow of regretful tenderness passed from him, to be replaced by the mocking glance, the expression at once reckless and cynical which, before the world's eyes, characterized the man who had won for himself—among a company of reprobates—that more appropriate nickname: "Rakehell Rockhurst."

"Nay, but you're a promising lad," said he, gibing. "And you'll make your way, my son, I doubt me not. Time advances, old types die out, and manners change. The rules of honor, which still shackle old fools like myself, would chafe your gallant spirits.

Yet, hark ye, without being a Puritan, Master Paul, in my day, a man—a gentleman—would no more have staked what he did not possess, would no more have dallied with the thought of selling a friend than he would have forced a lady. But, sure, what dull fellows are we of the old days, by the side of such sparks, such knights as yourself! Meanwhile," and here a wide and uncontrolled yawn showed teeth as white as a young wolf's, "meanwhile, excellent young man, I have here in my pocket your signature to so much waste paper—I have it as a memento of a series of tedious games, a reminder of the prospect of another evening, with your company for all delectation. Gadzook, sir, a man does not invite another to his house, in a snowstorm, when he, being himself green as a March lamb, has only a housekeeper old as sin! The gods preserve me from the green man and the withered woman! Add to this a cellar reduced to thin Rhenish and claret—a cellar no sane man could get drunk on, sir; and Christmas-tide!" Eye and voice became ever more insolently provocative. "I have known many a one spitted for less provocation."

"Would your lordship find some solace in having a try for my vitals?" cried the youthful host eagerly. His lip trembled; tears of mortification were not far from his eyes. The flier at his dull entertainment cut him more keenly than the rebuke touching the honor of his play. He already saw himself held up to the ridicule of the court by the Rakehell's unsparing tongue. Gad, his old housekeeper! his doubtful cellar! He, who had worked so hard to achieve a position of fashion and gallantry, who had plumed himself upon the distinction of playing the host to so high a courtier as Viscount Rockhurst, Lord Constable of the Tower—the king's own close friend. He flung his arm toward the swords that hung fraternally on the wall, side by side in their royal crimson baldricks.

But Rockhurst's laugh, low-pitched, arrested all further movement.

"Nay, good Sir Paul, I pray you! However you may wish to spill the blood of your guest, your guest cannot so far forget the rules of gentle behavior as to cross sword with his host. Secondly, sir, you appear still to have to learn that a man may not fight with one to whom he owes money. And thirdly, now: when I had slain you, think you that your corpse would be more amusing than your live body? Though, truth, it could scarce be less so."



Drawn by Joseph Clement Coll.

"The man's eyes seemed to her to have some terrible, some merciless thought in them."

He laughed again, through his teeth, at his own wit. The boy, baited to desperation, stood clinching and unclenching his hands, fighting back the furious tears. The other, his back to the flames, stood looking at him some time in silence. Then, into his pitiless hawk's eye came a gleam of humor—a slight softening of compassion perhaps. The mind that once yields to humor can rarely continue to entertain the deadly earnestness of anger. Rockhurst yawned again, drew some crumpled sheets from his pocket and flung them on the table.

"Now, look you, Sir Paul," said he, good-naturedly; "I care not for this mood. Devise me but something of an entertainment for this evening—an entertainment, mind you, that shall honestly entertain me—why then, I'll stake again; I'll stake these, which repre-

sent your indebtedness to me, against your inventiveness. Shorten but a couple of hours for me, and I'll shorten my memory of this night's business. Zounds, never stare so! Do you not understand? 'Tis your wit for your honor—and the chance of a lifetime to prove yourself a man of resource!"

For an instant Paul Farrant's countenance became illumined; he made a hasty step forward. Then he hesitated, and, in renewed dismay, put his hand to his forehead. In the middle of the snowdrift, with a condemned cellar and an ugly housekeeper, debarred from gambling, debarred from fighting, his brain paralyzed by a crushing sense of failure and folly—to devise amusement for this fastidious, caustic nobleman, what a task!

He moved to the window, more to hide his fresh mortification than to examine the pros-

pect of the weather. It was to find that there was a lull in the snowfall, that the wind had rent a gap between the brooding clouds, and revealed a patch of starry sky, ridden by the sickle of a young moon. Through the swaying trees gleamed fitfully a distant red fire; and beyond it, farther down the waste, a steadier yellow light came and went, as the wind bowed and released some plummy fir branch; the iron smelting forge of the Hammer Pond! The inn at Liphook! Now he remembered him, the smelter was a man of infinite popularity, the jester of the countryside; one who could sing a rousing stave to the clank of his hammer, and crack you the drollest stories over the home-brewed, were it only strong enough. Failing him, there was the innkeeper of "The Crown." Mine host had the secret of a noted posset that his Majesty himself, halting on the Portsmouth Road, had once generously praised. Nay, at the inn he might possibly pick up some be-lated traveler, whose conversation—he bitterly thought—would prove more acceptable than his own. At any rate, 'twas all the hope he had to cling to. Rockhurst never spared.

"If your lordship will give me *congé* for a short while," he cried, turning back to the room, "I shall endeavor to meet your wishes. We may not be so destitute of entertaining company at Farrant Chase as your lordship deems."

He seized his cloak, flung it angrily about him, goaded by the sound of the faint laugh that met his announcement, and strode out. Rockhurst subsided into the chair, laughed a little yet, then sighed and fell abrooding.

II

THE lull after the squall had left a waste world, dim yet white, beneath a cloud-strewn sky. High among the clouds the wind was still racing; and the aspect of the heavens was perpetually changing, as masses of vapor rose and scuttled before the blast like giant herds, rent apart, drawing closer, scattered again. Thus the land was aflicker with shine and shadows and yet lay dead under that semblance of life. Paul Farrant, astride the old farm mare, had no thought to spare for the new appearance of the white wilderness; scarce even a feeling for the biting cold. His brain was all astir with vivid, angry images. His pulses throbbed with the excitement of the gambler playing for the highest stakes a man can win or lose: "'Tis

now your wit against your honor," had said the Rakehell. His honor! It had ever been to Farrant the thing dearer than his own soul, which to lose, even to his own secret knowledge, were damnation. To know himself dishonored meant to him merely disgrace if he could not save himself by his wit. Yet disgrace spelled the most unendurable fate that could overtake one in whose nature vanity played the chief part. And if he failed to fulfill the condition so contemptuously placed upon his worldly redemption, he knew his Rockhurst—all was over for Farrant the aspiring; for Farrant, who was already beginning to be envied; for Farrant who had once sat at the King's supper table, and had been honored by a quip from his Majesty's own lips.

Drooping her great head, drawing her shaggy feet from the snow with dull sucking sounds, the mare plodded on her way. He did not attempt to guide her, and she took him soberly to the highroad, then turned toward the village. On one side a black line of hedge ran in and out like a ribbon; on the other all barrier had disappeared under the drifting snow. Below the turn of the road was the smelter's forge; and, something like a mile farther, the village where the noted posset might even now be brewing; where comforted travelers, stamping the snow from their boots, might be capping each other's tales of road perils. On the sturdy mare, Paul Farrant had no doubt he could reach the farther goal; yet he hesitated. The plan which had driven him out into the night suddenly appeared to him ineffable folly. A paralyzing vision rose before him: Rockhurst's countenance at sight of master smelter with the black fists, as his evening comrade! He could see the dilation of the nostrils, the haughty lips, barely apart upon a smile. What a tale would not Rockhurst's tongue make of it for royal ears! As for the inn, were he to find there some chance gentlemen, how could he hope to induce them to come forth again on such a night, when, in truth, no coach was like to find a passage through the snow; when, besides, his own hospitality could but ill compare with the rousing cheer of "The Crown." He reined in the mare and sat irresolute, his mind suddenly barren of ideas, his throat tightened with a sense of acrid misery.

Through the stillness a distant cry pierced into his consciousness. Heard at first vaguely, it fell in with his thought; the note, it

seemed, of his own distress. But in a moment it was repeated, higher, clearer, an unmistakable call for help. He was in the mood to be swayed by the first impulse, to take the merest toss of fate. His was not the nature to turn out of its way to assist the afflicted; but now he wheeled the mare round and drove her up the hill, fiercely, as if his own deliverance, not that of some fellow-creature, were at stake.

On the edge of the road, at its abrupt twist down the hill, stood the black bulk of a coach, horseless, crookedly imbedded in the snow. It told its own tale. As he drew nearer, a cloaked figure staggered toward him and almost fell against his steed's shoulder.

"Oh, do not pass, do not go by!" moaned a woman's voice, "I am dying of the cold!"

She lifted her face. The faint light of the rifted sky, given back intensified by the white world, had a luminosity of its own in which most things were strangely visible. Paul Farrant saw that the woman who clutched at his reins was young and fair favored. He stared a moment in mere astonishment; then a thought, devilish, acute, exultant, leaped into his brain. Here was his ransom!

"Madam," he said, bending down over his horse's neck and peering close into her face, "I am fortunate in having heard you. Are you alone?"

"Alone, yes," she answered through chattering teeth; "the servants rode away for help, God knows how long ago. Perchance they are lost, dead, somewhere. Indeed, with this cold, I shall soon be dead too!"

"Nay, madam, you are saved," said Farrant, dismounting hastily. Trembling with excitement, he tore his cloak from his shoulders to cast it about the slender figure that swayed as it stood; then he swung himself into the saddle again and, stooping, caught her hands in both of his. "Can you put your foot on my boot? Nay, then, by this mound. So—now in my arms! On Bess! You are not afraid? Courage, madam—'tis but a few yards to my house!"

His arms still shook with excitement as he grasped the muffled figure and the reins, as best he might. And the mare slowly lifted her heavy hoofs stableward again.

His frenzy lest his chance should escape, his evil joy over his prize, burned like fire in his veins. And something of his blood heat seemed to pass into the half-frozen woman. She stirred with more vitality in his grasp,

settled herself with more definite volition on the mare's broad shoulder, and heaved a sigh of returning energy. Suddenly she started; and he clutched her, alarmed.

"My servants!" she said, and turned so that her breath fanned his cheeks. Her dilated eyes were close to his in the snowlight.

"Madam?" He held her the tighter and urged forward.

"My servants, sir," she repeated, a thrill of impatience running through her utterance. "They will return to find me gone!"

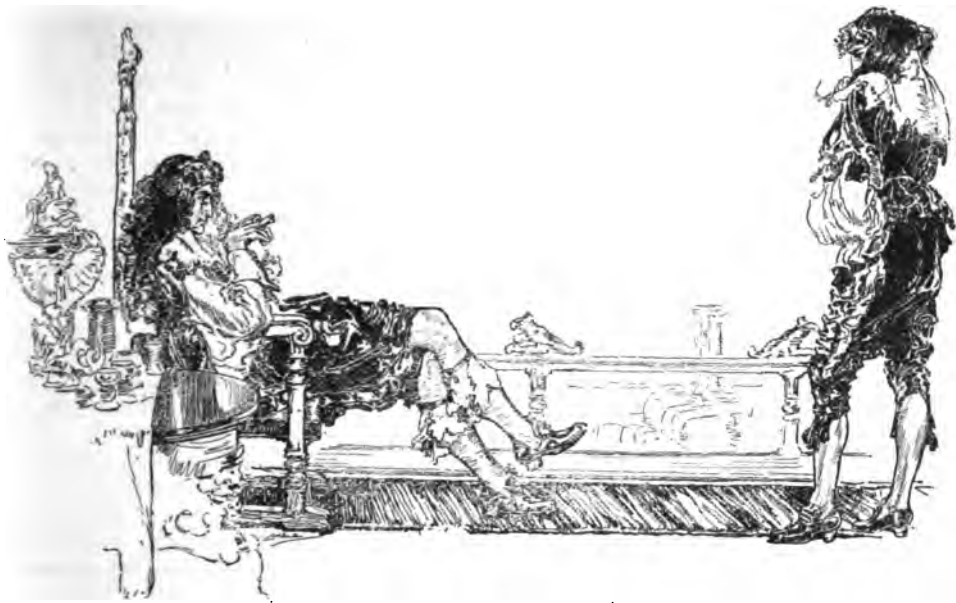
"Why, then," he made answer, driving his heels into their steed's bulging sides, "I will even send presently to the coach and warn them of your safety; they will be welcome likewise. But we must on—yonder is my gate—a very little while, and you shall be by the fireside."

As he turned off the road he cast a look backward down the slope and noticed a brace of yellow lights bobbing through the misty white of the valley: the traveler's servants were returning with succor! He struck more sharply at the mare's flanks, and in a moment they plunged into the darkness of the pine avenue. Not a minute too much had fate granted him! His boyish face was astir with silent laughter as he gathered the lady into his arms upon the threshold.

III

ROCKHURST was roused from deep reverie by the opening of the door. His mind had been far indeed from Farrant Chase and his own unprofitable present existence—as far away as the days of youth; days of inspiration and hope; of delicate illusion even in sorrow; days of strife, when loyalty was an exquisite passion, and the blood that ran in his veins sang to shed itself for his king! Days when friendship was near and dear as love, and love itself an endless mystery. He was of those who grasp at life with both hands. None had brought a younger heart to his youth; no man faced his fulfilled manhood with less illusion. He had wanted much, he had received much, he had taken much—and all had failed him.

He raised his head and stared, almost as if he were dreaming, at the two who entered upon his brooding solitude; two that might have come upon him out of that long past youth—the lad with the face of the friend he had loved, and this vision of young womanhood, whose beauty shone like a pearl



"'Merry Rockhurst' never was less merry of aspect than to-night."

from the dark setting of her hood. But as Farrant spoke the spell was broken.

"A ransom, my lord—out of the snow!"

The twist of the speaker's lip, the glint of his eye, gave triumphant meaning to the words. Rockhurst rose from his chair, the weary look returning to his face. Here, after all, was but the degenerate son of the man whose blood had been his own baptism to noble sorrow. And the sapling slight creature with virginal eyes and soft lips, who was leaning upon Paul Farrant's arm? Why—she was but his ransom!

And the young man's words of promise, which had seemed so empty when they were pronounced, "We may not be so destitute of entertaining company at Farrant Chase as your lordship deems!" came back to his mind and with a new cynical meaning. Fair company in sooth! But, how, here "out of the snow," lured by what prospect of light amusement, what, offered guerdon, he could only surmise. Possibly some traveler from the inn, ready with all the ease of these times to snatch at pleasure where it offered itself. A lady, by every movement of eye and limb. A lady! Bah, was it not the fashion among ladies now to be as eager of base adventure as the gallants themselves? These were no longer the days of white-souled Falkland, of loyal Fairfax, days of chivalrous, if hopeless, devotion; these were

the days of the Merry Monarch, where none could taste a higher sweet than pleasure, nor feel a deeper pang than envy. How far away the days of youth!

He stood on one side while, with an exaggerated gallantry, Farrant conducted the stranger to Rockhurst's just vacated seat, helped her to loosen her cloak, and pressed some wine upon her from the table.

When the lady had sipped, and returned the glass into his hand, she spoke at last.

"I thank you," she said, smiling.

Her voice was a little faint and plaintive yet, from the numbing of the cold, but it had a grave ring in it that fell pleasantly on Rockhurst's fastidious ear.

"Another taste, madam," cried young Paul, all agog in ostentatious attendance, and ever flinging a restless glance of inquiry at his Rockhurst. "Fie! your cloak is heavy with wet; let me move these dripping folds away from you. And your feet; oh, I protest!" He was down on his knees now, his young head glinting in the glow as he bent assiduously over his new task. "Your feet, ice!" Even as he spoke, he drew the little doeskin shoe from her foot, and as she instinctively lifted it toward the blaze, knelt back so that Rockhurst might see the fire-light play upon its delicate shape. The warmth of the wine and of the hearth had stirred her chilled blood. A flush like the

tint of a seashell crept into her face; into her dazed eyes appeared a light to which the blue shadows of weariness gave a singular brilliancy; she very simply stretched her other foot for the office. Rockhurst looked on, frowning.

As Farrant rose at last, with the second shoe dangling in his hand, his exultation broke out. He drew close and whispered:

"Say, my lord, shall we not be right well entertained to-night?"

"We?" echoed Rockhurst aloud. The single contemptuous exclamation fell like the cut of a whip. "Go," added he, turning upon the disconcerted youth; and, as Farrant hesitated, took a swift step nearer to him and whispered in his turn: "Go—to the devil or where you will, so long as it is out of this!"

His eye commanded more insolently yet than his words. The young man fell back, flung a look of hesitation toward the crumpled notes on the table; another glance at the lady, his fair treasure-trove. Then, with a meaning smile, he bowed profoundly, so that all his shining curls fell over his face, and withdrew.

Rockhurst caught the smile and the look; and the memory of a dead face, that of his old brother in arms, the boy's father, in its last stern serenity rose up before him. His own eyes were hard as he looked again upon the woman who had been found so promptly willing to come and relieve the tedium of his snow-bound evening.

Diana Harcourt, with the return of physical comfort about her, had begun to feel a strange uneasiness gather in her mind. Country-bred and country-wed to an old man who had little taste for company, she had yet had some opportunities of learning the way of courts; she, for instance, had no doubt that the youth who had saved her from the snow was of gentle birth; and that this grave-looking being, with whom she now found herself alone, in the strange, silent house, was a very fine gentleman indeed. Nevertheless, something singular, something not quite open, in the situation began to force itself upon her. What was the relationship between these two men? The eyes of the elder, who might have been the other's father, were cold to dislike, as he had gazed upon him. And the young man's febrile excitement came back upon her memory with an impression of distaste amounting to repulsion. What had lurked behind his

smile, his furtive, appraising glance? She recalled how innocently she had allowed him to touch her feet; and flushing hotly, she cast her mantle over them, and turned her head with a little movement at once dignified and shy to gaze upon Rockhurst. But suspicion fell from her, on the instant. Noble-looking, grave, high-bred, old enough to be her own father. What could she have to fear?

"Sir," she said boldly, "will you not have the kindness now to tell me where I am—and with whom?"

Rockhurst drew up a chair and sat him down, deliberately facing her. Then he crossed his fine white hands upon his knee, letting his eyes rest upon hers.

"Madam," he said at last, "do you not hear how the wind begins again to moan outside? I warrant you, behind the thick walls of this old house, the snow is whirling in great white drifts. It must be parlous cold without. Here, madam, the firelight is rosy: do you not think we are very well, together? 'Tis a quaint hour, stolen from dull old Time's grudging casket. We do not know each other—why, that has a marvelous charm of its own. Let us not dispel it. We may never meet again; and to-morrow you go back—to the white snow. And I to the fever of the town. And that, perhaps, will be well too."

Her eyes dilated as she listened, scarce with fear, but again with foreboding.

"Sir," she said after a pause, "your words are very strange—I do not understand them."

"My dear," said Rockhurst, his languid lids drooping a little now over the first keenness of his gaze, which seemed to narrow his scrutiny to something cruel as a blade, "I have just said it, 'tis a dull world. Will you complain of its strangeness once in a way? Why have you covered up your pretty foot? I vow I thought of Diana in the woodland glades when I saw the arch of its instep." And saying this, he opened his brilliant glance once more full upon her. "Diana, did I say?" he cried. "Nay, no cold goddess! Far from me the omen! A nymph! Aurora, with the sun in her hair, and all the roses in her cheeks!"

The blood which had rushed violently to Diana Harcourt's temples ebbed away, leaving her white as the drifts without.

These were, no doubt, but idle words of gallantry; and all her woman's instinctive pride warned her against the shame of seeming to attach any other significance to them.

Yet, whether glinting between half-closed lids or widely open upon her, the man's eyes seemed to her to have some terrible, some merciless thought in them—a thought strangely at variance with the dignity of his appearance, the gravity, almost the sadness of his countenance; horribly at variance with the gray which besprinkled the raven of his locks.

"I am not of the town, and not accustomed to fine speeches and compliments."

She framed the phrase in pitiful attempt to stem the panic that was gaining upon her. He still sat motionless, his hands crossed, half smiling.

"Sir," she cried, now angrily, "are there no women in this place? Will you not, in courtesy, allow me the company of one, till my servants arrive?"

"My dear," he answered her sarcastically, "will my company not really suffice?"

Rockhurst had had heaven or hades knew what vast experience of women, of the women of Second Charles's Court, whether in exile or in Whitehall. Scarce a challenging beauty of the posy that he had not measured swords with; and, as the practiced fencer will, he knew every trick of the play, every line of assault and defense, every feint and every parry. And women, being proverbially unfair fighters, pretty dears! he had a smile as well as a wary eye for the tricky pass and the treacherous thrust. Of all the feints, that of innocence in straits of outraged modesty was the most elementary. This divine young creature with the copper glowing hair and the wide dilating eyes; whose blood ran so richly and so quickly; who had come in leaning familiarly on the arm of that prince of petty rakes, Paul Farrant, come willingly it seemed, across the snows, to his bidding; who had suffered herself to be unshod with all the unblushing ease of any Whitehall coquette—why, if it now pleased her to play the pretty Puritan, he had no objection, save that, as he knew himself, he was apt to be swiftly wearied. The spark of interest kindled by her unaccustomed kind of beauty, by the something fresh and of the woodland about her, by the utter unexpectedness of her appearance, and the mystery it pleased him she should maintain, would so soon flicker out. In love, as in war, he had but one method. In war he had been beaten back sometimes; in love, never.

"Come," he said, sitting up at last and slowly stretching out one hand. "Come,

Diana, since Diana you will be." (Again she started on hearing herself unwittingly called by her real name.) "Be Diana, if you please, to me. What if I am no Endymion? Bah, my dear goddess," and he drew his lean frame out of the chair and came over to her with the same deliberate grace, "that was a little mistake of yours to be so ready to stoop to yonder youth! Endymion is but a callow rascal, a greenhorn. When such beings as you descend from your high celestial ways it should be for a man. Come, do you wish me to kneel at your feet, as your shepherd did even now? I will, an' it please you."

His arms were almost about her, when, with a fierce movement, she sprang up and thrust him from her.

"In the name of God," she cried, "into what trap have I fallen?"

"Nay, do not scream," he said, at one step placing himself between her and the door, and catching her wrist, without roughness, but with that steel-like grasp she had instinctively divined under his gentle movements. "Let us clear this strange matter between us two, madam. Answer you first: what purpose had you in coming here?"

"I?" she flashed back at him, panting. "Purpose? Purpose, sir! That young man found me in the snow; the coach had foundered, my servants ridden away for help, I was perishing for cold. Purpose! Let me go, sir. Rather the snow! Oh, let me hence from your horrible house!"

He released her, and stood looking at her in silence. Again, even in her turmoil of terror and passion, she was struck by the extraordinary dignity of his air. But to look thus, and to act thus!

"Oh, shame," she cried, "you who might be my father!"

A swift shadow came over his countenance; then passed, leaving it set into marble impassivity. His eyelids drooped. Forgetting her cloak on the chair, forgetting her shoeless feet, she thought she saw her chance and made a rush for the door, but he arrested her with a gesture.

"No!" he said authoritatively. Then, fixing his eyes upon her with an altered look, "No, child," he repeated. His voice was as much changed as his gaze. Gone from it the dangerous even silkiness of his first speeches to her, as well as the quick sternness of the last words. This new voice, something said to her, was the voice of the real self that matched the noble countenance.

He put out his hand. After a pause she put hers on it. Later she wondered at herself that she had done so. But there are moments when some poignant emotion tears away the bodily mask; when souls are suddenly laid bare to each other. For some of us that is the moment when our belief in all that is good and beautiful dies. But Diana in that flashing look into the soul of this unknown man (who had yet, within so short a measure of time, insulted her) read that to which her own soul leaped. The storm subsided in her heart. She suffered him to conduct her back to the chair by the fire, and watched him—wonderingly, yet no longer with fear—as he straightened himself and, with folded arms, stood yet a little while contemplating her.

In the hawk's eyes there was a softened shadow. As he gazed the shadow deepened into tenderness. He was looking at her as the exile might look at the receding shore of the land he will never see again; with a yearning that has passed beyond despair and so grown serene. At length, sighing, he roused himself and came forward, pushed the heavy table closer to her, and brought within her reach some of the viands that were spread upon it.

"You must eat," he said. And, as she lifted her eyes again with her childlike questioning look, his lips parted in a smile, she thought, beautiful upon the gravity of his countenance. "You have not done with journeying yet to-night," he explained. He moved to the window as he spoke; and, as he drew the curtain aside, there came into the ruddy brown room a vision of a moonlit fairy world.

"There, too, I was wrong, you see," he went on, speaking over his shoulder; "the snowstorms are passed and there is your sister moon to show you the way—Diana." Then, coming back again to the table, "You asked for a woman's company—in this house there is no company fit for you."

Her eyelids flickered over her startled glance. She gave a quick cry.

"Eat, then," he went on in the same gentle tone, "while I make arrangements for your instant departure."

The door closed upon him. Diana involuntarily called after him; but his footsteps died away in the empty passages. The great silence of the house closed about her; and in the solitude, her own thoughts seemed to clamor and crowd bodily upon her. She

leaned her elbows on the table and buried her bright head in her hands. Slighted—insulted—then served reverentially like a princess—looked at and spoken to like a beloved child! How was it that all the anger was dead in her heart, and that in its place reigned this feeling of pain and incomprehensible joy commingled? How was it that her fear was banished, that she would have trusted herself with him, even in this house which his own lips had named evil?

Presently she again heard steps without, and rapid words; then his voice uplifted sharp and strong. She smiled, broke a piece of bread, and sipped at the wine; she was safe, she knew, where he was.

In a few minutes Rockhurst returned. He was now booted to the thigh and carried a cloak on his arm. Once more he sat down facing her. His eye fell on the discarded shoes—he bent down and felt them.

"They are nearly dry," he said, and lifted them closer to the flame. "In a little while you must be ready. You will have to ride on the same rustic steed that brought you, but I will see that she carries you to safety." He paused a second or two, then added: "The inn—a very well-known, reputable place—is not far distant; and you will doubtless hear of your servants there. Our young host"—he hesitated, and his voice seemed to harden—"tells me that, even as he rode with you into the avenue, folk were hastening to your rescue from that direction."

Diana's glance still questioned, but she dared not put the question into words. What then had the young man with the narrow eyes and the uneasy glance meant by her? And how, if he had had some dark purpose, had she been thrust upon this other and left to his mercy? Ah, and what had this other first fancied to see in her? The blood surged to her cheeks, her lips trembled. Rockhurst held her under his eye. As if in answer to her thoughts he bent down.

"My dear," he said, but how differently the words a while ago insolently familiar were now spoken, "this is no house for you. It must never be breathed of one such as you, that you have been under its roof—with one such as me. You said you did not know the ways of us of the court—pray God you may never know them!"

Here he was silent again, his eye resting thoughtfully upon her hands, unadorned save for a single posy ring.

"When you marry," he went on then, as



"Here was his ransom!"

with an effort, "keep in the sweet country, and of a surety"—a sad smile flickered upon his lip—"your lord will gladly keep there."

She lifted her head with a quick impulse; her mouth parted to speak. But an inexplicable, invincible reluctance to tell him she was already wed thrust back the words.

Rockhurst turned, and taking the loose pieces of paper from the table, gazed at them thoughtfully for a moment, and thrust them into his pocket. Then he rose, and almost gayly:

"Come, madam," he said, "your palfrey waits in the cold. Put on your shoes." As he spoke he took down his sword and buckled it on.

She went forth with him, her finger tips lightly in his hold, without a word, through the passages of the lone house, through the

hall. The door, open to the night, cut a square, brilliant silver upon the inner dimness. Cold, pure airs rushed against them.

The mare, black, steaming, stood patiently, her bridle hitched to a post. There was not a sound of another living thing, it seemed, in all the white shrouded land. She rested one hand on the saddlecloth, lifted her foot for his service, and he swung her up with practiced ease. She felt the strength of a steel bow in his arm. He folded her in a huge horseman's cloak; then, without a word, took the bridle to walk by her side.

She looked at him wistfully. Had she dared, she would have invited him to share the saddle. But, dark and grave, he went beside her and the silence held them.

They moved as in a dream through a dreamland of beauty, a white purity beyond expression. Above, in the pine trees, the wind choired; far out over the waste it sighed. Somewhere very far away, yet strangely distinct, Christmas joy bells were ringing.

The starry sky that domed this wonderful world was still more wonderful. Diana neither felt the cold, nor measured the space she traversed, nor the flight of time. She was another self; she would have asked no greater boon than to journey on through all this splendor, with the vision of his face cut in grave beauty against the white world; to

meet the glance of his watchful eye now and again; to have the touch of his hand, kind and steady, upon her knee, when the road was rougher and the mare stumbled. She knew that at that unknown inn door, down in the valley, would come the parting, and her heart contracted.

The little village seemed asleep. The inn itself looked deep in slumber, with barred windows, its every gable huddled under the thick blanket of snow; only a wreathing smoke from the chimney stack to tell of some watchfulness within.

Rockhurst knocked masterfully, sonorous-ly. Then turning, the rein slung over his arm, he leaned against a pillar of the porch, removed his hat, and looked up smiling at her. There came sounds, answering sounds indoors. Then he spoke:

"Thank you," he said.

"Do you thank me?" Her voice shook a little.

"Thank you," he repeated, "for having shown me, once more, a vision of my youth such as I never thought to know again!"

The bars were now heard grating against the closed door. Rockhurst took a step forward. She read farewell in his eyes, and flinging out her hands, almost with a sob:

"Ah, but shall we not meet again?" she said, pleading. "Your name? Mine—nay, you know it already: it is indeed Diana. Diana——"

But he interrupted her with a quick gesture.

"Hush! My name? No, it is a name of no good report, and I would not have it dwell in your mind. And yours—it were best I should not know it." Then, after a slight pause: "You came as a dream to me, you go as a dream, perfect, sweet beyond words. We shall never meet again, Diana."

The inn doors were slowly drawing apart. He lifted his arms to help her down, held her a second between them to steady her, then putting her gently aside, sprang into the saddle and forthwith spurred the mare to her heavy trot. And Diana, looking after them, saw rider and mount passing from her, black against the snow. He never turned his head. She stood, bewilderment in her mind, pain at her heart.

"God-a-mercy, madam, 'tis you!" cried the familiar voice of her old servant in her ear. "In the Lord's name, madam, where have you been?" old Geoffrey was tremblingly questioning.

She started, looked round at him as one

suddenly awakened. Was it all indeed a dream of the snow? she wondered as the sheltering doors of "The Crown" closed upon her.

Rockhurst stepped in again into the warmth of the parlor, snow sodden on his boots, hoar frost pricking his hair, and found Paul Farrant.

To the young man's frenzied anxiety it seemed interminable nights that he had been thus waiting, waiting for release or doom; nights that he had paced the brown parlor from end to end; that he had stood shivering in the window recess, gazing out upon the white emptiness, straining his ears for a sound of life in the awful stillness. The uncertainty of Rockhurst's moods, of his intentions, the mystery that had to-night surrounded his movements, added to the waiting misery. To what end had Rakehell set forth, at midnight through the snow, with the lady whom he had so cynically received? Was it a sudden whim of chivalrous courtesy? His scorching anger upon their last brief meeting might lead him to that preposterous conclusion—Knight Errant Rakehell out through the snowdrifts on a farm mare for the sake of country virtue! What tale might he not make of it for supper merriment at Whitehall? Or Rakehell, jealous of his host's fair looks and smooth cheek, carrying off elsewhere the prize of grace and beauty.

At such a point Farrant's uneasy tread would lead him back to the hearth, to seek vain comfort by the embers, to fling fresh logs on the reddening pile. What was he to do if Rockhurst were to pass away from his road like this? Dare he, so long as those damning notes were in that pitiless hold, ever present himself within earshot of court?

Then, all at once, as he sat staring into his uncertain future, his guest was back upon him—those were his steps without, that was his hand on the latch! Farrant sprang to his feet, and flung a look of piteous inquiry at the Lord Constable's face.

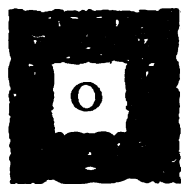
Rockhurst did not speak. He went to the hearth and stood for an appreciable pause gazing at the lad; in his eyes there was none of the former scorn—nothing but a kind of sad wonder. Then, deliberately, he drew the damning slips of paper from his pocket, turned, and one by one, with a musing air, threw them into the fire.

Farrant drew a quivering breath of relief. The debt of honor was canceled.

ROBERT BURNS

BORN JANUARY 25, 1759

BY THEODORE THORNTON MUNGER



ONE hundred and twenty years ago in Edinburgh, in the house of Prof. Adam Ferguson, Walter Scott, a lad of fifteen, met Robert Burns, a man of twenty-seven. The boy was stum-

bling over his lesson at school, and the man was tasting the first sip of the cup of glory which Scotland put to his lips.

Burns was looking at a print of a soldier lying dead in the snow, "his dog sitting in misery at one side, on the other his widow, with a child in her arms."

Robert Burns did not comment on the technic of the drawing. He was not a critic; he was a poet. Beneath the picture were some lines which he read with tears flowing down his face. The poet did not see the picture; he saw the scene itself: the soldier "Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain"; the blind misery of the dog, the conscious misery of the wife, the babe that deepened the pathos of the whole. Being a poet, and such a poet as he was, he was not detained by the art of the picture, but went past it as though it were not, to the reality, and saw it first-hand and in its full meaning.

Here we have Burns in his largest characteristic—a first-hand observer of everything about him, and everything in its first and most evident meaning. And this, I take it, is why we are celebrating his birth one hundred and forty-seven years ago. It is because Burns saw Scotland as it is, saw it as the people saw it when he touched their eyes with his wand of song, and so gave it to them in all its reality and with its first, full, fresh meaning, that the people of Scotland do not let a year pass by without commemorating his birth; and every year deepens their joy in their great countryman.

But let us go back to the parlor of Professor Ferguson, where Burns is shedding tears over the print. Not recognizing their authorship, he appealed to the company, but no one could tell him save the fifteen-year-old Walter, who received in acknowledgment a look and word from the poet, which he remembered ever after with intense pleasure. That Burns and Scott, whose lives overlapped each other by twenty-five years, and were separated only by a few miles, should *not* have met, would have seemed a miscarriage of eternal fitness; for they belong together, and form as it were one great national personality. It has been said that "Lowland Scotland as a distinct nationality came in with two warriors and went out with two bards. It came in with William Wallace and Robert Bruce and went out with Robert Burns and Walter Scott. The first two made the history, the last two told the story and sang the songs."

While these four names bound and contain within themselves the history and the genius of the nation and give to it almost four-square perfection—for where can such heroes and such bards be elsewhere found?—Scott commemorated the past and made no provision in his thought for the future, but Burns felt the coming age and the coming man and put them into battle songs. There was more of Scotland in the cottage at Moss-gill than in Abbotsford.

How the three names, Burns, Scott, Carlyle—each greatest in his own field—seem to add another Scotland to the sea-cloven, mist-enveloped land known under that name; a Scotland of song and romance, and of intellect, keen and masterful!

Of these three, Burns is by far the most thoroughly representative of his country, especially in expressing the feeling and thought

of the people. Scott crossed the Tweed and the sea and even went as far away as the East in search of themes. Carlyle, as a general worker in the field of literature, while never ceasing to think as a Scot, and holding fast his Scottish heart if one go deep enough to find it, dipped his pen full into German thought and became a useful purveyor of it to the English-speaking world. But Burns was a Scot and a Scot only; and he is the most thoroughly national of the poets on this side of the ancients.

Burns alone is exclusively the one great national poet. He chose no themes but such as he found about him, needing no other. The true poet has no occasion to wander. To him beauty is, like Deity, omnipresent. And because Burns was a great poet and untrained, his instinct kept him from straying into unfamiliar fields. He must write of what he sees, or of nothing. Hence we find almost no reference, even by way of illustration, to other countries; one might almost infer that he knew of no other. He passed but once its borders, when he crossed the Tweed where it divides Scotland from England; touching English soil, he turned, fell on his knees, stretched out his arms to Scotland, and prayed God to bless his native land. He seldom heard and never used any tongue save his own dialect.

And so all through; everything in Burns is Scottish; the cottages, the people in them, the birds, the burns and braes, the heather, the lochs, the castles, the cattle, the very mice, all wear a Scottish cast; the skies are such as bend over Scotland, and "chill November's surly blasts" are such as blow across its bleak moors. This is not to be regarded as a limitation of Burns's genius but rather as a proof of it. The flowers of Shakespeare are so accurately described that they can be identified with Warwickshire and differentiated from those growing in other parts of England. The Scottish cast which Burns throws over everything is due to the fact that he saw it as it is—the mountain daisy, the harebell, the wild brier rose, the budding birch, the hoary hawthorn, the "burnies wimplin' down the glen," the cushats calling from the wood, the plover singing in the stubble—all these things he saw as they are and not some pale reflection of them or embodiment of sentimental notions about them; for this was the way in which the poets of the eighteenth century were dealing with nature, and it is the way in which the poets of to-day are dealing with it, now that

the great masters have passed away and left them in possession of the field. A great poet will give you the thing as it is; a poet who is *not* great is apt to tell you how he thinks and feels about it, and hides the thing itself.

This birthday greeting in memory can only linger on two main features, Burns's originality as a poet, and his sincerity as a man.

In order to understand the first, we must recall the want of it in the poetry of the day and the lack of any true vision either of nature or of things. He was not a development, except as he deeply felt some of the old ballads of the country, like "Auld Robin Gray," but so far as any man originates in literature, he created a great body of song better than any before him or since, with a few exceptions; and these songs are for the most part wholly free from the affectation and sentimentality of the poetry of his day. They are not *great* in the special sense of that word. He was not sufficiently educated; he was too hemmed in by circumstances, too pressed down by burdens; the current of his sympathies and his thought ran too near the earth; he liked too well to tell how "Willie brewed a peck o' maut, and Rob and Allan came to pree," and too seldom let his muse turn to such themes as the "Cotter's Saturday Night," to produce great poetry. But it had great qualities, and it was so genuine and strong a stream that it swept out the existing school and made room for Wordsworth, who felt to the full his indebtedness to

Him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plow, along the mountain side.

Burns and Wordsworth are in many ways as unlike as two poets could be, but in certain fundamental respects they are as alike as if born of one mother. Walter Scott went down to visit Wordsworth, but they did not get on very well together; they had little in common, and Wordsworth's "plain living and high thinking" fell short of Scott's ideas of life. Had Burns visited Wordsworth and let himself out, Wordsworth would have closed his doors against him. And yet at heart they are one because they came into a peculiar relation of closeness to nature; a relation of simple and profound sympathy with it. The idea in the last lines of Wordsworth's great ode—

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears—

runs through all the lines of Burns, and with hardly less consciousness of it than is found in Wordsworth. "The still, sad music of humanity" which this great poet was always hearing, sounded as clearly in the ears of the humbler poet, though Burns could no more have written the "Ode on Immortality" than Wordsworth could "Tam O'Shanter."

But if the poems of Burns are not great in the absolute sense, they are better than great.

Whittier in one of his best poems—and, by the way, there is no other poet whom all poets love as they do Burns; he is their darling, a child among them; they forgive him his faults; they delight in his full rushing stream of life, they see the pure flame of his genius and behind it a heart human to the core—Whittier thus measures him:

Not his the song whose thunderous chime
Eternal echoes render—
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
And Milton's starry splendor!

But who his human heart has laid
To nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry!
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary.

The finest quality in Burns, whether we look at him as a poet or a man, is his sincerity.

It is not necessary either to approve or condemn or excuse the conduct of Burns, but there are certain things about the man that are so fundamentally virtuous that we cannot omit taking account of them. Chief among these is this quality of sincerity. When put to use in his poetry, it is truth—simple and direct; it forms the substance and is the substructure of his work. Hardly a line could be found that is not some outspoken word of truth, an exact statement of his thought and feeling. We could wish that he had not felt and thought in some ways in which he did, or at least had kept it to himself; but this redeeming quality overspreads all these doubtful rhymings. It is hard to believe this when "Halloween" and "To Mary in Heaven" are not only printed on the same page, but were written at nearly the same time. It is not easy to feel that the writer of "Holy Willie's Prayer" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night" was equally sincere

in each, but the fact that he was sincere gives them a like if not equal justification. We could wish that some lines had not been written, but, given the writing, it is something to be thankful for that he put his truthful heart into every line. He would not "mutilate human nature" by singing a note that was not keyed to the play of his own nature. He was framed with such amplitude of nature that he could carouse with the "Jolly Beggars" and sing "A man's a man for a' that." He says of himself that he was like "an æolian harp, strung to every wind of heaven"; but because he was such a harp and so blown upon, every sound was true.

You may think we make much of a simple and common virtue; but it is not so common as you may think. Rarest of virtues is it as it existed in Burns; and a most difficult virtue was it to practice in the time of Burns, for there were few going along that path. It was, as Kingsley says, "a hard-drinking, coarse, materialist age." The higher classes were impregnated with French ideas, then at their worst. Voltaire was read; the Church anathematized him but did not answer him. Religion was buried under the most relentless Calvinism and had no vitality except in the hearts of the simple people. Dogma ran high but morals ran low. It was a false and formal age into which was born Burns—an incarnation of truth set to song. That he went astray in more ways than one, is largely due to the fact that there was no world fit to receive and shape him. He was left to himself to go whither and do whatever he would. His only monitor was his own conscience, and though he often broke its behests, he never denied their justice; he was as true to conscience in his thought and in his verse as to his stormy passions.

This sincerity and truth which he put into all his work wrought an immense effect on Scotland and elsewhere. Newman traced great religious impressions and influences to Scott; but if any, they were chiefly as Newman liked, and such as he identified with religion. But whatever of this sort worked its way into Scottish life from the pages of Scott, it was trifling compared with that great purifying flame of truth, which is the soul of religion, that Burns kindled, and which he kept alive by songs that will never die; songs which the years will go on singing so long as the heather purples the hills and the hawthorn whitens the glens of Scotland.

THE QUICKENING OF GALATEA

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST



ABLEY was giving a studio tea to Lady Avis Darran, whose brother, Lord Dingwall Darran, had married Mabley's sister.

It was a singularly polite and uncomfortable occasion, especially for Dinard, where the British sometimes go to relax and recover from the depressing influences of their own country. This was because Mabley was *nouveau riche* and a climber, in an obvious and awkward sort of way. When he inherited his money he had passed from meat canning to high art because the latter seemed to him to be a short cut to culture, or at least an excuse for the absence of this quality on the ground of Bohemianism. He had not yet learned that true Bohemianism is a postgraduate course in art.

Mabley did not look cultured; he was short and thick, with too much blood and too many clothes. Also, most of his metabolism was a bit noisy; he breathed audibly, especially when discussing art; he ate audibly, slept audibly, and was persistently audible in expressing his views when with people whom he considered socially inferior. His sister, Lady Darran, was, on the contrary, the epitome of social grace. She was a dream of beauty, of perfect poise in all but her temper, which sometimes grabbed the bits and bolted, and as perfectly finished a woman of the world as a very expensive education could produce. This is often the case in the female of the Mabley kind.

Mabley's father had been born in England, his mother in Germany, and Mabley in the United States. It was the first time that he had ever been in a foreign country, and at times he was so overcome by the novelty of

his surroundings that he would almost forget that he was probably the only one in the circle about him who was worth forty millions of dollars.

On this particular occasion they gave him no support worth mentioning, for the Lady Avis, whom he had secretly determined to marry, had frozen into a pillar of ice the moment that his blazing face had risen above her horizon. Lady Avis disliked Americans intensely because her dearest friend, who had been "disappointed" through an American girl, had told her that they were vulgar. Mabley's studio was at Dinard, and several of his guests were American artists, and the mere accent and colloquialisms of these were enough to freeze the Lady Avis into a very beautiful snow maiden and limit her conversation to such remarks as, "R'really! How ver'ry odd!" and "I'm sure I don't know!"

This refrigerating manner proceeding from a source of such striking and classic beauty, had reduced the social atmosphere of the studio to a point where poor Mabley's teeth had begun to chatter. His friends had tried to come to his support, but had, one by one, been congealed into frozen silence. Then they had taken to strong drink, which failed utterly of absorption, and a following reaction and a sad silence had been the result. The women drank their tea nervously, and wondered how soon they might decently escape into the warm French sunshine. Mabley had smoked so many cigarettes that he was getting fogged about the muzzle, and his fat hands were beginning to shake. His sister's gayety had flared up and sizzled out like badly made fireworks.

The only one entirely at ease was the Lady Avis, and her repose was of a sort which made the others shiver, like people in the

Zoo who watch the polar bear sitting in his tank in midwinter, calmly eating raw fish. Lady Avis was eating macaroons in precisely the same manner, calmly oblivious, or at least indifferent to her medium.

Just as Lady Darran was beginning to feel that she would scream, the wintry silence of the studio was violently rent in sunder. There sounded in the distance the *chug-a-chug* of an approaching motor car, which even an unskilled ear could estimate as exceeding the speed limit by not more than eighty kilometers an hour. As it drew nearer the horn began to honk in a ribald and disorderly manner.

"*Honk, honk, honk, honk, honk!*" it yelped in rhythmic measure. A moment later there came a protesting whine as the brake was thrown on, the suddenly accelerated whir of the motor, then silence.

A rich, rollicking barytone was wafted through the open windows.

"Look out, Mab—duck for cover! Not a drop of 'essence' left in my tank, and twenty kilometers to the next supply station."

Steps sounded on the path and a cold dew appeared on Mabley's crimson face.

"It's Jack Randall!" he whispered to his sister. "He'll just raise the dooce with our tea party. What will Lady Avis think!"

Lady Darran's delicious color changed a trifle. It had taken all of her strength of purpose to jilt the gentleman approaching when asked to become Lady Darran, and she had never been able to rid her mind of the unpleasant suspicion that the victim had accepted her infidelity with a philosophy scarcely consistent with a *grande passion*.

"It's a shame!" she began in a low, angry voice, when again the rollicking tones came floating through the window:

"Don't try to hide, you fat reprobate. I know you are there. I will show you how to mix a new cocktail; just learned the recipe from a bloomink Britisher down at the Casino."

Lady Avis turned to her sister-in-law.

"*Who* is this extr'ord'nary person?" she asked icily.

For once Lady Darran displayed a certain embarrassment.

"He—is a—sculptor," she answered hesitatingly. "—an old—eh, acquaintance of ours."

Lady Avis raised her symmetrical eyebrows.

"An Amer'r'rican?"

"Yes, a Mr. Randal—" began Lady Darran, when the door of the studio was thrown violently open and a young man plunged into the room.

For an instant he paused and caught his breath; then he glanced quickly about and observed with keen eyes Mabley's comical expression of hopeless despair, the cold indignation in the eyes of Lady Darran, the startled faces of the guests, and, last of all, the curious scrutiny of the Lady Avis, who was looking at him as she might have looked at an exuberant wet dog.

Shock, surprise, and amusement followed each other across the man's handsome, talented face. He laughed, then seeing the expression of the others, he laughed even more. Then suddenly the amusement gave way to an expression of resentful mockery.

"I beg your pardon, Mab," he said. "I really had not heard of your loss."

"What loss?" demanded Mabley in a peevish voice.

"I don't know—haven't I broken in upon a funeral—or have you just been telling one of your funny stories?"

"I don't know what you're talkin' about," growled the host resentfully.

"Then what is the matter? Has there been some national catastrophe? Has the President attacked the canners—or has King Edward been run over by a water wagon—or what?"

"How extr'ord'nary!" murmured the Lady Avis. Her big blue eyes opened wide and rested on Mr. Randal with growing bewilderment. Mabley was getting even redder, and a stony light gleamed from the fine eyes of Lady Darran.

Randal turned resentfully to the host.

"Why don't you introduce me, Mab? Don't look so sulky! How was I to know that you were giving a tea party? You never told *me* anything about it; if you had, I would have stayed away, of course."

He glanced about the circle and laughed again. Lady Avis's blue eyes were fixed upon him with a singular intentness. She was mystified, to be sure, but there was something more than mere curiosity in the look with which she studied the man's handsome, passionate face with its dark, devil-driven eyes and broad, white forehead. For genius was written in every individual feature. The face itself was square, Celtic in type, but Irish rather than French. The jaw was firm, the mouth wide with even

rows of white teeth, the nose short, straight, delicately chiseled, the forehead broad. But the wonderful eyes were what startled the English girl from her frozen calm. They were very long and deep and of an indescribable color, restless, eager, mocking, and aggressive. They caught her own and held them with a force which was almost physical; and the cool, even pulse of the Lady Avis leaped so violently that it made her catch her breath while a sudden pink glow crept up beneath her Parian marble skin. The sculptor's quick eyes caught her startled look and flashed mockingly. He turned to Mabley.

"Why don't you introduce me? Never mind. I know some of your guests already by reputation, and the others"—he glanced at the artists and grinned—"by their lack of it!" He bowed to Lady Darran. "My homage, Venus!" He glanced toward her husband, a big, handsome fellow, who was in the Guards. "Salve, Mars!" He turned slowly to the Lady Avis, and his voice, seriously respectful, belied the mockery in his eyes.

"Galatea I know only by reputation—although myself a disciple of Pygmalion!" He bowed low, then turned to the host whose tortured face had turned from red to saffron.

"Why don't you offer me something to drink, Mab?" His restless eye fell upon a guitar which was lying on a divan, and with a step so quick that it was almost a leap, he seized it and ran his fingers lightly over the strings. "That's so—I wasn't asked; I'll have to earn my drink, I suppose." He twisted a key, struck a chord, then turned with the slow, graceful flourish of a troubadour to face the Lady Avis, who was watching him with wide, fascinated eyes.

There were three bass notes, a minor chord, and then his throaty, vibrant voice welled out with a low, harplike purity. The air was plaintive, inconstant, like the words obviously impromptu, and suggested the wistful melody of the sweet old Breton folk songs.

With his mocking eyes turned upward he sang lightly:

Galatea, marble maiden,
Mine thou art and mine alone.
Shall a heart with hunger laden
Throb but for a lifeless stone?
Venus, grant a lover's yearning,
Lend thy warmth to this fair thing!
So I'll keep thy altar burning,
Evermore thy praises sing!

He struck a final minor chord, then for an instant looked forward and smiled into the face of the Lady Avis. The smile was in itself an apology for the Bohemian impertinence.

The girl's lips parted and a wave of color swept across her lovely face. Randal smiled again, then tossed the guitar lightly upon a pile of cushions and turned to Mabley, who was staring hopelessly at his sister, as if for a cue.

"There!" said Randal challengingly, "have I earned my drink? A song is always the price of a drink in Bohemia!" He picked up a decanter, poured out some whisky, and drank it. "Thanks! No," sardonically, "I really must go. Anybody for Dinard? No? Then I'm off! Au 'voir!"

With a sweeping bow he passed through the open door, swinging it shut behind him. A moment later there came the sudden whirr of machinery, then a grind as he threw in the clutch. "*Honk, honk—honk, honk, honk,*" blatted the horn, and then the distance swallowed the ribald sounds.

Mabley breathed loudly and angrily. He tried to speak but failed, and looked helplessly at his sister.

"It is a shame!" cried Lady Darran passionately. "It is an outrage! If one can't give a quiet tea without having one's guests insulted—"

"Jack did not insult anybody," said one of the men quickly. "*'L'esprit tout excusé!*" He did not mean to be rude."

"I s'pose really I ought to have asked him," muttered Mabley. "He was a class-mate of mine—but he always does such crazy stunts—"

"Deuced clever, I thought, if it was a bit cheeky," drawled the good-natured guardsman, "but one rather expects that sort of thing in a studio. Lovely voice he's got."

The Lady Avis's blue eyes were like big sapphires and her breath was coming quickly. The pink glow had not left her perfect face. Mabley, glancing at her covertly, found it impossible to tell whether she was deeply offended, angry, frightened, or merely surprised. In any case, it was evident that her glacial rampart had suffered a heavy thaw.

"Who is that person?" she asked, and her voice was faintly tremulous.

"He is an American sculptor named Randal, Lady Avis," said one of the men.

"Really?" The English beauty was be-

ginning to recover her poise. "Does he do good work?" she asked.

"His work is like his behavior—extraordinary. It is wild and erratic. You see, the chap is really a genius, and not amenable to usual methods. For instance, if you were to order a bust of yourself, he would probably not sculp you as you really are, but in some fantastic way; in some character with which he might endow you in his own mind. For instance, if you don't mind my saying so, he would be quite capable of chiseling you as Galatea quickening into life and leaning down, perhaps, with her lips pursed up to kiss Pygmalion—or some similar idiotic conception."

The Lady Avis thoughtfully studied her bracelet. Presently she turned to her informer.

"Is Mr. Randal usually—like that?"

"By no means. You have seen him at his worst. I think that he was hurt at not being asked, and took that way of showing it. When he hasn't one of his wild fits he is apt to be very quiet—and he is at all times a hard worker."

"R'really?" The Lady Avis relapsed into her thoughtful silence, and shortly afterwards the party broke up.

That evening, as Lady Darran was about to retire, her sister-in-law said to her in a cool, even voice:

"I have been thinking the matter over, and have decided to have my bust done for mamma's birthday present instead of a portrait—a painting, you know."

"Indeed? Who are you going to sit for? Mr. Durand or M. Verne?"

"Neither," answered Lady Avis in her most liquid tone. "From what I have been told of his work, I believe that mamma would like a head done by your—eh, acquaintance, Mr. Randal."

Mr. Randal stood in the middle of his studio and stared with a contemptuous eye at a plaster cast of the head of Lady Avis Darran.

On the other side of the studio, reclining on a window seat, lounged an immaculately dressed young man who inhaled a Turkish cigarette and watched Mr. Randal curiously. This was Mr. Robert Marie de Lamballe de Savoie-Carignan Neufville. He was known among his French intimates as "Bawbb," which was the Gallicized version of "Bob," for Mr. Neufville had been educated in Eng-

land and spoke French with a slightly English and English with a slightly French accent. Whenever he displeased his Parisian friends they darkly hinted that he was inclined to "le snobberie."

Mr. Randal turned to his friend "Bob."

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"It ees reeping, bah J'jove!" answered Bob. "Absolutely perfec'!"

Randal frowned. "That's just the trouble," he growled. "It is *too* perfect. It isn't art; it's simply reproduction—a replica in plaster of that girl's perfect head!"

"R'right you are, ol' chap," said Bob, "but I'm hanged if I see how *you* can help *that*! When you get it cut out of the marble it weel not be one degree colder than the original!"

Randal stared broodingly at his work.

"Lady Avis has sat for me about a dozen times and each time she has been exactly like that thing—only colder! She sits there like a block of ice; marble is *much* too warm for her! She ought to be sculpted in ice to really get truthful delineation."

"Can't you get her to thaw a bit—take her off her guard and shock or frighten or—eh—interest her a bit?"

"I might if she were alone, but Lady Darran always comes with her and just when I begin to see the chance of a glimmer of human emotion in her face her sister-in-law says something and spoils it all. I wish I'd never tackled the thing—no, I don't!"

Bob laughed.

"I say," said he, "maybe you malign Lady Darran and flatter the Lady Avis. Maybe she hasn't eet in her, ye know!"

"That is what most people think," answered Randal quietly. "That is no doubt what she thinks herself—but it is a mistake." He studied the head thoughtfully and when he spoke there was an odd wistfulness in his voice, which made his friend glance at him keenly. "Lady Avis Darran has heart enough and to spare—if only one could find the way to it!"

He turned to his friend, whom he regarded doubtfully for a moment, then walked slowly across the studio and laid his hand upon a sheet which covered a bust standing upon a pedestal.

"I would not show this to anyone else, Bob, but you are a gentleman and a fellow-sculptor and you will understand. Something which I once saw, only once, in Lady Avis's face suggested it. It is her other

nature—her dual nature—the complementary part, you understand?" He twitched the sheet from the bust.

Bob sprang lightly to his feet, crossed the studio, and stood before the model. It was a ravishing thing even though at first sight it seemed profane. The bust was that of a laughing bacchante, her head thrown back, her pretty lips curved in a tantalizing smile as she looked up coquettishly at something just above her. The broad forehead, short Grecian nose, the perfect mouth with its curved upper lip and pouting lower one was flawlessly that of the Lady Avis, but the whole charming face was so changed and warmed and humanized by the rollicking expression of joyous abandon to the pleasures of the moment, that, at first sight, it smote with a sense of shock one familiar with the divine original. It was like putting a cigarette between the lips of a Venus Callipyge, or ballet skirts upon her sister of Milo.

Bob whistled softly; his lustrous eyes glowed.

"Gad!" he gasped, true even in emotion to his Anglicism. "What a perfec'ly delicious thing! Eet is marvelous! Eet is almos' unholy! What a face! What a neck!" He shook his head slowly from side to side. "What a triumph of expression—for the features are absolutely perfec'—ident'cale!" He laughed softly to himself. "If the Lady Avis ever looked like that it would be a pity! Think of the trail of broken hearts! As it is, the men are all afraid of her!"

"Perhaps that is the reason," said Randal vaguely.

"It would be interesting to let her see it!"

"She never will!" answered Randal, with emphasis. "It is altogether too like to be decent. To tell the truth, I feel a bit uncomfortable at having done it, but you see, I was working up a vague first impression. Her face is that of a goddess; this is the face of a nymph—and not a very well-ordered nymph at that!"

He stepped to the corner of the studio and picked up an iron dumb-bell which was lying there. Bob stared at him in amazement.

"Hol' on!" he cried. "What are you up to, J'jack?"

"I'm going to smash her!"

"Oh, bah J'jove, don't do that. Don't, ol' chap! You can alter it a bit, you know—change the features—make the nose half a millimeter longer!"

"Then I would hate her and smash her anyway. No, I'm going to smash her now!"

A dawning intelligence began to gleam in Bob's dark eyes.

"Eef you change her you will hate her—and so you are going to smash her head! Ah, my boy, my boy—you are in love with her!"

Randal paused to stare at his friend in angry amazement.

"In love with Lady Avis!" he growled.

"Not a bit of it. You are in love with her face on your naughty bacchante."

A knock sounded on the door, which was slightly ajar. Randal, not caring to be caught in the act of beating in the head of a bacchante with a ten-pound dumb-bell, quickly threw the sheet over the bust.

"*Entrez!*" he called sharply. The door swung open and Lady Darran, followed by the Lady Avis, entered the studio.

"Good morning, Jack," said Lady Darran. "We have come an hour earlier because we want to go to a tea at the Casino later. You don't mind, do you?" She threw a friendly nod to Bob.

"Certainly not," replied Randal, a bit stiffly. He looked curiously at Lady Avis, then at the nearly finished bust.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"Very much," answered the English girl unemotionally. She let her blue eyes rest meditatively upon the beautiful reproduction of her head, then turned to the sculptor.

"You are not very pleased with it yourself, are you?" she said, as one stating a fact.

Randal glanced at her with quick surprise.

"No," he replied frankly, "I don't care for it a bit."

"Don't you think it like?"

"Too much so."

"How *very* unflattering!" cried Lady Darran.

"Let me finish my statement—or at least amend it," said Randal. "The head is precisely that of Lady Avis as she sits for her portrait. I had hoped to get her as she looks"—he glanced keenly at the girl—"when under some emotion."

Lady Avis's eyes flashed up to his, then instantly fell.

"I think that I prefer it as it is," she murmured, in her clear, cold voice.

"I quite agree with you," said Lady Darran vexedly. "Unless a thing has a dash of the rococo it never quite pleases you, Jack."

Her eyes fell upon the veiled bust of the bacchante which was at her elbow.

"What is this?" she asked, laying her gloved hand on the sheet.

"Oh — nothing —" answered Randal. "Don't uncover it, please!"

There was a peremptory note in his voice which brought a flush of anger to the cheeks of Lady Darran. It had not been so long since all peremptory orders had proceeded from *her*. In a sudden fit of pique and utterly regardless of studio etiquette she began to tug at the sheet.

Randal's dark eyes blazed.

"Please do not uncover that bust," he said icily. "I do not care to have it seen. It is a study of a personal character."

Lady Darran stared at him in astonished anger, her hand still clutching the sheet. Bob's eyes sparkled with delighted anticipation.

"*Le dénouement doit être dramatique!*" he whispered through his teeth.

Deeply injured in her pride, Lady Darran sought to pass the matter off as a joke and at the same time to satisfy her curiosity.

"You are too modest, Jack," she said with a laugh, and with a quick tug drew the sheet from the bacchante. Lady Avis, turning in surprise and vexation to protest with her sister-in-law, looked full at the bust and her blue eyes opened wide.

"Jack!" cried Lady Darran in ecstasy, "what a perfectly delicious head! How mean, not to want us to see it! What a fascinatingly pretty, naughty face! And what a dear little *nuquel*! She's a raving, tearing beauty—even if she *does* look a trifle—eh—*gristée*. What an adorable profile." She stepped in front of the bust and all at once a puzzled expression crept into her eyes. "Do you know—" she began, and then, startled out of her self-control, she cried in a shrill voice: "*It's Avis!*"

"Indeed?" said Randal. His face was very pale and his eyes were like two big coals.

Lady Darran threw him an angry look, which was lost, for he was watching Lady Avis. Her big blue eyes were devouring every line and lineament of the bacchante with a deep intentness which left her quite oblivious of the others. Presently she sighed deeply and turned to Lady Darran.

"Do you really think that her face is like mine?" she asked eagerly.

"My dear," cried Lady Darran, with an-

other angry glance at Randal, "it is your face robbed of its purity by the *genius* of the sculptor!"

"That ees not fair!" murmured Bob, beneath his breath. Randal, very pale, caught his lower lip beneath his white teeth and stood silently, his dark eyes fixed on Lady Avis.

The girl glanced at her sister-in-law in a curious way, and Randal, trained as he was in the interpretation of facial expression, failed utterly to read her thought; her big blue eyes passed slowly from Lady Darran to the bust for which she had sat and for a moment she examined carefully its pure and perfect features; from this she turned slowly to the bacchante, then back at the other, evidently comparing the two.

"Sacred and profane love!" muttered Bob softly to himself.

Lady Avis took a step toward the bacchante and studied it long and earnestly, and slowly the crimson color crept up beneath her creamy skin and the deep blue of her eyes darkened to sapphire. Lady Darran was white and tense, Randal also, and Bob, his dramatic soul in ecstasy, watched the tableau avidly. In striking contrast, the joyous, reckless face of the beautiful bacchante looked up in laughing abandon, eyes mirthful, eager lips half parted, inviting a careless laughing kiss, her round little chin tilted audaciously toward any who might see.

Lady Avis turned slowly to Randal; her eyes were humid, her breath coming rapidly.

"That was not a nice thing for you to do," she said in her clear voice. "Of course, I do not know how Americans regard such things—but among Englishmen it would be considered—caddish!"

Randal stepped toward her and threw out one arm. "Lady Avis," he said, "you are unfair! I did this only for myself, as a study, to work out an idea which I hoped I might use to some extent in the other. In this respect it was a failure and I was about to destroy it when you came in!"

"What!" cried Lady Avis, her eyes big with a sort of horror. "You were going to destroy it?"

"Of course I was!" said Randal bitterly. "Do you think that I would let anybody else see it?" He stooped quickly, gripped the iron dumb-bell at his feet, and raised it to his shoulder.

"Step back, please," he said coldly. "The stuff is apt to fly." He raised the dumb-bell.

"Oh, no—no—!" cried Lady Avis, and at the same instant Randal brought the iron down with all of the strength of his athletic arm, full upon the smiling face of the bacchante.

Lady Darran gave a slight scream, a "*sacré*" escaped from Bob's compressed lips. The blue eyes of Lady Avis filled; she turned away.

"What a horrid temper you've got, Jack!" said Lady Darran.

"Sorry to make a scene," drawled Randal. "Shockin' brutality on my part, to smash the poor girl's head just when she was enjoying herself so much!"

Both women glanced at him quickly. The courteous, well-bred manner had been swept away by magic. The chivalric expression had vanished and two mocking devils leered from his glowing eyes.

"Sorry you look at it as you do," he said carelessly to Lady Avis, "because" — he jerked his head toward the fragments of the bacchante—"that was really perfect of you—not as you ever were, of course, but as you might be if you could manage to escape from your conventional world of cold-storage emotions!"

He gave a short laugh and, turning, began to kick the plaster fragments under the bench.

"If you are going to be rude," said Lady Darran haughtily, "we will wish you good morning. I am sorry that you feel that you have failed with Lady Avis's bust."

"So am I, I'm sure," said Randal ironically. "Now, if I could only have combined the two"—he turned to Lady Avis—"but you must admit that you did not help me much." He walked to the door and held it open.

"Good morning," said Lady Darran, with a slight nod which included Bob.

Lady Avis said nothing, but as she passed through the open door her blue eyes lifted and looked straight into the angry ones of Mr. Randal; and suddenly a crimson wave of color flooded the faces of both.

Mr. Randal leaned back among the cushions of his window seat and lazily strummed on his guitar a plaintive Breton melody; his eyes rested thoughtfully upon a pastel drawing of Lady Avis's head which he had done from memory several days before.

"Perfect face," he said to himself, and laid down the guitar to examine the sketch more closely. "Like the bacchante—rather,

only less of the *gamine*. Funny, that I do this sort from memory and can't work it into what I do from life. I suppose my seeing the complementary part of people is a sort of gift—like hearing only the second part when some one plays an air—or the colors that belong with other colors. Yet lots of people say *these* clash!" He glanced at his Oriental discordant cushions, which were really not discordant at all if one's retina were educated up to them.

"Funny," mused Randal, "how 'I seem to feel the real values of the 'off' things—like minor chords and clashing colors and cold women!" He looked intently at the pastel and his deep eyes kindled. "If she only *were* like that!" he whispered under his breath, "ye gods—if she only *were*!"

An automobile came humming down the road and stopped before his gate. Randal was annoyed; he did not care to be disturbed, so he continued to play and stare at the pastel of the Lady Avis until a subtle subconsciousness caused him to turn suddenly and see without surprise that the original was walking up the path to the studio. His heart gave a sudden thump, however, on perceiving that she was alone.

Randal rose slowly and threw open his door. Lady Avis surveyed him calmly.

"Good morning," she said. "I came to speak to you about the head. Have you a few moments to spare?"

"I am quite at your service. Please come in."

Lady Avis entered and took the chair which Randal offered her. The sculptor remained standing.

"It occurred to me yesterday after we had left," she began, "that possibly you might have thought I did not wish to have you finish the bust."

"Not at all," said Randal. "You had expressed yourself as pleased with it. I was the one who was dissatisfied."

"But, you know, Lady Darran said——"

"Lady Darran forfeited her right to any opinion when she very rudely uncovered the other bust."

Lady Avis turned toward the window. Her breath was coming more rapidly and the sculptor could see that there was something else which she wished to say. All at once her eyes fell upon the pastel.

"Who did that?" she asked quickly.

"I did it; quite often I use the crayon as a guide to mallet and chisel."



Drawn by G. C. Williams.

"The air was plaintive, inconstant, like the words obviously impromptu."

"Let me see it, please."

Randal placed the head in the proper light. Lady Avis studied it for a moment, then sighed.

"Would you mind telling me why it is," she asked, "that the things which you do of me from memory have so much—soul; and what you have done from me, myself, is so—so—cold?"

"Perhaps," said Randal, "it is because I can in some way feel what I do not actually see."

Avis's eyes fell.

"You mean that you only imagine it," she said. "That you endow my portrait with something which really is not there."

"No," replied Randal. "I mean that I feel it to be there even when I cannot see it—and once or twice I *have* seen it."

Avis looked up quickly and the color swept into her face. Her whole expression was one of eagerness.

"Have you really?" she cried. "I thought that you would, and I did so hope that you would catch it and fix it in the marble—and you *did* catch it in that darling bacchante—and when you crushed her"—her eyes filled—"it hurt me—just as if you had crushed me!"

Avis looked up at him eagerly; her face was flushed, lips parted, eyes humid, and the tears were beginning to gather. Randal looked down upon her in amazement, and all at once his heart gave a mighty throb, for there, looking up at him, rich in emotion, but that of grief rather than gladness, was his nymph, his earth-maiden. It was as if one had answered the invited caress of the bacchante with a rough word instead of kisses.

Randal stepped back; his eyes turned fiercely toward his all but finished work.

"My soul!" he cried passionately, "I believe that that thing lies!" He walked with menacing step toward the bust, contemplated it for an instant, then turned to Avis:

"That thing is not you! That is only a mask! *You* are you!" He stepped in front

of the girl and looked intently into her face. "I was right all of the time—and didn't know it! That bacchante was closer to the truth than this artificial thing! Was it not? Answer me!"

"Yes!" whispered Avis faintly.

"Has no one ever seen it before? Am I the first?"

"Yes. That is why it hurt me so when you destroyed the bacchante. Don't you see—she was—she was *me*—the real me—and I loved her the moment that I saw her—and"—she pointed to the bust—"I hated that thing from the first!"

"So did I!" cried Randal, and his eyes began to glow. He snatched the dumb-bell from a corner and then turned to Avis.

"Shall I smash her?"

"Yes! yes!" cried the girl between her teeth. Her face had suddenly become that of some beautiful, fierce, half-human creature of the woods.

Crash! The stately head dissolved into a dozen fragments. Randal turned to Avis and laughed. It was not a mirthful laugh; rather, it was the triumph of a faun who settles some score with a dryad. Ages past, Cytherean groves rang with such laughter.

But Avis, strangely excited, laughed also and in the same language; and then, suddenly the eyes of the sculptor met those of the girl and the color flamed into the faces of both. The conventional present arose to rebuke the naked past. Avis dropped her eyes, ashamed of the lawless emotion of the past moment as if it had been some flagrant act. Her beautiful face regained its classic purity—or coldness. But Randal had seen and heard and his heart was clashing joyful chords. He walked straight to Avis and took her hands in his, and at the touch the earth-maiden smiled at him through her deep-blue eyes.

"I love you!" he said strongly. "I brought you to life. You are mine, Avis—are you not?"

And Avis, clasped in his strong arms, admitted that he spoke the truth.



Drawn by G. C. Fildes.

"Her big blue eyes were devouring every line and lineament of the bacchante."

THE DWELLING PLACE AS AN EXPRESSION OF INDIVIDUALITY

THE HOUSE OF LOUIS C. TIFFANY

BY SAMUEL HOWE

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. TIFFANY



ES—it is fine, and, as you say, dramatic, but the other view is the best,” said the artist, glancing a little to the right and then walking rapidly down the steps from the upper terrace, dodging

round the bushes as he took a short cut to the roadway beyond. And proceeding to select a spot which invited a view of the lake and of the house through the cedars, he commenced to make a rough sketch of the hillside problem that had been in his thoughts for many and many a day; giving the layout of everything as he saw it and as he knew it to be—a child of his own fancy.

I had followed somewhat reluctantly, looking back and wondering what possible view could surpass the other with its quaint outline of house and tower, with its windows and balconies accented by the dark velvety shadows of the arched entrance, the bright emerald of the roof, and the sparkle of the fountains, all shimmering in the sunlight; framed with native woods and bushes in the background—when I was aroused from my momentary hypnotism by the artist holding up his sketch pad and saying very quietly and with no little feeling and affection in his voice: “This is the view I prefer. It is subtle, and there is something of Italy in it all.” A few rapid strokes of the pencil had told the story of the house and grounds, trees and cedars, roadways and terraces, as well as of the shadows. “See, the trees must be grouped together a little—so—to let a little more of

the lake come into the view. We need that reflected light and movement, and, as you see, I have just indicated enough of the body of the house to complete the composition. The picture should stop there—just beyond the tower.”

The speaker was Louis C. Tiffany, of New York City, famed as an artist in silver, in jewels, in painting and in Favrite glass which is his own creation. Mr. Tiffany added to his property at Cold Spring Harbor, on the northern side of Long Island, by the purchase, about three years ago, of still another strip of native woods on the hillside running down to the shore, making in all some five hundred acres. By removing the summer hotel with its outbuildings at that point, he cleared the way for this desire of his heart on which he centered so many hopes and dreams.

To me the house, half hidden in the native woods of Cold Spring Harbor, is notable for many things, and they can be briefly expressed in three words. They are modernity, utility, beauty.

The planning is frank and straightforward; the natural result of a clear-sighted understanding of things. And there is romance and imagination in it all. The perfume of the Orient and the horse sense of America, with its revitalizing influence, are seen everywhere. By no means is it a rich man's house as we understand it to-day, because the dollar does not appear. And as to beauty, the central court is a gem; possibly one of the most beautiful pictures of the land. The rest of the house is plain. The strength and majesty



FIRST VIEW OF THE HOUSE FROM THE ROAD

of man prompted the outside, the delicacy and innate charm of woman characterizes the inside, and the garden has a charm all its own.

Refusing to yield to the imprisonment of historic styles, because of the many phases so false to the ideals of our civilization and to his own understanding of true beauty, the painter determined to work alone and fight out the problem in his own way. With a devouring love for activity he devoted himself to the labor of molding the hillside, to shaping the woods, and to the making of models. This struggling with the soil taught him many things; and the planning, scheming, contriving, and attaching led to his use of local material to express his thoughts, in many quaint and original methods; and in this long fight for beauty he has won. The ground yielded him sand and gravel. Every tree that had to be cut down lived again in some part of the theme. The study of the ground also led to the inception of the watercourses and fountains that are romantic and appealing.

For a long time the problem resided in models of clay and portfolios of strange and interesting sketches, added to and worked over as the spirit moved. They illustrated the position of the trees, the undulating nature of the ground, the actual levels, the outline of the small ponds, and the general character

of everything. The most important points were of course settled on the spot, of which the drawing office knew so little that measurements had often to be taken to render possible the completion of that section of the scheme. The place literally grew from the ground up, not from the drawing office down.

All a matter of infinite pains is this art of ours. And the painter took pains. He is very successful. Every element going to make up the house, the terraces, and hanging garden entailed by its deft investment into the side of the hill—into the very heart of the native woods—was prompted by his thoughtful study of the "something of Italy and the spirit of the Orient," as he said.

The artist of all this knew where to stop in matters decorative, understood the value of background as well as of accent, knew just where to add detail to be most effective, knew how to use color, its quality and texture, and knew where the lights and shadows should appear and disappear. These things portrayed his preference for study on the site instead of in the drawing office. The models of clay must have been value for this. The selection of concrete and stucco was excellent, being native to the site and to the neighborhood. Yet the painter could very well have brought stone from the hills of New England, from across the Sound, or brick from

the valley of the Hudson, and could have landed them on the site. Doubtless he could just as readily have used one or both of these materials for his purpose and have made just as successful and expressive a house. But it would not have been a Long Island expression of his theme. It might have resembled Tuxedo or Germantown, both famous for their country houses.

So marked the success, so diversified the supply of water, and so many the things it does, that it looks as if the distinguished painter must be on good terms with the nymphs, demons, and goddesses of the cloud, who enriched his Argos with springs and changed his hillside into well-watered land. There are so many fountains, and they seem to be the result of careful study—and invention. Water from the hillside is caught, carefully treasured in a land basin in one of the high points. It is also pumped by steam and by electricity from driven wells into tanks which hold some forty thousand gallons. Would anyone think of these running streams of water, these cascades and fountains which illumine the scene on the southern side of the house, as artificial?

Does not the full value of these living, sparkling waters shed more luster on the scene than any marble figure—cut from a rock and standing under a canopy formed by columns and pediment, dignified but stupid and breathless—whose grinning face casts a spirit of ridicule over everything, seeming to say: "Behold I, even I, a cultivated creature of classic distinction, also permit a few drops

of the spring from the hills to trickle through my royal throat and fall as a shower at my feet"? Such fountains are statuesque and dreary as are the statues of many of the palaces of Europe. There a fountain is a dead piece of ornament, a cut-stone accent to carry the connecting line of the academy between house and garden, through so flexible and liquid an element as water. Here it is a living, bubbling charmer, a madcap creature, tossing, gurgling, and rushing.

But these tumbling waters have other things to do and other places to visit and to charm; they hide and we must follow them if we can. Leaving the larger cascade, the water passes through a series of invisible pipes into the house and appears in the central court to vitalize an Oriental setting. On the floor, surrounded by an interesting mosaic of rich colors built solidly of blocks of marble, is an octagonal tank. In the center of this is a large vase of glass, long-

necked and clear. It is here that the water again appears. Entering at the bottom and overflowing at the top, it flows swiftly down the sides into the marble tank and thence into a long marble channel across the court to a smaller cascade just outside. Palms and ferns stand like sentinels to point the way. A deep banyan shade, accented by flowers of violet and of rose color, enriches the scene. This graceful bubble of transparent glass, once a pebble melted in an awful heat, holds the quivering stream for a moment and stands clear and sparkling against the dim shadows that haunt the passages beyond.



SOUTHERN ENTRANCE FROM THE LAWN



THE HANGING GARDEN FROM MAIN TERRACE

The stream, born of the dewy mists and the eternal snows, all tears and smiles, seems unconscious of its native charm. And the tiny pebble, torn from its mother rock and shaped by waters cold and swift, now shapes the living stream.

Two immense bowls of blown glass, about the height of an ordinary table, stand one on each side of the marble channel. By some hidden means the water enters at the bottom and overflows at the top and then flows down the side into the cascade. After playing a sort of infantile tattoo on the many facets of a huge rock crystal—supposed to be the largest in the land, and forming the liquid tongue of the grotesque Tiffany dragon guarding the entrance to the hanging garden—it again disappears, dropping over the edge some thirty feet into a large shell-like basin at the foot of the lower terrace.

Again it is lost underground for a time till it reaches the twin fresh-water lakes, where it whirls round and round, past the island where golden rod, Joe-Pye weed, and boneset line the margin, past the bog and marsh garden with its splendid colonies of marshmallow, cardinal flower, wild rice, and forget-me-not; heading straight for the deep water where the roots of the tuberous water lily are firmly anchored down and where the

surface is partly covered with lily pads, punctured by sword thrusts of sweet flag and clumps of Japanese iris; past the pergola where the long sweeping tassels of the trumpet creeper and the drooping sprays of the wistaria sip of the stream, as it passes, to cool their blossoms. Then, without resting, it darts under the bridge into the outer lake—and so on to the great Sound beyond.

Returning to the house again, we enter the central court, from which radiate the terraces and the main rooms of the house. What a picture! In it lives a spirit of friendliness, a golden sunshine for everyone, the spirit of the Orient. And yet, with all its beauty and charm, the court is but a fine frame, a setting to the living picture outside. It was to enjoy this view to the full that two large pillars had been removed from the arcade.

The court is of cream and white with notes of dark green, purple and rose, lilac and black; dark amber and low-toned silver coming into the field as pavements of marble, and as embroideries hung on the wall of the upper arcade—and as flowers round the marble tanks and fountains—they intensify the white and are a pleasing spot of color in the scene. An Arabesque border with its pine-tree motif takes up about two thirds of the wall and runs round the court. It is crisp in

drawing and very pleasing. It is of a low-toned green and so well balanced as to give a certain quality of scale to the big columns that stand free and that carry the upper arcade.

The omission of the usual heavily ribbed lantern light to the roof of the central court, and the hanging of an awning of delicate purple under the light glass roof was an inspiration. This gossamer veil, like a soft haze, draws a welcome tone over everything. The whole

court is a fairyland with its fountains, its shifting lights, and its glow of color. Even



DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE

the sun has lent his aid. It used to be said that Claude added sunlight to his pictures. The artist in the woods of Cold Spring Harbor added the sun to his fireside, coaxing it to smile upon his children and his friends every time they passed through the court.

A brilliant French writer says of architecture that it is a long and wearying battle between darkness and light. That the painter understands the true value of the middle tone as

the most desirable atmosphere for daily life with its little duties and cares, is well shown



MAIN ENTRANCE TO TERRACE FROM HANGING GARDEN

in his treatment of the living room. It is inviting and restful.

The general tone is the gray green of the forest with its transparent depths and its cool shadows, which appear as decorative elements of the room in the form of the horse chestnut, its big leaves and fruit closely interwoven. This makes a well-balanced network which adapts its color and its density to the volume of sunlight which enters the room, and maintains an equitable shade over the surface of the side wall and ceiling. Its light tones illumine the corners and the wall surface near the windows, which are usually dark, while the richer and fuller tones are re-

outside. The side wall and ceiling unite in a cove. The whole scene an epic in paint.

There is a picturesque eloquence in the ingle nook that invites study. It is very original in outline and it reaches halfway across the room. Something of the Orient pervades it, with its sunken hearth, its quaint canopy resting on low pillars, under which crescent-shaped benches appear, curiously hollowed. The space under the canopy is wide and open at the ends. There is an absence of restraint to the fire. Literally it is on the hearth, without piers or jambs to bewilder the smoke. The bluish curl often whirls round and round and gives to all who sit within its reach a



THE HOUSE FROM THE HARBOR

In summer the supports of the hanging garden are entwined with vines and foliage.

served for the light side of the room. It starts at the base and continues round the room and across the ceiling, as the transparent background of a picture, every inch interesting. It is rich in shades of green, russet, brown, and tan, and has an indescribable tincture of quiet mystery. Generally it is dark at the base and light at the top, like a grotto or bower of foliage where the daylight percolates through and seems to lift the canopy of leaves with its light and air. There is neither trim nor drapery to the windows nor anything to break up the network which seems to melt in with the native woods

whiff of pine and cedar logs, now smoldering, now burning brightly.

I have been unable to place due emphasis upon many inviting features, practical though they be—the arrangement of sliding outside blinds to the upper windows; the absence of cornices to passages and bedrooms; the preserving of the best views from the windows, even though it entailed a breach in an architectural law; the substitution of cement for tiles or mosaic in the floors and on the side walls of the bathrooms; and the large number of those practical luxuries; and the great whole-souled handling of primitive



THE CENTRAL COURT, OPENING ON THE TERRACE TO THE NORTH AND ON THE LAWN TO THE SOUTH

materials in almost a primitive manner, such as one would expect from a vineyard in the northern part of Italy where mother earth is not entirely concealed by even a mosaic of cobbles, but is welcomed into the theme.

Some say this type of design is an architectural riddle, mere garden architecture, a piece of stage setting, charming as such, but not to be taken seriously. And they ask, What would happen when we wake up in the morning and chance to see the under side of things in all their reality, and find many of the features which looked like granite or stone to be but a theme in stucco on a frame of wood and metal? Others ask, Will it last? Doubtless many are kept from a composition house by a mirage of fear that the havoc played by the weather will be fatal, and they tremble at the ease with which the stuff can be adulterated. In spite of this, the bridges of the world rest on concrete and cement.

Boiling down the above questions into one, it amounts to this: Have concrete, stucco, plaster, cement, an individuality of their own,

or are they simply coverings to a skeleton? It almost takes away one's breath to have to undertake so simple a theme. The integrity of these materials has been established for ages, but for many local reasons they have not received the prominence to which they were entitled. In the dampness of some parts of the old country cement was a valuable covering to brick or to stone, and the readiness with which this valuable covering could be used as a mask to disguise its real nature has furnished a jest everywhere.

This is not fair. These materials have their own individuality, expressing likewise their own language. On their mottled faces can the impress of the workman's personality be readily received and retained for ages. The marks of the trowel are the naïve handwriting of the workman; his rugged laugh can well-nigh be heard as we trace his movements and the passion that illustrates his work. Under various guises it is known as rough cast or pebble dash. It is a rich bedding for small stones, shells, mineral deposits; it



FOUNTAIN AND GALLERY OF THE CENTRAL COURT

can be used as wide joints for brick and stone where its quality counts as a network, a quaint mosaic between the different contrasting textures of the building. The Romans used it ages ago. Yet much that is mixed to-day will scarcely last the life of an average man. Why is this? Simply because of the helplessness of the material and the ease with which it can be adulterated by any one. When exposed to the low temperature of Northern Canada, where brick and stone craze and chip, concrete and cement are firm and imperishable. Even on the uncertain framework of wood with lath interlacing and where it receives but indifferent protection at the back, without any special guarantee of proportions, it has been known to last for two or three generations. And in Scotland, where it sometimes depends upon a network of tarred rope twisted around nails to the boarding, it has withstood the damp and inroads of a destructive climate for a great length of time. What it will do here when the proportions are reduced to a scientific basis, when it is embedded in wire lath

and the back as well as the front is protected with a reasonable amount of care, remains of course to be seen.

Turning our eyes to England, we naturally ask, What has she done for the building of the house on which the integrity of the workman and his delight and pride in his material are so nobly shown? Look at the way she preserves the local traditions, one of the causes for her buildings mellowing in the landscape. We find Wiltshire with its panels of flint alternating with stone, Devonshire with its walls of cob and roofs of thatch, Surrey with its walls of brick and gables of tile, and we behold slabs of concrete and patented blocks of clay which are made to receive stucco.

Turn to France, which has always led the van in civilization, and yet is most conservative in matters of art. She it is who has given us a new style, somewhat embarrassing because of the sensational imposing of amazing contradictions in a fascinating manner. Her buildings are mainly stone, but she is using concrete and stucco to-day.

Turn if you will to Germany. What has she done to design houses expressing the time and the people? Leading the world in craftsmanship, she holds a high place in the classic arts and has so many processes for the use of mixtures of plaster and cement that the thing is an old story for her. Her tiles and slabs are a marvel.

Turn to our own country. We ask, Why should we have this conquest or loan of style, this intense desire to absorb things foreign to our ideas and ideals? A more frank and sincere study of the material local to our various towns and cities, and to our hillsides, coercing our architects to think for themselves on matters of expression, cannot fail to have a beneficial effect upon the buildings. See what was done in the College of the City of New York, where the native rock was blasted from the foundations and used as a building material, frankly expressed, enriched by terra cotta from across the river. What has made the characteristic charm of the Tuxedo cottages, or the old missions of California? Is it not

the frank and fearless use of the materials at hand, which form so vitalizing an influence upon the buildings themselves?

It is often asked, When shall we grow up? When will our houses be a frank illustration of the innate good in ourselves, our understanding of life; when shall the fearful nightmare end? This is a natural question, but where are we to look for beauty? In what section of the land does the charmer reside? Thanks to the art of printing, the poetry of the world goes to the poor as well as to the rich. So does the human voice, the enthusiasm of the singer, actor, and speaker charming large audiences. Our writers also are welcomed throughout the globe because of the singular originality and brilliancy of their expression. But where is the architect with a universal appeal—conscious of the things greater than architecture—which characterizes the homes in the Land of Ancient Courtesies?

Rodin, the sculptor, makes of clay something which appeals to the world, and our artist in the woods of Cold Spring Harbor



THE LIVING ROOM AND INGLE NOOK



THE SMOKING ROOM WITH ITS FANTASTIC DECORATION: "THE OPIUM DREAM"

has found in clay a power which, when baked and added to pebbles and sand, becomes a subtle means of expression which is well worth while. I venture to ask, Need we go abroad for the "something of Italy"? Is there not something here in this twentieth-century interpretation of the subtleties of the Orient, deserving serious attention? It is not so very long since the ruins of little houses and mosques of mud on primitive framework of palm stalks were seen across the desert—a white vision, a pearl of great value floating in a translucent atmosphere like a mirage. We have all seen what the spirit of commerce and science prompted—the bridges and skyscrapers, and the important part assigned to cement—burnt clay—on a network of iron and steel. Europe has furnished very encouraging signs of the awakening of the Spirit of Architecture, to which must be added a hint from America. This house of Cold

Spring Harbor has several lessons to teach—among others, the value of primitive materials, and that it is possible to make an attractive place without either brick, stone, or wood as a visible element; and that, with all his love of mysticism, it is possible for the artist to keep one foot on earth and yet to wring from it water for fountains and cascades, which can become a fit comrade for our flowers and plants when used as decorative embellishments, as a substitute for glitter and carving, and the hundred and one architectural features.

In a recent discussion as to the type of decoration for a house, I find so valuable an index of the man and the method by which he works that I use it as a benediction to my writing.

"Yes, the wall covering seems to be fading, I fear. And yet I like it as it is—for myself; but then we must think of others and the background which is best for them."



TO A BOULDER

By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS

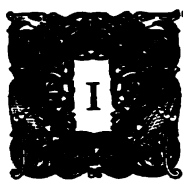
COLOSSUS, sculptured by the hand of Time,
 What mystic secrets of the universe
 Are crystalized in thy form! Could we rehearse
 What thou hast known of Nature's rhythmic climb,
 And bring within the compass of a rhyme
 The time-long story—tell, in phrases terse,
 What thou hast seen and been—our feeble verse
 Would vaguely sketch the whole world-pantomime.
 Fire-mist, an Age; Eras, a crust of stone;
 An Epoch, soil slow silted to the sea;
 Sea bed, an Æon; other Æons flown,
 A mountain crag; half an Eternity,
 Glacier-ground; for cycles set in place
 Here where we hourlings, wondering, scan thy face.



THE DESERT'S BREATH

By ROY NORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON



It wasn't on a whistling or singing trip that Sandy Smith, packer, found the woman; but rather at one of those times when terror and fear, in so far as he knew these emotions, sat heavily upon him. Geronimo was out again and that explained it.

Sandy wouldn't have made the attempt to cross from one station to another had there not been vital necessity for going, and throughout the journey he had avoided the usual ways of travel and sought those which were obscure. Now and again he ventured out into a main trail where the horizons were so clearly marked that his chances for seeing were as good as those of an enemy.

The finding of the woman was not without weirdness. She rose up out of the nowhere and was a well-defined object when first he saw her. The sun was heaping ray on ray of heat over the desert's face, and the desert, in retort, was throwing them back in shimmers that made the sagebrush wave and lent grotesque outlines to everything within the glare. And Sandy, startled, looked through the heat waves and expressed his surprise in a characteristic "Well, I'll be damned!"

Even as he spoke she started toward him, waveringly with outstretched hands, her whole attitude one of mute appeal, staggered almost out into the trail, dropped to her hands and knees, and then, as if utterly worn out, collapsed and rested inertly.

The manner of her fall was not new to Sandy. He had witnessed it before on painful occasions, and the desert's ways were known to him. Without a moment's hesitancy he unslung his canteen, threw the reins over his pony's head, and sprang to the side

of the prone figure. With celerity and total lack of ceremony he picked her up in his arms and swung her around until the sun's rays were shielded from her face. He forced the open mouth of the canteen between her parched and swollen lips, and at intervals let the stream trickle gently down her throat; then as she sighed and opened her eyes he patted her as if she were a child and, not knowing what else to say, said, "Brace up! Brace up! You're all right now."

The woman looked up into the homely face and believed. She closed her eyes with a sigh, while Sandy continued his ministrations. Then he scurried his pony and pack burros back into the hollows away from the glare of the beaten way and carried her to his retreat as if she were a weary, sleepy child.

That was merely the beginning of it.

Back in the gully he made for her a shelter of a pack cover and, this work done, retired to a distance where he might search the surface of the inferno for other signs of animation. This because, as he ruminated, "There's shore somethin' wrong or there wouldn't be no white woman afoot away out here fifty mile from nowhere and Injuns everywhere about." But his glasses brought him no sign of life. Everywhere was the silent desert, writhing, writhing monotonously beneath the sun.

If Indians there were, they were beyond the sky line, or—and that seemed improbable—in hiding. He retreated to his camp and passed the afternoon watching over his charge. Regularly he stole to where she slept the sleep of complete exhaustion and gently gave her water, which she, unconscious of his care, drank without effort. With her welfare his motive, as night drew on he "took a chance on a fire" and kindled a tiny



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

"He patted her as if she were a child."

blaze sufficient to boil a kettle of water. He screened it around with a sagebrush clipped with laborious effort, wondering the while where Geronimo and his band might be. Then, reasoning that they must be miles away, or that if near, it would do no good to worry, he devoted himself to petting his favorite burro that nosed his pockets and familiarly rubbed a gray muzzle over the back of his neck. And in this reverie he was absorbed until the water boiled over.

With the little burro trotting at his heels, an interested spectator, he made his way to the sleeper, carrying in his hand a battered tin cup that wafted steaming fragrance as he went. He hesitated as to what was the proper method of waking a sleeping woman. This at least was a new experience. He stretched forth a hand and gently shook her, but she, despite his tenderness, started a scream that he brought to a close by firmly clapping a big red palm over her mouth.

"Sorry, but it's ag'in the law, when Geronimo's out, to make a noise," he drawled.

The terror died from her eyes at his apology, and she drank the tea in silence. Sandy and the little burro waited for her to speak, but to their distress she burst into tears. The big packer crushed down an inclination to take her in his arms and rock her as he would a little girl.

"Don't cry," he said consolingly. "I reckon you don't know me. Why, I'm old Sandy Smith, and I never hurt nothin'. You're as safe now as you would be in—in—well, most anywhere."

There was something in the quiet assurance of the voice that was comforting, and something in his calm manner of serving her a camp lunch that gave her confidence and peace. Starved as she was, the savory strips of bacon and pilot bread tasted like an epicurean dish, and strength and hope came back. And when the moon had crept over the desert, she told him of her coming, while he nodded his head in sympathy and interjected now and then a question. But what had led her to take such an admittedly dangerous trip? Why must she reach Hila camp? What had become of her escort? Once more the terror of the preceding day was on her, and she rocked to and fro and twisted her fingers in anguish as she recited her story. She had induced a packer to take her through; there had been an Indian onslaught from which she was protected by previous flight and secretion, and from her

hiding she had witnessed the last fight, the murder and mutilation of her defender. Then the savages, in ignorance of her having been a part of the expedition, and barbarously exultant over their success, had gone.

"Good Lord," Sandy said over and over again. "So they finally got poor old Joe, eh? Finally got poor old Joe."

"And all my fault," came the tearful assertion of the woman. "He wouldn't have attempted the trip, had I not begged him to. And then when they came he lay there behind his dead ponies and fought—and fought and fought, while I, hidden in the brush, could do nothing to help—even at the last when they rushed down upon him and—and—" Her voice broke in sobs, and for a little while there was silence.

Sandy assured her that "it was all in the game," and that Joe would probably have made the trip and would have died just as gamely had she not been with him. She sat in silence, and, when calm, reverted to the cause of her expedition. It wasn't so easy to tell to a big lank stranger, sitting near her on a sand hummock in the desert night. It came hesitatingly and with allusions some of which were unintelligible to Sandy.

There had been a quarrel with Bob, and Bob had lost his temper and gone away leaving a broken-hearted woman behind him. And now the broken-hearted woman had learned that Bob was to be in Hila camp, and, hungry for a reconciliation and for his love, had faced the terrors of the pitiless savages to reach him; and in the facing had narrowly saved her life thus far, and, as nearly as Sandy could calculate, would perhaps lose it in the end.

There was nothing to do, Sandy meditated, but to make a bluff at reassurance, so he drawlingly comforted her with assertions that they would get through all right, and there was no need of worrying; but deep down in his heart anxiety turned and twisted and tore at his sense of truth.

Indians, perhaps, on both sides now, and that too after he had believed himself almost beyond the danger line! Why, only for the Indians behind him he would have turned back, because of that accident to the water cask which robbed him of nearly all his precious store and left him with less than half ration for himself and animals, and with many miles of desert, dry, cruel, and alkaline, ahead of him, where the sand floated up and bit into the nostrils, eyes, and mouth, and

brought an insistent demand for water, more water. Death had a hundred chances to one if he attempted to return, and there had been no alternative but to go ahead. Now there was another demand for water, and the water almost gone. The terrible days to come were before him in pitiless panorama. He foresaw the necessity for keeping to the by-trails—the slow progress, the constant watch, the sleepless nights, and frequent hours of hot imprisonment, should they be driven to hiding, in sage-clad hollows.

But to-night she could not travel! He must think it out. So it was that while the moon shifted the shadows of the night from side to side in its stately passing, a woman slept the undisturbed sleep of security beneath a pack cover, while outside an ungainly figure turned and tossed in an agony of apprehension, forgetful always of himself, but filled with pity for her and for the trusting animals who had been his servants, companions, friends.

And it was these animals that, on the following day, wondered in dumb misery why it was that so little water was given them, and why, despite the penalty, they were urged forward over tortuous paths. Perhaps, too, they wondered at the many halts while the master, who usually was so careless, crept cautiously up to the brows of the hills at intervals and peered anxiously out into the long distances. There was one other stop, too, where grewsome things were found, and where Sandy delved as best he might to hide the marks of tragedy.

"You see," he said to the woman, "we ain't no business losin' an hour's time, but it just did seem a shame to leave poor old Joe out there that-a-way."

And again they went their way, but from that pitiful wreckage they carried no replenishment of water; the Indians had opened the casks. There was nothing for it now but to abandon the packs. Their loss meant much to Sandy, but of what moment were they in this game of life and death? Lightness meant speed, and already one of the burros lagged with weariness and retarded their going. And as the day wore on, its footsteps became slower and more painful.

It was this that bore heavily upon the gaunt one that night after his meager camp had been made and the woman had retired to her tiny shelter, weary but unperturbed. Now was the hour for sacrifice; but how bitterly it hurt! How bitterly it hurt! How

many virtues that little mule possessed! How many times in all his faithful work he had shown little endearments and how great was his intelligence!

So it was that the big desolate hills, their grayness tinted with warmth in the night light, looked down on a rough man who led a weary little gray burro into an isolated gully, blindfolded the wondering eyes, threw an arm over the shaggy neck, and talked to and caressed the animal before he fired a shot at such close range that the sound was muffled. And worse yet, the ordeal was repeated as another sacrifice was made. Two mouths less to demand water, and two animals the less to suffer! And—kind God!—two friends murdered through pitiful necessity.

"I cain't see where them pesky mules has wandered to," said Sandy, in assumed cheerfulness, as she appeared for her breakfast. "But we ain't got no time to look for 'em," he added as she expressed solicitude.

Only one burro and one pony to take the trail that day, and, worse yet, a water cask that was light as it was swung to the burro's back, to give forth hollow swashings of mockery. Sandy furtively tested its weight and made calculations on its contents. He sighed mightily. About a swallow a day for himself and the burro—just a gulp—and quarter rations for the woman and the pony. Yes, the pony must be included and must have the most, because if the pony kept his feet he would take her to safety somewhere—perhaps! Plainly the pony must be the favored one.

Again the sun was merciless in enmity and focused pitiless rays upon them, adding to their thirst. And it was the woman who expressed surprise when Sandy advised her, with many apologies, to "go a leetle mite slow on that water." The half-empty canteen came away from her lips as she said, "Is that all we have?"

"Oh, we got plenty," came the cheerful reply, "if we only go slow. Jest a leetle slow."

To show his freedom from worry Sandy chirped up a tune, but somehow it was a failure, as his lips were too parched for artistic success.

Two days more! Two days more! And she and the pony must have it all, though men died thirst-stricken in a day in this terrible heat. Well, it couldn't be helped, and there was no use in alarming her. She must keep her nerve, otherwise there was no hope.

The night came again and went, and the sun returned and was just as heartless and unkind. Now there were no assumptions of cheerfulness—only silence and caution, and the urging forward of jaded beasts. Once they lost hours of time in concealment, while a small party of Apaches, hideously gaudy in war paint and carrying grewsome trophies of their savagery, rode past them on the trail below. The woman cowered in her rocky refuge, fearing a repetition of the former horror and unrelieved by Sandy's plausible assurances of their safety. These, he said, were probably the last they would see. As they took the trail again he made a carefully prepared speech.

"I ought to tell you," he said with a slow drawl, "that if anything did happen to me, your best way would be to keep to the main trail. Watch, as you have seen me do—and ride hard. You'd get there some time sure. 'Tain't far now. If that there cayuse you're on was feelin' fust rate, and didn't have to side step the trail so often, I 'spect he'd make it from here in twenty hours. You needn't worry though," he cheerfully lied, seeing the alarm in her haggard face, "'cause there ain't nothin' goin' to happen to me. Nothin' ever does happen to me." He grinned through his cracked lips in conclusion.

Again night fell, but this time there was no pause. The woman moaned with weariness and wondered at this omittance as well as at the energy with which Sandy urged the poor, weakly traveling beasts forward. The three hours' rest in the dawn seemed so brief and the way so long. And she was thirsty, so terribly thirsty! It was like that other time, and she sobbed hysterically as the picture of Joe's death and the recollection of her own tortures of thirst recurred to her. This was very like that, and worst of all, this tall, gaunt man with the flaring head was cruel, because he now carried the canteen and wouldn't let her have a drink; just gave her a swallow once in a while and used such heartless care to jerk it away before she could quench her thirst. Why, he was kinder to the pony.

And yet—and yet—he himself never seemed to drink. Why didn't he? Perhaps he wanted one as much as she did. She asked him, and with a grin that would have been heartbreaking could she have read through the grimy alkaline dust that coated his face, he answered: "I ain't a particle thirsty because I'm so used to traveling over these here trails that I'm just like one of them

onery-lookin' camels I used to see in circuses when I was back in Missouri."

Slip—slip! Then a dry, noiseless fall on the sand. The little burro dropped, made one or two efforts to rise, and then stretched himself slowly out at length, immovable. The empty water cask which Sandy had neglected to take from his back clanked hollowly upon the wooden pack trees and with him rested uselessly on the face of things.

While the woman watched in dazed wondering, Sandy, simple-hearted and tender, knelt and took the shaggy head in his arms and with low babblings talked into the ungainly ear.

"Make another try, Jack," he pleaded, and then, as the animal lay inert, "just one more try, ole man. It ain't far an' I cain't leave you here to suffer."

An interval of silence, but no motion from the prostrate one.

"I'm sorry, pal," Sandy voiced huskily, "but I ain't got no water for you and none for myself. We've got to get this little girl back to Bob. He wants her an' she wants him. You an' me ain't no good nohow except to pack things, an' women like that kin make lots of folks happy. I ain't never done nothin' to hurt you before, an' I reckon it won't hurt now as much as it would to leave you away out here to suffer. Good-by, Jack—"

The woman vaguely understood in her fevered mind why Sandy shot and the burro lay so quietly. But it seemed strange that the cool gray eyes that he lifted to hers as they resumed their way were filled to the brim with tears which trickled unheeded down his face and made tracings by the side of his long mustache. She, too, found relief in crying, Sandy observed. He must be cheerful:

"Come all ye Texas rangers,
Of high and low degree;
I'll tell you of some troubles
That happened unto me."

His cracked and parched voice, in pathetic assumption of cheerfulness, rasped its way over the burning air as he trudged by the pony's side, then, as if from sheer lack of further energy, died away in dry whisperings. And this attempt at song was followed by long hours of silence, unbroken save by the "piff-piff" of his and the horse's feet upon the trail into which they had emerged.

And she in the meantime dreamed of water! Now she begged for it and sucked at the sterile mouth of the blistering empty

canteen to which she clung and which at intervals she hugged to her fevered breast.

Sandy began broken comments which were as the raven's croakings in hoarseness. No longer was she a stranger to him, and he began to wonder vaguely why it was that he had never before recognized her as his brother. He would drag back from the hold on the pommel thong of her saddle into which he had twisted his hand for support, and look up at her. Then as the pony advanced he would be jerked forward until he dreamed again.

"Why, Dick," he said, "you don't look none like you used to, but it's funny I didn't know 'twas you! We're going to where there's water, Dick, big rivers of it—all cool an' runnin' swift. Fish in the pool down by the mill an' the big trees a-shadin' 'em, an'—an'—lovin' the water an' havin' sprays of it on their nice green leaves. Remember, Dick, how I uster whistle an' git them birds to come down an' eat out of my hand? There by the water—water—water—What? Nope! Thar ain't no lake over thar that I kin remember."

Then he would grip his wandering senses back to partial sanity, with the underlying knowledge that to dream of lakes where was naught but desert sands was only the beginning of the end. And in those sane moments he would mutter, "O God! don't let us git off the trail. Keep us on the trail, God, 'cause if I can't hold 'em on the trail she ain't agoin' to git there. You shore ain't agoin' to let her die out here on the sand, God; You what looks after the wolves and coyotes and sparrers—You *shore* ain't goin' back on a *woman*! Water! Water! Lord, ain't it cool and sweet!"

His great bloodshot eyes looked around hollowly on the glaring rim of the horizon; a smile of delirium twitched his cracked lips.

"And in the night an angel came down and troubled the waters," he said with a raucous laugh. "The waters! the waters! Lord, who'd 'a' thought they could splash and sparkle and whirl around that-a-way, Dick? See 'em, eh? Ain't they beautiful?"

"Little drops er water,
Little grains er sand,
Make ther mighty ocean
An' ther—"

Oceans is all water, Dick—all water! water! water!"

The cracked voice snapped suddenly and the dry lips writhed without a sound; but his hand never lost its twisted grip on the pommel thong, and the noise of water—laughing, leaping, worrying water—never faded from his dinning ears. And together thus, the man and the woman and the pony forged on over the blistering carpet of the desert in the steady, insistent glare of the pitiless sun.

They came out to meet them at Hila Camp, their weird appearance being observed from afar. The insensible woman lashed to the saddle by a gaunt red-headed man who afterwards carried no memory of the act, and who sprawled forward and dropped on his face as they sighted him. And with them they brought water—water that carried with it life and sanity and drowned on the fevered bodies of the wanderers the raging fires of dissolution and the hot flame of the desert's breath.

As they slashed the lashings from the woman's form, she fell inertly into the arms of the man she had fared forth to find—the man who, conscious at last of his error and of the loyalty of his wife, gathered her up close to his breast and roughly pressed his lips to hers in a passion of remorseful kisses. In the wrathful glare of the half-sunk sun—defeated, and flaming out its rage in torrid streaks of red and orange and stormy purple—the others grouped themselves about the crumpled figure on the desert's face and drew away the pony that, faithful to the end, had halted, and with dumb questioning in its pathetic eyes, was nosing its master's blistered cheek.

"Sandy—by God!" said the man who turned the packer over and held a canteen to the blackened, bleeding lips.

With bedimmed eyes from which the tears of delirium had not yet cleared the red-headed one looked questioningly around. His arm feebly stretched forth, his lean, red fingers pathetically opened, and he hoarsely quoted from childhood's recollections, "There cometh a woman of Samaria to the well to draw water—water, and Jesus said unto her, 'Give me to drink.'"

And from him who cradled the woman in his arms came the hushed reply: "God's given us all to drink, pard, he's given us all to drink."



AT CLAIREFONTAINE

By CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

IF gentle joys e'er found a glass,
'Twas in the land of fair Alsace,
Half German and half French,
Where wit's sublimed to wisdom's way
Of taking life as 'tis to-day
And comfort on a bench.
When last I strayed through sweet Lorraine,
'Twas long I stayed at Clairefontaine,
Imbibing beaujolais.
With crayfish soup and charr superb
And good roast beef and bitter herb
I made my dinner gay.
The brook that tinkled by the hedge
I knew was brawling o'er the ledge
Of rock that lower lay;
But here it ran too soft to drown
The rich swift trill the birds in brown
Kept lilting all the day.
The open window let the bees
Hum in and out while Gruyère cheese
Preluded chasse-café.
Dear heart! let's go to Clairefontaine
When cherries should thy sweet lips stain:
'Tis thou wilt ask to stay!

THE ALCOHOL AGE

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY



If a man tried to read by the light reflected from his stove instead of his lamp or his gas jet, nine out of ten people would consider him crazy. But this is just about the way we have availed ourselves of the aid which we can obtain from alcohol. While it is one of the most versatile of benefactors, its source is everywhere about us. To-day it could be made of service literally in hundreds of ways to our advantage, yet we are careless or ignorant of them because we have, figuratively speaking, bound it hand and foot by putting such a tax on its production that it is a luxury. When we remember that, until President Roosevelt signed its freedom papers, every gallon of grain alcohol made in the United States had to pay a tribute of nearly twenty times its cost, we can readily appreciate why it is a luxury only to be used when the purse will permit.

"There is alcohol and alcohol," as the saying goes. For instance, you can make alcohol out of the trees that grow in the forest. In France the curious visitor may enter sugar factories where he is politely offered a sample of the product. To the taste it is sweet and palatable, but when he passes to the next room and is shown the pile of sawdust, and perhaps the carboys of sulphuric acid utilized in manufacturing the "sugar," he may regret his eagerness to test it. In the United States, wood alcohol or methyl spirit, to use its technical title, has been produced on a large scale as the next best thing to ethyl alcohol for use in making such staple articles as hats, varnishes, and chemicals, although it cannot enter into many processes of manufacture since its standard is not sufficiently high when compared with ethyl spirit. Unlike the other it has been a tax-free element, and this is why it has been employed to such

a large extent that at present about thirteen million gallons are being made in a single year.

The chemist usually considers "alcohol" as the ethyl or grain alcohol, but here again the title is a misnomer, because spirit distilled from any substance except wood is frequently termed grain alcohol. Such is the fluid that forms a source of light, heat, and power which is practically limitless considering from what it can be produced. This can be easily verified if we bear in mind what we learned in the chemistry class, that a pile of sugar weighing ten pounds contains enough raw material to yield nearly a gallon of alcohol. Stop and think from what sugar can be extracted! We think of it as coming from the cane field, the beet root, but we must include the potato, the corn plant, the rice kernel, even the fruit on tree and bush, as well as other root growths; consequently there is not a section of the United States, where human beings till the soil, that does not produce some form of vegetation containing the base for alcohol in greater or less quantities.

Any schoolboy who has been through his first year in chemistry and returns to his rural home, can make alcohol from what he digs in the garden or gathers from beneath the trees in the orchard. Suppose he tries his skill with the potato. He peels a few handfuls, throws them into the kettle on the kitchen stove, and, while they boil, mashes them to a pulp. Next he mixes in a handful of malt made from rye or barley, or, in place of this, drops in a little sulphuric acid. Now the wort, as the brewer would say, begins to form, the starchy matter being turned into sugar by the diastase in the malt. The young distiller sprinkles in a powder or two of yeast to ferment the mixture until the sugar is ready to be resolved into carbonic acid and alcohol; in other words is decom-

posed. He has taken the old teakettle and fitted a coil of pipe to it. Pouring the liquor into the kettle, he sets it over the fire. As the vapor rises it passes into the tubing, which lies in a pan of cold water. The cooled pipe turns the vapor into fluid again, condenses it, and it trickles from the end of the pipe into the vessel open to receive it, alcohol in its first stage, but available in this form for many purposes. Such is the process with a few simple variations, whether he puts potatoes in the kettle or gathers the overripe peaches or cherries, or brings in an armful of corn from the field; every one contains this spirit in abundance.

But after he gets it what can he do with it?

To answer this question suppose we pay a visit to an American farm as it may be conducted fifty years, perhaps twenty years, hence. We look in vain for the "wood lot." That disappeared long ago to make way for the more profitable field and orchard. The wood pile by the kitchen door and the big fireplace have likewise passed away. Nor is there an ash heap anywhere about. To this farmer coal is too expensive, especially when he knows that he uses less than ten per cent of the heat it generates and that for every ton he buys he pays for ninety per cent of waste. How about kerosene or coal oil or whatever you choose to call it? "What is the use of my paying freight from the oil refinery and helping the Trust to make a profit when I can get something better for my purpose right at home?"

This reply may not convince, because as yet we have not had a chance to see for ourselves; but now we will start, beginning at the farmhouse. The reason why no smoke comes from the chimney is because the housewife is getting dinner on a stove burning alcohol—merely a turn of a valve controlling the supply and the contact of the match flame; that's all. Here and there are lamps which, when lighted at dusk, give out such a brilliant yet even illumination that the ordinary gas jet is a mere glimmer in contrast. Spirit furnishes the light. Over in the barn stands the familiar fanning mill for cleaning grain, but no one turns the crank that revolves its blades. The farmer simply throws over the handle of an electric switch, and the mill begins humming a merry tune in unison with the clicking of the feed cutter, which is also actuated by the same invisible force. Nor does the farmer depend on the breeze to pump his water. The motor-driven pump keeps it flowing in a steady

stream from the well even into the tank on the roof of his home, where it is ever ready to extinguish fires and lets him save on his insurance premiums. In the orchard the press is squeezing the juice out of the apples, without a touch of the hand. The hay press does its work mechanically with just a boy to feed it. If we happen to be on the place at butter-making time, we see the cream separators and churns doing their duty independently of the housewife, who only looks into the creamery now and then to see how things are getting on. This farmer may have horses, but not for field work, because he finds he can do so much more with motor machinery at the same expense. Even his plows and cultivators are pulled by the traction engine with which he runs his harvester and thrasher. Here the engine must communicate its power directly to the farm mechanism; but if he desires he can operate the fanning mill, the separator, and the other appliances in the house and barn from one source of power, using the electric current which he can readily generate with his little alcohol engine.

Is this smokeless, ashless, coalless, woodless agriculture such a Utopian scheme as it reads? Let us see.

In the opening paragraphs we have stated that ethyl alcohol such as the farmer would utilize has had to pay a tax equal to twenty times its cost to manufacture. This will give some idea of the cheapness of its production. Because we have been paying forty and fifty cents a pint for it at the drug store, we have come to regard it as a high-priced luxury, but out of this must be paid the revenue exacted by the Government, which has been as much as \$2.07 on each gallon, or over twenty-five cents on each pint. Evidently the cost depends considerably upon the material from which we make it, as the process of extraction and distillation varies but slightly whether the spirit is secured from grain, fruit, or vegetables. If we select the familiar field corn and put it through the processes employed in the modern distillery for making whisky, we can obtain a liquid which is from ninety to ninety-five per cent pure and from 185° to 190° proof, a standard which allows it to be utilized in nearly every product in which it is required as an ingredient and which shows it to be superior to gasoline and kerosene as a fuel and as an illuminant. Estimating the cost of a bushel of corn at 42 cents, the entire expense of producing a gallon of this alcohol is but 10.78 cents, for with the modern equip-

ment of a distilling plant, the cost of mechanical treatment is actually less than two cents per gallon. According to recent statistics compiled by the Government, crude wood alcohol costs no less than forty cents per gallon to manufacture. As low-grade molasses from sugar cane is another base for the spirit, reliable data have been obtained as to the percentage which a given quantity of it will yield. The Cuban distilleries extract a gallon of alcohol (which is ninety per cent absolute) from two gallons of the molasses—molasses of a quality which is brought to this country and sold at three cents a gallon. The average expense of manufacture, based on this price for the raw material, is less than ten cents. The difference between the molasses and the corn spirit is that the former has an odor which is somewhat disagreeable, but it can be utilized as effectively as the other for all purposes, except in preparation of liquors and medicines. The low cost of this variety suggests that the crude molasses remaining after the extraction of sugar from the beet could be utilized profitably in the same way. This product, which may be considered a waste material, contains from forty to fifty per cent of sugar forming an alcoholic base.

At this point we must let figures tell their story. Ask the Western or Eastern farmer and he will tell you that 200 bushels is not an unusual crop of potatoes to the acre on many of the nation's potato patches. This quantity will furnish fully fifty gallons of alcohol. The country's potato harvest reaches in an average year 250,000,000 bushels. A bushel of ordinary field corn such as is grown on the thousand-acre and ten-thousand-acre fields of Kansas, Missouri, and Iowa will yield five gallons of spirits by modern distillation. Allowing but four gallons to the bushel for the sake of argument, the national crop of this cereal would produce the enormous quantity of ten billion gallons alone. While we call the raising of sugar beets one of our infant industries and have only begun their cultivation, we have the waste product of 200,000 tons for raw material for our spirit. The cane fields of Louisiana alone would contribute every drop of alcohol needed in the Southland for light, power, and other purposes. Of course it is preposterous to suppose that all of our potatoes or corn or any other staple will be converted into alcohol, but in a "big crop" year, when corn for example goes begging at thirty or thirty-five cents a bushel, here is an opportunity to turn it into some-

thing which will make it worth, perhaps, double its value in the original form. There will be no need of burning it in the stove because it is cheaper than buying coal, as has been done many times on the prairie. The manufacture of alcohol thus creates a new source of consumption for some of our leading surplus crops, which should be a safety valve of the utmost importance in regulating production and in maintaining prices.

Yes, these figures seem incredible for the reason that we have considered alcohol as a rare, a costly commodity; but before Congress decided upon its release from bondage, committees obtained convincing testimony that the spirit is not merely one of the most useful servants of humanity, but one of the most easily obtained.

We remember that the farmer lighted his home with spirit lamps. Why did he not use kerosene oil? Because the spirit gave him more illumination for less money. In recent years the gas mantle has become very popular because of the light it affords for reading. A versatile Frenchman discovered that the mantle can be utilized with an alcohol burner. A gallon of alcohol is sufficient to keep it burning 1,475 hours, supposing that each hour it furnishes a light equal to that of one candle. A modern lamp burning the highest grade of kerosene oil requires one gallon to burn 783 candle-power hours, as the expert terms it. Therefore a gallon of spirit will furnish nearly twice as much illumination as kerosene. In fact, if it sold at thirty-one cents a gallon, it would be more economical to use than kerosene at fifteen cents a gallon.

But one farmer ran his machinery with the spirit instead of gasoline or naphtha. Why? Because he could get more power from a gallon of alcohol than the same quantity of any other liquid fuel, while the wear and tear was less to his engine. If you were to dissect the mechanism of an automobile or a motor boat and study the object of each wire and pipe and valve and lever, you would find that all work on the same principle. The engineer calls it internal combustion. An internal-combustion engine does not require any steam to work it, and so the clumsy and bulky boiler for generating steam from water, also the water tank and fire box, are not needed. The wheels of the touring car are moved and the propeller of the motor boat is turned by the gas generated by the explosion of the liquid fuel which is forced into

the engine cylinder by air pressure. The gasoline or naphtha or alcohol enters the cylinder through a tiny hole, and is in the form of spray as it is mixed with the air. There are two wires in the cylinder between the ends of which a constant stream of electric sparks is passing from a storage battery. As fast as the vapor enters it is ignited by the sparks, and the pressure of gas thus formed moves the piston back and forth. The explosions cause the pop-pop-pop that remind one of Fourth of July morning when the whole bunch of firecrackers goes off at once.

Very careful tests have been made of how much power alcohol vapor can exert in internal combustion compared with gasoline, which is the form of refined petroleum best adapted for this purpose. They show that with a gallon of alcohol fully twenty per cent more horse power can be obtained from the engine designed to use this fuel than from the modern gasoline engine using the same quantity and in operation for the same length of time. As the expert puts it, the alcohol motor has a "thermal efficiency" of about thirty per cent while the one actuated by gasoline has but twenty-one per cent, because the alcohol can be compressed to a greater density in the cylinder than gasoline, and thus its heating value or power can be used to a greater extent. This is an interesting fact as it indicates that alcohol will stand a much greater degree of heat before igniting than any form of refined petroleum, thus reducing the danger of handling and transporting it. But besides generating more power, the spirit does not injure the motor as much as gasoline. The continual explosions and the action of the vapor may coat the interior of the cylinder with sediment. If the gasoline is mixed with other liquids as is done to adulterate it, the vapor may cause rust, but the residue left by alcoholic vapor is so minute in quantity that its effect is slight compared with that of fuel oil. The mixture of alcohol and gasoline makes an excellent fuel for the gas engine, as the Germans have found. The combination ignites readily and has been found to be very efficient especially where pure spirit costs too much to utilize entirely.

Let us pause a moment to think what all this means. We have referred to the farmer because he may be as necessary to furnish the light and power of the future as he is to feed us, but there are six millions of him to

consume the spirit as well as to make it. Only a few motors are as yet used in the rural districts, but including the automobile and power boats, fully 300,000 engines are now being operated in the United States by means of liquid fuel, ranging from the little cycle motors of a single horse power to massive machines of 500 horse power. The Germans, however, have shown us the possibilities of the gas motors, for they are making them of 3,000 horse power—more than twice the energy exerted by a standard locomotive. What alcohol may mean in expanding the use of the automobile can only be conjectured, since it not only creates more energy, but is free from the objectionable odor of gasoline as well as the smoke which too often is created by imperfect combustion. An idea of its importance to the agriculturist, however, may be gained from the fact that two corporations in this country manufacturing farm machinery have enlarged their plants so that combined they can build no less than 50,000 of these motors in a single year.

We have to turn to the Old World to realize what this fluid means in the preparation of everyday necessities. The industries in European countries where alcohol is permitted to be manufactured without taxation, indicate that the variety of its uses is almost without limit. It forms the base of high-grade varnishes, since it is the best known solvent of shellac. Pianos, organs, household furniture, and vehicles, when coated with varnishes of this kind, have a finish and luster which cannot be obtained in any other way, while the compound acts as a wood preservative. In chemistry it is indispensable. In the manufacture of dyes, enormous quantities are used. The Germans, aware of its value, permit the production of alcohol without taxation, and this is why Germany commands the world's market for aniline dyes, as the great chemical companies of the Empire make these substances for less than ten cents a pound. In the United States the industry is insignificant in proportion, as the producing cost per pound is over fifty cents. Every kind of hat we wear is stiffened with alcohol in some form. Every dozen of them requires a gallon of ethyl or wood spirits. Our bill for fulminates has been enormous owing to the cost of alcohol, which forms one of the principal elements in the compounding of modern explosives. Here again Europe has had the advantage

of us in the preparation of war-making—or peace-preserving—material. The tourist abroad wonders why he can have his camera plates developed and purchase photographic chemicals so much cheaper than in the United States. It is because alcohol is such an essential in the making of photographic material and in the dark room. The transparent soap we use in the bath owes its clearness to this liquid. Many a perfume contains it. Without alcohol the druggist would have to give up his business, since it enters into so many prescriptions and so-called "patent medicines" on account of its remedial properties.

With the chance to distill alcohol from the vegetables of the garden, the grain of the field, and the fruit of the orchard, the farm boy with merely a smattering of chemistry may be tempted to repeat the experiments to which we have alluded; but it is obvious that economical production is only by means of modern distilling plants. As to location, they can be built in every State and Territory, since the bases of the spirit are grown in the valley made fertile by nature or in the heart of the desert rendered prolific by irrigation. It is indeed a curious coincidence that one of the most abundant crops which comes from irrigated soil—the sugar beet—should contain such a large proportion of the element of alcohol, when it is remembered that as a source of power the spirit can be utilized to pump water for flooding the beet field. Thus the irrigator can produce from the soil the energy needed to maintain its fertility. But the potato patch of New England, the corn fields of the Western prairies, the rice and sugar-cane belts of Louisiana, afford sites for the industry enabling the consumer to secure his supply of alcohol for whatever purpose as conveniently as his supply of food and other necessities.

You may say that twenty years is a short time in which to accomplish such an industrial revolution as has been foretold. Is it? What did we know of the telephone a quarter of a century ago? Those who saw the huge, ugly-looking leather disk that was shown at

the Centennial Exposition in 1876, ridiculed the assertion of the designer that it would convey words beyond the ordinary range of the human voice. To-day the telephone has reached everywhere that civilization has reached. It is indispensable in modern life. Less than thirty years ago, the first exchange was established in America and now some of them have subscribers connected with "Central" by the barb-wire fences which not only bound the farm but form the telephone line. Twenty years ago, the oil stove was a curiosity, but as the fact became known that the surface of the country concealed an underground sea of petroleum, the coal age was replaced by the petroleum era in many of the States beyond the Mississippi. The possibility that twenty years hence we may live in the age of alcohol is no more wonderful than the advent of the telephone, the oil stove, the cotton gin, or the combined harvester and thrasher.

Back in the sixties "A. Lincoln" was the name signed to a document which caused the bells to ring and the bonfires to blaze from one end of the Northern States to the other, for it freed five millions of people from slavery. Curiously enough, it was partly to defray the expenses of the Civil War abolishing slavery that alcohol was literally placed in bondage. How this step has crippled the progress of the United States may be understood when it is known that in 1861, prior to the enforcement of the revenue tax, we were using over thirty millions of gallons, although our population at that time was but thirty-two millions. Had the farmer and the manufacturer been permitted the free use of the liquid except as a beverage, to-day our consumption would doubtless have been more than ten times this quantity, for Germany alone makes over a hundred million gallons a year, largely for industrial purposes, also tenfold more than we have manufactured annually under the oppression of the revenue law. There is good reason for calling the law which at last gives us free alcohol for our industries, the Second Act of Emancipation, for it is in truth a release from bondage.

THE AMAZING LADY

BY ZONA GALE

ILLUSTRATED BY SIMON WERNER

NOTHING can exceed the air of satisfaction which pervades a sleeping car just after the berths have been made up in the morning. The night is safely past, dressing in one's section

has been got through, and one's destination leaps upon one from out the sheathing miles. Pelleas and I came in from breakfast in the dining car and shared in the general cheer.

"Really," said Pelleas benignly, "I cannot understand how people find traveling in America in the least uncomfortable."

"Nor can I," I agreed, "in the morning. But at night, when the porter begins making up the berths, I would far rather be riding on a camel."

"But a camel is no larger than one's berth," argued Pelleas, with a subconscious nod toward a field of gorgeous marsh marigolds swimming past, "and no more humped."

"Ah, well," said I pacifically, "perhaps not. But the two have a great deal in common—and all the advantages are on the side of the camel."

"On the back of the camel," Pelleas gravely corrected.

On the train it is astonishing what frivolous talk absorbs one. I aver that the two young women occupying the section at the back of ours talked for four hundred miles about almost nothing. Not that this is impossible in stationary moments, however; for to talk of almost nothing is a satisfaction which many derive from the most unpromising subjects.

"I wish," said I suddenly, upon this reflection, "that I might sometime travel in the company of really distinguished-looking persons. When distinguished-looking persons do their traveling I cannot imagine, for

whenever I travel, all the ill-equipped beings seem to come forth and the charming people to stay hermetically sealed at home."

"You might take out the box of daguerreotypes," suggested Pelleas, "and set them on the opposite seat. Then you need look at nothing but distinction."

I smiled in approbation. That delightful company of old daguerreotypes in leather cases and the three miniatures in velvet bags which I was carrying to Lisa for her cabinet—what perfect traveling companions they would make, to be sure! No fussing about draughts, no curiosity in their fellows, no look of dust or weariness—only that perennial bloom and silence and repose.

"Indeed," I said, "I have a great inclination to do that." For it is the reflection which has upborne me most that if one seems insane one is not necessarily insane.

Pelleas smiled and bought a paper and went off to the smoking compartment. Although he has not smoked in years and can never read in a pitching coach, yet Pelleas finds paper and smoking compartment unwritten laws of his manhood. One becomes very tenacious of one's ways of youth when they no longer besiege one.

Almost at once the train pulled into a station, all of blackened brick and clanging breakfast gongs. I have no idea what place it may have been, but it was A City, such as constantly swim up to the track when one travels, lie heavily upon either side of the rails while the train stands, and then, I dare say, jaunt ponderously off across the fields looking for more railway trains to wake them from sooty dreams. But this City I remember because from its uninviting depths there emerged and boarded the train and entered our car the Boy and the Amazing Lady.

The Boy—how I remember him as I saw him first. He was in the early twenties—hair of twenty, eyes of twenty, delicious, curved mouth of twenty. He came in glowing, looking up and about the car like a knight on the alluring edge of a greenwood whence might possibly, at any magic moment, advance the Enchanted Adventure. He was brown, full-lipped, sparkling, vivid, and with that lifted glance that some way speaks freedom. He was not yet a prey to life. And immediately I had a curious impression that he looked a little like his mother—I am not sure how I knew that, but I was certain, just as when, sometimes, I have had presented to me an unknown girl of tall awkwardness, I have, even though I have never before seen her, yet suppressed an involuntary and unreasonable exclamation of "How you have grown!"

The Amazing Lady had not grown very much. She was very little—I suspected her daintiness to have attracted the Boy to her, for she was obviously a decade his senior, and, just as obviously, she was for him the Enchanted Adventure, ready made. His smile had a look of Paradise about it. Yet she was insignificant and too—blond; and she owned a rich, forced contralto in speech and that accent of piecemeal polish which deceives nobody. There was a perfume of spiced flowers in her garments, as if they had lain in strange smoke; there were about her hints of unrelated colors, skillfully marshaled; and in her very coiffure was an exaggerated understanding of the world. She was a strange companion for the Boy—but they had a kinship, I was to discover: the undoubted kinship of the fragrance of a joss house and the incense of a cathedral.

The Amazing Lady threw her admirable little hat on the opposite seat, shook back her straying hair—beautiful hair—and came to rest with a sigh, but losing none of her positiveness. She was like an exclamation point grown momentarily languorous.

"I always have my shoes made to order," announced the Amazing Lady by way of introduction to the moment; "I had these made to order. And, really, I'm getting tired of it. See how much too long they are."

Her contralto went through the car like wind. Everyone knew about the shoes. The young women in the berth at the back of ours ceased their excursions into the obvious and listened; and that anomaly, the gouty socialist, who sat opposite them, tried to derive news from the mirror in his section.

Of course the Boy's reply was inaudible. I think that all the world may be divided into those who under the usual conditions speak audibly and inaudibly in trains. I cast my classification humbly upon the sea of those already made, but I know of none more defining nor within which are merged so many obvious touchstones.

"Ah," said the Amazing Lady next, in her low, pricking staccato, "where is our book? Let us read—let us be reading when the train pulls out"—she dropped her tone to a different kind of audibility—"as we shall read always and always!" she said.

At that I could have found it in my heart to listen, had she not obligingly made this unnecessary. After all, if these two were chaperoned by a book, things could not be so mightily incongruous, I innocently thought.

The Boy drew the book from his bag, a small, discreet book of good birth and antecedents of charming certainty. She took it lingeringly, her eyes meeting his as their hands met. And as she opened the book, the train slipped into motion, and the City shambled back about its business on the map.

"Now it is too late—now it is too late not to go!" said the Amazing Lady exultantly, in her low resonance. "Whether I go to Channing or New York, it is too late to go back."

The Boy murmured, his eyes striving for hers. And hers gave themselves momentarily to his, and drooped, returned, were captured—she had great art, but I have seen sunflowers that I thought had no less art of a certain kind in their wide eyes.

"Let us read," she said, so that only the Boy and I heard; "I am afraid to think——"

Ah, she had art—the art of the sunflower and the woman of the stone age and many primal things. She opened the book and read, for obviously she was not of womenkind who are formed for listening. I do not know what book they may have had, but in spite of myself the fragments that I caught stirred me to something of their enthusiasm.

. . . waiting, on spring slopes, with fresh lawns and spangled inclines undulating in sun to the borders of another land. Another land! Compact of hope refined to peace, and stars whose mystery is only promise, where to remember joy is to possess joy, where Conduct herself goes masked as Delight.

They read on, the reading punctuated by many a sentence of silence, glances of tacit interpretation, spontaneous meeting of eyes over some mounting phrase. I protest that

there is no love-making like the love-making of two who are reading a wonderful book.

I maintain that one must have been at least twice as old as I not to have been stirred. And after all, I thought in unconscious surrender, why should I sit perched there, like a suspicious beetle, merely because two were incongruous and one spoke contralto?

I am persuaded that the Boy would have read contentedly on for the whole day, swimming through the russet land on the waves of that contralto. But the Amazing Lady had a taste for ballooning. In ten minutes she let the book fall, rested her head against the cushions, and looked up at him.

"Are you glad?" she asked.

"Glad!" said the Boy in a rapture sufficient for me to hear.

"Ah, no—but really glad?" she persisted. "I haven't made you think. Perhaps I ought to make you think."

She leaned forward, her face prettily bellying her words. And in that moment a certain fleeting, elusive resemblance which the Amazing Lady seemed to me to bear to some one whom I could not name, returned to me, became a phantom, took shape, and beckoned to me from her eyes. There was something about her indefinably like Ingeborg Anderson, the little Norwegian maid who comes on Thursdays to do our mending. I treasured this circumstance to tell to Pelleas, who is delighted with resemblances, and birthdays which fall upon the same day, and similarities of family names and the like. When the days grow colorless these things become our toys instead of books that tell of the spangled slopes and fresh lawns of Another Land.

Meanwhile the Boy was murmuring something sufficiently defiant in answer, full of certainty and its protestation; whereat, with a burst of frankness which I guessed to be rare enough, the Amazing Lady said, in her daring resonance:

"If I was just the way I am, only with a great name, your people would call me clever and eccentric, and be proud of me. Wouldn't they?"

I could guess what the Boy was earnestly saying: That they *would* be proud of her as soon as they really knew her!

"No, they won't," said the Amazing Lady positively. "They'll think everything rude that *they* do is just a lapse, and everything rude that I do they'll think is because I don't know any better. I know. They'll be themselves to each other, but when they speak to

me they'll look through something at me—as if I was some one else. And they'll keep hearing things I've done—oh, there's plenty to hear—and they'll tell you. And then I shall hate myself because it hurts you!"

"We'll go away!" cried the Boy vehemently, and, as I suspected, immediately grew geographical and predicated statements of Capri and Provence and the *château* country and rural England. Love is a famous voyager and has an invariable idea that because things are intrinsically wrong in the West, there will be smooth sailing east of West. But in my heart I knew, as I heard their words, that no geography and no created space could make the future fair for these two. I am old, and I have seen much magic—but never the magic of long peace between two such as these. As well expect a pot of primroses to find fellowship with a gazing crystal.

"Shall I leave you at Channing?" she went on to the Boy. "Shall I get off at Channing, or shall I go with you to New York and face them all? Channing—I hate Channing!" she burst out. "Why should I go to Channing? What do they know about all the things that I like best? And what is there in living if you can't live with people who like some of the things that you like? In Channing they tell me how different my aunt was, and that my clothes aren't heavy enough, and they get up at four o'clock on November mornings to make Christmas presents. And yet everybody in the whole world would say that it is my duty to go to Channing, and let you go to New York alone!"

The Boy's dark head bent down—I could guess well enough how his part of the antiphony went on. Antiphonies of the sort are pitched invariably in the same key.

How could I help them, I fell wondering, though I know very well that upon such an affair as this it is madness to intrude. Moreover, I have grown to suspect that my interest in romance is simply the helpless curiosity of an old woman in whose heart a glint of moonlight some way persists, in spite of all these years of the practical sun. Still, it is a very terrible thing to be old and not to tell others what one has learned, since to learn is the only possible compensation for growing old. Yet how could I cry out: "Attention, please! From the pinnacle of my seventy years let me give you both news that you are about making a tragic mistake." Did I not know that they would have looked up at me with no

least indignation and have called serenely back:

"Ah, madam, but *this*, you see, is different!"

None the less, I longed to help the Boy. He was so eager, so radiant, so buoyant. If only Enid or Lisa might have been with me, and if only he might have looked upon the delicacy, the quiet, the gentleness, the distinction of my two little grandnieces who, for all their spirit and daring, are porcelain, I felt sure that he might have understood. If only his own mother might momentarily have sat there opposite the Amazing Lady, it seemed to me that he would have felt the reason why he must leave her. Instead he was simply drifting on with that really bewildering contralto in his ears, and all the spell of the book, which she presently resumed, laid upon him. And there was I, a helpless old woman, with nothing in my possession with which to appeal to the Boy like a voice from his own world—save indeed, I thought whimsically, my box of old Mechlin, my photographs of Lisa and Enid, and—my daguerreotypes!

I sat erect with the sheer enormity of the fancy.

That delicate, distinguished company of my mother and her friends, in pelisse and tippet, in plaited book muslin and curls, with prim waists and white hands, and eyes that were three parts shyness and one part gentle archness—why could I not summon them, I boldly wondered, to touch the understanding of this Boy who, in delicacy and distinction, was so like them?

While I hesitated, certain that anyone but Pelleas would have looked upon the idea as mad enough, the Amazing Lady, almost pathetically testing her art to allure the Boy the more deeply, sank back, with a sigh, to her window corner.

"Trains always make me sleepy," she said, with lids heavy above her really fine eyes. "Sit over there for a little—and afterwards I will tell you what I dream."

"She must have very fine eyelashes," I told myself, "to warrant that," and my heart was beating in high excitement. For this device of hers left the Boy free for a little, and I was determined upon a bold move, such as only a bored old woman upon a railway journey would credit to herself for art strategical.

Instantly I opened Pelleas's suit case and took out the box of daguerreotypes. It was a box of—I had almost said *withered*—heliotrope velvet, clasped with thin silver, and,

within, a band of faded satin ribbon wrapped the cases. I laid the ribbon upon the dark background of the seat before me—no one would suppose what a background for art is the velvet of Pullman cars—and delicately, one by one, I dusted each case and laid it open on the pale satin. Absurd enough I must have looked, with my white hair and kerchief, amusing myself with these ancient likenesses!

One by one I laid them before me, those beautiful people of another day—almost of Another Land compact of hope and mystery and the stars, such as the book of the Boy recorded. First, the daguerreotype of a kinswoman of my grandmother's, a Mistress Patience Worship, exquisite of needle and skilled in mixing simples, who gave up a famous match with my lord of Welchester for marriage to a poor rector, and lent to his country parsonage the elegance of a court and the quiet of heaven. Beside her went Patty Bloodgood, with her little pointed face and great spirit eyes, and upon her flowered muslin gown were crossed the hands which were like the hands of an empress and had yet known nothing but loving service for everyone. And wound about her throat was the amber which my Lord of Leicester himself had sent to some ancient woman of her family whom Elizabeth had honored. Next I set upon the ribbon the daguerreotypes of the sisters Walpole—Letty and Berenice—who had been guests of the President when, at a famous ball given in their honor, a young French marquis had insulted the memory of their kinsman, Sir Robert Walpole; upon which Mistress Berenice had coolly halted the minuet to tell him clearly that his entire nation might have been drawn through Sir Robert's white staff of office had he cared to make the staff sufficiently *hollow*! There were spirit and daring, if one likes; and indeed my Lady Letty had later eloped with a young lieutenant—she in her muslin frock and he in his muddy uniform. And yet the Amazing Lady with *her* spirit and daring could not possibly even have held in her hand their likenesses without suggesting an incongruity; and I even fancy that the incongruity might have extended to the likeness of Olivia Prescott, who managed my mother's stillroom with rare wisdom and attended our household, my father used to say, with "queen's quiet," touching and lifting among the herbs and cheeses as if they had been gold leaf and crown jewels. But the Amazing Lady could not even have handled herbs and cheeses without a tableau light.

When I took up the three bags of white velvet I was in some trepidation, for I knew that the Boy had turned and was watching me. Yet I went on, quietly enough, as I hope, loosening the tassels of silk and drawing out, one after another, the three miniatures of my mother, Honoria Semple. The portraits had been painted by a famous artist of London, and all three had been his despair. For her beauty was so elusive a thing, so a product of that moment's smile, that moment's thought, that moment's dream, that it was no matter of ease to beguile it to the brush. She was very tiny, very fair, almost pathetically young. In one portrait her fair hair lay loosely about her face; in another she wore her collar of seed pearls and there was a rope of pearls about her slender, pointed waist; and in the third her delicate hands lay upon an unfurled fan of cobweb which Martha Washington had given to her mother. And always in her face was that clear look of some other self than her whom we knew; a secret self, of which not all were aware and none possessed—it may be not even she herself. I longed to lay her likeness in the hand of the Boy, saying simply: "See. Is she not like the pollen of flowers? But that woman whom you have chosen is only diamond dust!"

Instead, I half turned toward the Boy, who sat frankly watching me; and I spoke to him across the narrow aisle, quite simply and as if I had the right, as, in the circumstance, I am half persuaded that I had.

"It is not possible," said I almost absently, "that you are one of the Abbots of Maryland?"

The Boy was at my side in an instant.

"No, madam," he said with just the right shade of regret, "my family is of Virginia."

"Ah," cried I in unfeigned delight—what a miracle it is to be an old woman with white curls, able to act quite as one likes!—"ah, then you will be interested in these miniatures of my mother, a Virginia girl who married a gentleman of Maryland, one of the Abbots whom you must forgive me for observing that you resemble."

He took in his hand the likeness of my mother, and he might have touched her hand through a minuet and himself fitted charmingly in the picture. His rare face lighted as he looked at the face upon the ivory.

"A belle in the days of Daguerre," he said below his breath. "Ah, thank you! How very beautiful she is."

I nodded, and sat rearranging the three bags.

"She has both kinds of beauty, madam," said the Boy then, as if he spoke half to himself and a very little to me. "She has the beauty of the eyes—and the beauty within the eyes."

I nodded again, rearranging my velvet bags. Then I laid in his hand the other miniatures.

"When she was eighteen," I said—oh, and most absently, I assure everyone, I made room beside me for the Boy—"when she was eighteen—" And when my mother was eighteen proved such an alluring matter that, speaking from her heart as well as my own, it was surely no wonder that I talked on inexcusably about her. There were charming things to tell of her—when she was the belle of ancient New York, when the empress took her to her chateau at Aix, when she lived with Patience Worship and ministered to the needy of the little church. And in it all her fineness, her distinction, her exceeding delicacy were like a star standing over the threshold of Another Land—a land where mystery and delight are more than idols, vaguely understood.

The Boy was very quiet. In her corner the Amazing Lady leaned, her face against the cushions, one little made-to-order shoe peeping from her skirts. And I, perplexed as to where my course was to arrive, and filled with certainty that it would lead nowhere at all, lifted the worn leather that framed the faces of my beautiful people and told the Boy all the delicious Dresden things and all the stern, unwavering things I knew of their lives. Would he not see, I wondered mutely, oh, would he not see that the lady whom he should delight to honor must be the fine embroidering of flowers upon the world. I could not tell what he thought. He sat silently holding the three miniatures, listening to my garrulity quite as if I had had the right to besiege him with these unbidden guests.

At last the Amazing Lady stirred and sighed, and instantly, with that lighting of the face which is not to be mistaken, the Boy turned toward her, the miniatures of my mother forgotten in his hands, quite as if she had not been the flower of two courts and the ministering angel to a parish. It is true that I can by no means tell what was passing in the Boy's mind or how much of all that I meant him to see, was finding admittance. But as I look back I can find it in my heart to doubt that my most finely flavored adventuring might, by any possibility, have succeeded.

However, that is destined always to be one of those delicious subjects which Pelleas and I love to argue over our lonely fire.

For even while I wondered and doubted, Pelleas himself emerged from the smoking compartment, newspaper in hand. And while my heart sank in the certainty that he would think me mad and that the plot was ruined at the crowning moment, I became aware that Pelleas was holding his paper toward me.

"Ettarre," he said, with his benign, unconscious look at the Boy, "I can't read what it says—but doesn't that look like Ingeborg, who does our mending? And doesn't the heading say she is married to a scamp?"

I looked. And there, from a decorative design of hearts and footlights, smiled out at me above a corsage of jewels and flowers the face—not of Ingeborg, but of the Amazing Lady herself.

"I knew she looked like somebody," I said overstupidly, and could have said no more to save us all. "I knew she looked like somebody," I said, and glanced fearfully at the Boy.

"Millionaire Broker Returns to Find Wife Missing" went on the glaring headlines, so that I wondered that all the car did not know. But no one knew but the Boy.

I remember that he took the paper from my hand and confronted her, in the moment of her wakening. Before she understood, the Amazing Lady even looked up at him with the prettiest sigh and fluttering of lids. But when she had looked vaguely at the paper, her eyes went swiftly, pitifully to the Boy's eyes. Then she took the sheet and read it at a word, and read what it meant for her and the Boy. There was no mistaking. And the Boy knew.

"I thought he was dead," I heard her saying over and over; and she cried out something to the Boy, but her voice was curiously lowered now, so that I did not hear, and all the rich contralto was thin and bodiless. As for me, I gathered up my daguerreotypes with trembling hands and tried to tie my velvet bags with the miniatures lying unregarded upon the seat. But Pelleas, suspecting nothing, hunted through the time card to see if the city that we were nearing were Channing, and wondered earnestly on which side of the track the big Channing locomotive works would prove to be.

A moment later, when the brakeman called the station, I remembered with a thrill the Amazing Lady's uncertainty whether she should go to Channing or New York. But now there was no uncertainty. She had put on her admirable little hat and was tugging at her gloves, talking all the while in a quivering undertone and looking into the terrible, young face of the Boy.

There was Channing itself creeping about the tracks, black brick and trundling trucks and wagons of milk cans—quite like a permanent city. And into its heart, with Pelleas's paper still crushed in her arm, went the Amazing Lady.

I looked after her, filled with a sudden yearning, and, I dare say because I am an unstable old woman with no cast iron to speak of among my principles, I was filled, too, with an uncontrollable pity for her. Pelleas brought me back to the needs of the moment:

"The locomotive works must be on the left-hand side," he decided discontentedly. "And the ice houses are sure to be between them and the car windows!"

I did not see the Boy again. All that afternoon the small discreet volume, of good birth and antecedents of charming certainty, lay in the seat where the Amazing Lady had fallen asleep. It lay there when we left the train that afternoon; and still the Boy stayed somewhere away, fighting it out alone. If only, I thought helplessly, they might have been of use to him in his need—the spirits of those women folded away in my faded violet ribbon and white velvet bags! But the matter was beyond their art and mine, under the scepter of Another Land.

At last I told Pelleas about it as well as I could, by no means sparing myself in the part I had essayed to play from the text of the miniatures and of what may have been in the heart of my mother as well as in my own.

Pelleas listened in silence with that most terrifying air, known to some of us offenders, of waiting in confidence to hear us justify ourselves at the end. There is nothing more crushing to a culprit who has no justification. And when I had no more to tell Pelleas looked down at me musingly.

"Ettarre," he astonished me by saying, "as between you and that poor girl on the train—I don't know, upon my honor, which to call the Amazing Lady."



Drawn by Simon Werner.

"Talking all the while in a quivering undertone and looking into the terrible, young face of the Boy."

THE RESTORATION OF THE HIGHWAYS

By R. H. FULLER



THE people of the State of New York have voted to spend \$50,000,000 upon the improvement of their highways. The appropriation of this sum, large as it is, will probably convey no very definite idea to the mind of the reader unless he is familiar with the widespread agitation which has been going on throughout the country for the last fifteen years for the improvement of the highways; but to the men who have led the fight for better roads it signalizes a revolutionary change of policy which is of profound significance.

It marks the beginning of the end of the most disastrous experiment in public ownership and maintenance of a great public utility that has ever been tried. It means that the people have at last realized the inefficiency and extravagance which has characterized the management of the most valuable and useful class of property that they own in common. It means reform in the methods which have been tolerated for more than a century of national growth. These methods have involved a direct annual loss in the United States of from \$600,000,000 to \$800,000,000 year after year, and their indirect blight upon education, progress, and public spirit has been incalculable.

When the pioneers rolled back the wilderness, they followed the water-courses and the trails made by the moccasined feet of the Indians. The settlers maintained these trails, cutting new roads as occasion required. These pathways were cut to meet the needs of the present without regard for the requirements of the future. They led the wayfarer over hills and through swamps or tracts of shifting sand. The winter frosts undermined them and the spring thaws converted

them into impassable stretches of mud. The autumnal rains washed them away and the snowdrifts blocked them to traffic. For two or three months each year in all the Northern States the farmhouse which depended upon these roads for communication with the rest of the world, was cut off almost as effectually as though its occupants had been marooned upon a desert island. Every year in the spring and fall the farmers were compelled to turn out to repair the ravages of frost and rain, clumsily restoring the roads so that they might get their crops to market.

To do this they were compelled to neglect their own tasks in the busiest seasons of the year, and as the population increased, millions of days of work were expended annually upon the roads. The result at best was a makeshift. Tremendous effort, ignorantly directed, produced miserable tracks, heavy with mud and sand and rendered still more difficult by steep grades. Bad as these costly roads were, the farmer was fortunate if he was able to use them for nine months in the year. Then came the frosts and the rains, and the work was all to be done over again. These primitive conditions were established when the country was settled, and they have existed ever since. Of all the roads in the United States only nine per cent are good, while ten per cent are passable and eighty-one per cent are bad.

The pioneers merely brought with them the methods of the Old World where the roads were almost as bad as they were here. But early in the last century John Loudon Macadam turned his attention to road building in Scotland. After constructing some remarkable roads there, he went to Bristol about 1820, where he was made a magistrate and director of the roads in the district in which he lived. He soon became an author-

ity on road making, and his system, although nearly one hundred years old, has stood the test of modern investigation and experiment, practically without change.

The macadam road is a modification of the roads which the Romans constructed to bind together their unwieldy empire. These great Roman highways in some places are still solid and traveled after the lapse of two thousand years. Macadam discovered that water is the greatest enemy of roads. To keep it out, he excavated the roadbed to a suitable depth to provide a firm and dry foundation. Upon this he laid crushed hard stone which had been broken into blocks of from one to two inches square, and then compacted it under the pressure of a heavy roller. Other layers of stone were spread and rolled in such a manner as to make the road slightly higher in the middle than at the sides. This stone is spoken of as the "metalling." When it was all in place it formed a road from eighteen inches to two feet thick in the middle, and about four inches thick at the edges. The water runs off from the crown of the curved surface into shallow ditches at the sides which carry it away through frequent sluices and culverts. The macadam road is the same the year round. It is as solid in the spring as in midsummer, and it is practically indestructible so long as it is kept in repair, which may be done with a comparatively small expenditure of labor.

Macadam's system of road building revolutionized the methods employed in Europe. At the time when he was conducting his experiments, the United States was defining the powers and scope of its national Government. Good roads were sorely needed to furnish easy and cheap communication between the Atlantic States and the great domain acquired through the Louisiana Purchase. The State of New York broke the barrier by digging the Erie Canal, which connected the Great Lakes with the Hudson, but the Southern States could not follow this example. It was agreed that the federal Government might properly build the "great roads" which had been projected, and between 1806 and 1832 the sum of \$14,000,000 was expended out of the national treasury for this purpose. One of the federal roads connected Athens, Ga., with New Orleans. Another ran from Nashville to Natchez. The longest was laid out from Cumberland, Md., to St. Louis, a distance of 800 miles, leading through the capitals of Ohio, Indi-

ana, and Illinois. Upon this road \$7,000,000 was expended, although its western end was never completed.

The national Government finally decided to leave the construction and care of the highways to the states, which did very little in the way of road building. Some of them raised money, by lotteries or otherwise, for the improvement of the roads, but generally they left the work to their cities, villages, towns, and counties. The municipal corporations were authorized to raise money to build and pave their streets and to keep them in repair. In the towns every property owner was required to contribute a certain number of days of labor, and this was known as "working out the road tax" under the "labor system."

It has been estimated that the "labor system" of caring for the roads caused a waste of \$10,000,000,000 during the last century. The work was done under the supervision of salaried officials chosen by the voters. These men were usually ignorant of the most elementary principles of road building, and the elections tended to place the most incompetent men in charge. The official who compelled his neighbors to contribute the full value of their tax in the form of labor, was certain to prove unpopular, and in the next election such a man would usually be replaced by some rival who was willing to permit the work to be done in a slovenly and inefficient manner. Rotation in office prevented any road official from learning much about road improvement and maintenance, and the most incompetent officials were likely to remain longest in office. Every taxpayer tried to do as little as he could on the days when he was working out his tax, which was measured in days of work instead of in accomplishment. Thus the "labor system" directly encouraged incompetence and shirking.

It may be that American common sense would have abolished the "labor system" long ago, had it not been for the occurrence of events which partially concealed the true situation regarding the roads. Taking advantage of the fact that the common roads were ill-kept and often impassable, private capital sought the privilege of doing for the people what they neglected to do for themselves. In return for the right to collect toll, individuals and corporations offered to construct good roads. Toll-road charters were granted in large numbers by the states, four



AN UNIMPROVED ROAD IN THE SPRING

hundred being issued by New York State alone. The toll roads were usually constructed in an unscientific manner, and consequently, as a rule, the large cost of maintaining them prevented them from yielding much profit. Many of them were purchased by the communities in which they had been built, some of them were abandoned, and a few still exist. Their development was hampered by the invention of the railroad, which is really nothing but a private road equipped for the operation of a device for mechanical traction.

Capital rushed into this new development of road building and operation. The states and the national Government not only freely granted charters to construct railroads, but often contributed to the cost of building them. Short lines were constructed at first, and these were gradually consolidated into the great trunk-line systems which have become such important factors in the development of the nation. The railroads quickly became the principal carriers of both freight and passengers, excepting for very short distances. Their existence rendered the need for good common roads apparently less pressing.

The contrast between the management of the private roads, built for the operation of

vehicles drawn by mechanical traction, and the common roads, constructed for vehicles drawn chiefly by animal traction, is both striking and instructive. The chief object of the owners of the private roads has been to save money in transportation so that they might be able to offer lower rates than their competitors and at the same time make the largest possible profit for themselves. No outlay was too great for them to incur if grades or curves were to be abolished or a more solid roadbed obtained. They found that it paid them to reduce to a minimum the time required to move a ton of freight between two points. If they discovered that better vehicles were to be had than the cars and locomotives that they were using, they discarded their old equipment and replaced it with new. While they were spending hundreds of millions of dollars in betterments, the common roads were being starved by an antiquated system of neglect in the guise of maintenance. The railroads kept up a constant system of patrol and supervision of their lines, repairing the weak places as soon as they appeared; but twice a year was deemed sufficient for the slovenly repair of the common roads.

Several causes combined, about fifteen



THE SAME ROAD IMPROVED BY STATE AID

years ago, to draw attention forcibly to the wretched condition of the country highways and to arouse revolt against its continuance. It was found that the drift of population from the farms to the cities and the manufacturing centers was steadily increasing. The younger generation was evidently growing impatient of the isolation of farm life. The food products of the West were being brought to the East by the railroads so cheaply that they destroyed the market for the products of Eastern farms which happened to be situated off the line of the railroads. This brought about a heavy decline in the value of farm lands. It used to cost three dollars a bushel to haul wheat from Buffalo to New York City over the common roads before the railroads were built. The railroads now bring in the wheat for a few cents a bushel. This means that the New York farmer, with "worn-out" land, is called upon to compete with the immensely productive farms of the West, and that the handicap of being compelled to haul his wheat to the railroad shipping point over bad roads may easily outweigh the higher cost of bringing Western wheat to the Eastern market and turn the scale against him.

According to the United States census, New York State has 24,000,000 acres of farm

land, and about 40,000,000 tons of produce of all kinds are hauled annually over the wagon roads of the state. The average haul is six miles and the average cost is twenty-six cents a ton for each mile. The average cost of hauling a ton over the good roads of European countries is ten cents a mile. In other words, the producers in New York State are paying a premium of sixteen cents a mile upon each ton moved over the highways for their negligence in allowing the roads to remain in bad condition. Upon the entire traffic of 40,000,000 tons, the annual loss is \$38,400,000 a year for the average haul of six miles. The average product of farming land is half a ton to the acre, so that the bad-roads tax upon farm products in the state is \$11,520,000 a year. The advocates of road improvement argue that the saving of this waste would enable the Eastern farmers to reënter the markets and would repeople thousands of abandoned farms.

Some of the more progressive of the railroad managers have joined the good-roads movement on the theory that its success will increase the freight shipments by stimulating production. The widespread introduction of motor vehicles has aided the agitation, because they cannot be used over bad roads.

The rural free-delivery system has had a similar tendency, as the Government makes passable roads a condition of its maintenance.

With the realization of the losses caused by bad roads came a determined effort to get rid of them. Good-roads associations were formed, appeals were



BREAKING GROUND FOR A NEW ROAD

A BAD STRETCH

probable, however, that the national Government will relieve the states of the duty of providing good roads, at least in the near future; and meantime the states are showing themselves quite capable of solving the problem. New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York are the pioneers in un-

dertaking the work of good-road construction on a comprehensive scale. Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Vermont, and other States are falling into line, and it is only a question of a few years before every state in the Union will have joined them.

Few persons realize the great extent of the common roads. Outside the limits of cities, Massachusetts has 17,000 miles of road; New Jersey has 20,000 miles; New York has 74,000 miles, and Pennsylvania nearly 100,000 miles. Ninety-five per cent of all the agricultural produce that is carried by the railroads and the canals must first be hauled over these roads.

The general scheme of road improvement contemplates the construction of macadam or equally serviceable roads between the chief points in each county, so laid out that they will form a continuous network throughout the state. The less important roads are to be improved by methods not so costly.

made to the State Legislatures and to Congress for aid, and a systematic campaign of education was begun. The national Government responded by establishing the office of Public Road Inquiries, in 1893, in the Department of Agriculture, and this office has rendered efficient service by constructing short "object lesson" roads in many of the states. It has also conducted experiments to test the relative merits of different forms of roads, and has made inquiries as to the most available materials for road making in various parts of the country.

There has been an effort to induce Congress to resume road building where it left off seventy-five years ago. It is argued in favor of this plan that the rural districts receive a disproportionately small share of the receipts from federal taxation, and the appropriations made for the improvement of rivers and harbors are cited by way of precedent for good-road appropriations. It does not seem

undertaking the work of good-road construction on a comprehensive scale. Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Vermont, and other States are falling into line, and it is only a question of a few years before every state in the Union will have joined them.



GUTTER AND RETAINING WALL

Macadam roads require an outlay for construction of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a mile. This heavy initial outlay would be too great a burden for the scattered population of the farming regions to bear unaided. Outside help must be given, and inasmuch as good roads increase the prosperity

of the entire state, the principle of state aid has been generally accepted as just. It has been adopted in various forms by all the states which have seriously undertaken the improvement of their roads.

Even the portion of the expense which falls upon the localities, is usually too great for them to meet by immediate direct taxation, and here again the state may come to their assistance by lending them its credit so as to enable them to borrow money at a smaller rate of interest than they would otherwise be forced to pay. Naturally, where the state helps to build the roads, their location, construction, and maintenance must be under state control through an official or a state commission. This insures the laying out of the roads so that they will form a comprehensive state system, and their maintenance in a condition of efficiency after they have been built.

The laws of all the states in which state aid

is given are alike in many of their general provisions, but the New York law has certain features that have not yet been adopted elsewhere. This is due to the fact that the Legislature of the State is usually dominated by the agricultural interests rather than by the cities, and the evolution of its



IMPROVED ROAD WITH GUARD RAIL

good-roads law has been correspondingly rapid. As the law now stands, it gives the localities the initiative in the improvement of their roads. If the board of supervisors of any county decides that a road ought to be improved outside the limits of a city or an incorporated village, it may pass a resolution to that effect, specifying the kind of road which it desires. The board is compelled to pass a resolution upon the petition of the owners of a majority of the property in linear feet bordering upon the road. The resolution is sent to the State Engineer and Surveyor, who is directed to examine the road and determine "whether it will become part of a properly developed system of improved market roads within the county and the State." If he sanctions the improvement, he must cause the highway to be mapped and straightened and he must furnish the supervisors with plans and estimates of cost at the expense of the State. The super-

visors may then accept or reject the plan. If they accept it, they must provide for raising one half the cost, thirty-five per cent to be paid by the county at large, including its cities and villages, and fifteen per cent to be paid by the town in which the road is situated. The State pays the other fifty per cent. When the State Engineer receives a copy of the resolution committing the county to the payment of its share of the cost, he must give the road a consecutive number in the order of the reception of the application for the improvement, and perform the work as soon as the State has appropriated the funds to reach it in its order.

Applications for improvement were made under this plan much faster than the State was able to make direct appropriations of money to pay its share of the cost. Up to January 1, 1906, the State had appropriated \$3,223,265 for the improvement of 704 miles of road. The counties had applied for the improvement of 7,425 miles and had appropriated \$9,547,865 for the improvement of 2,101 miles.

It was obvious that the State could not keep pace with the demand for road improvement without depleting its finances. It could not borrow money for this purpose, however, because the State Constitution provided that the State should not contract a debt of more than \$1,000,000 unless it was for some single work, in which case eighteen-year bonds might be issued provided the people approved the expenditure after it had been submitted to them in a general election. The Constitution provided further that the principal and interest of these bonds should be paid out of the proceeds of a direct state tax to be levied for the purpose. In New York State there is now no direct state tax, the income of the State being derived from indirect taxes, such as the liquor tax, the stock-transfer tax, and the inheritance tax.

To meet this difficulty, the Legislature recommended and the people approved by a large majority an amendment to the Constitution which authorized the State to borrow \$50,000,000 for road improvement and to lend its credit to the counties. This amendment became operative at the beginning of this year, and the Legislature immediately passed a law to carry it into effect. This law provides that when a county has accepted the plans prepared by the State Engineer for the construction of a road the improvement of which has been applied for, the State shall

provide for the payment of its half of the cost by issuing fifty-year, three-and-one-half-per-cent bonds, to be known as Class A road-improvement bonds. A direct tax of fifty-five ten-thousandths of a mill is imposed for each \$1,000,000 of bonds issued to provide for the payment of the interest and sinking-fund charges, but the Legislature is permitted to make a direct appropriation out of the state treasury in any year to meet these charges, and in that case the tax need not be imposed for that year. It is expected that the State will have money enough to cancel the bonds without reviving the state tax. The amount of the payments to be made is kept within the control of the Legislature by a provision that no money shall be spent beyond the annual appropriation. The Legislature authorized an outlay of \$5,000,000 for the first year.

The State Engineer must provide for the construction or improvement of the road in accordance with his plans. The work is to be done under contract, but the locality in which it is situated may undertake it on the same footing as a contractor. If no acceptable contract can be made, the State must build the road. In any case the State pays the entire cost in the first instance.

When a road has been completed and accepted, the State Comptroller is required to make a statement of the expenditure. One half of the amount is charged to the county in which the road is located, and the county may then collect fifteen per cent of the total cost from the town through which the road runs. If the county does not pay its fifty per cent in cash, the State must provide for it by the issue of bonds known as Class B road-improvement bonds. These are similar in all respects to the Class A bonds, excepting that the interest and sinking-fund charge upon them must be paid by the county, seventy per cent of the annual levy for this purpose being a charge upon the whole county and thirty per cent upon the town in which the road is situated. These payments must be raised by local taxation, but the plan enables the localities to distribute the cost of road improvement over fifty years by the issue of bonds bearing three and one half per cent interest instead of five or six per cent which the counties would have to pay if the State did not loan them its credit. A county may relieve itself of the annual charge at any time by purchasing the Class B bonds issued for the improvement of its roads and presenting



PACKING MACADAM

them to the State Comptroller for cancellation.

When a road has been finished, the State Engineer must maintain it, but he is permitted to make a contract for this purpose with the county or the town in which the road is situated. An annual state tax of fifty dollars for each mile of improved road, is levied upon the



CUTTING DOWN A HEAVY GRADE



STEAM ROLLER AND GRADER

town, and if the cost of maintenance exceeds that sum the State must pay the excess. No state aid is given for the construction or maintenance of bridges with a span of more than five feet, but the State Engineer must furnish plans and forms of contract for their construction when requested. The main-

tenance of the roads includes the planting of shade trees and the erection of signposts. Each improved road receives a distinctive name.

To insure the construction of a continuous system of main or market roads throughout the State, each county is directed to designate to the State Engineer the roads that it desires to have improved. On the basis of these designations, which may be revised by the State Engineer, he is required to prepare

an improved road map of the entire State. When this map has been approved by the Legislature it will constitute a permanent road-improvement scheme.

The State also gives aid to the poorer and more scattered communities which are least able to bear the expense of road improvement and least likely to benefit from the construction of main roads. No assistance is given to towns which persist in clinging to the antiquated "labor system" of maintenance, but to towns which have adopted the "money system" and which raise a sum equal to one half the money value of the labor assessable under the old plan, the State pays yearly out of its treasury a sum equal to one half the amount raised by the town for road purposes. The only limitation upon these payments is that in towns with an assessed valuation of

taxable property of more than \$1,000,000 the annual payment from the State shall not exceed one tenth of one per cent of the value of the taxable property in the town. All payments may be withheld if a town neglects to maintain its roads in accordance with the rules laid down by the State Engineer. Under this plan, in seven years the State had expended \$1,407,835, and the towns \$3,703,732. Notwithstanding the generosity of the State, however, there were 38,609 miles of road in New York which were still being maintained by the "labor system" at the beginning of this year and only 35,147 miles maintained by the "money system."

Connecticut adopted the principle of state aid in 1895, paying two thirds of the cost out of the state treasury. New Jersey pays one third; Massachusetts, three fourths, and Pennsylvania, two thirds. Vermont and Rhode Island make annual appropriations for road improvement. Delaware pays half; Illinois pays half; Ohio pays half; New Hampshire pays a proportion based upon local assessed valuations. While all these States have adopted the principle of state aid, their contributions to road improvement are made by annual appropriations out of the state treasuries in varying and comparatively small amounts, so that the work of improvement is necessarily slow. New York is the first state to authorize a large issue of road-improvement bonds so that a comprehensive plan may be undertaken and carried to completion in its entirety. Its \$50,000,000 road-debt will be permanent until the work is done, new bonds being issued to replace those retired.

As a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so a road is no better than its heaviest grade or its worst mudhole. The size of the load that can be hauled over it depends upon its "bad spot." What this means may be inferred from the fact that the average cost of hauling a ton for one mile on unimproved roads is twenty-five cents, while on good roads it is from eight to ten cents, on railroads, seventy-two one-hundredths of a cent, and on canals, twenty-four one-hundredths of a cent.

The elimination of grades is important. With the same effort a pair of horses can draw 1,600 pounds on a grade rising one foot in twenty, 2,160 pounds on a grade rising one

foot in twenty-five, 2,880 pounds on a grade rising one foot in forty, 3,200 pounds on a grade rising one foot in fifty, 3,600 pounds on a grade rising one foot in 100, and 4,000 pounds on a level road.

Another important branch of the good-roads movement is the introduction of wide tires on wagons intended to carry heavy loads. Narrow tires are road destroyers, while wide tires are road makers. The narrow tire cuts the road into ruts; the wide tire serves the purpose of a roller in compacting and hardening it. Tests have shown that the same force that is required to move 2,000 pounds on narrow tires, will move on broad tires 2,500 pounds on a macadam road, 2,482 on a gravel road, 2,500 on a dirt road, and 3,200 on a wet clay road. Nearly all the European countries compel the use of wide tires. In France they must be from three to ten inches wide, and the axles are of different lengths so that the rear wheels do not follow in the tracks made by the front wheels. In Germany wagons built for heavy loads must have at least four-inch tires. In New York State, boards of supervisors are authorized to compel the adoption of wide tires, but no board has yet availed itself of its authority. Owners of wagons with tires three inches wide are allowed a rebate of half their road tax.

Various methods of road improvement have been tried with success in different parts of the country. In California more than 2,500 miles of sandy highways have been made hard and smooth by sprinkling them with crude petroleum which binds the loose particles of sand together. In Florida phosphate clay has proved to be excellent road material. In many localities, especially in the South, short-term convict labor is employed to reduce the cost of road construction and maintenance. In the North these prisoners are generally permitted to serve their terms in absolute idleness, supported by the county.

It must be confessed that the United States is far behind the older nations of Europe in the care of its roads. France alone has spent \$350,000,000 in road improvement in an area smaller than that of the State of Texas. But the awakening has begun, and there is every indication that American energy is about to put an end to conditions which are little short of a national disgrace.



"Her face remained as expressionless as a rubber ball."

A WIZARD OF THE PHILIPPINES

BY WOLCOTT LECLÉAR BEARD

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY



IT was raining fiercely. The water hissed on the matted grass and drummed on the fronds of the banana palms, beating them into tatters. It drummed, too, on the rubber cape of the Provincial Supervisor, and so loudly that for a time he did not hear his name called from the broad doorway of Government House, toward which his horse was splashing at a slow walk. He looked up when he heard, and saw the Provincial Physician standing in the doorway, beckoning in a manner denoting unusual excitement. The Supervisor spurred to a weary trot.

"Well, Cary, it's here. I guess it's a cinch that it's here," said the doctor, as the other approached.

"Cholera?" asked Cary quickly.

"Cholera," the doctor gravely assented.

"Where is it? Have you seen it? How many cases?"

"No. I haven't seen it yet. There's only one case, so far, and I just heard of it. The messenger's in the office now. Let's hope it's only sporadic—the cholera, I mean, not the messenger. Get down."

Riding under shelter, Cary dismounted and went into his office, the doctor following closely. All but one of the Filipino clerks had prudently retired. The exception leaned

against a wall, gazing with unqualified disapproval at a figure that squatted in the middle of the floor.

The figure was that of a girl, small and evidently very young. Her clothing, tightly clinging to her tiny frame, was drenched and dripping from the rain. On her head there rested an umbrella which evidently had not been wet. Cary was not surprised at that; he knew that it would only be used on occasions of ceremony. The weather had nothing to do with it. But the face of this girl was pretty; she looked very forlorn and unprotected as she squatted there, dripping, and Cary's voice was kind as he spoke to her.

"What is it you wish, and what is your name?" he asked.

Her hands, clasped over her knees, trembled a little, but her face remained as expressionless as a rubber ball. They thought she could not have heard the question, when suddenly came the reply:

"Chatai."

"What!" cried the doctor, somewhat startled by the explosive answer.

"She says her name is Maria," explained the Filipino clerk.

"She didn't say a word about Maria," replied the doctor, with quick suspicion.

"It is the same," the little Filipino hastened to assure him, with an indulgent smile. "She said it in the Pangasinán language. People of her class generally do not understand more than a few words of Spanish. She has told me that some one in the house where she lives is ill, that the illness is cholera, and that she wished to see the señor. Further than that she would not speak. They are insolent, these peasants, and each day they grow more so. Also she is infected. Have I the permission of the señor to retire?" Permission was granted, and he walked away, doubtless to join his fellows, outraged dignity showing forth in each step that he took.

There was the tramp of men outside the office door. Chatai looked around her as a hunted animal might look, seeking a chance of escape, and would have started to her feet, but for the doctor's hand, which gently pressed her back.

"It's only the guards," said he. "I sent for them while I was waiting for you. We'll have to quarantine, of course. Explain to her, Cary."

Cary explained in the vernacular, Pangasinán.

"But tell me," he added. "Who is ill? And why did you come to me?"

The self-repression of the girl vanished instantly. She was too young to have it so deeply ingrained as had the elders of her race. A torrent of speech burst forth. It was Pablo who was ill, she said. He was very ill; almost dying. And so she had come to the *Americanos*, who, assisted, as she had been told, by the devil, could do anything. She was quite innocent of any intention to offend. Her tone, though her voice trembled a little, was quite simple and serious. In crediting the Americans with this diabolic agency, she but voiced a belief almost universal with her kind. Cary smiled.

"Who is this Pablo, Chatai?" he asked.

Chatai looked up so quickly that her umbrella fell with a clatter to the floor. Mechanically she groped for it, her eyes streaming with tears. She answered with two of the few Spanish words she knew, and she lingered over them lovingly.

"*Mi novio*," she said.

"Your what?" cried the astonished doctor in English.

"Your intended, Chatai—your affianced!" echoed Cary, in the vernacular. "How old are you?"

"Nearly fifteen," she replied. "In only five months I shall be fifteen. And O señor, on the Sunday which is to come we would have been married, Pablo and I. At length my father had consented, and Pablo, he has no father. Save him, señores! Save him for me! I know it is wrong for me to ask—I know it is wrong for me to come here. They told me so, and they forbade it, but I care nothing for that. My people, with all their magic, are so weak, and you have the power—oh, save him for me!"

Abandoning her precious umbrella to its fate, she covered her face with her hands and cried; not like a child, but like a woman, almost but not quite despairing. Cary patted reassuringly her wet little shoulder.

"There, there," said he. "We'll save him; we'll have a try at it, anyhow. And you did right to come, just right. Who was the idiot who told you that our work was that of the Evil One?"

She shuddered.

"*Síac anitô*," she replied in an awed whisper.

Cary ripped out an oath that made both of his hearers start.

"You hear that, Jack?" he demanded

indignantly. "I knew it! I've run across these chaps and their influence all over the province. We can't help giving them licenses, for the law says we must, but the men who framed that law ought——"

"Never mind the an—anny—how d'ye call 'em? They can't be much worse than the *practicante* proper, so cheer up. Here's my horse. Come on."

They mounted and rode slowly away



"There was a gasp of wonder from the natives."

"But what is it you're talking about?" asked the puzzled doctor.

"These *anito* chaps. Witch doctors—wizards."

"Why, there's a law against them. They can't get licenses," protested the doctor.

"We license *practicantes*—native practitioners—don't we? Well, eight out of ten of the fellows who apply for those licenses really want to take on as an *anito*. But we'd best go, I suppose, if we're going to be of any use to that boy."

"Right," assented the doctor cheerfully.

through the gathering night; Chatai, who had lighted a long, black cigar, trotting contentedly between the two horses, while behind marched the little squad of native policemen.

"This is the house, señores," said Chatai, after a while, throwing away the end of her cigar.

They rode through a fence of dilapidated bamboo basket work, and dismounted. The doctor began fumbling in his saddlebags.

"What in blazes is that?" he asked suddenly, looking up.

From the house above them—for this house, like all others in the place, was built on stilts—came a wailing, tuneless chant, with weird undertones that were part of it, yet seemed detached. Chatai crossed herself hastily.

"That? Why, that's your rival, curing cholera," said Cary.

He started to mount the ladder by which the house door was reached, when he felt himself plucked by the sleeve. He turned, and saw Chatai.

"Well, what is it?" he asked impatiently.

"*He, señor! Síac anitó!* Do not let him know I brought you here, or he may—"

"Oh, well. We'll see that he doesn't hurt you," interrupted Cary good-naturedly.

"Hurt me? What does that matter?" cried Chatai excitedly. "It is I who brought the devils—the white men—to cure him—Pablo. To cure him; that is all. Then, if I have sinned, my soul will pay the price. I am willing. I want him. I want *him*. Here, on this earth. What do I care if it is devils who cure him? I will pay, if there be pay. I go to enter the house by another way known to me."

She vanished in the shadows. Mounting the ladder, Cary pushed at the basket-work door, but it was fastened within.

"*Y lo cas!*" he cried. "Open the door! Open the door there!"

No answer came. The chant had stopped, and as he called, there came a response to it from within which might well have drowned the sound of his voice. Cary held out his hand to one of the guards. The man understood. Whipping out his bolo, he passed it, hilt first, to the Supervisor. A couple of quick taps severed the rattan hinges of the door, and Cary, followed by the doctor, stumbled into the house.

The large room in which they found themselves was nearly filled by natives who squatted in a semicircle on the floor of split bamboo. On a sleeping mat before them lay the boy Pablo, motionless and corpse-like, with open, unseeing eyes. Facing the others, an old man squatted between Pablo and the wall of the room. This man was stripped to the waist, and his frame was that of a skeleton with a skin of brown parchment stretched tightly over it. His chin was on his breast, showing longish hair, matted in locks. It was not gray hair; it was streaked of black and white. Ranged on the floor near him were three saucers of cocoanut oil,

with lighted wicks floating in them. There was no other light in the room.

The response still was sounding when the two Americans entered and took places, unnoticed, at the back of the room, screened by the shadows there. The doctor craned forward, and looked at the boy who lay on the mat.

"Well?" whispered Cary, impatiently. "Is it cholera?"

"I fear it is," whispered the doctor in return. "I can't be sure, looking from here; but anyhow, the boy's in a bad way. A minute won't make any difference though, and I want to see what our friend with the hair is at. Hello, he's off!"

With a single quick motion, made without apparent effort, the *anitó* rose to his feet and stood looking straight before him. His large, white teeth were exposed in a mirthless grin; his eyeballs rolled loosely in the cavernous sockets, for which they seemed far too small. He stretched out his arms over the boy who lay at his feet, paused, and then shot from his mouth a stream of sparks. There was a gasp of wonder from the natives who watched, and one or two birth-strangled screams. The doctor giggled.

"It seems to go all right with the gu-gus," he whispered to Cary. "If he knew we were here he probably wouldn't try to work off a whiskery old gag like that."

Possibly the *anitó* heard, for he sent a furious glance into the shadows. He leaned against the wall as though exhausted, and wiped his face with the remnant of a bandanna handkerchief, which appeared in a hand apparently empty the second before. When he was done with the handkerchief it vanished. The doctor nodded approvingly. Straightening himself, the *anitó* spoke a few words to a woman who squatted near. She rose, trembling, and left the room.

"He's all right in his line, that old boy is," observed the doctor. "What was it he said to the woman?"

"I think he told her to fetch him a banana leaf; I'm not sure," answered Cary. "Yes, that was it. Here she comes."

The wizard took the big leaf and, squatting once more, worked over it with his hands, crooning the while. Except for that, there was a dead silence. After a time he rose, and held up in view of all a grotesque figure, nearly a foot high, that he had torn from the leaf. There was a low stool some ten feet away. Upon this stool he laid the figure,

then returned to the place he had left, and squatted there. All this time the crooning had never stopped, and soon it grew louder. The wizard patted with one bare foot, and marked the time, which became more and more accented, with a bony forefinger. Each native body began to sway rhythmically; each head bobbed in unison with the song, and a bass, coming from the people, grew and formed a background to it. The little flames on the dishes of oil threw flickering lights, and deep, confused shadows. The scene was weirdly picturesque. Cary was enjoying it with the appreciation one gives a well-arranged theatrical effect, when he felt the doctor's elbow in his ribs.

"Look!" whispered the medico. "Look at that green doll!"

Cary looked. At first he saw only the figure, lying on the stool, where the *anito* had placed it. He was about to say so, but instead he rubbed his eyes and looked again. There could be no doubt about it. Twice he distinctly saw the figure give a little jerk,

sliding back and forth over the stool top in time to the music.

There was no one near the figure; no mechanical means could have been used to move it, yet these movements grew stronger and more frequent. The absurd green doll tried flutteringly to raise itself, and at length succeeded, so that it stood, hopping jerkily up and down in perfect time to the beats of the *anito's* finger which moved with the precision of a machine. After a little, even when the movements of the doll were at their lowest points, a space could be seen between it and the top of the stool. This distance became greater; the manikin was slowly rising. Then it moved from over the stool and danced and fluttered in the air, a yard from the ground, drawing gradually closer to the motionless boy until it hovered over him. Finally, with a quick flap, it flew to his breast and clung there, as a bit of paper clings to an electrified rod.

The sight returned to Pablo's eyes. With a look of terror he grasped the bit of leaf, and



"Cary gripped the witch doctor round the waist, and threw him crashing to the floor."

crumpled it in his hands and threw it from him. The chant ended in a screech; the wizard dropped heavily to the floor and lay there, apparently exhausted.

"Bravo!" cried the doctor, clapping his hands.

As one, the natives turned, and when they saw the Americans, rushed here and there with shrill screams, seeking to escape. Cary stepped quickly forward, and as he did so he noticed that the doll, fresh and uncrumpled, lay on the stool where its maker had placed it. He held up his hand for silence, and for an instant they hushed.

"The house is surrounded. Sit down," he said, then added in English: "Jack, will you have a look at that boy?"

The doctor already was kneeling beside Pablo. The natives gathered in apprehensive little groups, and Chatai stole from some corner and crouched by the doctor's side, peering into his face, as though she would read the verdict there. The *anito* had risen, and stood with folded arms.

At length the doctor rose, with some difficulty, for he was fat. He dusted off his khaki knees and shook his head. "I give it up," he said slowly. "It's cholera, all right, so far as I can see; yet no cholera ever turned like that. For the boy's better. You can see by his face that he's better. His pulse is getting stronger all the time, and if they let him alone he'll get well. It licks me,"

and he shook his head again, as he looked with amazement at the patient.

"What is it he says?" asked Chatai, and Cary translated. Her father was standing near. The *anito* turned and addressed him.

"You heard," said he. "Are you satisfied? No one in this house will sicken. Have I earned my pay?"

The master of the house hesitated, but the eye of the wizard was upon him, and he bowed his head.

"Then pay!" said the *anito*, and held out his hand. In this hand her father laid that of Chatai and turned away.

"Not that— not that! Oh, *mi padre, por amor de Dios!* Give me not to him. I will—ah!" She struggled vainly, and as the grinning skeleton drew her to him, her plea ended in an inarticulate scream, her struggles ceased, but her free hand flew to the black masses of her hair. Before she could draw the stiletto which

doubtless was concealed there, Cary stepped forward, gripped the witch doctor round the waist, and threw him crashing to the floor.

"Don't behave so. It annoys the lady," said he.

The jar extinguished two of the three lights. There was a dead silence as the *anito* rose stiffly to his feet, which he did but slowly, for he was much shaken. Cary placed himself before Chatai, who had thrown herself prone and lay with her face buried in her arms.

But the wizard made no move to go to Chatai. His grin, still fixed, took on a look



"The doctor finished his task before he would answer."

of devilish malignity; his eyes glared like those of a cat, from the depths of their sockets straight into Cary's, and a trembling, bony forefinger pointed full in the Supervisor's face. He stood there until Cary, puzzled and astonished, flung the hand aside and turned away. The *anito* sank upon the stool where the crisp, green figure still rested, and sat there, limply, his head between his knees.

"Damn his cheek! Him for the jail!" cried the doctor. "Shall I call the guards, old man?"

Cary passed his hand over his eyes, and seemed to collect his thoughts with an effort.

"No," he said. "No, I think not. We—we can't put them in the jail—the infection, you know, for the prisoners. But we can quarantine another house, and put him in that house and keep him there. Give the orders, will you, Jack?" He swayed as he stood. The doctor caught him.

"Here, Cary, what's wrong with you?" he cried.

"Tired out, I think. Touch of fever, maybe. Give the orders to the guards, will you, Jack?"

Jack felt his friend's wrist; then mopped his honest, troubled face.

"There's surely something about that ossified hobgoblin that passes me," he said, with a sigh. "I've heard before that these people had some bargain counter, left-over bits of queer Eastern knowledge—but it *can't* be that. Anyhow, you're the man I'm giving orders to now, my boy. You come along home."

"I am a little queer, I think," assented Cary, and with unaccustomed meekness he suffered himself to be led away. But as he passed Chatai, he bent unsteadily over, and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Now, don't you mind, little girl," he said gently. "We're sending him away—*siác anito*—and he can't get back. It'll be all right—all right now." Then leaning on the doctor's arm he went to his own house and to bed.

It was long before Cary rose from that bed. His illness was one of the many fevers of the country, the doctor supposed, but could not be sure. It was strange to him. But then he could not study the case as he would have liked, for cholera invaded the province in force. The doctor was working night and day, with a heavy heart on account of his friend for whose life he feared and whom he could see only occasionally and for a few

brief moments. Then, just as the epidemic lost its hold, and he had more time, Cary took a sudden and inexplicable turn for the better, and once more noticed, though languidly, the affairs of the outside world. Propped by a pile of the tiny pillows of the country, Cary one evening reclined on his cane-bottomed bed, looking out over the roof of the old church opposite his house at the blue stretch of the China Sea, where a fishing *práo* showed as a silhouette in the path of the setting sun. The doctor was due, and Cary was waiting impatiently, as invalids do wait for the little events that break the long monotony of their days. But the nearer side of the street was concealed, as he lounged on his bed, and the grass-grown path muffled the sound of footsteps, so the first Cary knew of the doctor's coming was when he heard the voice of the medical man at the gate of the compound.

"All right, Pablo," it said. "Hand over the bottle. Good night. *Buenas noches.*" Then Cary heard the boots of the voice's owner clumping up the steps that led to the living rooms, and the doctor bustled in.

"Hello, Jack. Was that Pablo—the Pablo who was ill that night—who was with you just now?" he asked, cutting short the salutations.

The doctor nodded.

"Yes," he said. "He's all right now, as far as his health goes, but he's worn down to a thread, poor little chap. It's the worry that's done that. But he seemed more cheerful to-day."

"Worry! What worry?" demanded Cary, raising himself on one elbow. "Tell me! Anything wrong with Chatai?"

"You lie down and keep quiet," replied the doctor. "Want to have another whirl of that fever? You're sending your temperature up so high I can smell the pillows scorching. Lie down, I say!"

"What's wrong with Chatai?" persisted Cary obstinately. "I want to know. I pledged my word to the child—don't you remember?—that everything should—"

"There, there," interrupted the doctor soothingly, "I remember all about it, and I'll tell you, if you'll behave. It wasn't anything that could be helped. Chatai's gone—vanished—that's all. And I was all kinds of a pale pink ass to let you find out. But I forgot you didn't know."

"Well? Tell me, man, can't you?" said Cary impatiently.

The doctor was uncorking a bottle he had brought with him, and finished his task before he would answer.

"Well, there isn't much to tell," he said at last. "We kept those houses quarantined until it was almost time to let up on the quarantine entirely, and I was wondering what we were going to do with that an-anny—how d'ye call him? Annytoe. I wondered what we were going to do with him, when one morning word came that he'd turned up missing. No one knows how he'd worked it—must have gone right through the guards—but he was gone. It was the very day, I remember, that the fever left you. I had an alarm sent out, but he couldn't be found. The next day Chatai was missing."

The doctor sighed, and mixing himself a drink, tasted it critically.

"Well?" asked Cary again. "Oh, do get on, Jack!"

The doctor set down his glass.

"That's about all," he replied. "She vanished. Of course we thought her father must have had a hand in it, but he swears he hasn't—not that *that* means anything—but we can't find her anyhow. Pablo didn't say much, but he's never stopped hunting; I know that. Neither have I, but that's all the good it's done, up to now. The witch doctor has been seen several times, but he always gets away somehow just as we're sure we have him cornered. Seems to vanish into hot air, as it were. That's all. But it makes me sick to think of that poor kid held somewhere by that skull-and-crossbones old devil dancer. For that's what has happened, of course."

The doctor lounged back in his chair, for he was tired, and there was a long silence. So long that the moon shot up above the roofs, turning the sky to the color of a rifle barrel, and a gentle snore from the doctor's chair told that his fatigue had overcome him. So that, notwithstanding the presence of his friend, Cary sat alone and lonely, as the hours wore themselves out, one by one.

The old church caught his eye, for it seemed to him that the moonlight had given it an aspect he never had observed before. The massive walls of the building were seamed and cracked, probably by an earthquake, but to Cary's fancy the fissures likened themselves to wrinkles in the face of a man in his dotage. Two round eyes of windows there were, black and staring. The great door made a squat nose, and the tower

—that was a stumpy plume, set jauntily in the fur cap which was represented not inaptly by the thatch roof. How long he amused himself by tracing these resemblances Cary never knew. He did know that it was growing very late, that he could not sleep, and that he longed for sleep. But suddenly he straightened against his pillows and stared hard at the old church, rubbed his eyes, and stared again. He was not mistaken. The moonlight could not cause it. Yet the two windows were filled with a dull, blue light; a light that was rayless, for it showed only itself, sharply defined by the round frames that outlined it.

At first this light was dim, but while Cary looked, it became coldly bright at the edges, and this bright circle grew rapidly wider, as though a film were shrinking to the centers of the eyes in the face of the church. These films simulated eyeballs; the eyeballs, each moment, became darker, more distinct, and more definite as to form, until at last Cary realized, with a shock, that each had come to be the gigantic likeness of the skull-like head of the *aniño*, with its malevolent grin, which had so haunted the fevered dreams of his illness. Though he called himself fool and coward, though he told himself that what he saw was only an illusion produced by his illness, he could not make himself believe, nor could he control that sickening fear of the unknown, which comes so seldom to most men, but which now was upon him, its grip stronger with each moment that passed.

The great bell in the tower gave forth a solemn boom. With the sound a thought flashed through Cary's head, which almost restored him to himself. At least he would test this thing—would see if it were a hoax, perpetrated by mortal means. If not, then there would be time enough for fright. His servant, custom-bound, had placed Cary's pistol on a stand by his bed. He reached for it, and almost screamed aloud. His hand had encountered not the cold steel that it sought, but warm, living flesh.

He snatched away his hand with a gasping oath, and made a convulsive effort to rise, but fell back weakly. Then a hand caught his, and the voice belonging to it came out of the darkness at his side.

"Señor, I am so sorry!" it whispered. "It is I—I, Chatai. In truth I did not mean to startle you thus. But I heard you were ill, and I came to see. Before, I could not come."

The bell boomed again. Cary clutched Chatai's hand, and with his free hand he pointed.

"What is that—can you see it?" he whispered hoarsely.

Reassuringly patting his arm, she glanced up.

"That—in the windows?" she asked unconcernedly. "Truly, I do not know. It is made by the *cófre*, I suppose. The black man, ten meters high, who haunts the tower. He and the *anito* are friends. That is why I was taken there, to the church."

With an effort, Cary pulled himself together.

"Taken there—into the church? And have you been there all this time?" he asked.

"*Ong, señor. He took me. The anito.* One evening when I went for a little from the house of my father, at dusk. There have I since been, in a little chamber in the tower, where there were many bats, and I feared greatly. For he said that the *cófre*, his friend, would stop me if I tried to escape. Yet this evening I did escape, and the *cófre* did not stop me," she said, with a contented little sigh. "So I am not afraid any more, and truly, señor, the power of this *anito* must be small if, even when he is angry because I have fled, he can do no more than we see."

For the third time the bell sounded and echoed. Fading quickly, light and images disappeared, leaving the round, black windows staring into the night.

"There! Señor, it is gone, and I also must go. Already have I stayed too long. But I will return, if I may, to say farewell."

Cary felt her hand withdrawn from his own.

"Hold on, Chatai—don't go!" he cried. "Stop where you are—you'll be safest here—Chatai!"

There was no reply. Cary groped about him in the darkness, but she had gone. He did not call again. The doctor had stirred uneasily in his sleep at the last call, and it would not have been fair to wake him. So Cary leaned back on his cushions, prepared to take up his watch once more. There seemed nothing else to do, and he had quite recovered himself now, or so he thought.

The front of the old church was in deep shadow; yet Cary was almost certain that he saw a vaguely defined form sticking close to the wall. It had not been there when he

watched before. He could see it now only when he looked a little away from it, and so brought the image on the most sensitive portion of his retinas.

Still, as he watched, the result of his excitement began to make itself felt, and, without his realizing it, the drowsiness of exhaustion began to steal over him. As he lay in this state, between sleeping and waking, it seemed to him that the shade of another figure slipped out from the postern of the church door; that the first sprang to meet it, and that the two forms commingled in a struggle as silent and spectral as though both were of mist; that there was the ghost of a steely flash in the faint, reflected starlight; then that both forms vanished, merged with the dark shadows of the long grass by the roadside. Soon Cary drifted off into a troubled sleep, where the scenes of the night repeated themselves with fantastic variations over and over again.

With a start and a cry, and with the echo of another cry ringing in his ears, Cary woke. He woke to find a flood of brilliant moonlight streaming through the windows, and to see the doctor, horror-stricken, gazing out. Cary also looked. The shadows shrouding the front of the church had fallen back with the rising of the moon. Lying full in the light was an arm, bare and skinny and dark, its bony fingers clutching at the turf upon which it lay. It was "erased" at the elbow, where the ragged thatch of the church roof fringed the edge of the shadow. He saw the doctor bolt from the room. Then everything whirled about him, his overstrung nerves gave way, and for a time he knew nothing more.

He was obliged to recover, however, or strangle. Dimly he became conscious that he was choked by something in his throat; then knew that it was a glass of whisky, innocent of water, which the doctor was pouring down.

"Don't," he said, feebly pushing at his friend's wrist. "Don't. Take it away. I'm all right."

"Take it down! Take it down, I say," commanded the doctor sternly, and as he eased the stream somewhat, Cary was able after a little to obey. "I was seventeen kinds of a fool, for waking you like that," the doctor continued apologetically. "But it came so suddenly, you see—the sight of that arm in the moonlight there, that I was plumb rattled."

"Who was it?" gasped Cary, as the last of the whisky went down.

"Who? That damned old devil dancer. Split to the chin by a bolo, and a good job, too. His devils couldn't make him steel proof, it seems. Hello! What's this?"

He had turned to put the empty glass on the little stand by Cary's bed, and his eye was caught by something that glittered there. It was a stiletto, made for a woman to wear in her hair, with slender blade and tiny, jeweled hilt. It stuck in the top of the little table, holding down a torn piece of cactus leaf, which had something scratched upon it, apparently with the point of the stiletto itself. Laying down the dainty little dagger, the doctor held the leaf full in the bright moonlight. It contained a message.

"*El Señor Inspector,*" he read aloud. "*In*

memoriam del cofre de la torre." Then underneath, "*Amor y Adios,*

"*Pablo,*
"*Chatai.*"

The doctor chuckled. "In memoriam," he repeated. "Pablo got that from some gravestone, of course. In memory of the cofre of the tower. Love and good-by. And then the two names. It must have stretched their Spanish a good deal to write all that—and their Latin, too." He laid down the leaf and sighed. "I'm sorry, though, for I liked both those kids," he went on, "and as things stand, I wouldn't mind making a bet of some size that we don't see either of 'em around these parts soon again."

Cary made no reply. There were therefore no takers for the doctor's proffered bet, which was a pity, for he would have won.

NOTE.—The account given of the feats, presumably hypnotic, of these *anish*, is not exaggerated. The knowledge has come to me through so many sources, separate, disinterested, and in many cases reliable, that I am quite unable to doubt. I never myself saw any of their performances. Not only are they most disinclined to show before any man of European race, but they knew that it would be my pleasing duty at once to arrest any of these wizards who gave proof of their occupation. They were a most pestilent lot. I never got but one. He, during an epidemic of cholera, when I was in charge of Pangasinán, went about telling the people not to take the medicines given by the American Board of Health, as they—both Board and medicines—came from the devil. This was four years ago. He is, I think, in jail yet.—W. L&C. B.

RAIN IN THE WOODS

By CORNELIA CHANNING WARD

DEEP in the woods, the quiet silver showers
Are drenching all the fragrant scented green,
While down within the leafy mold, are seen
The brimming fairy goblets of the flowers;
And high above, through dripping, airy bowers
Of misty network, shows the sky between
Where trees their glistening branches intervene,
And nothing tells the passing of the hours.
From out the fern-fringed hollow, still the spring
Comes crystal clear, and slowly, one by one,
The falling raindrops lessen till the sun
Again lights up the jeweled forest ways,
And birds, whose notes the sweetest echoes bring,
Once more take up their ecstasies of praise.

MOTHER*

A NOVEL

BY MAXIM GORKY

ILLUSTRATED BY S. DE IVANOWSKI

CHAPTER IX

ENLISTED IN THE CAUSE



WHEN the police had led Pavel away, the mother sat down on the bench, and closing her eyes began to weep quietly. She leaned her back against the wall, as her husband used to do, her head thrown backward. Bound up in her grief and the injured sense of her impotence, she cried long, gently, and monotonously, pouring out all the pain of her wounded heart in her sobs. And before her, like an irremovable stain, hung that yellow face with the scant mustache, and the squinting eyes staring at her with malicious pleasure. Resentment and bitterness were winding themselves about her breast like black threads on a spool; resentment and bitterness toward those who tear a son away from his mother because he is seeking truth.

It was cold; the rain pattered against the windowpanes; something seemed to be creeping along the walls. She thought she heard, walking watchfully around the house, gray, heavy figures, with broad, red faces, without eyes, and with long arms. It seemed to her that she almost heard the jingling of their spurs.

"I wish they had taken me, too!" she thought.

The whistle blew, calling the people to work. This time its sounds were low, indistinct, uncertain. The door opened and Rybin entered. He stood before her, wiping the raindrops from his beard.

"They snatched him away, did they?" he asked.

"Yes, they did, the dogs!" she replied, sighing.

"That's how it is," said Rybin, with a smile; "they searched me, too; went all through me—yes! Abused me to their heart's content, but did me no harm beyond that. So they carried off Pavel, did they? The manager tipped the wink, the gendarme said 'Amen!' and lo! a man has disappeared. They certainly are thick together. One goes through the people's pockets while the other holds the gun."

"You ought to stand up for Pavel!" cried the mother, rising to her feet. "It's for you all that he's gone!"

"Who ought to stand up for him?" asked Rybin.

"All of you!"

"You want too much! We'll do nothing of the kind! Our masters have been gathering strength for thousands of years; they have driven our hearts full of nails. We cannot unite at once. We must first extract from ourselves, each from the other, the iron spikes that prevent us from standing close to one another."

And thus he departed, with his heavy gait, leaving the mother to her grief, aggravated by the stern hopelessness of his words.

The day passed in a thick mist of empty, senseless longing. She made no fire, cooked no dinner, drank no tea, and only late in the evening ate a piece of bread. When she went to bed it occurred to her that her life had never yet been so humiliating, so lonely and void. During the last years she had become accustomed to live constantly in the expectation of something momentous, something good. Young people were circling around her, noisy, vigorous, full of life. Her son's thoughtful and earnest face was always

before her, and he seemed to be the master and creator of this thrilling and noble life. Now he was gone, everything was gone. In the whole day, no one except the disagreeable Rybin had called.

Beyond the window, the dense, cold rain was sighing and knocking at the panes. The rain and the drippings from the roof filled the air with a doleful, wailing melody. The whole house appeared to be rocking gently to and fro, and everything around her seemed aimless and unnecessary.

A gentle rap was heard at the door. It came once, and then a second time. She had grown accustomed to these noises; they no longer frightened her. A soft, joyous sensation thrilled her heart, and a vague hope quickly brought her to her feet. Throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she hurried to the door and opened it.

Samoylov walked in, followed by another man with his face hidden behind the collar of his overcoat and under a hat thrust over his eyebrows.

"Did we wake you?" asked Samoylov, without greeting the mother, his face gloomy and thoughtful, contrary to his wont.

"I was not asleep," she said, looking at them with expectant eyes.

Samoylov's companion took off his hat, and breathing heavily and hoarsely said in a friendly basso, like an old acquaintance, giving her his broad, short-fingered hand, "Good evening, granny! You don't recognize me?"

"Is it you?" exclaimed Nilovna, with a sudden access of delight. "Yegor Ivanovich?"

"The very same identical one!" replied he, bowing his large head with its long hair. There was a good-natured smile on his face, and a clear, caressing look in his small gray eyes. He was like a samovar, rotund, short, with thick neck and short arms. His face was shiny and glossy, with high cheek bones. He breathed noisily, and his chest kept up a continuous low wheeze.

"Step into the room. I'll be dressed in a minute," the mother said.

"We have come to you on business," said Samoylov thoughtfully, looking at her out of the corner of his eyes.

Yegor Ivanovich passed into the room, and from there said, "Nikolay got out of jail this morning, granny. You know him?"

"How long was he there?" she asked.

"Five months and eleven days. He saw the Little Russian there, who sends you his re-

gards, and Pavel, who also sends you his regards and begs you not to be alarmed. As a man travels on his way, he says, the jails constitute his resting places, established and maintained by the solicitous authorities! Now, granny, let us get to the point. Do you know how many people were arrested yesterday?"

"I do not. Why, were there any others arrested besides Pavel?" she exclaimed.

"He was the forty-ninth!" calmly interjected Yegor Ivanovich. "And we may expect about ten more to be taken! This gentleman here, for example."

"Yes, me, too!" said Samoylov with a frown.

Nilovna somehow felt relieved.

"He isn't there alone," she thought.

When she had dressed herself, she entered the room and smiling bravely said, "I guess they won't detain them long, if they arrested so many."

"You are right," assented Yegor Ivanovich; "and if we can manage to spoil this mess for them, we can make them look altogether like fools. This is the way it is, granny. If we were now to cease smuggling our literature into the factory, the gendarmes would take advantage of such a regrettable circumstance, and would use it against Pavel and his comrades in jail."

"How is that? Why should they?" the mother cried in alarm.

"It's very plain, granny," said Yegor Ivanovich softly. "Sometimes even gendarmes reason correctly. Just think! Pavel was, and there were books and there were papers; Pavel is not, and no books and no papers! Ergo, it was Pavel who distributed these books! Aha! Then they'll begin to eat them all alive. Those gendarmes dearly love so to unman a man that what remains of him is only a shred of himself, and a touching memory."

"I see, I see," said the mother dejectedly. "O God! What's to be done, then?"

"They have trapped them all, the devil take them!" came Samoylov's voice from the kitchen. "Now we must continue our work the same as before, and not only for the cause itself, but also to save our comrades!"

"And there is no one to do the work," added Yegor, smiling. "We have first-rate literature. I saw to that myself. But how to get it into the factory, that's the question!"

"They search everybody at the gates now," said Samoylov.

The mother divined that something was expected of her. She understood that she could be useful to her son, and she hastened to ask, "Well, now? What are we to do?"

Samoylov stood in the doorway to answer.

"Pelagueya Nilovna, you know Marya Korsunova, the peddler."

"I do. Well?"

"Speak to her; see if you can't get her to smuggle in our wares."

"We could pay her, you know," interjected Yegor.

The mother waved her hands in negation.

"Oh, no! The woman is a chatterbox. No! If they find out it comes from me, from this house—oh, no!"

Then, inspired by a sudden idea, she began gladly and in a low voice, "Give it to me, give it to me. I'll manage it myself. I'll find a way. I will ask Marya to make me her assistant. I have to earn my living, I have to work. Don't I? Well, then, I'll carry dinners to the factory. Yes, I'll manage it!"

Pressing her hands to her bosom, she gave hurried assurances that she would carry out her mission well and escape detection. Finally she exclaimed in triumph, "They'll find out—Pavel Vlasov is away, but his arm reaches out even from jail. They'll find out!"

All three became animated. Briskly rubbing his hands, Yegor smiled and said, "It's wonderful, stupendous! I say, granny, it's superb—simply magnificent!"

"I'll sit in jail as in an armchair, if this succeeds," said Samoylov, laughing and rubbing his hands.

"You are fine, granny!" Yegor hoarsely cried.

The mother smiled. It was evident to her that if the leaflets should continue to appear in the factory, the authorities would be forced to recognize that it was not her son who distributed them. And feeling assured of success, she began to quiver all over with joy.

"When you go to see Pavel," said Yegor, "tell him he has a good mother."

"I'll see him very soon, I assure you," said Samoylov, smiling.

The mother grasped his hand and said earnestly, "Tell him that I'll do everything, everything necessary. I want him to know it."

"And suppose they don't put him in prison?" asked Yegor, pointing at Samoylov.

The mother sighed and said sadly, "Well, then, it can't be helped!"

Both of them burst out laughing. And when she realized her ridiculous blunder, she also began to laugh in embarrassment, and lowering her eyes said somewhat slyly, "Bothering about your own folk keeps you from seeing other people straight."

"That's natural!" exclaimed Yegor. "And as to Pavel, you need not worry about him. He'll come out of prison a still better man. The prison is our place of rest and study—things we have no time for when we are at large. I was in prison three times, and each time, although I got scant pleasure, I certainly derived benefit for my heart and mind."

"You breathe with difficulty," she said, looking affectionately at his open face.

"There are special reasons for that," he replied, raising his finger. "So the matter's settled, granny? Yes? To-morrow we'll deliver the matter to you—and the wheels that grind the centuries darkness to destruction will again start a-rolling. Long live free speech! And long live a mother's heart! And in the meantime, good-by."

"Good-by," said Samoylov, giving her a vigorous handshake. "To my mother, I don't dare even hint about such matters. Oh, no!"

"Everybody will understand in time," said Nilovna, wishing to please him. "Everybody will understand."

When they left, she locked the door, and kneeling in the middle of the room began to pray, to the accompaniment of the patter of the rain. It was a prayer without words, one great thought of men, of all those people whom Pavel introduced into her life. It was as if they passed between her and the ikons upon which she held her eyes riveted. And they all looked so simple, so strangely near to one another, yet so lone in life.

Early next morning the mother went to Marya Korsunova. The peddler, noisy and greasy as usual, greeted her with friendly sympathy.

"You are grieving?" Marya asked, patting the mother on the back. "Now, don't. They just took him, carried him off. Where is the calamity? There is no harm in it. It used to be that men were thrown into dungeons for stealing, now they are there for telling the truth. Pavel may have said something wrong, but he stood up for all, and they all know it. Don't worry! They don't all say so, but they all know a good man when they see him. I was going to call on you right along, but had no time. I am al-

ways cooking and selling, but will end my days a beggar, I guess, all the same. My needs get the best of me, confound them! They keep nibbling and nibbling like mice at a piece of cheese. No sooner do I manage to scrape together ten rubles or so, when along comes some heathen, and makes away with all my money. Yes, ma'am! It's hard to be a woman! It's a wretched business! To live alone is hard, to live with anyone, still harder!"

"And I came to ask you to take me as your assistant," Vlasova broke in, interrupting her prattle.

"How is that?" asked Marya. And after hearing her friend's explanation, she nodded her head assentingly.

"That's possible! You remember how you used to hide me from my husband? Well, now I am going to hide you from want. Everyone ought to help you, for your son is perishing for the public cause. He is a fine chap, your son is! They all say so, every blessed soul of them. And they all pity him. I'll tell you something. No good is going to come to the authorities from these arrests, mark my word! Look what's going on in the factory! Hear them talk! They are in an ugly mood, my dear! The officials imagine that when they've bitten at a man's heel, he won't be able to go far. But it turns out that when ten men are hit, a hundred men get angry. A workman must be handled with care! He may go on patiently enduring and suffering everything that's heaped upon him for a long, long time, but then he can also explode all of a sudden!"

CHAPTER X

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL

THE upshot of the conversation was that the next day at noon the mother was seen in the factory yard with two pots of eatables from Marya's culinary establishment, while Marya herself transferred her base of operations to the market place.

The workmen immediately noticed their new caterer. Some of them approached her and said approvingly, "Gone into business, Nilovna?"

They comforted her, arguing that Pavel would certainly be released soon because his cause was a good one. Others filled her sad heart with alarm by their cautious expression

of condolence, while still others openly and bitterly abused the manager and the gendarmes; these last found a responsive echo in her heart. Some there were who looked at her with a vindictive expression, among them Isay Gorbov, who, speaking through his teeth, said, "If I were the governor, I would have your son hanged! Let him not mislead the people!"

This vicious threat went through her like the chill blast of death. She made no reply, glanced at his small, freckled face, and with a sigh cast down her eyes.

She observed considerable agitation in the factory; the workmen gathered into small groups and talked in an undertone, with great animation; the foremen walked about with careworn faces, poking their noses into everything; here and there were heard angry oaths and irritated laughter.

Two policemen escorted Samoylov past her. He walked with one hand in his pocket, the other smoothing his red hair.

A crowd of about a hundred workmen followed him, and plied the policemen with oaths and banter.

"Going to take a promenade, Grisha?" shouted one.

"They do us fellows the honors!" chimed in another. "When we go promenading, we have a bodyguard to escort us," said a third, and uttered a harsh oath.

"It does not seem to pay any longer to catch thieves!" exclaimed a tall, one-eyed workingman in a loud, bitter voice. "So they take to arresting honest people."

"They don't even do it at night!" broke in another. "They come and drag them away in broad daylight, without shame, the impudent scoundrels!"

The policemen walked on rapidly and sullenly, trying to avoid the sight of the crowd, and feigning not to hear the angry exclamations showered upon them from all sides. Three workmen carrying a big iron bar happened to come in front of them, and thrusting the bar against them, shouted, "Look out there, fishermen!"

As he passed Nilovna, Samoylov nodded to her, and smiling, said, "Behold, this is Gregory, the servant of God, being arrested."

She made a low bow to him in silence. These men, so young, sober, and clever, who went to jail with a smile, moved her, and unconsciously a feeling arose in her heart of the pitying affection of a mother toward them. And it pleased her to hear the sharp com-

ments leveled against the authorities. She felt therein her son's influence.

Leaving the factory, she passed the remainder of the day at Marya's house, assisting her in her work, and listening to her chatter. Late in the evening she returned home and found it bare, chilly, and disagreeable. She moved about from corner to corner, unable to find a resting place, and not knowing what to do with herself. Night was fast approaching, and she grew worried, because Yegor Ivanovich had not yet come and brought her the literature which he had promised.

Behind the window, gray, heavy flakes of spring snow fluttered and settled softly and noiselessly upon the pane. Sliding down and melting, they left a watery track in their course. The mother thought of her son.

A cautious rap was heard. She rushed to the door, lifted the latch, and admitted Sashenka. She had not seen her for a long while, and the first thing that caught her eye was the girl's unnatural stoutness.

"Good evening!" she said, happy to have a visitor at such a time, to relieve her solitude for a part of the night. "You haven't been around for a long while! Were you away?"

"No, I was in prison," replied the girl, smiling, "with Nikolay Ivanovich. Do you remember him?"

"I should think I do!" exclaimed the mother. "Yegor Ivanovich told me yesterday that he had been released, but I knew nothing about you. Nobody told me that you were there."

"What's the good of telling? I should like to change my dress before Yegor Ivanovich comes!" said the girl, looking around.

"You are all wet."

"I've brought the booklets."

"Give them here, give them to me!" cried the mother impatiently.

"Directly," replied the girl. She untied her skirt and shook it, and like leaves from a tree, down fluttered a lot of thin paper parcels on the floor around her. The mother picked them up, laughing, and said, "I was wondering what made you so stout. Oh, what a heap of them you have brought! Did you come on foot?"

"Yes," said Sashenka. She was again her graceful, slender self. The mother noticed that her cheeks were shrunken, and that dark rings were under her unnaturally large eyes.

"You are just out of prison. You ought to rest, and there you are carrying a load like

that for seven versts!" said the mother, sighing and shaking her head.

"It's got to be done!" said the girl. "Tell me, how is Pavel? Did he stand it all right? He wasn't very much worried, was he?" Sashenka asked the question without looking at the mother. She bent her head and her fingers trembled as she arranged her hair.

"All right," replied the mother. "You can rest assured he won't betray himself."

"How strong he is!" murmured the girl quietly.

"He has never been sick," replied the mother. "Why, you are all in a shiver! I'll get you some tea, and some raspberry jam."

"That's fine!" exclaimed the girl with a faint smile. "But don't you trouble! It's too late. Let me do it myself."

"What! Tired as you are?" the mother reproached her, hurrying into the kitchen, where she busied herself with the samovar. The girl followed into the kitchen, sat down on the bench, and folded her hands behind her head before she replied:

"Yes, I'm very tired! After all, the prison makes one weak. The awful thing about it is the enforced inactivity. There is nothing more tormenting. We stay a week, five weeks. We know how much there is to be done. The people are waiting for knowledge. We're in a position to satisfy their wants, and there we are locked up in a cage like animals! That's what is so trying, that's what dries up the heart!"

"Who will reward you for all this?" asked the mother; and with a sigh she answered the question herself. "No one but God! Of course you don't believe in Him either?"

"No!" said the girl briefly, shaking her head.

"And I don't believe you!" the mother ejaculated in a sudden burst of excitement. Quickly wiping her charcoal-blackened hands on her apron she continued, with deep conviction in her voice:

"You don't understand your own faith! How could you live the kind of life you are living, without faith in God?"

A loud stamping of feet and a murmur of voices were heard on the porch. The mother started; the girl quickly rose to her feet, and whispered hurriedly, "Don't open the door! If it's the gendarmes, you don't know me. I walked into the wrong house, came here by accident, fainted away, you undressed me,

and found the books around me. You understand?"

"Why, my dear, what for?" asked the mother tenderly.

"Wait a while!" said Sashenka listening. "I think it's Yegor."

It was Yegor, wet and out of breath.

"Aha! The samovar!" he cried. "That's the best thing in life, granny! You here, already, Sashenka?"

His hoarse voice filled the little kitchen. He slowly removed his heavy ulster, talking all the time.

"Here, granny, is a girl who is a thorn in the flesh of the police! Insulted by the overseer of the prison, she declared that she would starve herself to death if he did not ask her pardon. And for eight days she went without eating, and came within a hair's breadth of dying. It's not bad! She must have a mighty strong little stomach."

"Is it possible you took no food for eight days in succession?" asked the mother in amazement.

"I had to get him to beg my pardon," answered the girl with a stoical shrug of her shoulders. Her composure and her stern persistence seemed almost like a reproach to the mother.

"And suppose you died?" she asked again.

"Well, what can one do?" the girl said quietly. "He did beg my pardon after all. One ought never to forgive an insult, never!"

"Ye-es!" responded the mother slowly. "Here are we women who are insulted all our lives long."

"I have unloaded myself!" announced Yegor from the other room. "Is the samovar ready? Let me take it in!"

He lifted the samovar and talked as he carried it.

"My own father used to drink not less than twenty glasses of tea a day, wherefor his days upon earth were long, peaceful, and strong; for he lived to be seventy-three years old, never having suffered from any ailment whatsoever. In weight he reached the respectable figure of 320 pounds, and by profession he was a sexton in the village of Voskresensk."

"Are you Ivan's son?" exclaimed the mother.

"I am that very mortal. How did you know his name?"

"Why, I am a Voskresenskian myself!"

"A fellow countrywoman! Who were your people?"

"Your neighbors. I am a Sereguin."

"Are you a daughter of Nil the Lame? I thought your face was familiar! Why, I had my ears pulled by him many and many a time!"

They stood face to face plying each other with questions and laughing. Sashenka looked at them and smiled, and began to prepare the tea. The clatter of the dishes recalled the mother to the realities of the present.

"Oh, excuse me! I quite forgot myself, taking about old times. It is so sweet to recall your youth."

"It's I who ought to beg your pardon for carrying on like this in your house!" said Sashenka. "But it is eleven o'clock already, and I have so far to go."

"Go where? To the city?" the mother asked in surprise.

"Yes."

"What are you talking about! It's dark and wet, and you are so tired. Stay here overnight. Yegor Ivanovich will sleep in the kitchen, and you and I here."

"No, I must go," said the girl simply.

"Yes, countrywoman, she must go. The young lady must disappear. It would be bad if she were to be seen on the street to-morrow."

"But how can she go? By herself?"

"By herself," said Yegor, laughing.

The girl poured tea for herself, took a piece of rye bread, salted it, and started to eat, looking at the mother contemplatively.

"How can you go that way? Both you and Natasha. I wouldn't. I'm afraid!"

"She's afraid, too," said Yegor. "Aren't you afraid, Sasha?"

"Of course!"

The mother looked at her, then at Yegor, and said in a low voice, "What strange——"

"Give me a glass of tea, granny," Yegor interrupted her.

When Sashenka had drunk her glass of tea, she pressed Yegor's hand in silence, and walked out into the kitchen. The mother followed her. In the kitchen Sashenka said, "When you see Pavel, give him my regards, please." And taking hold of the latch, she suddenly turned around, and asked in a low voice, "May I kiss you?"

The mother embraced her in silence, and kissed her warmly.

"Thank you!" said the girl, and nodding her head, walked out.

Returning to the room, the mother peered anxiously through the window. Wet flakes

of snow fluttered through the dense, moist darkness.

"And do you remember Prozorov, the storekeeper?" asked Yegor. "He used to sit with his feet sprawled out, blowing noisily into his glass of tea. He had a red, satisfied, sweat-covered face."

"I remember, I remember," said the mother, coming back to the table. She sat down, and looking at Yegor with a mournful expression in her eyes, she spoke pityingly, "Poor Sashenka! How will she ever get to the city?"

"She will be very much worn out," Yegor agreed. "The prison has shaken her health badly. She was stronger before. Besides, she has had a delicate bringing up. It seems to me she has already ruined her lungs. There is something in her face that reminds one of consumption."

"Who is she?"

"The daughter of a landlord. Her father is a rich man and a big scoundrel, according to what she says. I suppose you know, granny, that they want to marry?"

"Who?"

"She and Pavel. Yes, indeed! But so far they have not yet been able. When he is free, she is in prison, and *vice versa*." Yegor laughed.

"I didn't know it!" the mother replied after a pause. "Pasha never speaks about himself."

Now she felt a still greater pity for the girl, and looking at her guest with involuntary hostility, she said, "You ought to have seen her home."

"Impossible!" Yegor answered calmly. "I have a heap of work to do here, and the whole day to-morrow, from early morning, I shall have to walk and walk and walk. No easy job, considering my asthma."

"She's a fine girl!" said the mother, vaguely thinking of what Yegor had told her. She felt hurt that the news should have come to her, not from her son, but from a stranger, and she pressed her lips together tightly, and lowered her eyebrows.

"Yes, a fine girl!" Yegor nodded assent. "There's a bit of the noblewoman in her yet, but it's growing less and less all the time. You are sorry for her, I see. What's the use? You can't find heart enough, if you start to grieve for all of us rebels, granny dear. Life is not made very easy for us, I admit. There, for instance, is the case of a friend of mine who returned a short while ago from exile.

When he went through Novgorod, his wife and child awaited him in Smolensk, and when he arrived in Smolensk, they were already in prison in Moscow. Now it's the wife's turn to go to Siberia. To be a revolutionary and to be married is a very inconvenient arrangement—inconvenient to the husband, inconvenient to the wife, and in the end to the cause also! I, too, had a wife, an excellent woman, but five years of this kind of life landed her in the grave."

He emptied the glass of tea at one gulp, and continued his narrative. He enumerated the years and months he had passed in prison and in exile, told of various accidents and misfortunes, of the slaughters in prisons, and of hunger in Siberia. The mother looked at him, listened with wonderment to the simple way in which he spoke of this life, so full of suffering, of persecution, of wrong, and abuse of men.

"Well, let's get down to business!"

His voice changed, and his face grew more serious. He asked questions about the way in which the mother intended to smuggle the literature into the factory, and she marveled at his clear knowledge of all the various details.

Then they returned to reminiscences of their native village. He joked, and her mind roved thoughtfully amid her past. It seemed to her strangely like a quagmire uniformly strewn with hillocks, which were covered with poplars trembling in constant fear; with low firs, and with white birches straying between the hillocks. The birches grew slowly, and after standing for five years on the unstable, putrescent soil, they dried up, fell down, and rotted away. She looked at this picture, and a vague feeling of insufferable sadness overcame her. The figure of a girl with a sharp, determined face stood before her. Now the figure walks somewhere in the darkness amid the snowflakes, solitary, weary. And her son sits in a little cell, with iron gratings over the window. Perhaps he is not yet asleep, and is thinking. But he is thinking not of his mother. He has one nearer to him than herself. Heavy, chaotic thoughts, like a tangled mass of clouds, crept over her, and encompassed her and oppressed her bosom.

"You are tired, granny! Let's go to bed!" said Yegor, smiling.

She bade him good night, and sidled carefully into the kitchen, carrying away a bitter, caustic feeling in her heart.

In the morning, after breakfast, Yegor asked her, "Suppose they catch you and ask you where you got all these heretical books from. What will you say?"

"I'll say, 'It's none of your business!'" she answered, smiling.

"You'll never convince them of that!" Yegor replied confidently. "On the contrary, they are profoundly convinced that this is precisely their business. They will question you very, very diligently, and very, very long!"

"I won't tell, though!"

"They'll put you in prison!"

"Well, what of it? Thank God that I am good at least for that," she said with a sigh.

"Thank God! Who needs me? Nobody!"

"H'm!" said Yegor, fixing his look upon her. "A good person ought to take care of himself."

"I couldn't learn that from you, even if I were good," the mother replied, laughing.

Yegor was silent, and paced up and down the room; then he walked up to her and said, "This is hard, countrywoman! I feel it, it's very hard for you!"

"It's hard for everybody," she answered, with a wave of her hand. "Maybe only for those who understand, it's easier. But I understand a little, too. I understand what it is the good people want."

"If you do understand, granny, then it means that everybody needs you, everybody!" said Yegor earnestly and solemnly.

She looked at him and laughed without saying anything.

CHAPTER XI

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY

At noon, calmly and in a businesslike way she put the books around her bosom, and so skillfully and snugly that Yegor announced, smacking his lips with satisfaction, "*Sehr gut!*" as the German says when he has drunk a keg of beer. Literature has not changed you, granny. You still remain the good, tall, portly, elderly woman. May all the numberless gods grant you their blessings on your enterprise!"

Within half an hour she stood at the factory gate, bent with the weight of her burden, calm and assured. Two guards, irritated by the oaths and raillery of the workingmen, examined all who entered the gate, handling

them roughly and swearing at them. A policeman and a thin-legged man with a red face and alert eyes stood at one side. The mother, shifting the rod resting on her shoulders, with a pail suspended from either end of it, watched the man from the corner of her eye. She divined that he was a spy.

A tall, curly-headed fellow with his hat thrown back over his neck, cried to the guardsmen who searched him, "Search the head and not the pockets, you devils!"

"There is nothing but lice on your head," retorted one of the guardsmen.

"Catching lice is an occupation more suited to you than hunting human game!" rejoined the workman. The spy scanned him with a rapid glance.

"Will you let me in?" asked the mother. "See, I'm bent double with my heavy load. My back is almost breaking."

"Go in! Go in!" cried the guard sullenly. "She comes with arguments, too."

The mother walked to her place, set her pails on the ground, and wiping the perspiration from her face looked around her.

The Gusev brothers, the locksmiths, instantly came up to her, and the older of them, Vasily, asked aloud, knitting his eyebrows, "Got any pirogues?"

"I'll bring them to-morrow," she answered.

This was the password agreed upon. The faces of the brothers brightened. Ivan, unable to restrain himself, exclaimed, "Oh, you jewel of a mother!"

Vasily squatted down on his heels, looked into the pot, and a bundle of books disappeared into his bosom.

"Ivan!" he said aloud. "Let's not go home, let's get our dinner here from her!" And he quickly shoved the books into the legs of his boots. "We must give our new peddler a lift, don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed!" Ivan assented, and laughed aloud.

The mother looked carefully about her, and called out, "Sour cabbage soup! Hot vermicelli soup! Roast meat!"

Then deftly and secretly taking out one package of books after the other, she shoved them into the hands of the brothers. Each time a bundle disappeared from her hands, the sickly, sneering face of the officer of gendarmes flashed up before her like a yellow stain, like the flame of a match in a dark room, and she said to him in her mind, with a feeling of malicious pleasure, "Take this, sir!" And when she handed over the last package

she added with an air of satisfaction, "And here is some more, take it!"

Workmen came up to her with cups in their hands, and when they were near Ivan and Vasily, they began to laugh aloud. The mother calmly suspended the transfer of the books, and poured sour soup and vermicelli soup, while the Gusevs joked her.

"How cleverly Nilovna does her work!"

"Necessity drives one even to catching mice," remarked a stoker somberly. "They have snatched away your bread giver, the soundrels! Well, give us three cents' worth of vermicelli. Never mind, mother! You'll pull through!"

"Thanks for the good word!" she returned, smiling.

He walked off to one side and mumbled, "It doesn't cost me much to say a good word!"

"But there's no one to say it to!" observed a blacksmith, with a smile, and shrugging his shoulders in surprise added, "There's a life for you, fellows! There's no one to say a good word to; no one is worth it. Yes, sir!"

Vasily Gusev rose, wrapped his coat tightly around him, and exclaimed, "What I ate was hot, and yet I feel cold."

Then he walked away. Ivan also rose, and ran off whistling merrily.

Cheerful and smiling, Nilovna kept on calling her wares, "Hot! Hot! Sour soup! Vermicelli soup! Porridge!"

She thought of how she would tell her son about her first experience; and the yellow face of the officer was still standing before her, perplexed and spiteful. His black mustache twitched uneasily, and his upper lip turned up nervously, showing the gleaming white enamel of his clinched teeth. A keen joy beat and sang in her heart like a bird, her eyebrow quivered, and continuing deftly to serve her customers she muttered to herself, "There's more! There's more!"

Through the whole day she felt a sensation of delightful newness which embraced her heart as with a fondling caress. And in the evening, when she had concluded her work at Marya's house, and was drinking tea, the splash of horses' hoofs in the mud was heard, and the call of a familiar voice. She jumped up, hurried into the kitchen, and made straight for the door. Somebody walked quickly through the porch; her eyes grew dim, and leaning against the doorpost, she pushed the door open with her foot.

"Good evening, mother!" a familiar melodious voice rang out, and a pair of dry, long hands were laid on her shoulders.

The joy of seeing Andrey was mingled in her bosom with the sadness of disappointment; and the two contrary feelings blended into one burning sensation which embraced her like a hot wave. She buried her face in Andrey's bosom. He pressed her tightly to himself, his hands trembled. The mother wept quietly without speaking, while he stroked her hair, and spoke in his musical voice: "Don't cry, mother. Don't wring my heart. Upon my honest word, they will let him out soon! They haven't a thing against him; all the boys will keep quiet as cooked fish."

Putting his long arm around the mother's shoulders he led her into the room, and nestling up against him with the quick gesture of a squirrel, she wiped the tears from her face, while her heart greedily drank in his tender words.

"Pavel sends you his love. He is as well and cheerful as can be. It's very crowded in the prison. They have thrown in more than a hundred of our people, both from here and from the city. Three and four persons have been put in one cell. The prison officials are rather a good set. They are exhausted with the quantity of work the gendarmes have been giving them. The prison authorities are not extremely rigorous, they don't order you about roughly. They simply say: 'Be quiet as you can, gentlemen. Don't put us in an awkward position!' So everything goes well. We talk with one another, we give books to one another, and we share our food. It's a good prison! Old and dirty, but so soft and so light. The criminals are also nice people; they help us a good deal. Bukin, four others, and myself were released. It got too crowded. They'll let Pavel go soon, too. I'm telling you the truth, believe me. Vyesovshchikov will be detained the longest. They are very angry at him. He scolds and swears at everybody all the time. The gendarmes can't bear to look at him. I guess he'll get himself into court, or receive a sound thrashing some day. Pavel tries to dissuade him. 'Stop, Nikolay!' he says to him. 'Your swearing won't reform them.' But he bawls: 'Wipe them off the face of the earth like a pest!' Pavel conducts himself finely out there; he treats everybody alike, and is as firm as a rock! They'll soon let him go."

"Soon?" said the mother, relieved now and smiling. "I know he'll be let out soon!"

"Well, if you know, it's all right! Give me tea, mother. Tell me how you've been, how you've passed your time."

He looked at her, smiling all over, and seemed so near to her, such a splendid fellow. A loving, somewhat melancholy gleam flashed from the depths of his round, blue eyes.

"I love you dearly, Andriusha!" the mother said, heaving a deep sigh, as she looked at his thin face grotesquely covered with tufts of hair.

"People are satisfied with little from me! I know you love me; you are capable of loving everybody; you have a great heart," said the Little Russian, rocking in his chair, his eyes straying about the room.

"No, I love you very differently!" insisted the mother. "If you had a mother, people would envy her because she had such a son."

The Little Russian swayed his head, and rubbed it vigorously with both hands.

"I have a mother, somewhere!" he said in a low voice.

"Do you know what I did to-day?" she exclaimed, and reddening a little, her voice choking with satisfaction, she quickly recounted how she had smuggled literature into the factory.

For a moment he looked at her in amazement with his eyes wide open; then he burst out into a loud guffaw, stamped his feet, thumped his head with his fingers, and cried joyously, "Oho! That's no joke any more! That's business! Won't Pavel be glad, though! Oh, you're a trump. That's good, mother! You have no idea *how* good it is! Both for Pavel and all who were arrested with him!"

He snapped his fingers in ecstasy, whistled, and fairly doubled over, all radiant with joy. His delight evoked a vigorous response from the mother.

"My dear, my Andriusha!" she began, as if her heart had burst open, and gushed over merrily with a limpid stream of living words full of serene joy. "I've thought all my life, Lord Christ in heaven! What did I live for? Beatings, work! I saw nothing except my husband. I knew nothing but fear! And how Pasha grew I did not see, and I hardly know whether I loved him when my husband was alive. All my concerns, all my thoughts were centered upon one thing—to feed my beast, to propitiate the master of my life with enough food, pleasing to his palate, and served

on time, so as not to incur his displeasure, so as to escape the terrors of a beating, to get him to spare me but once! But I do not remember that he ever did spare me. He beat me so—not as a wife is beaten, but as one whom you hate and detest. Twenty years I lived like that, and what was up to the time of my marriage I do not recall. I remember certain things, but I see nothing! I am as a blind person. Yegor Ivanovich was here—we are from the same village—and he spoke about this and about that. I remember the houses, the people, but how they lived, what they spoke about, what happened to this one and what to that one—I forget, I do not see! I remember fires—two fires. It seems that everything has been beaten out of me, that my soul has been locked up and sealed tight. It's grown blind, it does not hear!"

Her quick-drawn breath was almost a sob. She bent forward, and continued in a lowered voice: "When my husband died I turned to my son; but he went into this business, and I was seized with a pity for him, such a yearning pity—for if he should perish, how was I to live alone? What dread, what fright I have undergone! My heart was rent when I thought of his fate.

"Our woman's love is not a pure love! We love that which we need. And here are you! You are grieving about your mother. What do you want her for? And all the others go and suffer for the people, they go to prison, to Siberia, they die for them, many are hung. Young girls walk alone at night, in the snow, in the mud, in the rain. They walk seven versts from the city to our place. Who drives them? Who pursues them? They love! You see, theirs is pure love! They believe! Yes, indeed, they believe, Andriusha! But here am I—I can't love like that! I love my own, the near ones!"

"Yes, you can!" said the Little Russian, and turning away his face from her, he rubbed his head, face, and eyes vigorously as was his wont. "Everybody loves those who are near," he continued. "To a large heart, what is far is also near. You, mother, are capable of a great deal. You have a large capacity of motherliness!"

"God grant!" she said quietly. "I feel that it is good to live like that! Here are you, for instance, whom I love. Maybe I love you better than I do Pasha. He is always so silent. Here he wants to get married to Sashenka, for example, and he never told me, his mother, a thing about it."

"That's not true," the Little Russian retorted abruptly. "I know it isn't true. It's true he loves her, and she loves him. But marry? No, they are not going to marry! She'd want to, but Pavel—he can't! He doesn't want to!"

"See how you are!" said the mother quietly, and she fixed her eyes sadly and musingly on the Little Russian's face. "You see how you are! You offer up your own selves!"

"Pavel is a rare man!" the Little Russian uttered in a low voice. "He is a man of iron!"

"Now he sits in prison," continued the mother reflectively. "It's awful, it's terrible! It's not as it used to be before! Life altogether is not as it used to be, and the terror is different from the old terror. You feel a pity for everybody, and you are alarmed for everybody! And the heart is different. The soul has opened its eyes, it looks on, and is sad and glad at the same time. There's much I do not understand, and I feel so bitter and hurt that you do not believe in the Lord God. Well, I guess I can't help that! But I see and know that you are good people. And you have consecrated yourselves to a stern life for the sake of the people, to a life of hardship for the sake of truth. The truth you stand for, I comprehend: as long as there will be the rich, the people will get nothing, neither truth nor happiness, nothing! Indeed, that's so, Andriusha! Here am I living in your midst, while all this is going on. Sometimes at night my thoughts wander off to my past. I think of my youthful strength trampled under foot, of my young heart torn and beaten, and I feel sorry for myself and embittered. But for all that I live better now, I see myself more and more, I feel myself more."

The Little Russian arose, and trying not to scrape with his feet, began to walk carefully up and down the room, tall, lean, absorbed in thought.

"Well said!" he exclaimed in a low voice. "Very well! There was a young Jew in Kerch who wrote verses, and once he wrote:

"And the innocently slain,
Truth will raise to life again.

"He himself was killed by the police in Kerch, but that's not the point. He knew the truth and did a great deal to spread it among the people. So here you are one of the innocently slain. He spoke the truth!"

"There, I am talking now," the mother continued. "I talk and do not hear myself, don't believe my own ears! All my life I was silent, I always thought of one thing—how to live through the day apart, how to pass it without being noticed, so that nobody should touch me! And now I think about everything. Maybe I don't understand your affairs so very well; but all are near me, I feel sorry for all, and I wish well to all. And you, Andriusha, more than all the rest."

He took her hand in his, pressed it tightly, and quickly turned aside. Fatigued with emotion and agitation, the mother leisurely and silently washed the cups; and her breast gently glowed with a bold feeling that warmed her heart.

Walking up and down the room the Little Russian said:

"Mother, why don't you sometimes try to befriend and be kind to Vyesovshchikov? He is a fellow that needs it. His father sits in prison—a nasty little old man. Nikolay sometimes catches sight of him through the window and he begins to swear at him. That's bad, you know. He is a good fellow, Nikolay is. He is fond of dogs, mice, and all sorts of animals, but he does not like people. That's the pass to which a man can be brought."

"His mother disappeared without a trace, his father is a thief and a drunkard," said Nilovna pensively.

When Andrey left to go to bed, the mother, without being noticed, made the sign of the cross over him, and after about half an hour, she asked quietly, "Are you asleep, Andriusha?"

"No. Why?"

"Nothing! Good night!"

"Thank you, mother, thank you!" he answered gently.

CHAPTER XII

ATHIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE

THE next day when Nilovna came up to the gates of the factory with her load, the guides stopped her roughly, and ordering her to put the pails down on the ground, made a careful examination.

"My eatables will get cold," she observed calmly, as they felt around her dress.

"Shut up!" said a guard sullenly.

Another one, tapping her lightly on the shoulder, said with assurance, "Those books are thrown across the fence, I say!"

Old man Sizov came up to her and looking around said in an undertone, "Did you hear, mother?"

"What?"

"About the pamphlets. They've appeared again. They've just scattered them all over like salt over bread. Much good those arrests and searches have done! My nephew Mazin has been hauled away to prison, your son's been taken. Now it's plain it isn't he!" And stroking his beard Sizov concluded, "It's not people, but thoughts, and thoughts are not fleas; you can't catch them!"

He gathered his beard in his hand, looked at her, and said as he walked away, "Why don't you come to see me some time? I guess you are lonely all by yourself."

She thanked him, and calling her wares, she sharply observed the unusual animation in the factory.

The workmen were all elated, they formed little circles, then parted, and ran from one group to another. Animated voices and happy and satisfied faces all around! The soot-filled atmosphere was astir and palpitating with something bold and daring. Now here, now there, approving ejaculations were heard, mockery, and sometimes threats.

"Aha! It seems truth doesn't agree with them," she heard one say.

The younger men were in especially good spirits, while the elder workmen had cautious smiles on their faces. The authorities walked about with a troubled expression, and the police ran from place to place. When the workingmen saw them, they dispersed, and walked away slowly, or if they remained standing, they stopped their conversation, looking silently at the agitated, angry faces.

The workingmen seemed for some reason to be all washed and clean. The figure of Gusev loomed high, and his brother stalked about like a drake, and roared with laughter. The joiner's foreman, Vavilov, and the record clerk, Isay, walked slowly past the mother. The little, wizened clerk, throwing up his head and turning his neck to the left, looked at the frowning face of the foreman, and said quickly, shaking his reddish beard, "They laugh, Ivan Ivanovich. It's fun to them. They are pleased, although it's no less a matter than the destruction of the government, as the manager said. What must be done

here, Ivan Ivanovich, is not merely to weed but to plow!"

Vavilov walked with his hands folded behind his back, and his fingers tightly clasped.

"You print there what you please, you blackguards!" he cried aloud. "But don't you dare say a word about me!"

Vasily Gusev came up to Nilovna and declared, "I am going to eat with you again. Is it good to-day?"

And lowering his head and screwing up his eyes, he added in an undertone, "You see? It hit exactly! Good! Oh, mother, very good!"

She nodded her head affably to him, flattered that Gusev, the sauciest fellow in the village, addressed her with the respectful plural "you," as he talked to her in secret. The general stir and animation in the factory also pleased her, and she thought to herself, "What would they do without me?"

Three common laborers stopped at a short distance from her, and one of them said with disappointment in his voice, "I couldn't find any anywhere!"

Another remarked, "I'd like to hear it, though. I can't read myself, but I understand it hits them just in the right place."

The third man looked around him, and said, "Let's go into the boiler-room. I'll read it for you there!"

"It works!" Gusev whispered, a wink lurking in his eye.

Nilovna came home in gay spirits. She had now seen for herself how people are moved by books.

"The people down there are sorry they can't read," she said to Andrey, "and here am I who could when I was young, but have forgotten."

"Learn over again, then," suggested the Little Russian.

"At my age? What do you want to make fun of me for?"

Andrey, however, took a book from the shelf and pointing with the tip of a knife at a letter on the cover, asked, "What's this?"

"R," she answered, laughing.

"And this?"

"A."

She felt awkward, hurt, and offended. It seemed to her that Andrey's eyes were laughing at her, and she avoided their look. But his voice sounded soft and calm in her ears. She looked askance at his face, once, and a second time. It was earnest and serious.



Design by S. de Ivanovski.

"He quickly shoved the books into the legs of his boots."

"Do you really wish to teach me to read?" she asked with an involuntary smile.

"Why not?" he responded. "Try! If you once knew how to read, it will come back to you easily. 'If no miracle it's no ill, and if a miracle better still!'"

"But they say that one does not become a saint by looking at a sacred image!"

"Eh," said the Little Russian, nodding his head. "There are proverbs galore! For example, 'The less you know, the better you sleep'—isn't that it? Proverbs are the material the stomach thinks with; it makes from them bridles for the soul to be able to control it better. What the stomach needs is a rest, and the soul needs freedom. What word is this?"

"Men!"

"Yes, see how they sprawl. And this?"

Straining her eyes and moving her eyebrows heavily, she recalled with an effort the forgotten letters, and unconsciously yielding to the force of her exertions, she was carried away by them, and forgot herself. But soon her eyes grew tired. At first they became moist with tears of fatigue; and then tears of sorrow rapidly dropped down on the page.

"I'm learning to read," she said, sobbing. "It's time for me to die, and I'm just learning to read!"

"You mustn't cry," said the Little Russian gently. "It wasn't your fault you lived the way you did; and yet you understand that you lived badly. There are thousands of people who could live better than you, but who live like cattle and then boast of how well they live. But what is good in their lives? Today, their day's work over, they eat, and tomorrow, their day's work over, they eat, and so on through all their years—work and eat, work and eat! Along with this they bring forth children, and at first amuse themselves with them, but when they, too, begin to eat much, they grow surly and scold: 'Come on, you gluttons! Hurry along! Grow up quick! It's time you get to work!' and they would like to make beasts of burden of their children. But the children begin to work for their own stomachs, and drag their lives along as a thief drags a worthless stolen mop. Their souls are never stirred with joy, never quickened with a thought that melts the heart.

Some live like mendicants—always begging; some like thieves—always snatching out of the hands of others. They've made thieves' laws, placed men with sticks over the people, and said to them: 'Guard our laws; they are very convenient laws; they permit us to suck the blood out of the people!' They try to squeeze the people from the outside, but the people resist, and so they drive the rules inside so as to crush the reason, too."

Leaning his elbows on the table and looking into the mother's face with pensive eyes, he continued in an even, flowing voice: "Only those are men who strike the chains from off man's body and from off his reason. And now you, too, are going into this work according to the best of your ability."

"I? Now, now! How can I?"

"Why not? It's just like rain. Every drop goes to nourish the seed! And when you are able to read, then—" He stopped and began to laugh; then rose and paced up and down the room.

"Yes, you must learn to read! And when Pavel gets back, won't you surprise him, eh?"

"Oh, Andriusha! For a young man everything is simple and easy! But when you have lived to my age, you have lots of trouble, little strength, and no mind at all left."

In the evening the Little Russian went out. The mother lit a lamp and sat down at a table to knit stockings. But soon she rose again, walked irresolutely into the kitchen, bolted the outer door, and straining her eyebrows walked back into the living room. She pulled down the window curtains, and taking a book from the shelf, sat down to the table again, looked around, bent down over the book, and began to move her lips. When she heard a noise on the street, she started, clapped the book shut with the palm of her hand, and listened intently. And again, now closing, now opening her eyes, she whispered: "E—z—a."

With even precision and stern regularity the dull tick of the pendulum marked the dying seconds.

A knock at the door was heard; the mother jumped quickly to her feet, thrust the book on the shelf, and walking up to the door asked anxiously, "Who's there?"

(To be continued.)



TRAINING TIGERS AND OTHER BIG CATS

BY A. W. ROLKER

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN ROUNTREE



UNLIKE the training of an elephant or a horse or another animal of higher intelligence, the training of a tiger or a lion or a jaguar is not a question of kindness and patience. The training of these brutes is a stern compromise between assuring them that the human intends no harm if unmolested, and convincing them that the trainer is not merely invincible to onslaught but that speediest punishment will follow the instant a pupil threatens attack. The one object is never to let the animal discover its own power, to lead it to believe that man is just a little more dangerous than itself, and to let it think that it has met its match. An armed truce wherein claw and fang oppose the lash and blank shot, this is the most intimate relation that may exist between the big cat trainer and his pupils.

Sometimes during a performance, owing to unavoidable accident, like the flash of lightning or the crash of thunder, one of the dangerous performers becomes bewildered and, startled to the depth of his suspicious nature, breaks this truce. Then life depends upon the nerve and judgment of the trainer. Should he turn and attempt to flee, he would be hurled to the floor, to be bitten and clawed wide open before he could run two steps. All that he has in his favor is the lash of the blacksnake whip and a revolver loaded with blank shot with which to singe the face of the maddened brute. Raining blows with one hand and firing his revolver with the other, he may steadily retreat toward the gate of escape, ever facing the enemy and "bluffing" it to the very last until he may spring through the door to safety or until help from without arrives. If he fails in this he will go down in one of three ways. The beast may crouch at a distance of twelve or



"Before long he begins to look forward to these visits."

fifteen feet and spring through the air at the throat, or it may either crawl within six or eight feet on its belly, spring up, grab each shoulder with a paw, pull down the enemy, and with one bite send three-inch-long fangs through the skull, or with lightning swiftness it may crawl on its belly to the very feet of the man and pull him down by clawing up on him as if he were a tree or a post.

What it means to fall into the claws of one of these huge cats must be seen to be appreciated. Of all wild animals, including the rhinoceros with his frightful charge and his dreadful horn, including the rogue elephant with his unbounded strength, his marvelous cunning, and his villainous trunk, and including that gray shaggy rogue the American "grizzly" with his rib-crushing hug, his ponderous paw, and his hot, reeking maw, no beast is as dangerous to man as any one of the big cats. For besides the mouth provided with teeth that can crunch through the leg bone of a man as if it were a pipestem, each foot is provided with five poniard-like claws, pointed like needles and from three to four and a half inches long. As the beast strikes with these he draws the claws in, keeping hold of muscles and tendons and ligaments, and tearing them out of the flesh until

they snap like rubber bands, so that unless the victim succumbs it will be months and months and sometimes years and years before he can regain use of an injured member.

But not only do these talons tear. Curious to say, considering that although the claws are needle-pointed the edges are dull as the tip of a little finger, a cut with one of these hooks is like the cut of a dagger. Last year, in Bostock's trained wild animal show, a Bengal tigress made a sweep at a European black bear, cut through the six-inch-thick fur of the bear, and cut three parallel strips two feet long and six inches deep and clean as razor slashes to the very backbone of the beast. As a matter of fact, the dexterity of one of these big cat's claws is astounding. Here is a curious accident which happened to Bostock himself when he undertook personally to break in a "rogue" tiger that had "gone bad." Provided with sole-leather guards worn next the skin and covering the fleshy part of the leg from the groin to the knee, he entered the arena with the bad one and was attacked and wounded. His trousers were slashed in one spot just big enough to admit a single claw, an undergarment showed two similar and the sole-leather guard three similar cuts, while the flesh was torn

an inch deep in four places three inches long. Still another instance showing the marvelous quickness of claw, happened in the same show when the trainer in charge of a leopard group was saved in the nick of time from a rogue which had tried to pull him down by climbing up on him. The arm of this man showed, between wrist and elbow alone, twenty-six wounds varying from a quarter of an inch deep and an inch long to one inch deep and four inches long.

Of all the big cats, including that magnificent jungle-maned monarch of might, the lion, and including those beautifully spotted orange-and-black villains, the jaguar and the leopard, and their cousin, that noiseless, lightning-swift traitor, the panther, trainers prefer to handle the tiger. This is contrary to the popular belief which credits the tiger as the most bloodthirsty of all wild beasts. The tiger is, however, the quickest to learn and the easiest to handle. Whereas the tiger always remains a nervous, high-strung brute, after a time a lion becomes phlegmatic and lazy and requires urging, which is apt to cause trouble. Whereas the tiger is a demon incarnate and merciless, once aroused, he is at least an honest fighter who gives ample warning when about to attack and only as a rare exception attacks a man from behind, unlike the jaguar, the leopard, and the panther, which are treacherous and almost invariably attack when a back is turned. Again, of all this dangerous family the nature of the tiger comes nearest that of an ordinary house cat and, always comparatively, the tiger it is that is most appreciative once the master has succeeded in establishing his truce. Then, like the domestic cat, he likes to brush up against the person of his trainer, loves to have his back rubbed and groomed and the top of his head scratched to soothe the everlasting itch between the ears, while he emits purrs of satisfaction, forgetting that the least unforeseen accident may arouse murderous instincts that would in a twinkling convert the friendly meeting into a shambles.

Strange though it may seem, the tiger which trainers prefer to handle is neither the captive-bred beast nor the fluffy, yellow puffball stolen out of the jungle from the still warm body of its slain mother. The big cats most desired by trainers are the wild, jungle-bred beasts between three and six years old, a full-grown beast being as welcome as one on the verge of maturity so long as the animal is not too old to last long and make "breaking in"

worth while. In the first place, the cat animal raised in captivity rarely attains the splendid physical development and the ferocious demeanor which distinguish the jungle-bred beast as a show animal. Secondly, the captive-born and the cub-raised beasts become in reality the more dangerous. As mere babies the attractive little creatures, adorable in their ferocious helplessness and in their fuzzy coats of golden sunshine, are subjected to petting and caressing and more or less handling. It is part of the business programme of the up-to-date showman to permit persons in audiences to hold a "real live lion" or a "real live tiger" on their laps. Before a month or six weeks the cubs get tired of this and spit and struggle and either owing to accident or to design they use a tiny claw with result that they are speedily released. Thereafter the baby knows what to do whenever fondling does not suit him, and he continues as he grows wiser and stronger until he realizes perfectly his own advantage, oftenest resulting in that he grows up fearing neither man nor the Evil One. Then again, all young animals are pets in a menagerie, and to make even attendants and cage men keep hands off during leisure hours is next to impossible. Once the youngsters begin to resent petting they enter a stage when men like to tease them. Then follow those accidents, slight or otherwise, that prove to the captive that he is master and that man is a vulnerable, helpless subject.

The jungle-bred captive, on the other hand, arrives at his final destination after a series of hardships and privations which for the time have somewhat subdued him. Generally he has come overseas in a cage not big enough to turn around in, and on the deck of a pitching, tossing tramp steamer that would upset the insides of a cigar Indian. Weak and emaciated, stiff and sore, the candidate arrives, only to find a new life awaiting him. The traveling cage is placed inside a menagerie cage and opened and the traveler finds himself in comparatively spacious quarters where he may stretch his cramped legs and lie peacefully in pure air and sunshine while food and drink come to him regularly. This, whether the captive be tiger, lion, jaguar, leopard, or panther, is the psychological mood in which to begin training. The method of training being the same with all these beasts, we will choose for illustration the training of a tiger.

The training of a tiger begins from the



"Finally stung sharply he turned in his tracks and sprang for the man."

first hour he finds himself behind the bars of the menagerie cage. The trainer proceeds on the theory that the reason why a caged tiger attacks a man who ventures into the cage is because the animal is afraid of the human and resorts to offense purely as the most efficient means of defense. To get the animal to understand that no harm is intended, it becomes from the very beginning the subject of extra attentions. The tiger may, after all his hardships and privations, be comparatively tamed and lie still in the farthest corner of his cage, taking little notice of those about him; or he may be one of those almost unconquerable beasts that fly into a frenzy of passion, hurling themselves against the bars of the cage at mere sight of a human creature. He may be so wild for a time that he disdains even the tempting raw beef thrown to him, preferring to eat it in the darkness of night. In either case, the method of winning the captive's confidence is the same. It is not necessary that the man who is finally to train the beast should take charge at this time. Any keeper or animal attendant will answer for these early stages so long as the same man always waits upon the same beast. Instead of feeding the new one once a day like the other animals, the

keeper throws raw beef to it at least three times a day. Now and then between meals small strips of beef are thrown into the cage, the keeper always speaking to the creature to let it dawn on the savage brain that the sound of the human voice, instead of portending danger, means food and comfort. Just beyond clawing distance, this man sits or stands for hours during the day to get the captive used to the sight and company of a human. The tiger may dart against the bars and send through them a ponderous paw with outstretched claws ready to tear his annoyer limb from limb. But the keeper may not jump back or falter. Having gauged his distance he simply stands his ground and gazes, unafraid. A nervous man who would involuntarily jump, or a hot-tempered one who might resent an accidental slash by striking the outstretched paw, would be fatal to success. Sometimes a week, sometimes as long as a month is necessary before a beast ceases to resent the presence of a human.

The first sign of progress is when, instead of resting in the farthest corner of his cage, the tiger reposes near the front bars and remains there as the man approaches. Should he arise and walk from the rear toward the front of the cage upon seeing the keeper, so much the better. From this point onward, as a rule, the trainer himself begins the education. For several days he loiters about the cage, feeds the pupil, and talks to him. Then of a morning he comes bringing a stick. This



Drawn by Herman Rountree.

"In the end it is only necessary to present the chair legs."

may be an old rake handle or it may be a mere wand, thin as a lead pencil and seven or eight feet long. As the beast lies, head on fore paws and squinting lazily, the stick is stealthily shoved through the bars and an end of it gently passed over the captive's back. At contact with the strange object the tiger, aroused as never before, is in an uproar. In one-half of a tenth of a second he is on his feet with a snarl that is scalp-raising, pins the stick to the floor with one sweep of his paw, and in an instant has reduced it to slivers. Then another stick appears, and another and still another. After which the trainer walks away only to come back next morning with another relay of sticks and to keep this up for a week if necessary. The stick, the tiger finds, is unkillable. No sooner is it splintered than it is back again. Should the tiger be altogether too slow to appreciate this, the trainer substitutes an iron bar or a steel rod for it to chew on. Usually in ten days or so the candidate learns that the stick will not hurt him and that he cannot hurt the stick, and he permits it to lie unmolested, or plays with it, and in the end permits the trainer to stroke his great striped back with it—a form of caress pleasing to all cat animals. Day by day he becomes more used to this petting, lifts his head high, arches his tail and lashes it in long undulating curves of pleasure, and bends his back into a concave bow at the soothing feeling, and before long he begins to look forward to these visits. Then the trainer uses a shorter and a shorter stick, four feet, three feet, two feet long; until at last he has a stick no longer than a cigar and may even touch the splendid, velvet coat with his bare hands, rub the giant muscles and sinews that lie piled in bunches beneath, and add the heavenly sensation of scratching with his fingers to the delights of stroking with the palm.

Up to this point, however, the training of the tiger has been mere child's play. Now comes the dangerous part. The beast is to learn to tolerate the presence of a human creature inside the cage. For the first time in the career of this seemingly friendly yet murderously ferocious beast, a man is to trust himself beside it. He is to trust himself unarmed except for defense. A trident, like a small pitchfork fastened to a six-foot pole and capable of inflicting a wound half an inch deep, and an ordinary wooden kitchen chair are his sole weapons.

If the trainer is one of the few real wild

animal trainers that may be counted on the fingers of one of your hands, he takes no chances. He does not enter the cage at once with result that men on the outside must shove iron bars into the cage and into the face of the dangerous one to distract its attention from tearing the man into pieces. On the contrary, he tries as much as possible to save the temper of his beast. By way of experimenting as to how the tiger is going to take to a visit, he opens the cage door a mere six inches. If the animal shows no animosity, he may open the door a foot and push his head inside or venture part way within, always ready for retreat the instant he sees the cowering and the stiffening of the tail which portend attack. Sometimes a comparatively tame tiger takes little or no notice of the man upon entering. But usually a number of trials at the door must be made before the pupil understands that no harm is intended. Often, no matter how amiable the tiger may have seemed up to now, the mere opening of the cage door brings him to the bars with a thud and a cry and a crash that shake the cage from end to end, while a gigantic paw with claws extended like so many meat hooks is shot through the bars at the trainer. With seeming indifference the man returns the greeting. He has gauged within the fraction of an inch how near he may stand without being slashed and he does not twitch with a muscle at the furious onslaught.

Should the tiger remain altogether too vicious, he receives at this stage the second part of his lesson: that it is not well to provoke this visitor whose intentions are amiable. In other words, the tiger must be cowed. Then as he rushes against the bars opposite the trainer he is greeted with a prod and a thrust, and the trident penetrating the skin teaches the beast that this friend, when angered, has claws just as sharp as its own. Should it disregard even the trident, then a sheet of flame and the crash of a blank shot greet it and send it to a corner, where it lies, belly to ground, snarling and sheathing and unsheathing its dread claws.

It is not until the trainer is tolerably assured against attack the instant he enters the cage, that he ventures within, bringing his chair. This is the moment the man takes his life in his hands. The chair he brings not as a matter of comfort. With its four stout legs and its many rungs it is the most confounding and serviceable weapon of de-

sense against man or beast. On this chair and upon the agility and the instinct rather than the judgment of the trainer, everything depends. The man must be able to feel rather than see what his antagonist is about to do, for what is to take place will be too quick for the human eye to follow.

What the beast will do the instant he finds himself face to face with a human is problematical. He may possibly do nothing at all but lie quietly and regard the intruder with distrustful eye. He may advance as if to attack and think better of it and slink away into a corner thoroughly cowed by the very audacity of the move. He may suffer the man to enter and remain perfectly quiet for a time and screw up courage enough to attack after fifteen minutes or so. Or he may bristle all over, flare up, and attack at once. To the experienced man, however, numerous signs that mean mischief are apparent. About the tiger bent on trouble there is an alertness, an uneasiness, a "twitchiness" that are warnings.

As the trainer enters, chair before him, his life hangs by a thread. What he dreads most is the tiger that springs, and the man's eyes are riveted on the beast's for the least sign of the deadly jump. The moment the belly goes to the floor and the fore paws are spread while the tail pokes straight as a ramrod, the man retreats, leaving the chair behind, for no man living could withstand the impact of six or seven hundred pounds of agile bone and muscle and sinew hurling through space at the rate of a thirteen-inch shell. Then, with a blood-curdling cry the demon hurls itself upon the chair, falls in a heap with it, and bites and claws the mysterious thing, senseless to pain and poking him everywhere at once even as his fangs crush it to match sticks. On the other hand, the tiger who attacks by running toward the trainer in short bounds is an easier proposition. Then this man, himself quick as a cat, stands his ground behind the chair and pokes the four wooden legs into the grim face. Ignorant and furious beyond expression, the maddened creature sinks his claws and teeth into the furniture. This is the moment the trainer awaits. With a well-aimed blow he brings the handle of a broom across the nose of the fighter, and with a cry of pain the tiger, dumfounded, slinks back into a corner to think and nurse his injured feelings while blood drips from his mouth where lips and gums have been lacerated by the

chewing of oak and hickory. Next day the trainer repeats the lesson. In the end it is only necessary to present the chair legs to subdue the beast when spoiling for fight.

When a tiger has been broken in up to this point, the trainer visits him daily and sits on the chair, remaining two or three hours a day. As a means of passing the time, he takes a newspaper with him and reads, always watching out of the corner of his eye. In case of danger, to arise and whirl the chair legs toward the ugly one is the matter of a fraction of a second. For one month he visits in this wise. Then, of a morning, the long, friendly stick of pleasant memories accompanies him and he rubs the end of this across the great spine and step by step shortens the stick until the pupil permits him to pat and caress him with the bare hand just as he was permitted to do in the early stages.

Yet, although a tiger may permit patting by hand there is grave danger, for now the animal is within striking distance, and the one thing between the trainer and death is a stout club held in the free hand. The moment the brute shows ugliness the end of the club is pushed into his mouth as if to jam it down his throat. For a fraction of a second this gives the ugly one something to worry about and before he knows it the wonder-creature is on its feet and the four hated legs stare him in the face. Generally, however, when a tiger permits grooming by hand he is at a stage where he may be more or less trusted. The trainer then lengthens his stroke, working toward the back of the neck and toward the tail. In time he may pat the sides and the shoulders and from these he works down the leg and toward the paws, while all the time the big cat gains in confidence until not only does he tolerate the man but looks forward to his appearance. Then he rubs his sleek sides against the master, emitting purrs of delight. The relation may be the same as that between a house cat befriending a rat; yet, until some unforeseen accident occurs, the beast may be depended upon in a measure.

But not always does the conquering of a tiger run off so smoothly. Just as men differ in their good qualities and their bad ones, just as men differ in displaying affection, or as men, aroused, differ in their manner of fighting, so tigers differ in these respects, and the most unconquerable, the most feared tiger is the treacherous one. For when a

tiger is treacherous, he is worse than the worst leopard or panther or jaguar ever captured.

Last season, in Colonel Mundy's trained wild animal show, they had a tiger named Rajah who was a beast of the treacherous sort. Rajah was a gorgeously striped orange-and-black villain with a ferocious, splendidly wrinkled face of cunning, a huge, lean body that showed the play of every ponderous muscle and sinew beneath the glossy hide, and four paws big as the feet of a young elephant. He was caught in the jungle of Ceylon about a year ago and, as near as could be judged, was nine or ten years old. It was feared from the beginning that he would be a hard nut to crack, therefore the breaking was intrusted to the head trainer, a man named Ricardo.

The beast learned quickly. He seemed unusually intelligent and docile. He made no remonstrance when Ricardo finally entered and seated himself on his chair. But that is where everything ended. This animal devil who had lured this man by seeming kindness, had simply made up his mind to "get him" and to get him with the least possible fuss or feathers. For hours he would lie still, apparently, regarding the trainer quietly or feigning sleep and watching the man from between narrow slits just as a cat watches a mouse when playing with it before crunching through the tiny skull. But each instant of the time the beast would work himself sidewise across the floor trying to "inch" into a position where he could not be observed. Then, with two bounds quick as lightning he would land beside the man in the nick of time to receive a revolver shot fired alongside the grim face. Chaining was resorted to, and for more than a month the trainer fastened the beast in a corner of the cage by means of a collar and a six-foot chain and sat just beyond clawing distance, even deliberately turning his back. Not once did the animal try attack during this time and not until again released was he at his old tactics, which resulted in condemnation to a show cage; for even had it been possible to break in the tiger he would always have remained untrustworthy.

Rajah, however, is merely one type of rogue. Another sort, equally difficult, is the unreasonable beast which declines advances once and for all and which, it seems, will neither be coaxed nor "bluffed" into human association. Generally these beasts are either

exceptionally vicious individuals or they are animals that have lived in the jungle too long to make conquering readily possible. In such instances heroic measures are resorted to.

In a trained wild animal show, the name of which may not be mentioned for obvious reasons, I was witness to one of these one-sided contests between a woman trainer and a pair of tigresses, and the spectacle, happening as it did "behind the scenes" with the trainer clad in ordinary street costume, was at first sight almost blood-curdling. Undoubtedly it was the most realistic scene possible of a human creature being apparently torn to pieces.

The training took place during the early morning when the building was deserted, on the stage with its semicircular, steel-barred arena fifty feet long and eleven feet high. Chained by a collar and a ten-foot chain one tigress lay scowling at one end of the arena. At the other end was the sister tigress and the woman "having it out" amid the snarls, the clanking of the chain, the high-pitched voice of the trainer, and the lashing of a long whalebone carriage whip. The object was to cow the pupil and to make her understand that, even if she would not have kindness, she must learn that it is not well to attack the alert, cat-quick person in front of her. To accomplish this the idea was simply to prod with the trident and to lash with the whip each time an attack was made, the trainer standing just without the danger zone.

Ears flat, tail stiff, lips drawn back showing teeth, and belly to the ground, the huge cat would lie waiting the instant the woman would step within reach. Then with a snarl and a jump far too quick for the eye to follow, the beast would hurl itself through space at the woman's throat, only to be jerked back in mid-air by the sudden tightening of the chain. Quick as was the tigress, the trainer was even quicker in traversing two feet backward toward safety, and before the brute could recover herself, the woman would advance and prod and lash and cry her shrill order until within the next five or six seconds there would come another attack as if no such thing as punishment existed. For a half hour steadily this duel continued, the woman perspiring and spent, breathing heavily and twice wounded by deep scratches across a hand and an arm. Still she fought. So did the tigress, doggedly, viciously, as bad at the end as at the beginning.

In one of the chairs in the deserted orchestra sat the owner of the show. He shook his head in disappointment. "There," he said, "is a pair of beasts that have cost me eight hundred dollars, and I don't think either of them is going to be worth the price of old beef to me. They simply cannot be trained. For two months, two hours a day, this fight has gone on, and we're about to give up.

"Cruel? Yes, toward the trainer. The trouble is you can't really sting those fellows through a coat of thick fur and hide and we don't dare inflict real injury to spoil the appearance of a performing animal. What would the woman do should the chain break? In the first place, it won't break. In the second, if it does, her husband is behind the scenes with a rifle loaded with ball. No, we don't take chances with beasts like these and blank shot. It's lead or nothing—unless, of course, we have a house full of people. Now and then it happens that we break bad fellows after all, but not when they're as bad as these two. Often the best performing tiger is the hardest to 'bluff' at first."

Most of the tricks taught performing tigers are pretty much the same, the first step in breaking in one of these beasts being to make him sit on a pedestal and stay there. Some trainers accomplish this by placing a piece of meat on a pedestal and, once the pupil has mounted, making him stay on his seat by warding off with a whip just as you might corner a dog by extending a threatening switch one way or the other. Other trainers teach the tricks by lassoing their animals, placing a collar about the neck, and dragging back and forth by means of long ropes to the spot intended, where the beast is chained. To teach tigers how to jump hurdles, a board is placed flat on the ground, the animal being dragged by a rope until he learns to jump the obstruction, which then is raised higher and higher until the full height of the hurdle is reached. Similarly, walking the "tight rope," in reality a narrow plank, is taught, the pupil proceeding along the plank instead of jumping it. Jumping through hoops of fire is another favorite trick. This is readily taught, once the pupil has been coaxed or pulled through the bare hoop often enough. The natural aversion to fire is overcome by degrees. At first the fire is a mere flickering flame. By easy stages this is increased to appear more formidable. By the same easy stages the seesaw trick is taught. At first the

plank is elevated on a fulcrum only a few inches high, and steadily the distance is increased.

Jumping upon the back of a tiger and sitting astride as if riding a horse is one of the tricks that never fail to bring down a house. Yet, few tricks are easier to teach, providing the trainer has the right animal. Manifestly, the tiger that will permit this is of comparatively amiable disposition. The trainer picks his beast, makes a pet of him, spends much time sitting with him while grooming and caressing him. After a time the man may place a heel across the spine, working it to caress and groom. In time the heel steals farther and the leg follows until the trainer straddles the beast and day by day tries to rest more of his weight on the back of the cat. These tricks, varied by threatened encounters between trainers and beasts, comprise about the average tiger or lion or jaguar performance.

Welcome though the tractable brute is to the wild animal trainer, the animal he loves above all and which he prizes more than all the rest of his group is the rogue tiger, all but wholly unregenerate and ever on the verge of attacking the man; for it is the ferocious tiger that is after all the star attraction of a group, that wins for the trainer the plaudits of an audience, and that lingers longest in the minds of those who have come to see. Sometimes these tigers are bad clear through from the very beginning. Again, they are once-tractable beasts that have gone wrong.

One of the latter sort is Sultan, the star attraction in one of the big tiger groups of the Bostock show. Sultan has a history. Never was a more willing, intelligent, or obedient tiger, up to four years ago. His trainer could handle him almost as he would a Great Dane or a St. Bernard dog. On at least one occasion this tiger saved his master's life when the latter fell and was pounced upon by a vicious old female who long had had it in for the man. To-day, Sultan's exhibition consists in showing how relentlessly vicious a tiger may be when he all but dares; and this transformation was brought about within five unfortunate minutes.

A cat animal, it is necessary to explain, performs his tricks in regular rotation and never otherwise. If a tiger has been trained in succession to sit on a pedestal, then to jump a hurdle, then to jump through a hoop, and then to mount the top rung of a double-sided stepladder used to form a pyramid

group, the beast must ever afterwards be put through this same order of tricks. To skip one and to jump to the following one would mean trouble. This is what turned Sultan.

The show was performing one night in upper New York State, when thunderclouds black as pitch came rolling threateningly over the city. Of all things a trainer dislikes while in an arena the worst is a thunderstorm. An unexpected flash of lightning or a startling crash, and every beast within the inclosure may be thrown into confusion with each brute holding another by the throat or all trying to make for the trainer. Seeing the storm, the owner of the show sent word to the man performing with the tigers to hasten through the act quickly as possible. But the man misunderstood. Instead of hurrying his beasts through the entire performance, he jumped from the third to the eighth act, the stepladder pyramid group, wherein Sultan, the most beautiful of all the tigers, was to mount first to the top of the ladder. Sultan got his cue, but did not budge. A second and a third time he got it without result. When flicked with the lash of the whip he snarled, and when finally stung sharply he turned in his tracks and with a roar almost like a lion's sprang for the man. Down went the trainer, toppling fortunately against the tall ladder, which fell sharply across the nose of the enraged beast and for a second gave respite. At the end of the second, however, there was a flash and a

crash, and as the man arose, bleeding, with uniform torn to shreds, he fired and fired, driving the ferocious one about the arena and lashing him mercilessly. That punishment is all that prevented Sultan from becoming a man-eater and a murderer. But no human hand dared smooth his black-and-orange stripes from that day to this. With a club six feet long and big around as a baseball bat the trainer now exhibits Sultan. The trainer advances; beside him he has a chair, rough boards nailed on for a seat, and with the free hand he holds his blacksnake whip with which to force the rogue into jumping a hurdle, the climax showing the power of man over the most ferocious of beasts. Hatred, vindictiveness, and murder are written all over the gorgeous body of this dangerous killer, at mere sight of the man. As the trainer approaches, the tiger leaps from its pedestal, crouches, darts at the big stick, and snarls with wide-open mouth. A dozen times he darts at the man, only to think better of it when regarding the unflinching, steady figure before him. At last, when it comes time to jump, the trainer shoves the chair nearer to illustrate the fury of the beast. One vicious sweep and the claws have torn through the inch-thick boards of the seat. Next moment the four legs of the chair are toward him, the whip, loaded at the butt for emergency, cracks sharply, and the tiger, once again conquered, takes his hurdle and flees to the farthest corner of the arena.

APPLES OF GOLD

By BETH SLATER WHITSON

PLUCK now the blossoms you would give to me;
 Wait not until I sleep—the mystery
 Of death upon my brow—then my dead hands
 Crowd with pale blooms mine eyes could never see.

Speak now, if I deserve the word of praise;
 Let me not hunger for it through the days
 Of future toil. If in your heart there glows
 For me one spark, let it illumine my ways.



THE MACE AND PURSE

LEGISLATING IN PARLIAMENT AND CONGRESS

By A. MAURICE LOW

III. THE HOUSE OF LORDS



HERE is a story told of President Lincoln that during a critical time in the Civil War, when the Senate had been particularly obstructive, one of his ardent sympathizers burst in upon him and hotly denounced the Senate, and finished his tirade by asking: "What's the use of the Senate, anyway?"

Mr. Lincoln was drinking a cup of tea. In his homely fashion he poured the tea from the cup to the saucer and back again to cool it off, undisturbed by the caller's vehemence.

"Well," said the man impatiently, "what's the use of the Senate?"

"I have just shown you," was Lincoln's answer, and once more the tea was poured.

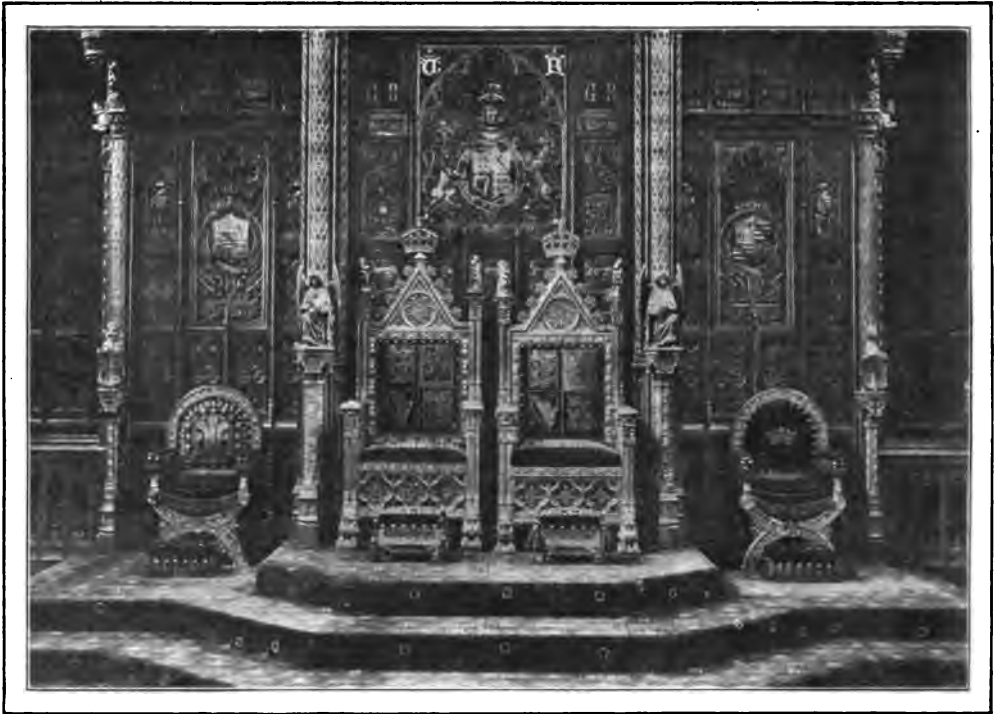
The man looked puzzled. Then a great light broke upon him. "You mean it enables public passion to cool off?"

The greatest of American Presidents nodded and drank his tea.

That, then, is the function of the House of Lords. If we change the simile, the House of Commons may be likened to the engine that furnishes the motive power to the automobile and the House of Lords the brake that is automatically applied whenever the machine shows a tendency to exceed the legal speed regulation; and when it is applied, the machine not only stops but reverses and retraces a part of its journey. The brake is almost, almost but not quite, as necessary in

the mechanism of the automobile as the engine. It has undoubtedly been the means of preventing a good deal of damage. The House of Lords has often prevented hasty and ill-considered legislation.

When an American newspaper writer would wither the United States Senate, he terms it the "American House of Lords," seeking to convey to his reader the impression that the House of Lords controls legislation in England exactly as the Senate does in America. No phrase could be more inappropriate. If he must go to England for his derisory comparison and would term the Senate the "Cabinet," it would have a meaning, because, as we have seen from a previous article, the great power of legislation in England is centered in the Prime Minister and the cabinet, but the House of Lords is robbed of all legislative power, except the power of constitutional obstruction. Mark this paradox. In the United States Senate, in a democratic republic in which the people govern, the representatives of the people have permitted the Senate, which is only indirectly the representative of the people, not only to encroach upon their rightful constitutional functions but to become the real government of the country. In England, a hereditary monarchy where for centuries the people had no voice in their government and the aristocracy ruled, the people have wrested from the nobility the power to make laws for the people. In the democracy of America



THE THRONE, HOUSE OF LORDS

the powers and privileges of a small and select body removed from the people have constantly increased; in the democracy of Great Britain the great body of the electorate has made the legislative power of the House of Lords negligible.

The Senate has equal power with the House of Representatives in determining how the people shall be taxed and in what manner those taxes shall be spent. A bill raising revenue, the American Constitution provides, must originate in the House of Representatives, but the Senate may amend such a bill as it may any other. This power of amendment therefore places the two bodies on an equality and gives to both the same power over taxation. In the same way the Senate may amend any appropriation bill passed by the House, so that the right to tax and the control of the purse are not rights vested solely in the representatives of the people.

Now see how the matter stands in England. As long ago as 1678 the House of Commons adopted a resolution declaring:

"That all aids and supplies to his Majesty are the sole gift of the Commons;

"That all bills for the granting of such aids

and supplies ought to begin with the Commons; and

"That it is the undoubted and sole right of the Commons to direct, limit, and appoint in such bills, the ends, purposes, considerations, limitations, and qualifications of such grants, which ought not to be changed or altered by the House of Lords."

In 1860 the House of Commons adopted a further resolution declaring that "the right of granting aids and supplies to the Crown is in the Commons alone, as an essential part of their constitution, and the limitation of all such grants, as to matter, manner, measure, and time." Based on these resolutions, it has come to be accepted and has been incorporated into the manual of procedure of the House of Commons "that the right of granting money in Parliament belongs exclusively to the House of Commons." All money bills—that is, bills raising revenue or expending it—originate in the House of Commons, and after passing that body are sent to the Lords, where they are duly considered and debated, but the Lords may not change a single figure, they may not add to or subtract one penny from the various amounts agreed to by

the Commons. They may discuss a matter of policy arising out of the estimates—the increase of naval construction, for example, or the decrease of the army—but it is merely an academic discussion and an expression of opinion, as it can have no practical result. If they wish to indicate that certain financial provisions are required to give effect to legislative proposals made by them, those provisions are printed in italics in the bill or amendment sent by the Lords to the Commons, but they are not supposed to form part of the bill or amendment, and are merely intended as suggestions. If the Commons should see fit to adopt them they are in every respect treated as if they originated in the Commons. It is within the power of the House of Lords to reject *in toto* a money bill, but as a matter of fact and practice that is never done. The Lords recognize that the government of England is vested in the House of Commons, they recognize that government means command of the treasury, and they make no attempt to interfere with the orderly conduct of government.

What power, then, the reader will doubtless ask, has the House of Lords and what justification is there for its existence? Its power over taxation and revenue is nil, but its power

over legislation is very great, because it is able to put the brake on the House of Commons. All great legislative measures usually originate in the House of Commons, and after their passage by that body they go to the House of Lords. Take as a concrete example the Education Bill, of which so much has been said in the American press during the last few months. In England, unlike this country, an election is not fought on a conglomeration of issues or on the "record" of a party, but on a distinct and definite pledge to do or not to do a specific thing if the party is intrusted with the government. When the Liberal Party was elected by an overwhelming majority last year, the Bannerman government went into office, pledged to enact a law divorcing education and religion in what in this country would be called the public schools, which is the famous educational bill of which we have all heard so much. This bill was duly passed by the Commons and sent to the Lords, which, having a large Conservative majority, rejected the bill. The Lords "played politics" exactly as the Senate has been known to do the same thing when it had a majority opposed to the House of Representatives, and for the same reason—party advantage.



THE THRONE AND WOOLSACK, HOUSE OF LORDS

In Washington, when a bill passed by one house is amended by the other, conferees are appointed by both sides to endeavor to reconcile the differences, which usually results in a compromise. The conference committee is unknown at Westminster. Some years ago, in case of disagreement between the two houses, a committee of conference was appointed as is now done in Washington, but the custom fell into disuse, principally because the Lords, to show their superiority, remained covered while the humble Commons were required to take off their hats in the presence of the representatives of the Upper House. For this and other reasons the Commons refused to go into conference over a contentious measure. Informal conferences are sometimes held, but no attempt is now made to reconcile differences by means of a formal and official conference. Instead other methods are used.

If the House of Lords rejects a bill to which the government of the day is committed, there are two ways by which the Lords can be coerced. Or to be exact, there are two practical methods at the disposal of the Premier, and theoretically a third weapon which he holds in reserve, but which has never yet been employed although it is always threatened. When the House of Lords has rejected a bill the Prime Minister can immediately again present that bill to the House of Commons and pass it. If he passes it with a substantial majority, and by that majority makes it evident to the country and the House of Lords that the full party majority in the Commons approves of the measure despite the objections that have been raised by the Lords, the Lords may then take second thought and consider that it is not wise for them to try to oppose public opinion. I say may, because by the unwritten constitution of Great Britain, even after the passage of the bill for the second time by the House of Commons, the Lords are not bound to regard that as a final verdict and may still obstinately adhere to their determination to oppose the popular will. Thus far they have acted strictly within their constitutional rights. That being the case, the Premier may now appeal to the supreme jury—the country. The issue is so great that only the people can decide it. He “goes to the country,” that is, he dissolves Parliament, the dissolution being nominally the act of the sovereign, and a new Parliament is elected. The question put to the electors is a concrete one; it is not complicated or confused by a dozen minor questions. If Sir Henry Camp-

bell-Bannerman had gone to the country because the Lords had rejected his Education Bill, the issue would have been thus concisely submitted to the people: “Do you approve of the Education Bill as passed by the House of Commons? If you do, return a Liberal majority to the Parliament.” Every man would know precisely the effect of his ballot; and if Sir Henry were returned to power with a substantial majority, with a majority large enough to make it obvious that he held the full confidence of the country, the House of Commons would then for the third time pass the bill and the Lords would accept it.

It may be asked, why would the Lords accept it, and what is there to prevent the Lords, even after the passage of the bill by the new Parliament, from again rejecting it? There is nothing. There is no provision in the constitution, because England has no written constitution; no law, nothing at all, except one thing: the great force of public opinion and the weight of precedent. It is the law of England that the people voice. The people having spoken, the Lords must obey.

I have alluded to a third weapon. When the Lords are contumacious they are always menaced with “swamping”; in other words, the Prime Minister threatens to create enough new peers of his own party to swamp the opposing majority in the House of Lords. That chamber is not a fixed quantity and its membership constantly fluctuates, as whenever a peer of the United Kingdom is created he is by virtue of his creation entitled to a seat in the House of Lords with all the privileges of a legislator. The power to ennoble is a power solely within the exercise of the sovereign. Peerages are conferred by the monarch as a recognition of great services rendered to the state in war, diplomacy, science, or literature, and also as a reward for political services rendered to the party in power. These latter peerages are conferred upon the recommendation of the Premier, and although it is within the power of the sovereign to reject the Premier's recommendation, he seldom does so. Now if the Prime Minister should ask the king to create a hundred Liberal peers with the object frankly avowed to swamp the Conservative majority in the House of Lords, it is possible that the king might consider it his duty to do so, although it is also highly probable that the king would hesitate long before resorting to such a drastic remedy. While the Lords are

always threatened with swamping when they reject an important measure, no Prime Minister has ever resorted to this method to bring the Lords to their knees.

The Lords not only act as a brake on the Commons but, in a sense, as a jury of inquest, and in this there is a striking parallel between the House of Lords and the American Senate. As a matter of course the House of Commons will pass a government bill, because that is what the House of Commons is for, and it often passes it with insufficient consider-

ation, as the government will resort to closure if the debate threatens to become prolix. The same thing happens in the House of Representatives, where the power of the Speaker is so great that he can, through the fiction of the committee on rules, limit debate on any measure and determine the precise time at which the vote shall be taken. In such cases the Senate is relied upon to give that proper consideration to the measure which it was denied in the House. It is the same in England. While the Lords have none of that great power in shaping legislation that is possessed by the

Senate, the Lords may discuss a matter of policy, even if they cannot affect it, and that discussion often serves a useful purpose.

In the last article I referred to the reduction made in the army by the mere authority of the secretary of state for war. The Lords could not prevent that reduction from being carried into effect, but it was within their constitutional privilege to discuss the question, and last July the orders of the day contained the following:

"The Viscount Hutchinson—To call attention to the reductions in the military forces of the Crown now being made and projected,

and the changes in the organization consequent thereon; and to move for papers."

In the House of Lords, as in the Senate, there is no limitation of debate; and when a noble lord began his speech by saying, "The House of Lords cannot be gagged," the words were strangely reminiscent; they took me back to Washington, where in fancy I saw an impassioned orator thunder at the unhappy Vice-President, eighty-nine luxuriously upholstered but empty chairs, the official stenographer, and a couple of overconscientious reporters in the

lone and forlorn press gallery: "Thank God, there is one place in our system of government where the voice of the people can still be heard."

If you would be given a lesson in real democracy go to the House of Lords. It is the one legislative body in the world—I believe I am correct in my assertion—whose presiding officer exercises no control over debate. The Lord Chancellor, as the Speaker of the House of Lords, does not name a peer when he rises to speak, nor does the peer address him, as theoretically and in form every member



THE ROYAL STAIRCASE, HOUSE OF LORDS

of the House of Commons or the House of Representatives does the Speaker when he prefaces his remarks with "Mr. Speaker" and interpolates them with "Sir" to carry out the fiction that the Speaker is his sole audience. A peer begins his speech with "My Lords," and in the course of his address refers to "your lordships." It is customary for the time to be equally divided between the two sides of the House, but if two peers rise simultaneously, both claiming the floor, they must decide between themselves as to which shall have preference, and should neither yield, the decision rests with the House. On one occasion when an



THE COMMONS GALLERY, HOUSE OF LORDS

occurrence of this kind happened, the late Lord Salisbury, who had a fine sense of sardonic humor, raised a debate on the question. The House of Lords, similar to the Senate, possesses the inestimable joy of hearing itself talk. There is no closure in the Lords, and a peer may mander along to his heart's content, although it is in the power of any peer to move that "the noble lord be no longer heard"; and if the House adopts the motion, an extinguisher is put upon aristocratic oratory. It is a motion, however, not often made.

If a peer is out of order, or is thought to be so, because there are no rules of order as there are to govern the House of Commons, any peer may call him to order, and it is the House itself and not the Chancellor that finally decides the question. In the House of Commons when members get out of hand or defy the authority of the Speaker, he calls on the sergeant-at-arms to restore order, and that failing, he can summon the police. In the House of Lords the only method to quell disorder is for the clerk to read a pious standing order adopted nearly three hundred years ago, when a motion to that effect is made by a

peer. The last time the House witnessed this quaint ceremony was early in the seventies, when to end a stormy scene, the clerk, standing at the table, gravely read:

"To prevent misunderstanding and for avoiding of offensive speeches when matters are debating, either in the House or at committees, it is, for honor's sake, thought fit, and so ordered, that all personal, sharp, or taxing speeches be forborne, and whomsoever answereth another man's speech shall apply his answer to the matter without wrong to the person; and as nothing offensive is to be spoken, so nothing is to be ill taken if the party that speaks it shall presently make a fair exposition or clear denial of the words that might bear any ill construction; and if any offense of that kind is given, as the House will be very sensible thereof, so it will sharply censure the offender, and give the party offended a fit reparation and full satisfaction."

There is practically no difference in the manner of speaking in either house, and there is the same absence of striving after elocutionary effect. When Viscount Hutchinson opened the debate on Mr. Haldane's army



THE HOUSE OF LORDS FROM THE THRONE

scheme he spoke for an hour and made a plain, matter-of-fact statement that logically represented his side of the case. It was a good, workmanlike exposition of the facts, but there was no elaboration, there was no color or "atmosphere," no playful humor, not a single so-called funny story, nothing at all corresponding to what one hears in Congress, where every man flatters himself that he is a Demosthenes and the world sits spellbound by the magic of his words. It is a violation of the rules for a peer to read a speech, but the rule is not strictly observed. Lord Roberts, England's greatest military commander, read a long speech in a tone that was almost inaudible to me in the gallery. He droned along just as Senator Morgan, of Alabama, in a voice almost as inaudible, has so often taken up the time of the Senate for an hour or two with a few remarks on the Nicaragua Canal. But in Washington when the Vice-President announces "the Senator from Alabama," his colleagues suddenly remember that they have important engagements outside the Senate chamber, while in the House of Lords the peers kept their seats and listened attentively to "Bobs." Perhaps they could

hear him on the floor, but it was only at long intervals that the gallery caught a few words.

Another peer who read a speech in that debate was the Earl of Portsmouth, the under-secretary for war and spokesman for the war office in the Upper House, and it fell to him to defend the scheme of his chief, Mr. Haldane. Lord Portsmouth is a ponderous man whose manner suggests that he regards humor as a deadly sin, and his speech was equally ponderous. After Lord Portsmouth had spoken a considerable time, to the intense fatigue of the House, Viscount Ridley, a peer in opposition, asked if the noble lord would "lay the paper on the table," as it is customary in both houses, when a minister quotes from an official document, for him to announce that he will lay the paper on the table, thus making it part of the official record and accessible to the members. The question, of course, was merely a little piece of play and so understood by the House, which laughed, even the Liberals enjoying the joke. The one man who failed to appreciate the somewhat cynical humor was Lord Portsmouth, who stopped abruptly, looked very much dis-

concerted, and then asked Lord Ridley to which paper he referred.

Now this little incident explains better than any other the difference between English and American parliamentary reporting. Lord Ridley's interruption was neither original nor especially brilliant, but it added just a touch of color to a rather dreary performance, and I am quite sure that if it had happened in the House of Representatives or the Senate, more than one Washington correspondent would have considered that it was worth a line or two in his dispatch. But not a single London newspaper mentioned it. Lord Portsmouth's ponderous platitudes were reported at some length, but the "atmosphere" of the debate, which is almost as important to the American as the debate itself, was not discernible.

The reader will remember how much formality attends the introduction of a bill in the House of Commons. In the House of Lords there is no more formality than in either house of Congress. A peer has the right to introduce a bill, and when he lays it on the table it is, *pro forma*, read a first time, after which it follows the same routine as in the Commons.

Most persons who visit the Capitol for the first time are greatly disappointed. Their conception of the Senate is that formed from a picture that was much used to advertise a popular brand of cigars—or perhaps it was chewing tobacco—some years ago, and was prominently displayed in the general stores and "groceries" of the South and West. There was a senator in a shad-bellied coat and an oratorical pose facing a full Senate and crowded galleries, but it shatters the illusion of the rural visitor when he finds that senators no longer strike attitudes when they deliver their burning words, and that as a rule a speech is the signal for nearly every other senator precipitately to retire. The visitor to the House of Lords is equally shocked and disappointed. Most Americans have formed their impressions of the English Upper Chamber from paintings and illustrations representing the peers assembled in their scarlet and ermine robes, blazing with jeweled decorations, and of course every peer wears his coronet as a badge of his order. Alas for a prosaic and commonplace, workaday world! Scarlet robes slashed with ermine can be seen more frequently on the comic-opera stage than in the House of Lords, where a peer only wears his robes when for

the first time he takes his seat (and then he wears not a coronet but a cocked hat), and at a coronation or some other equally great and infrequent ceremonial. There is little to distinguish the peers as a body from the Commons, sartorially, except that perhaps the peers are a trifle better groomed. But clothes seem to be the last thing that the peers think about, who sit on their red leather benches in rather careless attitudes and who look as little like the conventional "aristocrat" as one can imagine.

But the chamber itself is not a disappointment. Mr. Gladstone called it the "gilded chamber," which was not a sarcastic fling at its millionaire members but was a description in a word, as the chamber is rich in color, the predominant tone of which is gold. If you look down on the floor from the strangers' gallery you are reminded of a church; an impression heightened by the stained-glass windows, the paneled walls and galleries, the paneled ceiling rich in its gilt, the throne, suggestive of the altar, the electric-light "candles" on both sides, the pendent electroliers distinctly churchlike in design, the narrow side galleries with their brass railings, the press gallery, which could very well serve as a choir loft, and back of it the strangers' gallery, where you feel an organ ought to be. And still to increase this churchlike air, you see on the floor the archbishops and bishops in their flowing black gowns with lawn sleeves, who, with the august Lord Chancellor in his robe and huge wig, give a touch of color and a picturesque Old World flavor to very modern surroundings.

It is easier to gain admittance to the gallery of the House of Lords than to the Commons, although it is not attended without formality. An order to the gallery has to be procured from a peer, who vouches for you.

Having duly signed this, you present it at a quarter past four, when the House meets. At a turn of the staircase leading to the gallery there is a sign reading that "all demonstrations by strangers in the gallery are out of order and must be treated accordingly," and before you are permitted to enter the gallery you must surrender your order and sign a book, with a quill pen, of course. But the Lords are more sensible than the Commons. They do not shut up the women behind a screen. The side galleries are reserved for the wives and daughters of peers, and these galleries contain only a single bench, so that every woman can be



TEA ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS

as easily seen as she can from the front chair of an opera box.

The reader will remember the ceremony that marks the entrance of the Speaker into the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor, who takes precedence over every person in the kingdom with the exception of the sovereign, the members of the blood royal, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, so great a dignitary is he, enters the House unannounced but escorted by "Black Rod," the mace bearer, and the purse bearer. The Lord Chancellor takes his seat on the woolsack, a low ottoman shaped like a large bale of wool, which was first used in the House of Lords as the Chancellor's seat in the time of Elizabeth, as a memento of an act which was passed against the exportation of wool, that commodity being then the main source of the national wealth of England. In the House of Commons the mace is placed on the table and is symbolic of power; in the Lords the mace is somewhat carelessly placed on the woolsack behind the Chancellor, and suspended from the rest against which the Chancellor leans his back is the purse, which is supposed to contain the great seal of England, but does not. The great seal has to be

affixed to certain documents to give them legality and is placed in the keeping of the Lord Chancellor, who keeps it locked up except when it is in use. The curious and elaborate bag, called the purse, that the purse bearer carries in and out of the House, is simply another symbol of authority.

Although the House of Lords usually meets at a quarter past four, ten or fifteen minutes elapse before the House is ready to proceed to business. During that time the Lord Chancellor sits on the woolsack bowing to peers as they stroll in quite unceremoniously, and occasionally a brother peer stops and talks to him or even sits on a corner of the capacious sack. Behind the Lord Chancellor is the canopied throne, which is not the throne of childhood's imagination, a great, square, low-armed seat of solid gold incrustured with precious stones, but is merely two high-backed elaborately carved wooden chairs. The throne stands on a dais raised a few inches above the floor. It is cut off from the chamber proper by an ornamental brass railing, which completes the altarlike effect.

Immediately in front of the Lord Chancellor, but a little to his left and right, are two large red ottomans, in the parliamentary

nomenclature "benches." Why they are placed there no one seems to know. Any peer may sit on them, but unless the House is crowded, peers prefer to sit on the regular benches, which run the length of the chamber. There are five rows, corresponding to the five orders of the peerage, the first row being for dukes and the last for barons, but as a rule peers sit without regard to their rank, except when they first take their seats. In the Lords, as in the Lower House, members of the government and their supporters sit on the right of the Lord Chancellor and the opposition on the left. The lords spiritual, the archbishops and bishops, not being politicians, always sit on the government side, probably to symbolize that the church is part of the established order of government and knows no change. In front of the Chancellor is the table at which sit facing him three clerks in wigs and gowns; behind them is the official reporter of debates, which is the custom followed in Washington; while in the House of Commons the reporters for *Hansard's* have to be content with seats in the gallery, which heavily handicaps them in following the proceedings. Behind the official reporter are three benches known as the "cross benches," which are used by members of the royal family (except the sovereign, who may only enter the House to open or dissolve Parliament, when, of course, he sits on the throne) and other peers whose official position makes them nonpartisans. Thus Lord Roberts, being commander-in-chief and not a party man, sits on the cross benches.

In the House of Commons no one not a member may set foot on the floor, but in the House of Lords ministers of the crown who are commoners and privy councilors are allowed to sit or stand on the steps of the throne, and when there is an important debate in the Lords, this privilege is always used by these favored individuals, which seems curiously at variance with the ceremony and dignity of Parliament and suggests the House of Representatives with members lounging about the Speaker's chair and messengers and page boys sitting on the steps of the platform. Technically the throne is outside the chamber, and so, curiously enough, is the woolsack, as in the old days the Lord Chancellor was not necessarily a peer and therefore merely its presiding officer but not a member of the House. Now the Chancellor is always a peer and always a member of the cabinet, and he takes part in a

debate like any other peer, unlike the Speaker of the House of Commons, who is never heard in debate. But to maintain the fiction of the woolsack being outside of the House, when the Lord Chancellor rises to speak he takes two or three sidling steps which are supposed to bring him within the House proper, where he speaks in his own right as a member of his order. In the Commons the Speaker never votes except to break a tie; in the Lords the Chancellor votes at every division, but he does not have to go into the division lobby. The sole function exercised by the Lord Chancellor as a presiding officer is to put the question. In the Lords instead of peers answering aye or no as they do in the House of Commons and in Congress, they say content or noncontent, and when a division is challenged the Lord Chancellor directs the contents to pass to the right of the throne and the noncontents to the left. Tellers are appointed who carry white wands and count the members as they pass through the lobby and report the vote to the Lord Chancellor, who announces the result. Forty years or so ago a peer might vote by proxy, but the practice has now fallen into disuse. Peers have the privilege of entering their protest on the journals of the House against any resolution to which they dissent, and of stating their reasons for protesting.

When the sovereign attends in person to open or prorogue Parliament or give the royal assent to bills, the affair is a great state function, with all the glitter and pomp to make the pageant memorable; but as a rule the duties devolve on commissioners, and one of the quaintest and most picturesque ceremonies in connection with legislation at Westminster is the solemn rite by which a bill becomes the law of the land. Nominally all authority proceeds from the king, and it is the king who must give his assent to all legislation. This of course is now merely a matter of form. Every bill that has passed Parliament receives the royal assent on the advice of the Premier; but if after a bill has passed circumstances should convince the Prime Minister that it is not advisable for it to become a law he has merely to advise the king to withhold his assent, and the bill would be as dead as if it had been defeated by either house. But this, of course, is the veto of the government in power and not the personal veto of the sovereign. Theoretically the monarch has the power of veto; in practice he has none. George III was the last king of England who attempted to make the

royal assent something more than mere form and insisted that the measures he was asked to approve should be explained to him. The story is told that when Lord Chancellor Thurlow brought a batch of bills to the king for his assent he asked so many questions that Thurlow lost his temper and said to the king: "It is all damned nonsense trying to make you understand them, and you had better consent to them at once."

When the king does not attend in person, the royal assent is given by commission. Five commissioners, one of whom is always the Lord Chancellor, are appointed by letters patent issued under the great seal. The five lords commissioners, in scarlet peers' robes and three-cornered hats, sit on a bench in front of the throne. Both houses must be present to hear the royal assent, so Black Rod is dispatched to summon the faithful Commons, and this ceremony is another of those traditions meaninglessly to-day. Black Rod, who is always a distinguished retired naval or military officer and receives a salary of \$5,000 a year, looks the part in his black tunic heavily embroidered with gold, black knee breeches, silk stockings, and silver buckles on his shoes, a sword by his side, and an ebony staff capped with gold in his right hand. As he solemnly crosses from the Lords to the Commons, his passage voiced by the shouts of the ushers: "Black Rod! Way for Black Rod!" No sooner does the sergeant-at-arms of the House of Commons hear this warning shout from the outer lobby than he rushes to the door of the House and closes it and turns the key in the lock. The House suspends all business, and then three faint knocks are heard on the door. The sergeant-at-arms looks out through a tiny porthole and bows to the Speaker, who gives an affirmative nod, whereupon the doors are thrown open with a flourish and an usher announces in a loud voice, "Black Rod," and that functionary slowly and with many observances advances to the table and delivers his message to the Speaker, who receives it standing. He then with equal humility retires.

This inhospitable reception of Black Rod is again symbolic. There was a time in the history of England when kings and nobles attempted to interfere with the free deliberations of the Commons and make the servants of the people the servants of royalty. The closing of the door in the face of the messenger of royalty and the keeping of it closed until he has humbly asked for admis-

sion, is the sign that the Commons within their own chamber are supreme masters of themselves and acknowledge no master except the sovereign people.

When Black Rod has retired, the Speaker, in state and attended by as many members as care to go, proceeds to the bar of the House of Lords, where they stand during the ceremony. The lords commissioners do not rise at the entrance of the Speaker, but they raise their hats in acknowledgment of his profound bow. The clerk reads the letters patent appointing "our most trusted and well-beloved councilor" the Lord Chancellor, and "our most dear cousin and councilor," or "our well-beloved and faithful councilor," according to his rank, a commission to signify the royal assent, each peer raising his hat as his name is read. Then the clerk of the crown standing to the left of the commissioners bows to them and reads the title of the first bill. The clerk of the Parliaments on the other side bows to the commissioners and then to the Speaker and announces in the old Norman French phrase "*Le Roy le veult*," or the king wills it, and what was before a bill has now become an act of Parliament and the law of the land. The same ceremony is repeated with every bill on the list. In the case of a bill granting supplies or money to the sovereign the phrase employed is: "*Le Roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur b n volence, et ainsi leur veult*," that is, the king thanks his good subjects, accepts their bounty, and so wills it. If it is a private bill, that is, a bill to grant additional powers to a railway or gas or other similar company, the phrase used is "*Soit fait comme il est d sir *," or be it done as it is desired. When the king withholds assent it is by the simple words "*Le Roy s'avisera*," or the king will consider. When the last bill has been assented to the Speaker retires and formally reports to the House.

The use of Norman French takes the England of to-day back four or five centuries. Cromwell, that stout old iconoclast for whom traditions had no terrors, who called the mace, that sacred symbol of the Speaker's authority, "a bauble" and ordered it thrown out of the House, gave his assent to bills in English, and in 1707 a bill passed the House of Lords and was well on its way to passage in the House of Commons requiring English to be used for the royal assent, when a dissolution of Parliament intervened. From that day to this no attempt has been made to restore the mother tongue.



MORTON PRINCE



BORIS SIDIS



W. A. WHITE



IRA VAN GIESON

THE RIDDLE OF PERSONALITY

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

IV. AMERICAN EXPLORERS OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS

AFTER what has been said of the development of hypnotism as a therapeutic agency, it will be evident that its widest sphere of usefulness is in the treatment of nervous and mental disease. This constitutes a fact of the highest social significance. Under the stress of modern civilization, and more particularly in countries of great economic activity, neurasthenia, hysteria, and kindred disorders have increased with appalling rapidity. Convincing proof of this is furnished by the recently published statistics of the United States Census Bureau relating to insanity, that dread culmination of nervous and mental breakdown. These we may well contemplate for a moment, in order to bring clearly before our mind's eye the ravages of insanity and the necessity for utilizing all the means at our command to combat it. The figures to be quoted refer usually to the year 1903, and in most cases only to the insane confined in public and private asylums.

It appears, then, that as regards the countries of the European continent, the minimum is found in Hungary with a total of 2,716 insane, or 14.1 per 100,000 of population, and the maximum is reached in Switzerland with a total of 7,434 insane, or 224.2 per 100,000. Germany has 108,004 insane, or 191.6; France, 69,190, or 177.5, and Italy, 34,802, or 109.2. In the British Empire the ratios are far higher: Ireland, 22,138, or 490.9; Scotland, 16,658, or 363.7; England and Wales, 113,964, or 340.1; and Canada, 12,819, or 238.6. Turning to the United States we find a total of no fewer than 150,151 insane, and while this is a ratio of only 186.2 per 100,000 of population, there is good reason to suspect

that insanity is increasing in the United States more rapidly than in any other country. In any event, it is increasing so rapidly as to assume the aspect of an urgent social problem which must be solved if the best interests of the nation are to be conserved.

Investigation shows that though the present ratio of 186.2 per 100,000 refers only to the insane immured in asylums, it exceeds by 16.2 the ratio of 1890 for all the insane in the United States, whether in or out of asylums, and exceeds by 68.0 the ratio of the same year for the asylum insane. Doubtless, as has been suggested, the increase is in part attributable to kinder and more rational methods of treatment whereby the lives of the insane are prolonged. But this can explain only a small part of the increase, when the fact is borne in mind that during the decade 1880-1890 the population of American asylums increased from 40,942 to 74,028, and by 1903 had leaped to 150,151, or more than double the total for 1890. Obviously, the census officials have warrant for their belief that in the United States the growth of insanity is outdistancing that of the population; and consequently there is good ground for the assertion that the lesser mental ills are increasing with even greater rapidity. The need of a remedy is plainly urged both by humanitarian and economic considerations. The maintenance bill for American asylums already amounts to more than \$20,000,000 annually, over ninety per cent of the insane in the United States being wholly or partially dependent on public support. And no nation thus constantly and increasingly weakened may hope to retain political, industrial, or commercial headship.

Under such circumstances, and in view of the enterprising spirit of the American peo-

ple, it would naturally be thought that they would be among the first to seize, develop, and utilize the results of the new science of psychopathology. But the contrary has been the case, and to such a degree that, as concerns the investigation of mental vagaries, America to-day lags far behind France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and other countries. For this condition of affairs there have been several causes, into which it is not necessary to enter. Far more important and agreeable is it to be able to record that a new era is dawning, and that the time seems near when, in point both of theoretical and practical achievement in psychopathological research, the United States will be outranked by no other country, not even by France. When this time shall have arrived, the names of a little group of pioneers will be held in grateful and enduring remembrance.

Foremost among these are Boris Sidis and Morton Prince. Years ago Dr. Prince, who is a Boston physician of international reputation as a specialist in nervous and mental disease, became persuaded that the labors of Charcot, Liébeault, Bernheim, and Janet had yielded truths of great moment to both the psychologist and the physician, and it is safe to say that no one has done more than he to overcome the overt and covert opposition of the American scientific world to the employment of suggestion as a curative and experimental agent. Recognizing, as few of his collaborators have recognized, the need of taking psychotherapeutics out of the control of "wonder workers," and of placing it on a strictly scientific basis, he has largely devoted his energies to experimentation and observation, and (especially since the launching of his periodical, the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*) to the task of giving publicity to the discoveries of such savants as Janet and Bernheim, and in this way furthering knowledge of the progress achieved and of the problems still baffling the psychopathologists. But he is also a practitioner and has to his credit many cures; notably the much-discussed "Miss Beauchamp" case of multiple personality.

So much publicity has been given to this case that, informing as it is, I do not deem it desirable to restate the details. Suffice it to say that Miss Christine L. Beauchamp was a young New England woman in whom there developed, in addition to the personality known to her family and friends, three different and alternating personalities, each with

distinct trains of memory, emotions, desires, et cætera. From the curative standpoint the case was complicated by the discovery, made accidentally and not until long after treatment had begun, that Miss Beauchamp's seemingly normal personality was not her *original* personality. For an exhaustive and readable account of the phenomena observed and the manner in which a cure was effected after seven years of endeavor, the reader may consult Dr. Prince's "The Dissociation of a Personality." This and other cases testified to the validity of his hypotheses and the value of the new methods of treating mental alienation.

Equally impressive is the work of Boris Sidis, the Janet of the United States. And first, a few words as to Dr. Sidis's career, in itself most interesting. Of Russian birth, he came to this country when still an extremely young man and entered Harvard for the purpose of continuing the psychological studies he had begun in his native land, and of mastering the English language. It was not long before his industry, his alertness, and, above all, his originality, attracted the attention of Professor James, who conceived a hearty admiration for the young Russian and prophesied that he would be heard from after leaving Harvard. This prophecy was speedily fulfilled with the publication of his "The Psychology of Suggestion," which made it evident that a remarkably gifted investigator and thinker had entered the scientific field. About this time, too, opportunity knocked at Dr. Sidis's door in most unexpected fashion. Acting on the recommendation of Dr. Carlos F. MacDonald, president of the State Lunacy Commission, the New York Legislature had created a novel department of governmental activity, a "pathological institute." This was intended to be, so to speak, an educational annex to the State hospital system, its chief legal *raison d'être* being that it might "provide instruction in brain pathology and other subjects for the medical officers of the State hospitals." But, as luck would have it, a progressive and liberal-minded physician, Dr. Ira Van Gieson, was appointed director, and the institute speedily developed into something more than a mere hospital appanage.

Dr. Van Gieson, who deserves to be ranked among American pathfinders of the subconscious, saw clearly that, as then constituted, psychiatry (the study of insanity) was in a dismal slough of despond and could make

little progress until the problems of insanity were approached from other than the purely medical standpoint. To this end he gathered about him a staff of specialists in allied sciences, and as associate in psychology and psychopathology, he selected Dr. Sidis. It was in 1896 that the institute began work in earnest, and by 1899 Dr. Van Gieson could report to the State Commission that "much material has been accumulated by the director and his associates, and many scientific generalizations of theoretical and practical importance have been worked out." Among these generalizations was Dr. Sidis's now famous "law of dissociation" which has thrown a flood of light on the mechanism both of insanity and of suggestion, and which we shall presently survey in brief.

But if Dr. Van Gieson might justly feel proud of the results obtained in so short a time, it was none the less certain that the commission was dissatisfied with his conduct of the institute. Criticism hinged on the fact that he was subordinating the educational to the experimental phase, and he was urged to pay more attention to the work of instructing the asylum physicians. In vain he protested that "the main function of the institute is the investigation of the principles and laws of abnormal mental life." He was reminded that the act creating the institute contemplated other objects. A bitter controversy developed, and in the end he and his associates were swept from office with their work unfinished, and the institute was reorganized along lines more in accordance with the purpose of the measure that had brought it into existence. For a time the little band of investigators found refuge in a private laboratory, but ere long lack of funds caused their dispersal, Dr. Sidis removing to Brookline, Mass., where he has since continued his therapeutic and experimental work, now independently, now in coöperation with Dr. Prince and others, to no small extent centering his efforts on the elaboration of the law of dissociation.

This law or principle is a derivative of a novel conception in biology—the much-debated theory of neuron motility, itself a product of recent investigation. According to it the neuron (that is to say, the nerve cell and its prolongations) is held to be an anatomical unit possessing the power of independent movement and securing concerted functional activity with other neurons by means of a connection simply of contact. Having regard

to this theory—and appreciating the ease with which, under such conditions, contact might be broken, neuron energy be interfered with, and the detached neurons either be utterly destroyed or form themselves into new clusters—it seemed possible to Dr. Sidis to view mental disorders as the accompanying psychical manifestations of neuron disintegration. For example, the individual, A, suffers from a severe illness, a blow, a mental shock, and subsequently exhibits, it may be loss of memory, it may be a proneness to hallucinations, it may be even a completely changed personality. Dr. Sidis would explain all such phenomena on the ground that the initial trouble, whatever its nature, whether physical or psychical, had brought about a neuron disturbance with accompanying "dissociation" of consciousness. More than this, he would apply the law of dissociation to explain sundry physical disorders (as certain headaches, hystero-epilepsy, etc.) on the assumption that in such cases the physical phenomena, the headaches, the fits, were the external indications of a deep-seated psychical malady. In either instance a cure is deemed possible, once it is ascertained that the dissociation has not proceeded so far as to involve destruction of the nerve cell. At first, of course, the law of dissociation was utilized by Dr. Sidis as a working hypothesis merely; to-day, however, it has been, in his opinion and in the opinion of many other investigators, so firmly established that its validity is no longer dependent on the validity of the neuron theory, which, I may add, is still held suspect.

The operation and significance of this law may be made plain by a review of a few of the human problems that have been worked out by Dr. Sidis; problems, moreover, of direct bearing on our present inquiry into the nature of human personality. Let us begin with the case of D. F., a young girl treated by Dr. Sidis in coöperation with another really scientific American psychopathologist, Dr. William A. White, now superintendent of the Government hospital for the insane at Washington, but then (1897) connected with the State hospital at Binghamton, N. Y. It was there that D. F. came under observation, having been committed as insane when only thirteen years of age. Until this time, it appears, nothing abnormal had been noticed in her conduct, and the circumstances attending the onset of the attack were such that Drs. Sidis and White

immediately suspected that she might be a victim not of insanity but dissociation. To determine the verity of their suspicion they subjected her to some curious tests. Psychopathological examination had revealed the fact that there was a decided contraction of her field of vision, and that many parts of her body were insensible to pain or sensation of any kind. With this knowledge, objects were introduced midway between her field and the normal field of vision and she was asked to guess their nature; the nonsensitive portions of her body were pricked with a pin and she was asked to guess the number of times. Almost invariably her guess was correct, and this satisfied the investigators that she had a subconscious perception of the test stimuli. What this meant was that they had before them a clear case of dissociation, and that dissociation had not progressed from the functional to the fatal organic stage. Hypnotic experiments confirmed this view, and the attempt was now made to raise the fugitive, subconscious perceptions above the threshold of consciousness, and thus obtain a complete reassociation. D. F. was hypnotized and the suggestion was made to her that she should pass from the hypnotic into a state of normal sleep. While in this state of normal sleep pencil and paper were given her and she wrote, from Dr. Sidis's dictation, a letter in which she informed her mother that she was determined "to try not to be sick any more." As the technical report on her case says:

"It was the awakening of the patient's spontaneous energy coming from the depths of her own being. That this energy was really awakened and the synthesis voluntarily formed by the spontaneous activity of the patient herself, are well shown in the interesting and highly suggestive lines which she herself volunteered after the letter was finished, as if to emphasize distinctly that what she had just written by dictation was not a matter of a passively accepted suggestion, but of a spontaneous, voluntary, active, energetic resolution. The resolution was especially well seen in the way she wrote it. The pencil was firmly grasped in the hand, and she wrote quickly and with determination the following sentence, '*I mean what I have just written,*' and signed her name."

Later she was again hypnotized, and in order to reinforce her resolution and complete the synthesis of the dissociated states it was

suggested to her that her eyesight would be "as good as anyone's," that sensation would be restored to her, and that she would recollect everything that had transpired in the natural sleep. Astounding as it may seem, the results suggested actually followed. "The field of vision," we read, "taken immediately after attempts to run the dissociated systems into one, was markedly enlarged. The field of vision kept on expanding." Similarly, the nonsensitive parts recovered sensation, and she regained a sound memory. But what was most important of all, D. F. became what she had originally been—a quiet, modest, normal girl, rescued from the asylum to develop into a useful member of society. "Since the discharge from the hospital she has had no return of any of the symptoms which led to her committal. The patient's mental condition remains normal, and there has been no recurrence for the period of five years of the contraction of the field of vision."

In this case the immediate cause of dissociation does not seem to have been ascertained, but it was speedily learned in another and in its way more difficult case recorded by Dr. Sidis. J. F., a Russian Jew, intelligent, of good physique and temperate habits, had occasion in 1900 to consult a physician for some slight abdominal trouble, and was jokingly told that he had "lumps" in his stomach. The temporary suggestibility of the patient was such that this statement formed the nucleus of a highly systematized delusion. Into his mind came the idea that a vast quantity of waste materials had accumulated in his intestines in the shape of lumps, and presently he imagined that the lumps were constantly shifting in position, passing and repassing between different organs of his body. Soon more bizarre conceptions took possession of him. He "believed he had worms in his intestines; it was these worms working on the great amount of lumps that broke the big hard lumps and ate them; at the same time, being stupid and careless, they sprinkled tiny lumps all about them. . . . In this process of sprinkling, due to the careless mode of 'feasting,' the worms themselves became besprinkled with tiny lumps and were very uncomfortable, but they could not free themselves from the lumps which stuck fast to their slimy, sticky bodies. . . . Fortunately for himself as well as for the worms, three agencies came to the rescue of this intolerable state of affairs—the

spleen, the soul, and the veins. . . . The spleen and the soul were the two active agents in this purifying process. The soul was the scavenger and the spleen the director. . . . A whole system of signs was established between . . . the soul and the spleen, signs which the patient could hear distinctly. He would hear the spleen grunt in reply to the signals given to it in a sort of deaf and mute fashion by the ever-working, never-tiring soul. The spleen would grunt when the soul worked well, but its grunt did not resemble that of man," and so on *ad infinitum*. Manifestly, here was a man who ordinarily would have ended his days in the madhouse. And, in fact, he proved a most troublesome patient, his delusions persisting even when he was put into deep hypnosis. But Dr. Sidis did not despair, and by a long course of hypnotic treatment gradually succeeded in suggesting the imaginary lumps away, through impressing on the patient's subconsciousness the idea that the delusion was a past experience.

Under hypnosis, it is worth noting, J. F. manifested a personality quite distinct from that of his waking self. In this respect his case was similar to that of another of Dr. Sidis's patients, Mr. R., a business man of phlegmatic temperament who was unaccountably afflicted by a trembling of the hands so pronounced as to prevent his carrying a glass of water to his mouth. For eight years this malady had slowly grown worse, until he finally consulted Dr. Sidis in much the spirit of the drowning man who clutches at the proverbial straw. Hypnotizing him, Dr. Sidis discovered that the Mr. R. of the hypnotic state was a vastly different person from the Mr. R. of everyday life. "We no longer have before us a business man of fifty. We see before us a childlike soul, displaying a most intense human emotion. . . . All business is completely forgotten; not a mention is made of money." No time was lost in demanding of the hypnotized Mr. R.: "Can you tell us the exact conditions and the time when you first perceived the tremor in your hands?" "Yes, it was on the day my wife died." "Do you have any dreams?" "Yes." "What are they?" And now followed a long series of dreams, all relating to the dead wife and revealing the existence of a constant subconscious yearning and sorrow for the lost companion of his earlier years. Here, clearly, was a secondary self of more attractive characteristics than the waking self of the

cold, calculating man of affairs. But it was a dissociated self, influencing adversely the physical well-being of the waking self. Dr. Sidis's duty was plain, and the means of performing it in his power. A few treatments, and Mr. R.'s hands had ceased to tremble.

More impressive than any of the foregoing, and indeed unique in the annals of psychopathology, is the strange case of the Rev. Thomas C. Hanna. Like the case of Miss Christine L. Beauchamp, this has already received considerable publicity, but it is necessary that at least an outline of it be given here, while readers desiring the details may consult Dr. Sidis's "Multiple Personality." To be brief, Mr. Hanna, in the spring of 1897, was plunged into a state of complete amnesia as the result of a fall from a carriage. He lost all sense of identity, forgot the events of his past life, had no sign of recognition for relatives and friends. More, he had to be taught to read, to write, even to talk and walk and eat. It was at first thought that his future home would have to be in an asylum, but as time progressed and he displayed the possession of a keen, vigorous, intelligent personality, his case was referred to Drs. Sidis and Goodhart in the hope that they might succeed in recovering the lost contents of his consciousness. Their immediate concern was to learn whether any memory of events antedating the accident persisted in a subconscious, dissociated state. As has been seen, resort is usually had to hypnotism for this purpose, but it was found impossible to hypnotize Mr. Hanna. However, the employment of a method known as hypnoidization finally yielded results.

We must dwell for a moment on hypnoidization since it involves one of the most remarkable discoveries made by the modern students of the self. It is based, as was said in the preceding article, on the principle of distraction; that is to say, on the theory that if the waking consciousness be distracted, the contents of the subconsciousness will rise above the threshold—the same theory, by the way, that guides the psychical researcher in his investigations into the verity of telepathy, or the transmission of thought from mind to mind through none of the usual channels of communication. The mere fact that it has been found possible to apply this theory to practical purposes, is in itself striking proof of the complexity of the self. It is applied in different ways. Sometimes the patient is simply requested to close his eyes, keep as

quiet as possible, and then relate the thoughts that flit through his mind. Sometimes he is given pencil and paper and asked to set down in writing whatever thoughts may occur to him while listening to another person reading, or playing on the piano. Childish as this process sounds, it often brings to the surface ideas submerged beneath the threshold of consciousness and essential to the knowledge and treatment of the case.

So far as concerns Mr. Hanna, hypnoidization convinced Drs. Sidis and Goodhart that the lost memories survived, and the effort was now made to bring them permanently into the field of waking consciousness. The experiment was tried of conducting the patient to theaters, saloons, and other places of entertainment to which, in his normal state, he would not think of resorting. It was hoped that there might result a reintegrating, reassociating shock, and this hope was actually realized. One night there developed a spontaneous but brief recurrence of the original personality. The experimenters persevered, and soon witnessed the phenomenon of alternating personality. One moment the patient would be the Mr. Hanna of old, the next the secondary Mr. Hanna. He was ceaselessly urged to try to remember in each personality, the thoughts, feelings, actions of the other. Memory was to be the bridge across the chasm separating the two personalities. Ultimately, complete fusion was effected and the clergyman restored to his family a normal, healthy man. This was some years ago, and as up to the present (December, 1906) there has been no relapse, a lasting cure has apparently been obtained.

What results from the scrutiny of such cases as these? For one thing, or so it seems to me, the knowledge that an unfailing in-

strument is available to readjust the mental equilibrium of the individual and the race tottering under the strain and hurry of modern conditions of life. The psychopathologists, it is true, confess that they are helpless in the presence of actual insanity; but actual insanity is often preceded by stages in which it is possible to avert the impending doom. Moreover, other nervous and mental ills, not necessarily culminating in insanity, lend themselves readily to treatment by the skilled psychopathologist, while obstinately refusing to yield to the methods of the orthodox schools. All of which should carry home to the unprejudiced observer the great desirability of furthering by every means possible the investigations already so rich in results despite the heavy handicaps imposed on the explorers. Europe has its Salpêtrière and its psychopathic laboratories. The United States, with its 150,000 lunatics, can no longer afford to ignore the example of Europe.

And now that we have succeeded in gaining thanks to the labors of such men as Liébeault and Bernheim and Janet and Sidis, clearer insight into the nature and faculties of personality, one monumental question remains—the question of the survival of personality after the death of the body. As the reader is aware, a systematized inquiry has been set on foot to determine the validity of the traditional belief that personality persists beyond the grave, and we must now turn to examine the progress of this inquiry, not only on account of its inherent interest and importance, but because it has been the means of bringing to light many informing facts overlooked by the psychopathologists whose concern has been with the obviously abnormal rather than the seemingly supernormal in human life.



ECONOMIC DESTINY AND AMERICAN FOREIGN TRADE*

BY HAROLD BOLCE

IT is easy to convince the American who has goods to sell in Europe that it would be advantageous to give foreign countries tariff concessions, with the understanding that we were to receive reciprocal consideration at their customs borders. Thus the boot and shoe men of New England, who want free hides, that they may produce their goods at a price that will compete with similar footwear foreign-made, are anxious that America should give an opening to a new class of commodities from Germany and France, so that Germany and France will give the right of way to American footwear. But this argument does not appeal to the Westerner who has hides for sale, and it is particularly repugnant to manufacturers in the United States who fear competition in this country with imported products produced where labor and material are cheaper.

But while people have been disputing over the localized phases of this great international economic question, capital itself has been solving it. There is no tariff wall, among the nearly two hundred on the earth, high enough to keep out investment. Partly because of the handicap placed on American goods by the foreign tariffs and partly because of the increased facility in distributing our factory products abroad, the last few years have witnessed the erection in Europe of many American plants. It is estimated that about \$100,000,000 of American capital is invested in factories in the Old World. Similarly European capital is invested in American

factories and American railways. It is significant of the new order of international relations that the present King Edward of England draws more revenue in interest on American securities held by his royal household, than George III ever exacted from the American colonies.

A reassuring thing in this extraordinary fact is that it is one of the manifold international relationships making for permanent commercial peace. King Edward's holdings in the United States are typical investments here of thousands of British capitalists, and the American factories are only a partial list of similar establishments built by capital and missionaries sent from the United States. It is obvious that just as the use of gunpowder in warfare demolished the ancient walls that were proof against the crude weapons of the barbarians, so the finance of modern times has made a mockery of the tariff barriers maintained with great expense and jubilant patriotism on the borderland of the nation.

Our foreign commerce in itself is of little value to the United States, compared with our stupendous domestic market. If we could cut permanently all the cables that connect us with the rest of the world, and blast out of the empyrean the secret force that conveys wireless telegraphy, and stretch across the entire continental sky a wire netting to keep out aerial craft, we could live to ourselves. Then, with the recurring prodigality of our harvests and the increasing production of our factories and the pulsating heart beats of our general industry, America would go on in unbroken prosperity. But the new laws of science and the new laws of finance make this picture

* This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. Bolce, who has just returned from Europe, where, in order to prepare these papers for "Appleton's Magazine," he has been investigating current trade conditions as they affect American foreign commerce.

impossible. We are forced to reciprocal relationships with the powers of the world, not exclusively because we need or seek foreign commerce, but because our industrial and commercial life depends vitally upon international solvency and progress. The foreign relations between nations to-day cost vastly more than the profit made on international commerce, but as we cannot build tariff walls to the sky, and there is no prospect of our competitors being engulfed, we are confronted by the necessity of transacting international business in keeping with the new economics.

It has puzzled the economists and the poets to understand why, in spite of the progress of enlightenment and the convening of peace parliaments, the armaments of Europe have been steadily augmented. Every year sees the launching of a new squadron of *Dreadnaughts*. The secret is that the statesmen and kings who are ordering battleships and mobilizing new armies are not the business managers of the world. The old bogey of political fear between the powers is kept alive by the restless War Lords, and yet even they maintain in undoubted sincerity that the increase of their armaments is not for the purpose of extending their domain, but for the preservation of peace and the promotion of commerce. If the Utopians who dream of universal peace would give closer study to the economics of modern warfare, their arguments would be far more persuasive. It is interesting to find that our three months' skirmish with the moribund kingdom of Spain, cost the United States more money than was consumed in the eight years of the Revolutionary struggle ending with the independence of our thirteen colonies. And the only legitimate excuse for modern warfare is that it is supposed to increase the wealth of the various nations!

It is true that the war spirit is a strong and enduring one. One of the futilities of the peace promoters is that they have been trying to substitute the Doxology for the Marseillaise and the Battle Song of the Republic. The best and bravest blood of the feudal ages was ravished in the effort to redeem sacred places of the Holy East from the feet of the infidel. To-day the Christian powers could convene at The Hague and by international resolution demand in five minutes the graves and other sacred places of the Levant from the weaker nations that now hold sovereignty there. They could, if they could find it, insist that the

Garden of Eden be set apart as an international park for Christian pilgrims. But there is no commercial interest in these matters, and they are not considered.

If we will in fancy move the political boundary of any country and include in an ampler area the land against which militant kings and statesmen inveigh, we shall realize that the fears they conjure up are fictitious. If, for example, Canada were a part of the American Union, the furtherance of trade between the Dominion and the United States, instead of being a catastrophe to the industries of either, would increase the prosperity of both. And even if Germany or France were to become a European connection of the United States, instead of imagining a German peril, or a French peril, we should boast jubilantly of the progress of the Americanized centers in the Old World, and begin to regard with suspicion all the commercial activities and ambitions beyond our American tariff wall in Europe. When the New Internationalism forces reciprocity upon congresses and parliaments, as it is rapidly doing, the world will forget that the dispensation of commercial peace was ushered in by men possessing the shrewdest sense of self-interest. In federated Germany to-day, for example, they extol the songs and traditions of the Rhineland as prophetic of the unified empire which the mutual interests of the former dismembered states made possible and permanent. Yet the trust has done far more for Germany than the troubadour. So, too, in France the fall of the Bastille was less important than the rise of the factory.

THE COST OF COMMERCIAL CONFLICT

The advocates of reciprocity, like the proponents of peace—and both are sponsors for kindred phases of the same economic gospel—have failed to emphasize the appalling loss sustained by the victorious as well as the vanquished power. Nor is this loss measured in the curtailment of commerce, in the case of reprisals, nor in the direct burdens shouldered upon a nation by war. It is the paralysis of initiative that constitutes the real scourge of tariff wars and military conflicts. In the five years beginning with the panic of 1893 there were more than 70,000 firms in America forced into bankruptcy, with liabilities exceeding one billion dollars. But no man can estimate the greater unrecorded injury caused by the spectacle of this American

collapse. Houses that were solvent to-day closed their doors on the morrow. Confidence was gone. Panic, confusion, and paralysis utterly demolished the splendid superstructure of credit that prosperity had built high.

Many short-sighted public men minimize the destruction spread over this continent by the panic of those years on the ground that simultaneously our exports of manufactures increased. According to the Government's revised classification, the exports of manufactures during those five years of commercial stagnation at home were \$803,590,806. This is two hundred million dollars less than the sum of our failures for that period. The profit on that foreign trade is estimated at less than twenty per cent. But giving allowance for a possible maximum profit of twenty per cent, the net returns to American enterprise amounted to about \$32,000,000 annually. Forty years of such traffic would barely atone for the losses sustained in our five years of panic, a panic that began in the downfall of securities in the distant republic of Argentina.

Under the rule of the War Lords and the militant statesmen of the earth, the international relations of the combined powers of the world, weighing the profit in commerce against the cost of fleets and armies and the interest on the heritage of former wars, are conducted only at an enormous loss.

A few figures will illustrate this dramatic fact. The export trade of all nations combined amounts to less than twelve billion dollars per annum. Exporters in various parts of the world have shown me that the profit on that commerce amounts to between ten and twenty per cent. If we accept twenty per cent, the profit on the world's export commerce in the latest year is \$2,400,000,000. The latest figures show that the military budget of the nations was \$1,975,162,000. To this must be added \$120,000,000 for the interest on the great war debts. Moreover, the annual interest on all national debts, largely for expenses of war—war permitted by statesmen in the fanciful interests of commerce—amounts to \$1,417,532,000. Thus the hostile side of commercial reciprocity has saddled upon the combined nations an annual burden of at least three billion dollars, and we have seen that the profit on international trade in a year is \$2,400,000,000. Thus the foreign relationships of nations, despite the increasing passing of cargoes, is in this civil-

ized day creating an annual deficit of over half a million dollars.

In June, 1906, John Burns, member of the British cabinet, called attention in a speech at Manchester to the fact that in the past ten years England had spent \$2,500,000,000 in war. He stated by way of contrast that it had taken 25,000 municipalities of the United Kingdom one hundred years to spend \$2,500,000,000 on 2,000 gasworks, waterworks, markets, tramways, and electric-light undertakings. It is easy to convince Americans, accustomed to looking upon our country as a peace-loving nation, that the military budgets abroad are draining the Old World of its financial vitality. It will astonish many citizens of the United States to learn that in the table of relative military and naval expenses, including the sums spent in different countries for pensions, and all amounting, as stated above, to nearly two billion dollars, exclusive of interest on national war debts, America heads the column. The latest figures are \$359,000,000 for the United States, \$346,000,000 for Great Britain, \$241,000,000 for Russia, \$238,000,000 for Germany; and all this in times of peace!

We find much jubilation in our land over the 1906 record of exports of manufactures from America to the nations. They amounted to \$459,000,000 in value—only \$100,000,000 more than we paid out for the army and navy and a patriotic company of pensioners. If we take twenty per cent of the value of our export trade and manufactures as profit we have an annual net return from this fancied invasion of foreign markets of less than \$92,000,000 a year. Our entire export trade in 1906, including all our cargoes of raw materials, which make up the bulk of our foreign trade, amounted to \$1,717,000,000. The profit on that was about \$346,000,000, or \$13,000,000 less than the cost of our own military establishment, including pensions!

The advocates of peace have conducted a forlorn campaign in dwelling only upon the beatitudes of the *régime* they have sought so ineffectually to bring about. Meanwhile the men of blood and power, who are trying to safeguard, as they suppose, the wealth of nations, create armies and fleets to protect commerce from an imaginary foe. The promoters of great industries in Germany do not need the Kaiser's legions to protect them against the financiers of France, and they are the real rulers of that republic. The money

kings of New York want no war waged against Mexico, where Wall Street gold is operating mines and railways. American capital sailing under the British flag does not want the Union Jack pulled down. The modern war programme constitutes a monumental folly. It maintains at the cost of incredible billions a destructive equipment which constructive finance and industry do not need. It is a spectacular patrol around walls that have been leveled. It is a sullen and desperate assertion of madmen trying to control the sane. Financially, the world is one, but the statesmen and monarchs squandering the world's wealth for armies and armaments do not know it. Theirs is the real frenzied finance. Once the complaint was against men who cried peace when there was no peace; now the bellicose captains are crying war when all the world desires peace, including the very nations that support the disturbers of peace. While all industrial nations are calling for labor, the military system withdraws from fields of industry five million officers and men, while the war footing numbers no less than thirty-nine million. It is as if nearly half the inhabitants of the United States were reserved for battle. This war footing of the nations exceeds the entire population of France!

It is fortunate that the financier studying foreign quotations has become more of a force than the ambitious general poring over topographic maps. The countries that borrow to develop industries have established an everlasting truce with the countries that lend. The new covenants of peace and reciprocity are not on file in the departments of state. The vault of the modern financier has come to be a depository of more significant international secrets than the pigeon-hole of the politician.

OUR EUROPEAN OPPORTUNITIES

One of the reasons why reciprocity is opposed is that America imagines it has built up a splendid foreign commerce, and that having preserved and extended that trade without making tariff concessions, it is obviously not necessary to make overtures to the Powers. The picturesqueness of many of our cargoes has appealed to the American mind. Hamburg at times has cabled to Chicago for sauerkraut, California has sold Rhine wine to France, Ireland has imported potatoes from Maine, and files made in

Providence have been sold in Sheffield. All of this gives piquant emphasis to prideful speeches and essays, but it is significant only of one phase of internationalism. Over our tariff wall erected as a barrier against foreign goods, we imported in the fiscal year 1906 dutiable articles valued at \$676,939,965. That was \$217,000,000 more than the value of our manufactures sold to all foreign nations.

There have been many optimistic arguments that the loom beside the cotton field has an advantage over the loom across the sea. Theoretically America with its thousands of miles of seacoast indented with fine harbors, should send its ships to supply the nations with cotton goods, since we produce three-fourths of the earth's raw cotton. But note the facts. Switzerland, whose valleys produce no cotton, and whose mountains yield no coal, exports to the United States a greater value of cotton goods spun in factories that burn coal, than America with all its vast plantations, its fuel, its seacoasts, and its ships, sells to all of the Old World put together! The spectacle of this little half-frozen republic on the roof of Europe, possessing not an inch of ocean frontage and without a single plank afloat, forging away ahead of continental America in the race for cotton markets, indicates the absurdity of our claims to foreign trade.

Considerable importance was given to the unquestionably interesting fact that the banner floating over the Mikado's palace, and the Union Jack on Windsor Castle, were both held to the breeze by a flagstaff cut near Puget Sound. It seems amazing that such a statement should beguile the American mind from the serious statistics of totals in foreign commerce. Such bizarre triumphs can easily be matched in exports from other lands to America. Our Fourth-of-July celebration of the founding of a Christian democracy is made glorious with fireworks exported from the pagan Mongolian Empire, for instance.

If the traveler will look vigilantly enough he will find American cottons on the coast of Somaliland. In Abyssinia a certain kind of American cotton is a standard of money, probably because of its scarcity in that region. It is pleasing to the American ear, this news that the slaves of Africa, the camels of the desert, the reindeer of Lapland, the llamas of Peru, the yaks of Thibet, and the dogs of the Arctic Circle, take up freight where the roads terminate and carry American goods

to the limits of human habitation; but whatever goes to these distant parts of the earth from the United States is a triumph of enterprise on the part of the buyer. America has not sought this traffic. We are indifferent even to the trade opportunities that lie at the door of the Atlantic. We have permitted our exports to Brazil to decline; our entire trade with South America is a pitiful fiasco. Argentina alone buys more textiles from Europe than we export to the whole world, and the value, moreover, of these textiles bought by Argentina exceeds the value of American commerce of every description going into all the ports south of the Isthmus. We have not even secured the trade of our own colonial islands of Asia. The trade we have there is in the main the result of sales to Americans who have gone to the Philippines, and who, if they had remained in America, would have purchased the same commodities, at a greater profit to the purchaser in this country. Our foreign commerce has been made up largely of raw materials needed by the other nations. With our raw copper, Germany has been electrifying the world; with our raw cotton, England and Germany, Switzerland and France, and even Italy, have been making garments for all Christendom and the pagan East.

The cause of all this spectacle of foreign nations turning out the finished goods from raw materials industriously supplied by America, is that our whole external commerce has been merely incidental in our progress and prosperity. The majority of the American people has been indifferent to foreign trade, and consequently to reciprocity, because so deeply preoccupied on our own continent, figuring up the totals of our own industrial, financial, and commercial successes. We do more business in one week in the United States than our exports of manufactures to the whole world equal in a year. An American in New York who sought in 1905 to inaugurate a new *régime* in foreign trade, discovered a big opening for a certain article in Russia, and forthwith wrote to 150 American manufacturers, telling them of the opportunity and asking them to quote prices. Only fifteen replied, and in substance they all said that they were too busy to consider foreign demands. A former Assistant Secretary of State, upon his return from a visit to the grain fields of Argentina and the greater prairies of Brazil, told me that he urged his father-in-law, a manufacturer of

plows, to look into the South American opportunity. The swift reply came that the agricultural implement makers of the United States could not supply the insistent demands of American farmers.

It is not that America is behind other countries in enterprise. Rather, it is ahead of them in prosperity. What all the nations buy from one another amounts to fifty per cent of the domestic trade of the American States. A railway from New York to Chicago, or from Chicago to Omaha, yields greater returns than a steamship line around the world. We have boasted that American locomotives whistle past the Pyramids and frighten condors in the Andes; that American-made engines pull trainloads of pilgrims to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges; and we have said much about American locomotives in Japan and Russia, and those that will go into China; but we forget that this likewise means the awakening and prosperity of the countries that buy them. In every instance, extension of our commerce means a corresponding increase in the purchasing power of the world. In the case of a majority of our cargoes going abroad, the secret is suction from the foreign shore, not propulsion from this.

Neither here nor anywhere else am I underestimating the actual triumphs of American genius abroad. That American windmills are pumping water out of the Jordan, and that Minneapolis flour is baked in lands where manna once fed the multitudes, opens the mind to vistas of opportunity. But we are apt to forget that these things are merely incidents in the romance of trade. I have seen a pen picture of a British merchant starting to work in the morning in an American car in the London subway, sitting down in his office on an American chair before an American desk, dictating his letters to a stenographer who transcribes them on an American typewriter and gives them to him to sign with a pen imported from the United States. But there are single firms in the United States that do more furniture business in a year than the United States does with Great Britain in the same period. Moreover, our exports of furniture to England have been declining for three years. In the five years ending with 1905 our exports of manufactures to Europe averaged less than \$200,000,000 per annum. This is about fifty cents per capita to the inhabitants of the Old World, or less than a cent a week. There

is nothing in all the annals of delusion more amazing than that prevalent fallacy in America that we have engineered a commercial invasion of the Old World. The semideveloped republics of Argentina and Brazil buy more actual factory goods from Europe than Europe buys from us. The profit on our \$200,000,000 of manufactures sold to Europe is about \$40,000,000 per year. That nationally is a paltry sum.

It is not at all oversanguine to believe that an intelligent entry into the European field would result in the sale of at least \$10 worth per capita a year, of American manufactures to the European. That would mean an annual export trade of four billion dollars. It is a big jump, it is true, from less than a cent a week per capita to the people of Europe, to twenty cents a week, but it has frequently been pointed out by conservative economists and shippers that our trade with China within a few years must surely reach the sum of \$5 per Mongolian a year, and most of this would be in manufactures, for the Orient is full of raw material. To Canada we sell more than \$20 worth per capita, the majority of it finished or partly finished goods. For civilized Europe, wealthier by far than all the other continents and islands combined, it is not impossible to believe that we shall, when we seek it, secure a trade in manufactures worth at least twenty cents per capita weekly among the four hundred millions of the Old World. Here is one of the opportunities that reciprocity holds out.

RECIPROCITY: THE EXAMPLE OF GERMANY

The movement toward disarmament and the inauguration of reciprocity are parallel impulses. Reciprocity is succeeding because it made its appeal on the economic ground of national self-interest. Disarmament, when it comes, will be based upon its profit to the Powers. Peace debates, to be effective, must be transferred to the stock market. Reciprocity, until commercial Germany adopted it, was merely a doctrine. The nations regarded it as America does still. It was a good thing for a college student to get his doctor's degree on, but its value was not supposed to reach into the street. Commercial Germany, going to the ends of the earth for trade, came across the modern anomaly that all the countries of continental Europe except Holland, and all of the republics of the Western Hemisphere and the empires of Asia

have erected tariff walls against foreign cargoes. Then Germany developed a new idea. It would propose reciprocity to the Powers. Germany herself, a great market for the products of other lands, would grant concessions to every country that would in exchange give compensating opportunities to German trade.

But all this could not be done in a hurry. Nearly all industrial nations have learned through successive struggles with business depression and collapse, that any sudden change works havoc with prosperity. Six years before the date set for the initiation of its new programme, Germany began to lay the foundation for reciprocity with the nations. Its first step was to enlist the co-operation of the commercial interests of the empire. The Association of Chambers of Commerce of that country, the German Agricultural Association, and the Central Association of German Manufacturers, selected members, and the chancellor appointed them. Manufacturers and farmers, merchants and exporters made up a body which was called the Special Commission for the Elaboration of Measures for Furthering Commerce. The Commission collected information from all the lines of business in that empire, finding out just where they got their imported raw materials, and what nations afforded them the best market for their wares. The concluding query in the list of questions sent to all the leading business houses of Germany, indicates the deliberate study given to the practical side of reciprocity, and affords fertile suggestion for a campaign in America. The question which brought forth answers from the greatest trading people of the continent, showing that reciprocity as the new law of modern commerce is as indispensable to international success as tariff walls were when English trade was young, was as follows:

"What suggestions have you to make as to measures to be taken for the encouragement of the production and exportation of the articles you manufacture, especially with regard to foreign competition at home as well as abroad?"

Forty-six thousand exporting manufacturers replied. Such was the colossal scale upon which Germany instituted the discussion on this innovation in commerce, more than half a decade before the plan was to be tried! It was the biggest and most practical class that ever answered questions on political economy.

At the same time and independent of the manufacturers the Treasury Department of Germany was at work with its experts on a new tariff law, and copies of this were sent to all of the twenty-five states of the empire, inviting criticisms and suggestions. When these came in, the Treasury Department recast the entire draft, and in 1899 sent it back to the same states for further suggestions. Every state went over it again in detail, and returned it, with memoranda of changes, to the treasurer. Then the experts in the central government at Berlin bent to the task of revision until January, 1901. In this month, after three years of the most patient and expert work in preparing the new reciprocal tariff, the empire turned it over to the Commission that had been getting opinions on the same subject from 46,000 practical men. Now the Commission, with the draft of the tariff at one hand and their accumulated data at the other, summoned experts from every industry and calling, and 2,000 of these experts were put to work sifting and analyzing the details of the new economic charter which Germany was to offer to modern commerce. When the 2,000 experts under the auspices of the Commission concluded their labors, the whole result was returned to the Treasury. Then the experts in the Treasury, side by side with the schedules they had prepared, set down the Commission's data showing the amount of protection deemed necessary by every line of industry in the Empire. Thus a tariff—the joint work of the business world of Germany and its economic experts, working for several years independently—was produced, and it was now sent back to all the states of the country. They returned it with suggestions, and the Treasury officials revised the entire tariff and submitted it to the Bundesrath. The text of the new tariff was published in the official *Gazette*, and the public had an opportunity to criticise the proposed law. The Bundesrath made some changes, and then laid the whole matter before the Reichstag. This was in November, 1901. Now the whole industrial, agricultural, and commercial forces of the empire had an opportunity through their representatives in the Federal Parliament to voice their views upon the new economic policy. For one year and thirty days the Reichstag discussed this great measure, which was to be fraught with meaning to the leading trading nations of the world. The

bill was passed, and on Christmas, 1902, received the signature of the emperor.

Germany was now prepared to introduce its programme of reciprocity to the world. It spent two years in negotiations with the nations of Europe and other continents, and by February 22d had concluded reciprocal treaties with all countries with which it conducts important trade, except the United States. America, still regarding reciprocity as a mere schoolman's theory, notwithstanding that the richest continent in the world had adopted it as the latter-day law of international traffic, declined to take advantage of an opportunity that meant continued peace and commercial expansion.

Among all the world's leaders, the American politician alone is failing to take advantage of the world's advance. Even the Dowager Empress of China, exasperated at her belated progress, in her flight from the allied armies, jumped from her palanquin to a motor car. This leap of many centuries is typical of the intense progress of modern times. To-day that empress talks through telephones from her dragon throne to the chambers of her councilors. China has 4,000 students abroad. We send out an occasional expert, ignore everything he reports, and imagine that we are becoming the traffic managers of the earth. When we are invited to reciprocal trade by prosperous Europe, we draw back in dread of an imaginary trade invasion on the part of Old-World nations. Peace and good will toward men has become the creed of the world's dominant rulers, because that policy pays. The historian, when he traces the forces that led to practical realization of the dreams of the humanitarian, will be called upon to pen one of the most dramatic and seemingly contradictory chapters of economic evolution, for he will be compelled to admit that the latter-day world magnates, denounced as international pirates, turned constructive, and gave stability to a world divided by political anarchy. Instead of urging races to conflict, combination is their battle cry. Their ultimatums are protocols of peace. The forces they control are not stopped by tariff walls. They have organized a world unity greater even than the sovereignty of nations. Every year they increase their mortgage on the nations that war, and extend the boundaries of the Arcady of Mammon.

CURRENT REFLECTIONS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



THE *North American Review* has been saying harsh things about the North American girl as observed in the United States. It declares that it finds little that is interesting, aside from her physical appearance, in the American girl of to-day between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two. "She has failed," it avers, "to keep pace in any respect with the American boy. Indeed, if the blunt truth be spoken, she is an intolerable bore; self-conscious, ignorant, and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations."

For true, this is a bold indictment of our girls! Ignorant, self-conscious, intolerably tiresome, and overkeen in their quest for husbands! Dear, dear! Who is he that says so? How old is he? How wise is he? And whose girls has he been inspecting?

Let us examine his charges. He says our girls between fifteen and twenty-two are ignorant. Ignorant of what? Of course they are ignorant of very much. They ought to be. A considerable degree of ignorance is highly becoming to girls in their teens or just out of them. So far as book learning goes the average American girl gets about as much of it, up to the age of nineteen, as the average American boy gets. After that age, it is true, many more boys than girls go on with systematic study. But the girls by no means abandon all pursuit of knowledge. Letting up a little in their attention to lesson books and the printed page, they study other things, and especially mankind. Mankind may seem to the *Review* an unworthy subject for the attention of girls, but able minds have been applied for long periods to very much humbler subjects than man. Think of the years that Darwin devoted profitably to earthworms! Man, humble though he be, is more important than earthworms, besides being

handier to study. It is because he is so handy for study, that girls study him. They do not select him as a subject of investigation; they study him instinctively (when they are not busy studying one another) as a species of which the individuals incessantly thrust themselves upon notice; they study him dispassionately, and again with a stimulated curiosity; hopefully at times, and again with pangs of disappointment; study him as a force worth following, and as material out of which something might be made if one knew how. The more intelligent the girl, the more in her early years she studies man, inspecting, weighing, plumbing, estimating; and comparing one individual with another.

OBSERVING the American girl in her natural pursuit of this humble but indispensable detail of knowledge, the *Review* finds her "chiefly concerned with matrimonial aspirations." There are all sorts of matrimonial aspirations, and all of them interesting, especially the aspiration of a likely girl not to marry any man whom she does not want. Every girl ought to aspire to marry some one. Matrimonial aspirations are as natural as hunger and thirst, but much more interesting because so much more complex. That the *Review* should find the presence of matrimonial aspirations in the American girl one ground for proclaiming her an intolerable bore, suggests that the *Review* is not as alert as it might be about improving its opportunities of entertainment. What grave persons, of the age of the *Review*, should look for in girls just coming to maturity, is not so much improving conversation as grace and sweetness and amusement and sprightly companionship. The observer must bring something of his own to a landscape, something to a picture, and a great deal to a book, and what pleasure he is able to get out of any one of them depends very much on what he has

to bring to the contemplation of it. And so it is with the young girls. He must bring a good deal to them. The *Review* accuses them of self-consciousness. Perfect simplicity and self-possession are rare gifts in the young, and though a few fortunate children get them by birth or early, gentle training, they are more apt to come slowly and out of a fuller social experience. It is not to be expected of a young girl that she will spread all her treasures on the counter for the inspection of the casual elder. If she has good sense she must be conscious of her own immaturity, of the limitations of her own knowledge, and the necessary fallibility of her opinions. If she is to talk to some one who knows, or ought to know, a great deal more than she does, he must be a sympathetic person, who himself has grace and gumption enough to find her where she is. To her contemporaries and coevals the American girl is not a bore. With boys of her own age she chatters on equal terms, and where their discourse gets beyond the limits of athletic sports and chaff, she shows, so far as my observation goes, neither disinclination nor incapacity to keep up her end of it.

OF COURSE a thousand different impressions of the American girl are possible and warrantable because of the immense variety in individuals, and the infinite diversity of environments and methods of training. But there is just as much variety about the boys and their circumstances, and to say that the girls between fifteen and twenty-two are not equal to the boys, is after all a definite assertion. The assertion is not popular. The *North American Review*, which made it, reports receiving "a mass of denials more vehement than convincing," from which it finds it refreshing to turn to one received "from an exceptionally intelligent and keenly observant American woman." If our American girl is a bore, this woman says, the fault lies not with her, but with the controlling generation. She finds that we do not offer our girls ideals enough to choose from, and that we are "incomparably more lax in our training of girls than in our training of boys." We give them, she says, in this generation more exercise and more fresh air than they used to have, and as a consequence the tradition of enfeebled health for girls has promptly died out. What follows is worth quoting:

We have now a sturdy and athletic, an independent and courageous, pleasure seeker upon our

hands. Her schooling and her home training are all too often casual and intermittent. If she goes to a fashionable finishing school, she learns how to enter and leave a room, how to dress her hair and modulate her voice, but these are at best minor accomplishments for an immortal soul. If she goes to college, she too often learns to look upon intellectual attainment as an end in itself and as a solution of the problem of existence. Finally, she submits to the unspeakable degradation of being put upon the marriage market. She comes home from her school or her college and is deliberately decked out in fine clothes and extravagant trappings, and with whatever subtlety the intention be veiled, she is offered for marriage. Perhaps, when one looks at the superficiality of the method of education, it is not altogether a surprise that the young girl is not profoundly attractive.

THE picture of the athletic pleasure seeker is accurate enough to be amusing, at least. It fits a great many husky young American girls, whose parents are rich enough to give them immunity from wage-earning work, and yet it does not fit many of them accurately. Some of the girls just out of the fashionable schools do seem for a time to be sturdy pleasure seekers. For a year or two the apparent occupation of most of them is play of one sort or another, dances, teas, and calls, sports, and a succession of visits; travel if the paternal purse is long enough. All this constitutes what the writer I have quoted calls "the unspeakable degradation of being put upon the marriage market."

Nonsense, and calumny too! There is no degradation about it, and very little marriage market, except where parents and daughters are a great deal more vulgar and stupid than they usually are. But it is a fact of the commonest observation that a large majority of the girls do eventually marry some one, and as a rule each girl marries some one she thinks she knows, because marrying entire strangers has the name of being careless. So what the putting of the young girls on the marriage market as they come out of school really amounts to, is usually nothing more than a taking of simple measures to widen their acquaintance and give them a sight of some of the other people in their social group and a taste of social pleasures. They see and they are seen. In the biggest towns where people and money are plentiful and entertainment abounds, they go to many receptions and dinners, and lose at dances a good deal of sleep which most of them make up the next morning. All that may be frivolous, but it is not degrading. It is pleasant for a little while to be young and

find it good fun to dance until four in the morning. That is only fun for a very little while.

AND IS NOT THIS complainant a good deal unfair in her estimate of the contemporary "fashionable finishing school"? What makes a girls' school fashionable is the patronage of parents who can select the school they prefer without regard to cost. But the people who set the fashion in schools are not fools. They send their daughters where they think their daughters will get the most good, to schools where mind, manners, physique, and character seem to have the best chance of development. If a school is fashionable the chances are that it is a good school, because nothing goes so far to make a school fashionable as solid merit.

But here or hereabouts we come to the most perplexing place in the education of girls. To what are we to train them? Up to the time a girl leaves school or college the processes of her education are as well defined and as generally agreed upon as those for boys. But what then? The boy gets a job, or studies a profession. If circumstances compel, as they do in the cases of a vast number of girls, the girl also finds work, or fits herself to earn money. But what about the girls whom circumstances do not so compel? Our complainant says: "Fit them for noble occupations; teach them that they must be a controlling force of life; shame them out of superficialities and idleness; and laugh them out of the college-bred absurdity that intellect is the controlling force of life." Admirable generalities are these, and every one of them sound, but they do not help us very much. What nobler occupation is there than that of a wife? What opportunity is there to be a controlling force in life that measures up to the opportunity of a mother? It is easily possible to train any able girl to make a living, but, if the need is not pressing, is it expedient to do it? About the boy one has no doubts. We teach him, if we can, to make a living and support a wife, and as soon as he has learned, we like to see him marry.

BUT WE don't set out to teach our girls to support husbands, nor even to be self-supporting wives. American parents so far have

not even very generally recognized the propriety of saving up marriage portions for their daughters, so that their maintenance may not be too heavy a burden, nor their independence too little protected. On that point, very properly, more general solicitude is beginning to be felt as the standard of living goes up and the process of getting a start grows slower. But in the main we have felt that the girl who is a helpmate and a beloved companion, is well worth her keep to the man who marries her, as undoubtedly she is. And we have felt that, as a rule, to train her to be self-supporting would be at the best a training for a second-best destiny, and would engross a much larger share of her energy and time between eighteen and twenty-five than she could profitably spare for an experiment. We do not like, unless necessity compels it, to commit our girls on the threshold of womanhood to exacting tasks which shall take them from home and leave them scant leisure to be companionable. There are things to be done at home. We like to have girls at home to do them.

SOMEHOW EMPLOYMENTS seem to crowd in fast enough on the capable girls who have nothing in particular to do. Nice girls are extremely pleasant in a family and extremely useful.

We can make our girls more like our boys if we choose; can train them to self-support and put them into "useful industries" as soon as they are grown up; and so to a great many of them it happens already. But we cannot do it without loss, and the question is whether the loss would not be greater than the gain. It would not only involve a sacrifice of companionship to wage-earning efficiency, but it would mean that a vast number of things that are done by unoccupied girls to the great advantage of human happiness would not be done at all.

Talk about the degradations of the marriage market—has the labor market no degradations?

By all means let us better the training of the American girls in every way we can, but let us, surely, not conclude that the best way is to give her a boy's training. Boys are nice, but we don't want more nice boys in petticoats. We want nice girls.



JOHN CORBIN
Dramatic Critic and Author.



Drawn by G. C. Wilmshurst.

"I don't want to think of it—Francis's face as he saw me."

—*"The Stranger,"* page 298.

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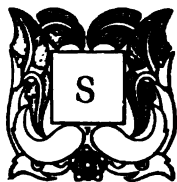
MARCH, 1907

NO. 3

SHALL NONE BUT MILLIONAIRES RUN THE GOVERNMENT?

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

United States Senator from Indiana



HALL none but millionaires conduct the American Government? The people of this Nation are face to face with this question right now. The increase of millionaires in American public life will, if it continues at the ratio that has been maintained for the past decade, soon place the conduct of National affairs exclusively in the hands of the vastly rich; while it is now an accepted fact that none but men of great fortunes can represent this Republic at the capitals of other great nations to-day.

Supposing that the ever-swelling number of the greatly rich, who are now crowding into American public life, get their offices without improper use of a dollar; conceding that they are able, patriotic, and would run the Government well; agreeing that everything good that could be said of any public man could also be said of the rich public man—the question still is whether this Government of, by, and for the people is to be conducted solely by the wealthy class. The question still remains whether the American people are ready deliberately to shut out from the conduct of their Government that great body of fine, legislative, and executive ability constantly developing among the masses. For, excluding every other reason, one plain practical cause is producing this result; and that cause, so little thought of and seldom noticed, is the simple one of the extravagant cost of living in Washington.

It was my rare good fortune to be the seat-mate of Senator Hoar at our daily luncheon in the Senate restaurant. Speaking of the extravagant plane to which living had been raised in the Nation's Capital, this great man said to me one day:

"When I came to Washington I had accumulated about a hundred thousand dollars from my practice of the law. If I complete another term, it will practically all be gone. It has been used up, in addition to my Senatorial salary, in the common expenses of daily living."

And yet it was well known that this most learned as well as one of the most useful of men in American public life lived in extreme simplicity. He and his wife occupied two rooms in a modest hotel whose prices are very far below those of the great Washington hosteleries. He seldom if ever gave a dinner, seldom if ever "entertained" in any way, seldom if ever made campaign contributions. It was "plain living and high thinking" with Senator Hoar from start to last. He rode to the Capitol in the street cars and once rebuked the extravagance of a fellow-Senator because he paid single fares instead of buying tickets. Nevertheless this splendid specimen of American statesmanship, whom the whole Nation loved and honored, and whom his State most properly adored, found himself in his old age without the money he had earned before he went into public life and without a cent of the salary that had been paid to him during his thirty years of invaluable public service.

Another example: It was in the very thick of one of those desperate struggles in the Senate some three years ago, which was so fierce that the whole country from day to day watched the contest. Late one evening a certain critical situation developed requiring active warfare, on the floor the next day, of one of the purest, most courageous, and effective American Senators—a man greatly beloved in his own State, commanding the confidence of the Senate and the President; a man in short whose whole life in the service of his country makes his career one upon which the Nation may well look with pride and admiration.

I happened to be connected with that fight. He had no telephone in his house; and so I took a common street cab, which cost me only seventy-five cents, to take me to the out-of-the-way part of the city where this really great man lived. It was a bitterly cold night, such as we rarely see in Washington. On the way we passed a carriage magnificent and yet elegant in its sumptuous but subdued richness. It was drawn by two splendid horses; and two expensively attired men sat on the box. This imposing array was carrying a certain public man to some gorgeous entertainment. Yet the Senator whom I was going to see was worth, in his practical value to the American people, many men like the Midas in his opulent equipage.

Arriving at the home of this noble and devoted public servant I found it in a part of the city where rents are cheapest. It was very plain. It was clear that most of his money had been spent on books. The sharp cold of the snapping winter night heightened the absence of luxuries in this ideal American's Washington home. In a moment he came in. The crisis of the next day and the advisability of his speaking at the beginning of the morrow's debate were laid before him. There was not an instant's hesitation in his answer.

"Very well," he said; "I agree with you and will be prepared."

It was the direct self-sacrificing spirit of the Spartan, or of some of our own Americans in our heroic periods. And yet I happened personally to know that he himself was carrying the burden of one of the great legislative tasks of the session; that for many nights he had been working until far into the morning hours on the duties immediately before him; and finally that the critical moment in the affairs of which he had charge was almost at

hand. But he assumed the additional labor which kept him in his library nearly all that night in obedience to his sense of duty to the welfare of the American people whose faithful servant he was and is.

This grand old man has not been to the theater or any other place of entertainment for the last two sessions. He seldom attends the endless round of dinners which so distract the attention, consume the time, and impair the health of the people's servants in Washington. In short, he is giving his life and consecrating his large abilities to his country. Yet, it was and is all that this admirable type of American statesman could do to make both ends meet.

There is another Senator well known to the whole country who lives in two small rooms on the top floor of an apartment house. These two little rooms cost him nearly a thousand dollars a year *unfurnished*. So this Senator must spend one fifth of his salary each year before he has a place to lay his head. Like Senator Hoar and the other notable example just given, this Senator never gives dinners, never entertains, seldom goes to the theater, and lives in a self-denial that would not be believed by the people of his own State. He has no family whatever and there are no extraordinary drains on his pocket. Yet I am credibly informed that it costs him at least \$2,000 a year more than his salary to pay the absolutely necessary expenses of existence and travel. And I could give several other illustrations as striking as this. *For example, one of the oldest, most useful, and most honored men in the Senate lives in a simple single room in one of the cheapest hotels.*

It would be quite out of the question for any of these men to live at any of the great Washington hotels. Here are some of the prices of the best of the Nation's Capital's caravansaries: Willard Hotel, one room without board, \$3.50 per day *and upward—no reduction made for renting by the month*. The prices at the Arlington Hotel are substantially the same as the Willard for rooms. Meals are not quite so expensive. Raleigh Hotel, \$3 per day *and upward* for one room without board.

And mind you, too, these prices are for the room itself *without meals*—and these the cheapest, least comfortable and serviceable rooms in the hotel. The meals are more expensive than the rooms; because friends are constantly "dropping in," and the public man cannot be niggardly with his constituents

visiting Washington. And this is but the actual "bed and board" expenses—the outlay at the lowest possible estimate for merely keeping alive.

None of these things is known to the American people. All of them should be known by the American people. They are causes which are working an infinitely important change in our Government. I doubt whether any practical situation exists more serious than this or fraught with more profound consequences to the American people. The Government is passing into the hands of the rich; the poor man or man of moderate means is being crowded out of the people's service.

You will say at once that such a scale of living is absurd, and I say so too; that it is flagrantly wrong, and I say so too. And it is to call the attention of the Nation to this concrete, immediate, growing, and critical evil that I am writing these words. Let me repeat again that it is becoming every day more difficult for any but a rich man, and a very rich man at that, to live in comparative decency in Washington.

What is the reason for this alarmingly extravagant rate of living at the Nation's Capital, which is rapidly making it impossible for poor men to have any part in this Government? It is that a constantly increasing number of vastly wealthy men are entering public life and living at startling expense. The simplicity of the old-time living has wholly disappeared. This *régime* of almost Roman luxury and splendor began with Secretary Whitney when he became a member of President Cleveland's cabinet. I remember very well the numerous accounts in the public press of the magnificence of his public entertainments; and numberless conversations with public men who were here in those days amply confirm what the newspapers then printed.

This riot of the millions was increased when Calvin S. Brice became a Senator from Ohio and took the famous Corcoran mansion facing Lafayette Square, directly across from the White House. Since then this high rate of living has been maintained and even elevated by the ever-swelling numbers of multimillionaires in Senate, Congress, and Cabinet. It is said that Vice-President Morton "kept up the pace" set by Whitney and Brice. And Vice-President Hobart lived magnificently and was sumptuous in his generous and beautiful hospitality. Thirty thousand dol-

lars a year is very ordinary outlay for the maintenance of one of these establishments. Forty thousand dollars a year is by no means rare. There are some who spend as high as \$60,000 annually. I was told by one individual that his expenses are \$75,000 every year; and in that establishment there is only husband and wife—no children.

This means, of course, an almost uninterrupted series of sumptuous and elegant entertainments—dinners, dances, receptions, theater parties, and what not! Gradually—no! rapidly—the result of all this has been to cause extremely wealthy people not in public life but devoted to "society," to build palatial winter homes in Washington and make the Nation's capital the scene of costly gayety. In the train of these devotees of pleasure a stream of fairly rich people has set in toward Washington—people who do not want to build homes but who are quite willing to rent apartments and pay a price for them which, to the public man depending upon his salary, is absolutely prohibitive.

Think now, in contrast, of the cost of living in Webster's time and even down to the period of Sumner and Conkling. Senator Conkling, concededly one of the greatest men in American public life, lived at "Wormley's"—a small, old-fashioned hotel conducted by a colored man. His living expenses were not more than \$25 a week—at any rate, he could have gotten along on that amount very well.

Thaddeus Stevens, the famous "Commoner" from Pennsylvania and absolute dictator of the House for several sessions, lived in a small frame house on "B" Street Southeast—a none too pleasant quarter of the city.

John A. Logan lived at Mrs. Rine's *boarding house*, Twelfth Street, between "H" and New York Avenue, table board being \$18 a month for each person.

Lot M. Morrell, Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, lived at a *boarding house* on Fourth Street between "D" and "E" streets—an extremely unfashionable part of the city, with very modest charges.

In 1860 Senator Sumner lived at Mrs. Cammack's *boarding house*. For years Senator Wade, of Ohio, lived at Mrs. Hyatt's *boarding house*. While Senator William P. Fessenden lived at Mrs. Chipman's *boarding house*—a very humble hostelry.

Sometimes several Senators clubbed and lived at a single modest *boarding house*.

For example, in 1866 Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, Senator Cowan, of Pennsylvania, Senators Foote and Collmar, of Vermont, all lived at Mrs. Carter's boarding house on "A" Street Northeast.

In the time of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, the living expenses were even more modest. Common necessities to-day were luxuries then. The scale of living from the humblest Government employee to the greatest Senator was only a fraction of what the same class of persons of either extreme absolutely must pay out to-day for the simplest existence. The cost of living everywhere throughout the Republic is many hundred per cent what it was a hundred years ago, seventy-five years ago, fifty years ago. Yet, great as has been the cost of living throughout the whole Nation, the increase of the cost of living in the Republic's Capital has been vastly greater than and enormously out of proportion with the greatly increased cost of living elsewhere throughout the country. *But notwithstanding this, the salaries of Congressmen and Senators remain precisely what they were forty years ago.* Most State treasurers and State auditors get much more, and hundreds of county officers get many times more than the salary of a United States Senator.

And still, the latter must live amid the most expensive surroundings and pay for food and a roof of some kind upon the highest scale existing in this whole continental Republic.

Nor is this evil confined to Washington or to mere living. It extends to all kinds of charities. It is unbelievably strange that the most considerate and kindly of men and women interested in charity expect as large a contribution from a poor man in public life as from the Croesus in public life; and the latter always sets the figure. Of course he sets a large figure. Your wealthy public man wishes to appear generous to all charitable and religious appeals; and indeed, to be perfectly truthful, most of them are sincerely generous—it is not altogether and exclusively a matter of calculation with them.

So it is the most natural thing in the world—and the right thing—for charitable and religious workers and for all others interested in the common good, who are raising thousands for these admirable purposes, to call upon and get as much as possible out of the millionaire public man. Then, of course, every other public man in that State, rich or poor, must give on a scale measured by the

contribution of the rich public man. This proportion is not graduated upon the relative means of these various public men, but exclusively upon their relative official positions. Somehow or other less is expected of a Congressman than of a Senator, though the salaries are the same; less is expected of a State official or treasurer than of a governor, although the former may get several times as much out of his office as the latter; and the same amounts are expected of Senators, though one may be worth many millions and the other have practically no financial resources.

I repeat that the lifting of the scale of prices in Washington is directly traceable to the extremely wealthy men who are crowding into public life and the perfectly natural desire of their families to live on a scale justified by their means. This desire is by no means reprehensible. But the result of it is a very serious matter to all of us.

This result is that the time is coming, if indeed it has not already arrived, when that great body of governing ability which is to be found among the plain people will be as completely excluded from any part of the conduct of the people's Government as if there were a law forbidding them to hold any office within the gift of the Nation. Yet the fact is so well known that it is trite, that now, as during all the past in this and every other country, men endowed with natural gifts of statesmanship are, as a rule, unsuccessful in accumulating wealth. Even if these natural legislators and administrators were also talented as business men, it would take their exclusive attention for the best of their lives to amass a modern fortune honestly.

And yet the golden years of these men's lives ought to be given to the service of the Nation. *No man has any right to spend his best energies and highest abilities on his own affairs and then "round out his career" by giving the dribblets and jag ends of his strength to his country.* And so it is quite clear that the Daniel Websters and Henry Clays and Abraham Lincolns who are developing this very minute among the young men who have sprung from the soil, must live lives of uncertain success in private effort instead of giving their absolutely priceless talents and consecrating their peculiar public gifts to making and administering laws for the people from whom they come and whom Nature has so signally fitted them to serve.

Even Charles Sumner, who was a man of

considerable wealth for the time in which he lived, could not exist in Washington to-day except under conditions which would humiliate his spirit or the spirit of any other manly man, unless he gave a large portion of the time and ability which ought to be given exclusively to the country to the making of extra money, which even the humblest living would cost him over and above his Senatorial salary. Men such as the three examples with which this paper opened, living cheaply as they do, spend much more than their salaries, and must earn this additional amount either by lecturing, by writing, or by a fragmentary practice of the law.

Senator Hoar wrote many magazine articles, but so conscientious was he that he would sometimes spend half of the price he received for an article in buying books and searching out original information to verify the statements he made. I know one public man who makes his extra money by writing articles; and this labor has to be done after long hours of public work are over and when the more fortunate have gone to their rest.

As to the practice of the law to earn additional money necessary to live in Washington, that has practically become impossible because of the increasing amount of time necessary to be given to public duties. And besides such practice is now exceedingly hazardous, if indeed it is not improper; because fees which amount to anything must come from corporation practice. *And corporation practice in some form or another touches national legislation either directly or indirectly in a variety of ways.*

So we are face to face with this grave situation: There is no possibility for the strong young men, now maturing among the masses of the American people, of entering the service of the Republic and remaining there. If the present tendency goes on it will not be a quarter of a century until this Government of, by, and for the people will be conducted exclusively by enormously wealthy men.

It will not do very much good to raise salaries of Senators and Congressmen, even if that were possible; and I doubt its possibility. Such a bill was offered a few years ago and nearly every millionaire voted against it. Those men who voted for it were fiercely lampooned. But even if that bill had become a law, the increase in salary would have been comparatively trivial, and any increase which is at all possible would accomplish very little. Indeed it is doubtful whether it

would not be unwise to increase salaries to a point where the men whose only income is their salary could live on equal terms with their more fortunate colleagues. For no man ought to come to either House or Senate for financial reward. The truth is that our national affairs have become so important, numerous, and complex that they can be properly handled only by men having especial aptitude and training for them. Such men ought to be carefully selected and then, when tried, kept constantly in public life until their age renders them unfit for further public service.

For public life has become a profession in the best sense. So far-reaching, profound and numerous are the problems constantly arising that the best thought and most careful and continuous study by our statesmen are indispensable to their solution. The Nation's legislator can no longer attend to his own affairs during the Congressional vacation if he gives intelligent attention to the business of the Republic; for these periods when Congress is not in session are the only opportunities he has for study and investigation. This latter cannot be done during the sessions of Congress—then is the time for action.

It is quite plain, then, is it not?—that, if the Nation is to be well served, the people must choose for public office men naturally gifted in statesmanship, and then keep them in service practicing the *profession* of public life.

But the poor man cannot do this, even if the people want him, unless the luxury of living in the Nation's Capital is reduced. The rich man can, of course, because expense is nothing to him. And a President, Senate and House composed of rich men might run things admirably—I rather think they would. But it would be government by an oligarchy of wealth, to the exclusion of poor men. Very well! We do not want that sort of thing in America.

So it would seem that the people must make up their minds to keep rich men out of public life *except* those rich men of such extraordinary qualities of statesmanship as to make it a national misfortune if prejudice kept them from serving the Republic. May it not be best for the American people to defeat at the polls and in their legislatures vastly wealthy men who have *not* these distinguishing qualities of statesmanship?

If this is the best course, it is easy to see that this process should begin with men

whose money is their principal recommendation to office, as well as the strongest lever with which they lift themselves into power. If this should become the practice of the American people, the Nation would still have the service of the rich men who are *real statesmen*, like Washington, and also of the poor men who are *real statesmen*, like Lincoln. But if this is not done, the Republic must be exclusively governed by the lords of gold who *may* be statesmen, *may* be figure-head, or *may* be something else.

There is no use shutting our eyes to these conditions. The alternative is as unchangeable as fate; either the immensely rich must be kept out of public office or else the Republic must be deprived of the labors of those natural statesmen, not favored by financial fortune (such as the great men of our past) who are to-day developing, as they have always developed and always will develop, from among the common people. Either our Government, as a practical matter, must become exclusively a government of rich men or else rich men must be kept out of government by the votes of the people, *EXCEPT always where their qualities of statesmanship are notable*. Yes, and there is another alternative worse than the exclusive conduct of the Government by rich men, and that is the participation in the conduct of the Government by poor men whose poverty, joined to the impossible prices of living in Washington, tempts them to get money in improper ways.

Discussing the whole subject, one of these wealthy public men of most admirable qualities for the great office he holds said, "After all there are places in Washington where a man can live on his salary." The answer to this of course was that while this might be true, he would have to live in such quarters and on such food and generally in such discomfort as to make life hard for himself and positively unendurable for his family. Again, no man can do his best work who is in a perpetual state of apology and humiliation. Still again his constituents would be ashamed of such a condition of living if they knew about it.

Also such a public man is at an unspeakable disadvantage compared with the rich

man with whom he works; the one can entertain all visitors to Washington, the other cannot. The one can entertain his colleagues, the other cannot. The one can accept the hospitality of his associates because he in turn can offer hospitality; the other cannot accept this hospitality and retain his self-respect because he cannot by any possible means return it. This matter of entertaining is in itself an absurdly influential factor in Washington life—influential with the Senator's or Congressman's constituents who are visiting Washington, and even more influential in legislation.

Thus the millionaire in national public life has an incalculable advantage over the poor man in public life. It would be hard, too, to reckon the weight which free-handed social intercourse has upon the shaping of national policies and the enactment of practical legislation. When public men and their wives meet at the home of another public man, sit about his brilliant board, and mingle afterwards in charming and intimate conversation, a subtle bond is established which has its effect here in America, just as the same cause has produced the same result in England and in every other country at all periods of history.

But the public man who, amid these surroundings, must live on his salary, cannot attend these functions. Any gowns that he might buy for his wife and daughters would look shabby and grotesque compared with the elegant equipment of their more fortunate sisters. Such a man may be far abler and more industrious than his rich colleague, and yet all these natural abilities are neutralized by the purely artificial influence of social entertainment in which the rich man indulges. In comparison the poor public man and his family must live in an attitude of perpetual apology. And why should this be?

Decidedly the rich man *who is not pre-eminent in statesmanship* must go. Decidedly also the demagogue must go. Decidedly something more than millions and a purchased public reputation on the one hand, and flaming appeals to passion and class hatred on the other hand, must be required of would-be public men if the Government of, by, and for the people is not to be run exclusively by Croesus and Jack Cade.



A MODERN 32-KNOT TORPEDO BOAT AND NELSON'S "VICTORY" IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOR.

THE INTERNATIONAL GAME OF "BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOR"

By W. G. FITZ GERALD



HE man of peace is in despair. In an age of Hague Tribunals he beholds many of the greatest minds on earth—chemists, engineers, mathematicians—bent on frightful engines of destruction. Supreme honor awaits the man who produces a new explosive, a torpedo of wider range and deadlier effect; an airship that will clear the sea with vast charges of cordite.

Our philanthropist sees a few grudging thousands allotted for cancer research, while hundreds of millions are poured out in floating fortresses that shall raze a city at ten miles range; in cruisers of railroad speed; in marvelous wire-wound guns; in torpedoes steered by light rays; in submarines that seek their prey from the sea floor; in armor plates hard as the diamond.

For the nations are navy mad. Led by Great Britain, with her vast armada of 500

war ships—worth half a billion—all of them, from Germany to China, have started a "beggar my neighbor" game that must soon exhaust the richest state, almost before a shot has been fired in war.

And so in five years we have more than quadrupled our navy. In 1898 we could only put four battle ships into line before the Spanish fleet—in 1908 the number will be twenty-six! These are built or building; and so are forty superb, heavily armored cruisers, besides a horde of smaller war ships, unprotected cruisers, gunboats, destroyers, torpedo boats, and submarines.

Our new fleet of stately battle ships, twenty-six in all, are so homogeneous that they will steam 4,000 miles at 16 knots and not become separated. They will mount nearly 1,500 giant guns in their main batteries, of which the 12-inch rifle throws a monstrous projectile of 850 pounds. Thus the "big stick" changes under Mr. Roosevelt's very

eyes like the blossoming rod of Aaron. The other day he reviewed a dozen grim fortresses of steel, flanked by as many more monster cruisers—an armada manned by 11,000 men, and costing us more than \$6,000,000 a year for upkeep. As they plowed this way and that way in intricate maneuvers off Oyster Bay, the dozen



TESTING WITH ORDINARY BLACK POWDER



FIRING AT BEDSDALE
WITH BROWN PRIS-
MATIC POWDER

monsters alone weighed 175,000 tons, and carried more than 15,000 tons of fuel.

They had guns capable of hurling half a ton of armor-piercing projectiles twice a minute at targets seven miles away, and they represented an investment of \$60,000,000.

Great Britain's navy costs her the vast sum of

\$200,000,000 a year, and this is increasing by leaps and bounds. France spends \$65,000,000; and as to Germany, the well-known naval party behind the Kaiser is responsible for a craze that is adding a grievous burden to the people. Will it be believed that forty or fifty years ago a German man-o'-war was rare as a Swiss admiral; whereas on April 1, 1910, there will be no fewer than twenty-six magnificent German battle ships afloat, including the *Ersatz Bayern* and *Ersatz Sachsen*, proud floating fortresses intended to rival the *Dreadnought* herself.

As to Russia, beaten on the sea, she is at this moment replacing her war ships sunk



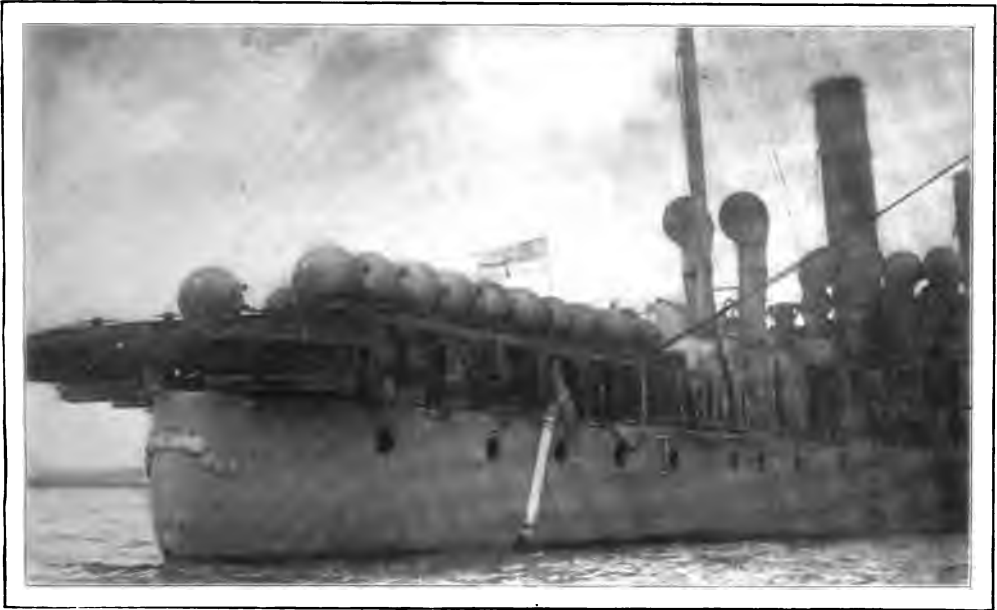
TESTING THE MOST ENORMOUS GUN USED ON A WAR SHIP
TO-DAY

and destroyed by the Japanese. China has sent Prince Pu Lun, the emperor's nephew, who represented China at the St. Louis exposition, to make a study of the naval organization of Great Britain, Germany, France, and the United States, with a view to the creation of an entirely new Chinese navy. Japan claims to have rivaled even the *Dreadnought* with her *Satsuma*, a monster of 20,000 tons, whose launching was considered an event of such tremendous importance that the Mikado himself was present.

Now it is well the nations should have giant

hard-steel face welded together. This last broke up the Palliser projectiles on impact, while the wrought-iron backing lent roughness and support to the mass. The solid all-steel plate came next, but it was beaten in the race by a certain pointed shot made of high carbon forged steel, before whose impact even the all-steel plate gave way. Clearly there was a limit to the thickness of armor which a ship could carry.

When 22 inches was reached a halt was called. The gunmakers had won, for even this was pierced by a shot from the 110-ton



HOW MINES ARE PLACED AND SOWN AS ON BOARD H. M. S. "IPHIGENIA"

ships to protect their coasts and enforce their claims. It may be well even that \$7,000,000 should be sunk in one battle ship. But is it not amazing to reflect that the guns of such a ship may be out of date before they are placed in position? Or again, that before her protective plates are laid upon her flanks a new gun may be devised capable of piercing them as a rifle shot pierces cardboard?

For half a century this game has gone on, since the old British *Warrior* was belted with four and a half inches of plate secured to eighteen inches of teak. To this the gunmaker responded with Palliser pointed chilled iron shot, which easily pierced this novel protection. In 1879 came the "compound" plate, with wrought-iron back and a separate

monster, firing a shell of 1,813 pounds propelled by 960 pounds of powder. But though this gun vanquished, its first terrific roar proclaimed its own doom, and in spite of its enormous cost the monster was found to be practically dead, or at least dangerous to its friends, after eighty rounds had been fired.

The gun man had a chance once more, however, for in 1885 Lord Armstrong—of the famous British works in Newcastle, employing nearly 40,000 hands—decided to follow nature's method of growing onions, layer over layer, and clothe his gun tubes with skins of steel, which, shrinking as they cooled, imparted just that amount of tenacity whose absence had made the old monsters so dangerous.

Thus we arrive at the most terrific naval



LOWERING THE CRINOLINE

gun of to-day, the 12-inch rifle, wound round with 113 miles of steel wire. This throws a 719-pound shell at the inconceivable speed of 1,751 miles an hour. Against this terrific weapon the armor people brought the Cammell-Harvey plate of heated steel suddenly chilled with sprays of cold water.

The next stage of the game shifts to Krupp's Titanic works at Essen, in Prussia. Here we have the "Kingdom of the Cannon" presided over by a girl of twenty, who is absolute mistress of 40,000 men, and a revenue of tens of millions a year. Bertha Krupp's vulcans produced a plate which made its Harvey forerunner little better than cheese-cloth.

The material used is a multiple alloy of iron and other metals in fixed proportions. The making of these plates is a matter of such amazing delicacy that it has become a science in itself. Incredible care is taken at every stage lest the delicate surface set up spontaneous disintegration through cold or sudden chill. Merely to produce the stuff means setting up a special plant valued at \$2,000,000.

The work of melting the hundred-ton steel ingot at a temperature of 2,500 degrees is a story in itself—a long and curious story until the plate emerges "glass-hard" and uncut-

table as faceted diamond. Next comes the "ballistic tests" laid down by the world's governments, whose duty it is to see their people get the best possible value for the untold millions poured out in this scramble.

Each thickness of armor plate must resist a certain number of



A BOOM IN POSITION FOR HARBOR PROTECTION

rounds of armor-piercing projectiles, with intensely hardened noses. There must be no perforation, and no portion of the projectile must fall behind the plates; nor must there be any serious cracking. The very best modern hard-faced armor for war ships of to-day is made up to thirteen inches in thickness. At this three 750-pound shells will be fired from a twelve-inch gun, with a striking velocity of 1,846 feet per second.

It seems inconceivable that any substance on this earth could withstand such a stroke, yet there must not be so much as a crack; for in such event a second shot striking the ship's side would undoubtedly shatter the plate, and leave a large gap. To put it in another way, the total striking energy of the three shots on the plate under test equals 50,066 foot-tons, and yet that plate must remain in a condition to stand still further attack! And so for the moment the victory lies with the armor.

Each country jealously guards its naval secrets, and whole volumes of romance might be written about the swarms of international spies—highly placed diplomats many of them—that swarm in every capital from London and Paris to Washington and Tokio.

Every tourist knows how dangerous it is to take photographs in a naval stronghold; for each nation is striving for supremacy on the sea, and eager minds, actuated by patriotism, profit, or desire of fame, are at work night and day upon terrible devices for wholesale destruction. The result is that war ships of all grades change almost as swiftly as Paris modes, with disastrous results upon the collective pockets of the nations.

In less than a century the soul of the navy has transmigrated four times—from sails to steam, from wood to iron, iron to steel, and from steel to Krupp armor—not to men-

the stupendous *Dreadnought*, which the British Admiralty sprung upon the world, and thus, without the firing of a shot, rendered every war ship afloat more or less obsolete, an uncanny monster of 18,000 tons, whose squat lines and tublike stern give little indication of her amazing speed of nearly twenty-five miles an hour.

Her great steel masts are three-legged, and down their hollow tubes electric news from the new range-finding stations above will be carried to the five colossal barbettes. Her turbine engines develop the power of 25,000 horses; and her broadside represents the most appalling explosive force ever generated by man. I mean the simultaneous firing of her ten 12-inch guns, each of which generates an energy of 50,000 tons.

It has been estimated that the *Dreadnought's* broadside develops force equal to the lifting of an entire city block composed exclusively of twenty-story skyscrapers! Little wonder that the uncouth monster skidded sideways under the recoil like an automobile on a muddy road.

These monsters may be said to have revolutionized naval warfare; and the naval cabinets of the world are seriously embarrassed on account of it. Let us suppose



THE SICK BAY OF A
WAR SHIP

tion such wonders as wireless communication, submarine boats, torpedoes directed by electric rays, slow-burning powder, telescopic sights, and a hundred other inventions.

Let us consider the stately advance in line of the fleet of to-morrow. In the van comes



THE HOSPITAL STAFF AND AMBULANCE



A BATTLE SHIP BOMBARDS THE SHORE
FORTS

that eight ordinary modern battle ships are brought against the *Dreadnought*. She is far faster, and can choose her own position. Her armor is two inches thicker than theirs, so that she can select a range at which she

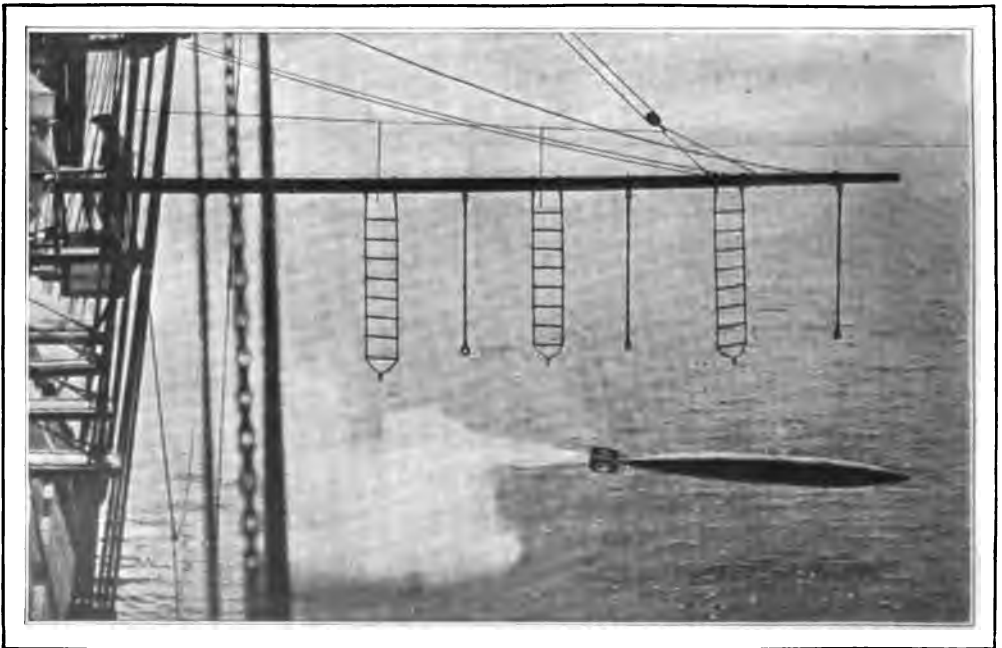
can pierce their plating while her own remains invulnerable.

She carries ten 12-inch guns to their four. She can shoot over a mile farther, and hit harder. More than this, she fires faster, her vast and novel hull is steadier, which means accurate shooting. Thus she is clearly able to destroy seven or eight of the greatest battle ships afloat one after the other, and nothing but want of ammunition can prevent her from doing this.

It is little wonder that France has laid down six *Dreadnoughts* to be completed within the next two years, and Germany quickly followed; with Japan and ourselves equally anxious? Our reply to the *Dreadnought* is a projected ship of 20,000 or 25,000 tons with perhaps twelve 12-inch guns mounted in double turrets.

Behind the line of *Dreadnoughts* come secondary battle ships, which but yesterday represented the very latest thing in naval construction; and circling round the armada are vast cruisers little less immense than the vessels in the line of battle. On the outer circle we have vicious swarms of torpedo boats, while close in are two weird-looking types that never before sailed the seas.

One of these is the sinister mine-sowing cruiser like the new British *Iphigenia*, from



A WHITEHEAD TORPEDO JUST DISCHARGED FROM ITS TUBE

whose steel decks project rows of curious-looking globes—hideous "seed" with which to sow the sea floor for the destruction of giant ships. The second unknown monstrosity is a stupendous floating forge or repair ship, many-funneled, and fairly alive with electrical generating stations, immense machines, and powerful cranes worked by electric motors. She carries a noncombatant crew of 400 men, mostly skilled artificers; and her object is to go to the rescue of "lame ducks" and repair them literally "while they wait," returning them speedily into the line of battle.

Not far off is another auxiliary—a vast floating dock 600 feet long, and weighing 7,000 tons, with a lifting capacity of nearly three times this weight. Such a contrivance can lift clear out of the water the greatest battle ship afloat in less than fifty minutes.

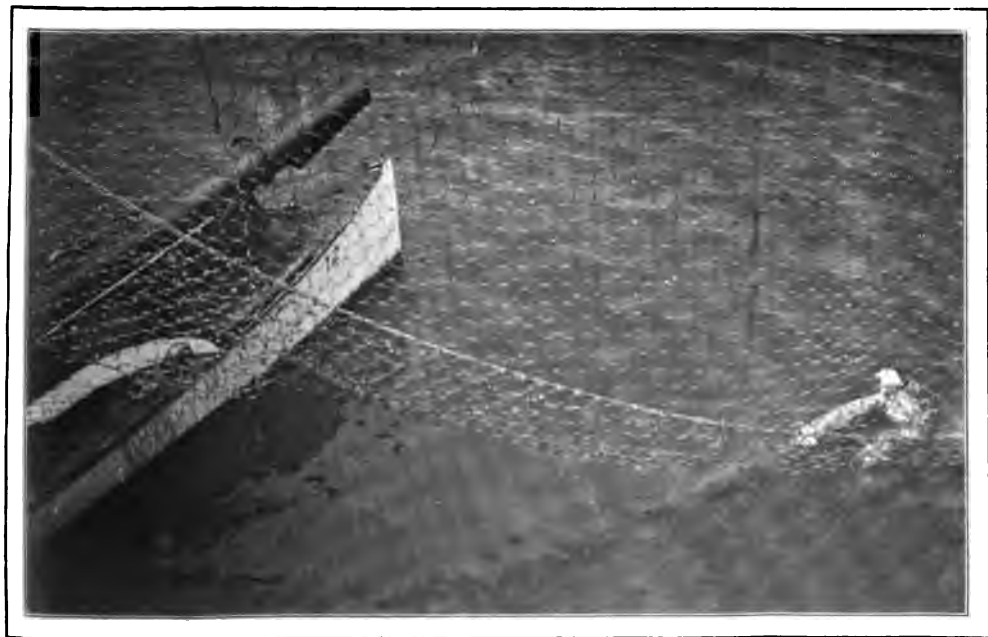
Come with me on board one of the great ironclads and stand on her forecastle. Look aft now upon the great turret and tier upon tier of superstructure, with conning tower, charthouse, funnels, and fighting tops; the whole served by a crew of 900 souls that work as one. It is the middle watch of a winter's night, and the officer on duty is responsible for the ship, which cost perhaps \$7,000,000. His night glasses are in his



EXPLOSION OF A TORPEDO

hands, and incessantly he sweeps the horizon for the dread torpedo boat—which, painted black, is only betrayed on a dark night by the foam of its bow wave.

In an instant the thrilling cry of "Man and



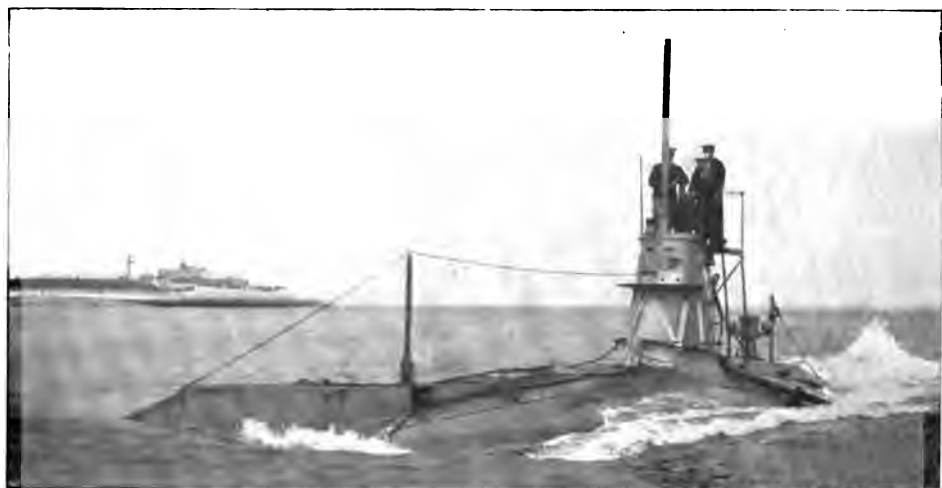
A TORPEDO CAUGHT IN A BATTLE SHIP'S CRINOLINE



U. S. SUBMARINE BOAT, "PLUNGER"



THE RAM "KING EDWARD" IN DRYDOCK



BRITISH SUBMARINE "AG" ABOUT TO DESCEND

arm ship" goes up, and almost simultaneously the deadly little six-pounders are cleared and loaded, the Nordenfeldts got ready, and the great six-inch quick-firers cast loose.

It may be the great vessel's "crinoline," or torpedo net, is lowered all round her massive sides; but the curious warfare between gun and armor makers has gone on also in the matter of torpedoes. To-day their war "nose" is fitted with automatic scissors, which cut through the steel netting and ad-

mit the wicked head. This explodes on concussion, and will send the greatest battle ship afloat to the bottom of the sea in a few moments.

The great ship is cleared for action. All boats are filled with water to prevent fire; woodwork which might cause splinters is thrown overboard or sent below; hammocks are brought up and placed round the conning towers to protect the officers inside; mantlets of spare ropes are placed between

the guns in the six-inch batteries, isolating each crew. The hundreds of water-tight doors are shut, and—last and grimmest preparation of all—the amputation table is unshipped in the sweltering cockpit.

Meanwhile the sea is swept with searchlights of 30,000 candle power, that streak the night with radiance; and woe unto the torpedo boat detected by one of these great bars of light. Though she tear through the water in a walled furrow at forty miles an hour she cannot escape the furious hail poured upon her, and she must infallibly be blown out of the water.

For these lightweights of naval warfare—"200 feet of shod death" as they have been called—are mere thin steel shells made to contain death-dealing mechanism. They are designed to cover a mile in a minute and a half, turn in their own length, and leap to racing speed almost before a man knows he has signaled the engine room.

And yet these tiny shells may have 5,000 horse power vibrating in their hearts, shaking them to their very foundations, rattling the decks, and jarring their commander's body until his brain hums; while the whistling, flaming funnels dart back cinders like hail. I have watched the stokers literally crawling among the engines feeling for heated bearings by letting the racing piston hit the back of their hands. Meanwhile the torpedo boat swayed and panted as if her frail skin would buckle as she tore not over but through the rollers at the speed of an express train.

She has cost probably a quarter of a million, and if she can creep near enough to a nine-million-dollar *Dreadnought* and launch a sinister torpedo from her tube, she will have more than served her purpose, even if she be destroyed in the very act.

The torpedo that is so dreaded about these little craft is a long steel cigar-shaped missile, fired from a tube with a small charge of gunpowder. It weighs about 1,500 pounds, and carries in its phosphor-bronze "war head" a charge of wet guncotton weighing 250 pounds. The moment the torpedo strikes the water its automatic mechanism driven by compressed air begins to work, and the tiny whirling propellers in its tail drive it through the water at any given depth at a speed of thirty miles an hour. Behind the war head comes the air chamber into which air is pumped at a pressure of 1,500 pounds to the square inch. Next come the little engines; and the whole is controlled by a mar-

velous spinning-top arrangement known as the gyroscope, which will correct the course of the torpedo, and even bring it to the surface if the occasion be mere practice at a target rather than real warfare.

The latest developments are turbine torpedoes with a range of 4,000 yards and a speed of thirty-five knots. They cost about \$5,000 each, and are actually controlled by the boat they leave by means of electric-light rays received on a tiny shaft projecting from the torpedo as it tears through the water. Thus the automatic missile is under control, and may be brought back at any moment.

The torpedo's aim and object is to strike its nose against a battle ship's hull. That means total destruction. To accomplish this the frail torpedo boats were designed, and their crews in warfare lead lives that may truly be called hellish. Watch one of them at full speed sticking her bows into long green seas that sweep her from end to end. She rolls and plunges madly in the sea way like a baby whale at play. Down below men are shining and dripping with sweat, with all four boilers under full draught. Not a man may conveniently sit down with the crazy little craft fairly leaping through the heavy swell at forty miles an hour. She plays little David to the *Dreadnought's* Goliath—often enough with the same tragic result. But she runs a frightful risk; and her commander and crew of seventy well know that they court destruction in war time, and have not the ghost of a chance if their mission fails.

But she, too, has enemies of her own kind, specially designed to prey upon her. I mean of course the torpedo-boat destroyer. Once more we see the "beggar-my-neighbor" game. It starts with the giant battle ship, whom it is the aim of all smaller craft to destroy. If the torpedo boat is a menace—and you remember the terror of Rojestvensky's men in the North Sea—then a craft like her, but faster still, more powerful, and able to fight her with her own weapons as well as with gunfire, must be specially devised.

The destroyers of to-day cost about half a million dollars, and will travel over forty-five miles an hour. They carry a thin, tough armor over their vitals, and have quick-firing armament enabling them to carry out their mission.

The threat of danger to the men is greatest of all in another terror of naval warfare—the submarine boat. Here again we find a series of tragedies more terrible than the sen-

sational fictionist could evolve. One has but to recall the fate of the British *Ar* and *A8*, the Russian *Delphin*, the German *Sr26*, and the French boats *Farjadet* and *Lutin*. The *Ar* had her partially submerged conning tower struck by a steamer's bottom; the *Delphin* flooded her ballast tanks while the hatch was open; the *A8* exploded; and as to the *Farjadet*, it is certain her crew lived for many hours in their strange tomb before they succumbed to a frightful death.

Here, then, is the latest terror of the sea gliding far beneath the surface at eight or ten knots and discharging torpedoes at mighty battle ships guided only by the periscope, an optical wonder that carries out the Irishman's ancient joke of "a telescope with which one can see round the corner"!

The French will possess nearly sixty submarines by next year, most of them with picked crews—not the least interesting among the staff being three white mice, regularly on the pay roll. It is the duty of these tiny "naval officers" to detect by their squeals the ominous odors of any escape from the gasoline tanks.

Most strange is it to sink eerily in one of these frail and delicate craft. The ballast tanks fill, and as we drop we hear the swish of waves over our head for some time, until the pale green sea light dies away in utter darkness. Slowly little electric bulbs show forth, lighting up a fantastic submarine home 118 feet by 9 feet. Our accumulators are charged for a hundred-mile journey, and our torpedoes contain 100 pounds of guncotton.

In the glare of electric radiators stands the lieutenant commander, his eye glued to the periscope, seeking for his giant prey. He will get within a hundred yards or so of the colossal steel hull above and then let fly. The mighty war ship's searchlights will avail her naught, and her light and heavy armaments may churn the sea into foam and not touch the submarine, protected as she is by the sea itself. Against her giant sisters the battle ship has a thousand weapons. Little electric buttons sway mighty rolling castles armed with giant guns in pairs. She, too, carries torpedoes; and even her stupendous bulk may be hurled against an enemy with the ram in her bows, far below the water, to give a fatal wound.

But all weapons are futile before the sinister little submarine, that cannot be reached or seen on the sea floor. Without doubt the

next move in the "beggar-my-neighbor" game will be against this invisible enemy.

Already naval divers and submarine miners counteract or lay plans for the destruction of the submarine boat. Every battle ship of to-day carries eight or ten fully equipped divers with a full "suit" of rubber, copper breastplate, and screw helmet, fitted with searchlights, telephones, and signaling apparatus for subaqueous work. These divers can scrape the ship's bottom, and so add it may be a knot an hour to her speed, thus enabling her possibly to take some tremendous advantage. Or they can lay submarine mines—those harmless-looking kegs of wet guncotton that may be exploded by electro contact from the shore, or when struck by a hostile ship.

These mines contain up to 500 pounds of guncotton, and are used for harbor defense, as well as for direct assault upon the enemy's ships. A diver may also be called upon to go down into the depths and sever the electric cables connecting these mines, thus allowing a giant battle ship to move inshore in safety that she may the better wreak vengeance upon a doomed city.

Meanwhile naval armaments are taxing the genius and treasure of the world. We have seen the weapons with which the next great battle will be fought; and it is only too true that little or no provision has been made for the wounded. True, these must be got out of the way below decks that the survivors may carry on their duties free from depressing effect and emotion. The accommodation provided in the sick bays rarely exceeds eight cots in any battle ship, and there is perhaps swinging room for a dozen hammocks.

The use of armored decks means that the dying and sorely wounded must needs be half stifled. Moreover, the sick berth in many great battle ships of to-day is situated in the fore end and is therefore not only unprotected, but is in a part of the ship which is certain to receive concentrated and heavy fire from the enemy.

It is hard to strike an average as to the number of wounded in a great naval battle. Some authorities declare each big battle ship will have easily fifty-three bad cases when she emerges from action, with her unarmored ends entirely wrecked. It is safe to assume that not one-half of these victims can receive proper care and attention. During the Chino-Japanese War twenty-nine per cent of the wounded died on the *Matsushima*, careful

as the Japanese notoriously are in this respect.

It is suggested that the next great naval war will see a special hospital ship under the Red Cross flag provided with collecting boats, each accommodating six or eight cot cases. This floating hospital is to maintain a continuous sea speed of eighteen or twenty knots, so as to keep station with a modern fleet at full speed. This would obviate the frightful state of things on, say, the Chinese *Hiyei*, which after the battle of the

Yalu River had her wardroom blown away and every one of the wounded died on the way home!

It would seem as if the ablest brains on earth were devoted to means of destruction, and all the treasure of the world poured lavishly forth to carry out their design. Such an assemblage of engines of death, brought to conflict, will surely give illustration of Von Moltke's saying that "War is the greatest enemy of war; and war will eventually wipe war out of existence."

I HID MY LOVE IN THE BANNEL BROOM

By CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

I HID my love in the bannel broom;
She bowed her head, but she had full room;
And the riders sought, but they did not see,
For she was slender and she was wee;
And the broom rose high though the wind was wild,
And the sworders that sought were all beguiled.
So when they sought and they did not find,
Away they galloped, with me behind—
Behind a trooper that rode a roan.
Ah, Lord! but I did heavily groan:
Such sorrow it was to leave the lass
And know not what might come to pass!

But still 'twas well they rode away
And found her not the livelong day:
They sought and sought through copse and dune,
With curses to keep their wrath in tune.
That night I slipped from the basement floor,
Slew the sentry and got to the door,
Mounted the roan and raced to the coast;
And now my love is the Lübeck toast!
Her gown's a silk that needs more room
Than e'er 'twould get in the bannel broom!

THE OUTER DARKNESS

By ROBERT AITKEN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES SARKA

There is a world outside the one you know,
To which for curiousness 'ell can't compare—
It is the place where "willful missings" go . . .

KIPLING.



WITH the former state of Mr. Archibald we need not now concern ourselves. At present he is alive, and may repent; but, with every disposition toward optimism, I am afraid he will put that off until too late. One cannot, on the Upper Niger, base any very vital calculation upon the Expectation of Life set forth so comfortingly in the columns of insurance companies' prospectuses, and when I tell you that the man who is still known as "Ernest Archibald" consoles himself periodically with the perusal of those particular pages headed *Mean After-Lifetime (Male)* you will perhaps understand my feeling in the matter. The only feature admissible in his case lies in the phrase itself—Mr. Archibald's after-lifetime must be mean, beyond words.

There are very many white men among the rank and file of the trading community on the much-maligned Coast, but there are also black sheep in that fold as in any other. Without them it would not be so easy to find cheap fuel for the machinery of civilization which is pushing its way, slowly but surely, by swamp and river, forest and mountain, to the very heart of a savage country which will one day be a prosperous British colony. This is the tale of a black sheep.

Ernest Archibald's place of immolation was written Sô; not a difficult name to spell, or even to speak distinctly at a pinch. There he had been deposited, one sweltering November day, by the uninterested subassistant manager of the Trading Syndicate which had

bought him, body and soul, at a price so extremely moderate that it is hardly worthy of record here; and there he remained, suffering silent agony, until the dumb, brooding devils of climate and country had eaten his heart piecemeal. It was a weak, flabby heart at best, and he did not suffer so long or so deeply as a stronger man might, but that was a bad time for him while it lasted.

After he had found his tongue he extracted such comfort as he could from the apeline chatter of his black subordinates, whose manners and customs he set himself to emulate with mistaken diligence. Other company he had none but his thoughts—and they were not pleasant companions.

Sô had never been a paying station. It was maintained for the pure and philanthropic purpose of preventing any other company from establishing a representative there. It was not therefore an unlooked-for disappointment to the Syndicate when their delegate failed to show a profit on his first balance sheet, and they passed his infinitesimal salary without a murmur, content in that he showed no disposition to attempt escape from the terms of the contract under which they had netted him.

Half year after half year passed soddently, and the only indents from Sô that showed any increase were those for medical comforts. They could be debited legitimately against the sender's salary account, and were duly executed in consequence, so that case upon case of poisonous spirits went up-river with the half-yearly launch, which, on the other hand, never returned overladen.

The subassistant manager who went the round of the back-creek substations, of which Sô was one, did not report very favorably upon that particular post, but, for the



"He held fast in bondage to the bottle the head man of the native village."

politic reasons already explained, little notice was taken of his animadversions. Even his direct complaint that Mr. Archibald had "cheeked him most infernally" upon two successive visits, was passed over in contemptuous silence by the all-powerful manager. Ernest Archibald was of too slight importance in the scale of things—things on the Coast—to have any attention paid him so long as he merely existed, a stumbling block in the path of rival companies.

By some extraordinary process of reasoning, however, Mr. Archibald had succeeded in convincing himself that he *was* a person of importance. Two bases he had to work upon, and these were undeniable. First, there was the fact that he held fast in bondage to the bottle the head man of the native village which had spawned upon his station out of the darkness; and last, he himself had long outlived his allotted span in that stronghold of disease and death, having blossomed forth in the midst of its miasma, a gross, damp, bloated, unwholesome-looking ever-

green. He was no longer the cadaverous candidate for a wholesale grave, who had crept ashore at Sô to die, but the mark-master of death and burial, justice and injustice, the high, the middle, and the low.

It was his comfortable habit to drink, at dawn and nightfall, toward the clearing under the big mangrove before his hut wherein lay, in unhallowed ground, the mortal remains of his ill-starred predecessors in the honorable post of Sô, and the propitiatory nod with which he prefaced each libation would seem to have appeased the restless spirits of the departed. At any rate they were satisfied with his company in the flesh, so that the ready plot beside them was almost as overgrown with weeds as their own last resting places.

Seventy-four geographical miles from Mr. Archibald's stronghold, a hundred and fifty miles away by the only feasible route, lay the nearest white man's dwelling, the trading station of a German company whose ostensible headquarters figure in the Liverpool

directory. There dwelt, very near the main river, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schweitzer, draining Archibald's district of trade, exciting light-heartedly his futile displeasure. Within visiting distance of this abode of commerce was quartered a posse of police, but these were kept so very busy in its immediate neighborhood, that their sweating surveillance had never quite reached the outskirts of Sô.

Under such circumstances Archibald waxed fat, until, in his fermenting brain, there cropped up the happy idea of kicking his predatory neighbors. This idea he proceeded to carry out, and one dark night Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schweitzer passed painfully from a drunken slumber to a more settled sleep, besides being expensively cremated, under the supervision of one of Archibald's most trusted lieutenants, in the fiery furnace of their own dwelling place.

The crew of the police launch, on its next weekly call, was unpleasantly impressed by the dead desolation of what had been a place of business, and, having decently interred a few calcined bones recovered from among the ashes, returned to headquarters to report the evidently accidental burning of Schweitzer's store, and the consequent demise of the inmates thereof. Archibald had news of this in due course from his acquaintance the subassistant manager, and expressed himself sorrowfully regarding the untoward event.

The tide of trade thus temporarily diverted, Sô showed a clear profit of some four pounds over its next half year's accounts, and Archibald promptly sent South an application for increase of salary. This was as promptly refused, and he was referred to his contract. After which he was a man with a grievance.

The measure of his discontent overflowed finally when a wave of progress, sweeping as far inland as Sô, left jetsam on the strand in the shape of a detachment of police. The sea of civilization threatened to wash away the autocracy of the bottle, and the presiding genius of the spot was wroth exceedingly.

Trade gin is not, on the Upper Niger, soothing to raw nerves, and Mr. Archibald's temper became deadly in the extreme. Mrs. Archibald, coal black but loyal, suffered sadly in those days, and a traveling Fulani trader who was rash enough to express sympathy with her plight, departed suddenly from Sô to the



"He sank at the white man's feet, smearing his boots with blood."

accompaniment of a charge of buckshot which would inevitably have ruined his trousers had he worn any. His luck in getting away with his life was much commented upon locally. With his complaints, ceased all attempt at remonstrance, and Mr. Archibald pursued his evil way unchecked, but partially appeased by burnt offerings, ever and anon rumbling wrathfully, while the villagers cowered before him.

II

TAKE for granted an average English home of the upper middle class, standing where you will in the grass country; people the cozy country house with average English men and women, well set up and deeply imbued with the habit of hunting; imagine the average master of such an establishment in pink and tops; and you will have a perfectly set portrait of Harry Hamilton's father, whose requiem, throughout three counties, was expressed in three words: "A straight goer!"

But straight going is not of itself, in these commercial days, sufficient to provide for a wife and family, and when Mr. Hamilton met death one winter's morning on a slippery country road, he had only time to wonder, with a sigh, what would become of Norah and the boy, before the sand in the hourglass ran out.

Norah was Harry's mother, and the two mourned together for a time over the frozen body that was brought them, feet foremost, on a hurdle. Then they stood up, dry-eyed, to face the world.

Harry had come of age, and was, therefore, in a position to realize his slender fortune in order to settle his father's debts. These were trifling, but less so than the son's resources.

The dead man's only living relative was a brother much younger than himself, who had disappeared long ago, under a cloud. His wife had forgotten, since he had brought her home, the distant Irish cousins whom she had seen but seldom during her lonely school days, although they were all the kin she could count. Mother and son together, but otherwise alone, turned their backs on the old life, and refusing with all the pride of honorable poverty the manifold offers of assistance made them, went forth into the world practically penniless.

A more appalling situation for a country-bred youngster it would be difficult to conceive, and Harry passed through a two years' inferno before he procured the appointment which was to keep his mother and himself in bread and butter. It was no choice of his that took him to the Coast, but bitter, black necessity, and the same imperious taskmaster kept him alive throughout the first six months of his apprenticeship there.

Norah Hamilton had forced herself to let



"He was pulled to the ground and disarmed, while his escort was swiftly butchered."

him go, with a sore heart, and set herself to save largely out of the monthly check which came to her from his bankers. Wherefore in time she died, half starved, and Harry's pay accumulated uselessly while he worked on in dumb, careless despair, all his world in fragments about his ears.

There was also, as is sometimes the case, a girl in the question. It happened, fatefully, that she adventured a brief note of condolence to her stricken comrade, and a merciful Providence ordaining that the mail runner should, on the occasion, overcome with unusual valor the manifold difficulties and dangers in his way, delivering his burden intact at the journey's end, it fell out that her shy sympathy served to save her friend from shipwreck. Having read the scant epistle, he smashed most angrily the brandy bottle to which he had been addressing himself for comfort, and resolved to see things out soberly. Then he sat down to write an application for transfer to the frontier, where he understood there was work toward.

Before he was sent there, however, he found time to answer the letter he had received, and the girl, reading his sorry confession, cried very bitterly, but thought still more often thereafter of Harry Hamilton. It struck her as a very strange thing that a man should, out of sheer pride, trample upon the happiness of two people, himself and herself, and she grieved in that she was rich and Harry poor, with no immediate prospect of their situations becoming reversed. But, out of her own pride, she did not write to him again.

III

THE building of the fort at Sô was an arduous task. Green wood is worrying to work with, and Subinspector Hamilton's five and twenty native policemen were but middling carpenters. The villagers also held aloof sullenly. It was evident that nothing would induce them to assist in such a work of supererogation.

The outer stockade completed, Harry was minded to impress such labor as should be necessary to complete his defenses with all speed; rumors had reached him of disturbances on the river, and, although that was a hundred and fifty miles away, he thought it well to be prepared for all emergencies. Bush fighting breeds like wildfire.

He buckled on his revolver, and, attended by a single orderly, walked quietly over to the village to seek speech of Mr. Archibald. Regarding this worthy he had heard a good deal, but nothing that was favorable, and it had struck him as a bad sign that the trader had omitted to take any notice of the new flag which floated above the site of the fort a short mile from the village. He was not prepared, however, for the extreme squalor of his countryman, and when the orderly had led him through a throng of savages to the doorway of a tumble-down, leaf-thatched hut, wherein, after some parley with Mrs. Archibald, he was permitted to view that great man himself, it was all he could do to conceal his disgust.

He made his request modestly. The swollen, dropsical, evil-looking creature on the floor eyed him in silence, and broke into a sneering, shaky laugh, swaying to and fro, jellylike, as he sat up in his unclean habiliments on the dirty mat that served him for a couch. Harry returned his gaze steadily, while many heads peered in through the door-

way upon this strange meeting of two white men.

"Clear out!" said Ernest Archibald at length, insolently, and Subinspector Hamilton, loosening his tongue, spoke to him without reserve. Tears of rage were rolling down the man's puffy cheeks, long before the slim youth in spotless khaki uniform had concluded his homily. Gasping, outraged, among his filthy household gods, he could find no words strong enough to express his feelings, and presently the subaltern of police went away sickly to seek the fresh air.

The big, ugly negroes in the doorway fell back before him as he strode out, and faced him in a black half-moon when he halted and spoke; but no one of them stepped forward when he asked for volunteers to work upon his intrenchments, and, as he was without immediate means to compel their labor, he had to return to the fort empty-handed. Before he went, however, he looked back into the hut and laid a final injunction upon its speechless proprietor, leaving him to shake impotent fists and call down black, bloody curses at his leisure.

The trade of Sô suffered a considerable depression after Mr. Hamilton's arrival. So also did Mr. Archibald's import of trade gin; the police took charge of that, spilling it, very reluctantly, under the eyes of their commander and despite the united protests of the lately apparent subassistant manager and its consignee, into the oily brown waters of the creek.

That broke the back of Mr. Archibald's patience. He went Fantee forthwith, eschewing his unclean linen suit in favor of a trade blanket, and swore that Harry Hamilton should suffer sorely in an impending reckoning. The subassistant manager reasoned with him to no purpose and journeyed back to the nearest factory express to insist that Mr. Archibald should be removed from Sô before he should run amuck. He was, needless to say, severely reprimanded for such excess of zeal, and debited in account current with the cost of the extra coal consumed by the launch on its unnecessary journey. He did not, however, go up-river again at the moment, for the excellent reason that he could not. The war canoes were out, and chaos reigned on the Upper Niger.

Schweitzer's successor departed on the same long journey that Schweitzer had been dispatched upon before him, and the police station on the river bank was besieged in



"I don't know how many men's lives have been paid for you."

form; for which reason Subinspector Hamilton's urgent request for reinforcements at Sô could not conveniently be complied with. This was unfortunate, as it was patently impossible for any white man, however white, to maintain with twenty-three Sniders a half-completed, hastily put together blockhouse and stockade against some thousands of armed savages.

Harry had spared two of his scanty force to carry duplicate dispatches to the post on the river. The reply to his message reached him in the cleft of a spear that grazed his arm in its coming, and it was evident that the envelope had been tampered with by the way.

"Have sent south for reinforcements," it ran. "Am besieged here and cannot spare a man. Hold out to the last."

The subinspector of police removed his helmet after he had read it, and "God help us!" said he, without irreverence.

The first onfall came with the dawn. It failed, and the black men within the fort howled derisively as the enemy drew off at nightfall. Harry could have laughed, but that it was no laughing matter—his ammunition was all but spent, and the capture of the fort must be but a matter of hours.

He posted his sentries and slept soddenly, satisfied that he need not fear a night attack;

but every two hours he was called and went round his defenses in the pitch darkness, stumbling sleepily over the prone bodies of men, living or dead as might be. About midnight he was awakened by a wild outcry from the village. Sô, in an agony of flames, was shrieking out its soul in the distance, and, as he stood, with clinched hands, in bitter powerlessness, a dark figure broke from the shadows without and ran toward the fort, screaming. Harry beat down the ready rifle of the sentry beside him, and the runner advanced fearfully, holding out his empty hands in mute appeal; he was haled into the inclosure, and sank at the white man's feet, smearing his boots with blood, a dirty envelope tumbling from his teeth at Harry's feet.

"For God's sake," said the message, "help!"

Five minutes later Subinspector Hamilton, with six picked men, left the fort and pushed his way into the village of Sô, whose burning had ceased at his coming. There he was pulled to the ground and disarmed, while his escort was swiftly butchered. A flare of flame rose in the night as a fresh hut was fired, and, in the light thus simply supplied, Harry was aware of Mr. Archibald, his sides shaking with greasy laughter, looking down upon him.

"You're a *dam* fool, aren't you?" asked that pillar of commerce elegantly, and Sub-inspector Hamilton kicked at him with bitter loathing.

Archibald's brow darkened.

"Here," he said in Hausa to the men about him, "take the clothes off those pigs and make your way into the fort. Don't let me see you again till it's well alight."

Harry thought of his unsuspecting subordinates, and groaned aloud.

"Ah!" said Mr. Archibald gleefully, "that hits you, does it? Deserted your post at the first cock-an'-bull story that was pitched you! Who's a disgrace to his country now, eh?"

The subinspector of police groaned again.

"Look here," he said pleadingly, "I've spent six good lives already to help you—take mine too, and let the rest go."

"I'll take the lot," Archibald answered coolly, "to square accounts between us, an' then I'll let people know how you've behaved!"

"Damn you!" said Harry Hamilton solemnly. "You—you Thing!" And he spat in the man's face.

"Take him away," growled Ernest Archibald hoarsely, the veins swelling on his forehead, "and—take him away, d'ye hear!"

IV

LITTLE was said in the grass country as to the manner of Harry Hamilton's passing, but men shook their heads when his name was mentioned, and were glad that the father was not there to know of his son's shame.

"Such a straight goer, the old chap," said they sorrowfully. "Who'd ever ha' thought it of the young un!"

The women sighed among themselves, and spoke of the boy's dead mother pittingly. Of them all only the girl had faith.

"Deserted his post?" said she very quietly. "What an obvious untruth!"

But in her own heart she grieved exceedingly, and a little later she abandoned hunting and took up hospital nursing, greatly to the grief of the grass country.

"Ridiculous folly!" said the matrons, and warned the maids against the wearing of

hearts upon their sleeves. "Tut, tut!" exclaimed the old men comprehensively, and the young men smiled sadly, in vain.

V

THE extermination of the police post brought down upon Sô a military garrison which drilled the district most wholesomely and all but frightened Archibald out of his remaining wits. Lack of stimulant also played havoc with his nerves, and he was the first patient to be installed in the brand-new hospital which in time looked down disgustedly upon the growing township of Sô. There he lay for long, in a black nightmare of brain fever which made him a most unpleasant charge to the new nursing sister.

He recovered and went forth into the world again, shaken but unimpressed, while the hospital authorities debated among themselves whether they should or should not make use of his recent self-communings in order to have him hanged by the neck until he was dead.

At the urgent request of the nursing sister they decided to forego that privilege, contenting themselves with having Mr. Archibald deported from Sô. Before he was carried away the sister spoke to him, from a distance, in such wise that he went dumbly, mouthing soundless self-defense and white to the lips.

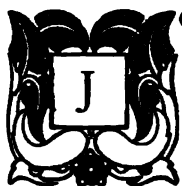
"I don't know how many men's lives have been paid out for you," she said sadly, "and God knows whether you are worth the blood money—but you might have spared your brother's son."

She broke down bitterly as soon as he had gone, and making no fight for life, the climate claimed her for its own, so that the assything of Mr. Ernest Archibald Hamilton was paid in full tale.

At the foot of a hasty cross, a lurching roost for all the poultry of Sô, under the big mangrove tree before the hut that once was Archibald's, sleep very soundly, side by side, Harry Hamilton and the nursing sister, man and maid. It is believed by the local medical officer and myself that the Day of Judgment will provide a very pleasant surprise for both of them.

A VETERAN PASSES

BY WILLIAM BEVIER ASHLEY



JOHNSON lays a last number gently on the table and, gazing sharply for a moment at Helpmate, engrossed in another, rises and gets in between the curtains and the window, where he flattens his nose against the pane and shields his eyes with both hands so as to see, against the flickering street light, if the snow is still falling.

"Just the way I used to do it after supper at home," he ruminates, rubbing his breath off the glass with his sleeve and looking again. "Then I'd have to go to bed in a cold little room and get up next morning to shovel off the walks and cut a lot of kindling before school. And it beats any other way of living! By ginger! I'll split some wood tomorrow, and be a hardy old warrior just like I used to be back there!"

"Ginger" is a milestone on Johnson's retrospect, fairly near to boyhood. He has learned hotter words since then. As a matter of fact, it had not occurred to him in years that there was such an art as chopping wood. But then, Johnson had scarcely seen wood for fire use in the city; and if he wondered at all how the "steam heat" was steamed, or heated—whichever happened the morning he wondered—he connected it in some way with little round bundles the janitor was sometimes seen to be carrying in. But out here in the real country where actual trees grow along the flagged walk, as well as in the "woods"—big as a city square—up the macadam road a ways, there is room for one's memory to expand and reach horrible impositions, softened by perspective into enchanting pastimes of youth.

Johnson's resolution stands the test of a night's sleep and a new day shivering in over snowdrifts, and on his way to the train he stops in at "HIGGINS: ICE, COAL & WOOD."

"Send me up a cord of wood, Higgins, today, sure."

"Split, of course, Mr. Johnson?"

"Split nothing. Just sawed through; and you needn't stop to throw out the pieces with knots in 'em either, Higgins." Which unintended sarcasm hurts Higgins so that he stops to throw in a few of that kind.

Creaking on across the snow, Johnson today feels a new kindliness toward yesterday's yelling nuisances and their poorly fired missiles—if they aimed past him—and exactly at 8.04½ settles next his window in the local with the *Commercial* open at "Market Quotations" and—train and paper and white landscape slip away and leave him, back there.

Back there, at that time, military tactics did not provide that a captain might leave his company during action and report to his commanding officer that he was pretty near tuckered out; and yet, Captain Johnson had shown scant appreciation of the leniency accorded him on such an occasion, returning sullenly to his station, one foot digging along behind in the dirt, clinched hands deep in pistol pockets, worn then at the sides.

Only that very morning he had been but a lazy private, content to dream of great things under his tented top sheet. But he had risen with surprising celerity, at mother's call, and, after rations and a visit to the commissary department with "the list," had received his orders for the day, closing with "If it isn't all split by noon, you cannot go over to Ned's." He had then marched his company out from among the other things in the shed, to the firing of "Georgia," with variations from the original, and had pitched in, scattering havoc like chips until the sound of revelry in the camp of some idlers down the street had tempted him to that unsoldierly act of quitting under fire.

The right of the firing line rested at the base of Woodshed Mountain, with the enemy, heaps of him, directly in front; a tough-looking lot that Captain Johnson expected to cut to pieces with difficulty. Beyond the chicken-coop could be seen the enemy's reserves, encamped somewhat like a peach orchard; and to the left of those the Prettiest Garden in the whole world, where roses and honeysuckle succeeded the peonies and syringa that followed close after the lilacs; and then would come asters and bleeding-heart and hollyhocks and sweet peas if only Captain Johnson had had time to notice. Next to the garden, this way, the home barracks glistened in white and green, three splendid reserve regiments at rest in front, colors flying; the Heavy Concorde, the Light Bartletts, the Dandy Baldwins; and from the barracks door, guarded by a company of blunderbusses as gay as morning-glories, a military plank-road led down to the very position the captain occupied.

Not a second time had Captain Johnson been forced to retreat. But again and again he had selected detachments of the enemy and, savagely engaging them in sharp encounters, divided and scattered them. Even *his* temper improved under the warming influence of victory, and his colonel, seated upon a mammoth black charger back of the captain's trooping thoughts, gave orders with cheerful confidence: "I'll tackle that big chunk next and make believe it's a picked company of dragoons," and Captain Johnson spat the order along with a "Now, men, for their center, *charge!* A good one! Again, *charge!* Once more, and we are through them!" And through they were.

And then an entire battalion, finally a regiment, lay shattered about him and a sweeping victory seemed imminent, when an outpost suddenly came flying down from the top of the ash barrel. Even Washington swore, so "I'll be darned if I chop that," muttered Captain Johnson.

Which seemed about it, for this was foe worthy of his steel. Upon this section of the enemy, with a heart of oak, he drove his force repeatedly, only to have it flung reeling back. "Sugar, but that's a corking hard knot!" he thought between his teeth, as he noted, with his left thumb, that his company's edge for battle had been about taken off. Over the back fence floated the sound of revelry from a camp of idlers.

Again Captain Johnson felt discouraged

and, wearily wiping his sweating forehead on the biceps of his right sleeve, a feat only two or three of the fellows could do, threw his company into "rest" and sat back on the saddle of a sawhorse to look around him. Opposing lines of troops stretched away to the left, a bloody field between; the entire movement, however, depending upon that right flank. When he should decide the conflict, these would fade away as a summer day's dream, and in their places golden-blow and asters would continue to smile and nod at each other across the red geraniums, and peace would brood over the yard for perhaps an hour or more. Beyond, in the cheery world, a little maid still sat reading, bees were taking sweet liberties with blushing flowers, and Bruno snapped languidly at flies in the shade of the vine-covered well house. Only boys—no, by Jinks, only one boy—had to work while everybody else took things easy. In barracks, mother was just putting another pan of cookies into the hot oven.

"I'll chop that hunk up in five tries or quit!" ordered the colonel, and Captain Johnson swung his company into position for the attack.

"They're the last stand of the British," exhorted the captain to his men, "and we're the only company brave enough to attack them. The war has been raging for three years, and no one has been able to overcome that regiment. I have been called in from another part of the field to try, and all the United States is waiting to see if I can win. I've got to do it in four terrific charges." He arranged the regiment so that he could strike full upon its center, holding it there with his left foot, and ordered, "Ready!" As one blade the company leaped into position and swayed slowly back and forth to get the right impetus. "Charge!" and it was upon that last stand of the British, through its front, halfway to its center, ere the United States could say Gee Whittaker! But, before the captain could withdraw his company, the foe closed in and held it fast.

"Steady!" the captain shouted, for that was just what he wanted so as to exhibit his knowledge of the art of war. To extricate his company from such a situation was more difficult, and therefore more glorious, than to drive it clear through at one blow. "Now, all the rest have stopped fighting to watch us," he confided to the colonel, entering the breach clear up to his knuckles to try to pry it wider. Useless. He tried to work his

company out by a subtle movement forward and backward and sidewise. Useless. He seized a piece of the enemy and hammered on the handle. Useless.

From the chicken-coop came a cackle; beyond, the enemy's reserves began to move, and a rustle and stir of sudden action in the home camp caused the captain to look up anxiously lest a thunderstorm was gathering to spoil the afternoon's fun, just like his old luck. At that critical moment an orderly came from the commanding officer urging haste in dispatching the enemy: "Father says, 'Haven't you got that wood all cut yet, Peter?' Oh, what a big piece! *You'll* never chop that through!"

"Won't I, though? You just watch me!"

Truly, a word spoken in season, how good it is! It had about been decided that the obstinate regiment had been captured and was being carried off to prison—but this challenge from a woman—

A sort of blind rage seized Captain Johnson, and, suddenly recollecting that not only was he the greatest military strategist in the whole world but also the strongest mortal, never yet conquered by any known power, he shouted his terrifying battle cry—"Get out of the way if you don't want a stick to fly up and hit you in your big mouth!"—and, lifting both bodies high overhead, brought them down in a cloud of battle dust upon the shuddering chopping block, the gigantic effort sprawling him headlong on the glorious field. A splitting cheer attested the complete success of the maneuver.

Over the fence came sounds of revelry in a camp of idlers; up the military plank-road rippled the merry laughter of a "Smarty-smarty"; in the Prettiest Garden still sat Ned's sister; and just within the woodshed door stood the broom with which Captain Johnson would make a clean sweep of the enemy.

"Come over this evening for dinner, Johnson, and settle the campaign issues afterwards?" invites Lee, insurance broker, as they lock-step down the car aisle.

"Thanks, but I'll be too tired; fact is, I'm going to be a boy again this afternoon." Some passengers turn their heads, stumbling

against heels in consequence; so the laugh belongs to that mishap.

Lee grins straight ahead, but calls back, "Well, make it to-morrow night; you'll be a man again by then!" It was Lee whom Johnson first met in Nearwoods; met him the first spring, swinging along on crutches, just getting over a sprain received that winter steering bobs downhill.

But Johnson takes home a shining ax on the 3.02, and brandishes it at Higgins, who is startled, forgetting that Johnson has not seen the wood. He whistles "Georgia," with variations, as he dons his uniform, relic of the late War of the Roses, and, bringing his regiment to shoulder arms, struts out of Hillcrest barracks, down the military concrete walk to Stable Mountain, and pitches in.

There seems to be a good deal of the enemy, mostly with heart, chest, back, and all fours of oak, but General Johnson selects a veteran detachment and makes one swift charge. Sitting back on the wheelbarrow, he nurses his shin and looks about him. No one has witnessed his repulse, and presently he resumes the conflict. The next powerful section closes with his regiment, and the general furiously lifts both bodies *high* above his head; the enemy disengages himself; the law of gravitation knows no curves.

Over the boxwood hedge floats the sound of revelry as Lee's friends gather for dinner; in between, in straw-colored coats, stand grim pickets of General Jacqueminot's Lancers, and out of the cheerless world Helpmate sits before a roaring gas log reading a reminiscence of youth in a last number.

Only fools—no, by Jinks, only one *old* fool—would do this sort of thing. "I'll try just one more of those — — —" General Johnson mutters, "and quit!" Fiercely waving his regiment back and forth to accumulate momentum, he lets the chance piece of clear chestnut have it full force.

Again, beyond the boxwood, rises the sound of merriment; along the military road roars a terrific and immodest battle cry; before the expensive gas log still reads Ned's sister; and up in Lee's attic stand the crutches he lends around to retired veterans in Nearwoods.



THE MOUNTAIN CALL

By MAURICE SMILEY

THE mountains call me, and the city way
Doth wind a trail thro' needled cañon pines;
The street stones blossom into columbines
And harebells; Men take sudden root and sway
To Aspens like to Daphne's fabled day.
The steeples lose their book-computed lines
And waver into peaks, and on them shines
The spangled glamour of the purple, gray,
And gold of mountain afternoons. The steel
And granite piles that hem horizons in,
Become sierras stretching toward the plain.
I raise mine eager hands; I long to kneel
Amid the hush that falls upon the city's din—
Then all is steeples, piles, and streets again.

THE GREATEST ENGLISH ACTOR

BY JOHN CORBIN



AT the death of Sir Henry Irving the question was mooted, both here and abroad, upon whom his mantle had fallen—the mantle of the master magician of the English-speaking stage, who caught the lightning gleams of crime, aspiration, or despair, and fixed them in Rembrandtesque pictures, never to be forgotten. Forbes Robertson was mentioned, and also Sir Henry's distinguished son, Henry B. Irving. I do not remember that much was said of a certain actor of our own, a troublesome, volcanic fellow, the fires of whose genius have so often broken loose, before the curtain as behind it, and the flame of whose sardonic wit blights and scars while it illumines.

That England should ignore Richard Mansfield was inevitable, for it had not seen his maturest and greatest work. The art of the actor, being writ in vanishing light and formless air, is a sealed record to the outlander. That we should be tardy in his praise is human; even more than the prophet, the volcano is without honor in its own country. We were impressed, moreover—somewhat provincially, perhaps—with the fame of Sir Henry's son, whose acquaintance we had yet to make. Forbes Robertson we did know, and recognized in him an actor who had achieved greatness only in a single part, to be sure, but that the most difficult and the greatest of all, *Hamlet*. Since then we have seen and somewhat deprecated Mr. Irving's appearance in the characters limned in the fire of Sir Henry's imagination; and since then Mr. Mansfield has put a crown to his former achievements by lending his versatility and his power to that wonderfully varied and striking character, the *Peer Gynt* of Ibsen.

Those who will may aspire to the mantle

of Sir Henry. Mr. Mansfield has come into his own as the greatest actor on the English-speaking stage, and it is time to say so.

I

I AM not unaware—what playgoer could be—of defects in Mansfield's title to greatness. Among all the arts, acting is peculiar in that the instrument of expression is the artist's own person. In the case of a temperament so pronounced, it is not strange that there have been outcroppings of the ego. In moments of restrained emotional intensity he has lapsed from the fluid simplicity of great acting—with legs that posture and stride, distended chest, and a torso affectedly bending backward. Above all, his voice and speech have betrayed him—with traces of German accent and a tendency to throw the stress on syllables that have weight neither in the meter nor in the sense. Sometimes the result has been singsong, sometimes a staccato barking. On that distressingly perpendicular pronoun I, his voice has been known to rise a full octave.

"People talk of my mannerisms," Mansfield once exclaimed. "I wish they would tell me what they are, so that I may correct them." At the time, I suggested that somebody really ought to take out an accident policy, hire a bodyguard of private detectives, don chain armor, and tell the tale of these personal exuberances to the one man in America unaware of them. Nobody volunteered. But even then the noisome little weeds were disappearing from the garden.*

* Subsequently, I should add, I heard Mr. Mansfield discuss the subject, at a private gathering in his house on the Riverside Drive, with frankly humorous candor. The popular view of his temper, founded on occasional outbursts of the emotional nerves which characterize so many great artists (and of a satirical wit which is all his own), is exaggerated and one-sided. His vast repertoire of

His *Brutus* was the last part in which they were prominent. In *Don Karlos*, which was largely a *tour de force*, they cropped out again, though mainly in the matter of posturing. In most of his recent creations they have been gratefully absent. At his worst it may be questioned whether his defects were more noxious than those of Irving, and in the matter of speech—the crucial point in acting—it is certain that they were not. Nothing is more eloquent of the diligence, sincerity, and flexibility of Mansfield's devotion to his art than the fact that he has triumphed over himself in this his sixth decade—the time when most artists are becoming fixed and set.

To-day his physical abilities—the bed rock in any structure of histrionic greatness—are little short of superlative. Muscularly he is powerful and lithe. As a lad in an English public school, he won distinction as an oarsman—and many prizes, which, as he sadly recounts, disappeared, in the lean years of his apprenticeship to the stage, up the avuncular spout. He is still fond of horseback riding, and spends much of his summers cruising on his yacht. There is more than sprightly mimicry in his assumptions of youthful grace, vigor, and elasticity—in his

heavily mounted plays and the size of his company make his task as stage manager most trying. When he has put himself in the wrong, no one regrets it more keenly than he. Mr. Kenyon West relates that "he frequently begins a rehearsal with a note to the effect that he may say things he does not mean, and that he hopes his people will try and understand him." Mr. Paul Wilstach, his press representative, tells a very characteristic story. Once when things were going wrong in rehearsal—and no one who has not seen them can believe how stupid are the blunders of actors, the omissions of stage managers—he ended up a progressive denunciation of "his people" with a call for the press agent. A little time before, Mr. Wilstach had been sitting in the darkened auditorium with Mr. Lyman Glover, but there was no answer. Mr. Mansfield walked down the stage and peering into the gloom again called for Mr. Wilstach. Again there was no answer. Then Mansfield ordered the electrician to switch on the lights. A sudden glare disclosed Mr. Wilstach and Mr. Glover in the center of the house. "Cowards!" shouted Mansfield—and then burst into laughter at the ludicrous plight of the press agent. The storm was over. No one is more willing, as I can vouch—and many another offending friend and critic—to go halfway, and more than halfway, toward reconciliation, or quicker to forget, when once it is evident that the barb of satire was not personally intended to do a personal harm. It is several years since he last harangued his audience—the result, I believe, of a conscious effort to harness his nerves.

Karl Heinz of "Alt Heidelberg," his *Don Karlos*, and his youthful *Peer Gynt*—there is real spring and buoyancy. In the truculence of his *Richard*, the eruptive vigor of his *Shylock*, and even in the recrudescence of the passions of the shattered *Ivan*, he is every inch a man. In comparison, both Sir Henry Irving and Forbes Robertson seem bloodless and fiberless.

More important in the matter of technic is his cast of countenance. William Archer has acutely remarked that a very important element in Garrick's versatility lay in the fact that his features were at once regular and lacking in salience. The gnomelike irregularity of Coquelin's face has debarred him from tragic parts, and the prominence of the features of Irving and Forbes Robertson has severely limited their histrionic scope. However mobile their facial play, the countenance of the one remained always predominantly ascetic, of the other spiritual. The face of Mansfield portrays at will the fresh charms of youth, the strong passions of maturity, or the seared decrepitude of senility. At will it is radiantly gracious, grotesquely humorous, or scarred by tragical passion and despair.

The supreme gift of the actor is his voice. A singer may or may not be vocally gifted. Yvette Guilbert gives all the effect of melody, even evokes the spirit of tragic horror, with vocal organs that are stiller and smaller than the proverbial voice of conscience. The most famous *Carmen* of our day is said on authority to be one of the worst singers. To the great actor the essential is voice, again voice, always voice. Mr. Mansfield himself has said something of the kind very eloquently, in an address to the students of the Empire School of Acting. "Think of your voice as a color and as you paint your picture (the character you are painting, the scene you are portraying) mix your colors. You have on your palate (palette) a white voice, *la voix blanche*; a heavenly ethereal or blue voice, the voice of prayer; a disagreeable, jealous, or yellow voice; a steel-gray voice for quiet sarcasm; a brown voice for hopelessness; a lurid, red voice for hot anger; a deep, thunderous voice of black; a cheery voice, the color of the green sea that a brisk breeze is crisping; and then there's a pretty little pink voice, and the shades of violet—but the subject is endless."

Somewhat fine spun, no doubt, this application of the theory of *klang-farbe*—though

I know no truer evidence of the minuteness and intelligence with which Mr. Mansfield studies his artistic effects. No voice, as it seems to me, has ever the compass of this chromatic scale. But the fact remains that there is no better way to describe the emotional appeal of human speech than in terms of color. Duse's voice is characteristically silver, with a touch too, perhaps, of subtle metallic resonance. Bernhard's voice is always described as gold. Mansfield's voice has also the richer coloring. Even its colloquial shadings have the freshness and authenticity of sunlight. Its anger burns crimson, its rage flares into scarlet; and, when the shadows of defeat, despair, and death pass into it, its clear gold is transmuted as it fades into the purple of sunset.

It is not easy to exaggerate the value of such a voice. In Mr. Mansfield's nobly restrained reading of the scene of *Brutus's* quarrel with *Cassius*, his austere carriage and luminous eye will linger long in memory. But what lifted the heart to pity and the mind to the mystery of passion and despair was the smoldering fire in his speech.

O *Cassius*, I am sick of many
griefs. . . .
No man bears sorrow better.
Portia is dead.

In the scene before Agincourt, the words of *King Henry's* prayer were more than an ethereal blue:

O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning if the opposing numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.

The lines swelled like an organ with majestic spiritual fervor, infusing the moonlit scene with the dusky splendors of cathedral windows.

II

INTELLIGENCE? There are two kinds—intelligence and actor intelligence. Times there have been when it seemed that Mr. Mansfield's view was limited to the momentary effect of the part he was playing.

It is hard to believe in the idealism and abstraction of a *Brutus* whose toga is so much more resplendent than those of his fellow-senators, and who has so unerring an instinct for the center of the stage and the spotlight. No less disturbing is a hero who insists on inopportunist dropping into doggerel. Who can ever forget the exasperating cacophony of *Cyrano's*:

These are the cadets of Gascoigne!

Alceste goes through all but the last brief scene of "*Le Misanthrope*" as blissfully ignorant, to all seeming, as *Monsieur Jourdan* himself of the fact that all his life he has spoken prose—and then, in the last few lines, breaks into heroic couplets.

As Mansfield has placed momentary effect above the part, so he has placed the part above the play. "*A Parisian Romance*" is so conventionally and so feebly sentimental that when *Cheverial* is off the scene, as in the entire last act, even the best disposed audience titters with suppressed laughter. Aside

from the central figure, "*Beau Brummel*" is quite as preposterously and antequely theatrical. "*The Scarlet Letter*" is a bad play. "*Ivan the Terrible*" and "*Don Karlos*" have been so cut and mangled that they are not even entitled to rank as chronicle histories. Clearly, an actor who has kept alive such pieces merely for their value as personal vehicles cannot be said to be ruled by an understanding or a love of drama as drama.

Mansfield is a self-made actor. In his youth he was associated with the best of stock companies, but such was the bitterness



"Only wait till I have done something."—ACT 1,

SCENE 1.

of his revolt against trivial and ignoble parts, and such his rage against incompetence in favor, that he failed to profit by discipline. Nothing could be more amusing than his familiar account of the tricks he played on his associates in these early rebellions—a series of anecdotes ending in the refrain: "I told them I couldn't do that part justice. But the next day I got the bounce!" And few things could cause more serious regret.

Very different is the case of Adolph von Sonnenthal, the one living actor who can compare with Mansfield in power—except perhaps Novelli, whom I have seen in too few plays to be able to draw a comparison. Sonnenthal, dean of the Viennese Hofburg Theater and its most distinguished artist, is too old to retain Mansfield's vigor, and perhaps never possessed it. But of all the other gifts of greatness, which one is not his? He has not one appreciable mannerism. So broad is his intelligence, so fine his instinct, that he is equally admirable in the humblest, the most distressing realism and the most poetically tragic romance—as Hauptmann's *Fuhrmann Henschel* or as *King Lear*. So flexible is his intelligence that he is equally at home in grave and gay—as Schiller's *Wallenstein* and Lessing's *Nathan*, or as a lightly amiable man of the world in modern comedy. No part is too small for him, as none is too great. And in everything he does there is an unforced wealth of human sympathy, an unforced fullness of passion.

Our present theatrical system, which makes every actor of power his own manager, does not produce such men; Irving's repertory was scarcely, if at all, more notable as dramatic literature than Mansfield's. Least of all does it bend willful individuality to humble service in the drama. If Mansfield had from his youth been subjected to the intelligent discipline of a repertory theater, there are few heights to which his natural gifts could not have been trained.

The fact remains, however, that Mansfield has always been inspired, if not ruled, by a solid and noble ambition. Years ago he spent a fortune in endeavoring to make the public accept his *Richard*, both here and in England. His *Shylock* was not at first appreciated; but, as in the case of his earlier venture, he has persevered, improved his reading, and made it recognized. We have not yet seen the last and the best of his *Henry V* and his *Brutus*. It must not be forgotten that he was the first actor of note

the world over to recognize the dramatic value of the plays of Bernard Shaw. Long before the public was prepared for that genius of idiosyncrasy, he produced "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple." Only the fact that he was physically unsuited to play *Marchbanks* kept him from producing "Candida."

Of late years it has apparently been his conscious purpose to build up a repertory of the great dramas of the world. "Cyrano de Bergerac" is the undisputed masterpiece of the modern romantic drama, as "Le Misanthrope" is the masterpiece of classical French comedy. His *Don Karlos* was as creditable in intent as it was unsuccessful in effect. Now he has given us Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," which Shaw has called, and most of us believe to be, the masterpiece of modern comedy.

Against this achievement, what had Irving to show? From France he imported Sardou, and decadent Sardou at that. From Germany he borrowed "Faust," but with the aid of his English adapter transformed it from its true character of poetic and philosophic drama to the dimensions of operatic romance and spectacle. The years of his maturity and power coincided with the modern development of the English theater; but what aid did he ever offer, what encouragement did he ever give, to the band of playwrights who have placed the national drama on a higher plane than it has reached since Goldsmith and Sheridan? Last as first he preferred the feeble mid-Victorianism of Wills. It was for Irving that Shaw wrote "Cæsar and Cleopatra"; but it is Forbes Robertson who has produced it—and profited by it, both financially and artistically.

III

THE keynote of Mansfield's temperament is force: his primary effects he creates by the sheer dynamics of acting. Partly an incident of his physique, this points also to an artistic limitation. He is powerful rather than subtle, passionate rather than spiritual. He is titanic, volcanic, but his fires burn in the element of earth. Graphically vivid as is his imagination, it is eruptive rather than inwardly illuminating. One would not look to him for the indwelling priestly intelligence, the incandescent religious fervor, of Irving's *Becket*. His *Arthur Dimmesdale* is highly picturesque, and its expression of



"Who would have thought I could draw you to me."—ACT III, SCENE I.

agonized grief, of isolated sorrow, of blighting despair, is true and compelling. But in spite of the fact that Hawthorne has indicated a strain of blood passion in the Reverend Arthur, Mansfield's embodiment makes the part unduly physical. It is only in the momentary flash of the climax that his soul rises triumphant.

Closely allied to this lack of divination is a lack of the purely poetic temperament. There has probably never been a time when he could have played *Romeo*. Charming though he is, as in *Beau Brummel* and *Beaucaire*, his charm lacks native sweetness, and the fervor of his romance lacks the larger lights and shadows of imagination. Tragic agony is his, but hardly the pathos of true tragedy. In such a character as *Hamlet*, this deficiency of subtle intelligence, of latent spirituality, of poetic sorrow, would be a severe, perhaps a fatal obstacle. It has been said that what attracted Mansfield to *Don Karlos* was the hope that this "*Hamlet* of Schiller" would prepare

the public to accept him in the true *Hamlet* of Shakespeare. If the experiment had been as successful as it proved otherwise, it is highly probable that Mansfield's "Dane" would fall short of the expectations of a public familiar with Forbes Robertson's.

In the case of a genius as intelligently versatile as Mansfield's, however, the first principle of prophecy is a respectful caution. Literature is full of "Hamlets"; but the only character that deserves to be mentioned in the same page with the royal Dane is the creation of a writer of comedy who never read Shakespeare—the *Alceste* of Molière. Passionate lover of the sincere and the pure, tortured by every contact with the disordered world of reality, sharp and incisive in speech to the point of rudeness, vacillating in personal conduct, futile in his conflict with destiny, yet nobly triumphant in the dignity of character and intelligence—the Misanthrope falls short of the melancholy prince only in lacking the lambent



"Speak, mother; it's I, your boy."—ACT III, SCENE I.

light of poetic imagination. And the *Alceste* of Mansfield stands among his clearest artistic triumphs.

Here as elsewhere, however, Mansfield's point of attack is—and is rightly—that of the character actor, rather than of the exponent of what are called straight parts. If he lacks the larger and deeper imagination, he has a full measure of the craft of the intellect. Such a part as *Falstaff* is perhaps beyond his range, for his humor is gruff, testy, satiric, rather than mellow and abundant. He is at his best when the eccentric and the sardonic blend with propulsive, cosmic passions.

His *Richard* is an astounding blend of subtle guile and malignity—the lifelong portrait of a soul devoted to crime. At the outset he is a mere strippling, a light-hearted virtuoso of assassination, who handles his rapier with the air of a dandy twirling his cane, loafs about the world while awaiting his chance with ungainly grace, and runs through the aged king with an easy, impish sneer of triumph. His wooing of the *Lady Anne* over the bier of her husband—whom he himself has slain—he carries off with the glamour of an ardor only half veiling his cynical, mirthless delight in the preposterous encounter.

Already, however, the weight of crime sits heavier on his crooked shoulders; and, as he makes his way to supreme power—and supreme danger—the seas of blood through which he has swum darken his visage and clog his spirits. It is a haggard tyrant that confronts the ghosts on Bosworth Field. The final fight finds him sodden with slaughter, crushed with fateful despair, yet still capable of a flash of diabolic vigor and passion. Altogether a *Richard* as plausible as it is original and full of power.

It is as *Shylock* that the fires of the actor's

temperament find fullest scope. In subtle psychology, and in the imagination for details, Irving, it must be granted, was here supreme. It so happened, a dozen years ago, that the two actors were playing the part at the same time on Broadway, so that it was possible to see them repeatedly and in alternation. Very characteristic were the

divergent manners in which they delivered the Jew's brief retort to *Gratiano's* voluble jeers:

Till thou canst rail the seal
from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy lungs
to speak so loud.

Irving spoke quietly, with a look of inward contempt and hatred—cautiously, almost covetously, thrusting the bond beneath his gabardine as he spoke. Mansfield spoke with wolfish vehemence, and held forth the bond so that the seal dangled before *Gratiano's* lips. The one bit of business was as subtle as the other was obvious.

Yet it seemed to me then, and it does so still, that in essentials Mansfield's reading was superior. Irving's conception of the Jew was imbued with the imaginative sentimentality of the nineteenth century which regarded *Shylock*, in spite of the obvious intention of Shakespeare's Elizabethan comedy, as the

tragic emblem of a persecuted race. Mansfield, whether consciously or unconsciously, held to the simpler and truer conception, abating no jot from his abhorrent wolfishness. And into this he threw the full power of his voice, the full vigor of his volcanic passions. Never in modern memory have the alternating rages of triumph and despair in the great scene with *Tubal* been more fully realized. Where Irving was physically slight and vocally ineffective, Mansfield rose to height upon height of fury, yet never lost the sense of character. Of all the arts, the drama is



"A farce I will write them, a mad and profound one."—ACT V, SCENE 8.

most essentially dynamic, and among all modern actors Mansfield is supreme in power.

Perhaps the most admirable, as it is the most striking and marvelous, of Mansfield's achievements is his production of "Peer Gynt" in the current season. Conceived first as an epic, Ibsen wrote the piece (in 1867) as a dramatic poem of vast length and multifarious scenes, with apparently no thought of the stage. In 1876 the Christiania Theater produced an abbreviated stage version made by Ibsen, to accompany which Grieg wrote his famous music. In 1886 Copenhagen followed suit, and in 1896 the Théâtre de l'Œuvre in Paris. A masterpiece of Ibsen's which took nine years to find its way upon the boards, and which is revived only at intervals of a decade, manifestly presents difficulties. In reading it, I confess, the last thing I thought of was that it had the making of a popular stage play. In addition to the number and heaviness of the scenes, the action is almost purely episodic and without the clash of character upon character and the cumulative interest of true drama. Moreover, the title rôle requires, as Bernard Shaw has said, "the greatest tragic, comic, and character actor in the world."

Just about that is what Mansfield has brought to it; and by the sheer force and variety of his abilities he has produced with this mere character-story an effect more powerful than that of many of the greatest dramas. The secret is twofold. The nature of *Peer*—the incarnation of irresponsible self-will and grotesque, indomitable fantasy—is curiously and intimately in harmony with one of the most salient phases of the actor's own character; and Ibsen's dramatic poem gives scope to a greater range and in-

tensity of the actor's powers than any piece he has hitherto essayed.

The task of tracing the development of a character from adolescence to the grave, which Mr. Mansfield—somewhat arbitrarily, perhaps—imposed upon Shakespeare's *Richard III*, is here clearly requisite, and is traced through the most picturesque variety of incident. *Peer* begins as a peasant lad of the time when peasants wore costume. He mingles riotously in a rustic wedding feast, carries off the bride to the mountains, deserts her to elope with the troll king's daughter, the two riding double across the stage on the pig which is her palfry. Outlawed for his sins by peasants and trolls alike, he flees to America and becomes a slave-trading merchant, in waistcoat and spats, who cruises in a yacht on the Mediterranean, and serves his guests with champagne and cigars. Stranded in Africa he becomes a prophet of the desert in gown and turban, and makes love to a dancing girl. Returning home in advanced years, he suffers shipwreck, and in a dingy frock coat of the modern world appears again to die among his own folk, themselves garbed in modernity.

Vain braggart and faithless lover always, *Peer* is always keenly interesting, irresistibly lovable, and not without pathos. In the boisterous recklessness of youth he is redeemed by the very fervor of his ambition, the daring leaps of his imagination. In maturity his refuge is in philosophy. In age he is face to face with eternity—or the annihilation of the Button Molder. It is the soul history of Dante, as of all who live fully, only it is seen in the prismatic lights of Ibsen's genius for sardonic comedy and philosophic satire. In Mansfield's rendering, the com-



"But economical—no, that he isn't."

—ACT IV, SCENE I.

edy blows through the audience like a breeze. Of the philosophy and the satire, much has been lost in cutting the poem for the stage. But even here Ibsen is the master dramatist. Those who can may still read the fate of the soul that seeks freedom and power in the unlimited gratification of self.

IV

MR. MANSFIELD has announced that on reaching the age of fifty he is to retire from the stage. Perhaps he should have said that he is to make his first retirement. It so happens that the year he has set coincides with the year of the opening of the New Theater in New York, devoted to the drama as a high art and independent of mere commercial considerations. That Mr. Mansfield is in full

sympathy with the aims of such a theater is manifest in the fact that he was one of the first, as he was the most prominent, to advocate it. Many great parts still await him. One would like to see his *Benedick*, his *Malvolio*, his *Petruchio*. The pathos of *King Lear* offers a most alluring problem to this actor who has never yet deeply stirred the wells of the tenderest impulse, while for the scenes of imperious madness and tempestuous denunciation he has a physical and vocal equipment unsurpassed in any time. Would he consent to subdue himself to the necessary discipline of a great and multifarious institution? Those who have known him best in the decade just past have reason to think he would. Certainly such an institution would be as incomplete without him as he would be without it.

ANSWERS

By ALLAN MEUNIER

The roses are over—the clover, the clover
Lies buried in drift upon drift;

O Child of the Summer, what brought the newcomer,
Dark Winter, for true-lover's gift?

A robe of rainbow-tinted snow;
A coronet of stars aglow;
A bridal bed swung low, swung low—
Fierce winds to guard the pillow.

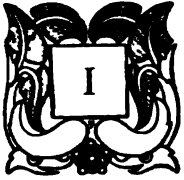
O little glad-hearted gay Love, since we parted
What dream has enraptured thy days?
What hope has Time brought thee, what mystery taught thee?
What home was the goal of thy ways?

An Indian-summer memory:
A faltered final rosary;
A wonder-white eternity;
A mound beneath the willow,

THE STRANGER

BY ELIZABETH HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST



WAS out of sorts that morning. Henry was getting harder to live with each day; rather each morning, for that's about the only time we see each other. We are a little old-fashioned in some ways, always breakfast *en famille*. Perhaps it's a mistake; but mistakes are the links of the chains of most lives. Henry was getting more disagreeable each morning. I was very tired of Henry's ways. Henry is my husband.

I was sitting at my dressing table, Martha fussing with my hair. "I certainly can't do it," the woman was saying; "the gray hairs is bound to show through. I reckon it's now come to a downright dye."

Dye! I was but thirty-five! I glanced quickly into the mirror, and in the first moment of my gaze I saw myself as I really was—faded before my time. No, not faded, but *ruined*. There's a dignity to fading, withering away like a flower but still the remnant of a flower. I had changed to something else. I was like some dainty mold-fed bloom taken from its little nest by an oak root and transplanted to a heavy, overfertilized loam—such a rank, weedy growth I had become. I turned from my reflection in horror. My worst enemy could have told me no crueller things than the mirror of my dressing table. And only thirty-five! I looked fifty—too fat, too heavy under the chin; something was the matter with my eyes—the soul was gone from them, and gone for too long.

In the midst of my dismal reverie, my sister Ellen came bustling into the room. I wondered the moment I saw her what she wanted of me. Ellen always wanted something when

she called. She kissed me two times; and then I was sure she had a wish, and no slight one. How young she looked, Ellen, still girl-ish in form, not a gray hair, not a wrinkle, and nine years older than I!

"You haven't as much as inquired for Janet," my sister said pettishly after she had seated herself.

"I presume your daughter is well," I said, "or you should have mentioned it the first. No news is good news, especially in families," I added.

Janet is Ellen's only child. They called her for me, and they were forever dinning it in my ears.

"My Janet is a replica of you, Janet," Ellen said. "She's just as you were, build, coloring, features, even the voice, and the same identical tastes—she spends most of her time at the same old books you used to pore over."

I kept silent that Ellen might do her own steering. I liked to observe her methods.

"I'll just as well come to the point," Ellen said when she saw I was going to give her no help. "Janet, I've called to see what you can do for my Janet."

I saw it all at once. Ellen's Janet was quite marriageable—twenty-four. Ellen lived in Crosby Park, a hideous little suburb; and Ellen was positively poor. All my sisters are poor; they married for love. And they think I have the money Henry gives me to furnish their children with luxuries their fathers can't afford them. I knew they wanted to make use of me, my family. Did they ever think what that money cost me? Did they ever think that I had to pour Henry his cup of coffee every morning and look interested while he drank it?

As I said, I was determined to give Ellen



Drawn by G. C. Hulmehurst.

"Just as it was seventeen years ago."

no assistance in the presentation of her appeal. "My Janet is very beautiful," my sister went on persistently, "and she should have a fitter setting than we can afford her."

She paused, watching me into the eyes; but I reached out no helping hand.

"Couldn't you, Janet," Ellen commenced hesitatingly; "couldn't you have my Janet with you this winter, take her away with you for the summer? The men Henry knows are so eligible, Janet."

"You mean wealthy, Ellen?"

"That's what is always meant by eligible."

I laughed into her face.

"So you want to marry her to a rich man, Ellen? You want her to marry some man like Henry?"

"I certainly don't want her to know the penny-saving existence I have known."

"Ellen, Ellen, Ellen!" I cried. "And seventeen years ago you were the one who most strenuously opposed my marrying Henry. How you pleaded for love alone! How you wanted me to take Francis Blount, poor as he was in those days!"

"Yes, I know," she said, "but you were wiser than any of us then. Here you have this beautiful home, everything you want."

Ellen sat for some minutes with tight lips but expectant eyes; and I waited—I knew her face and ways so well. She was holding back some news of unusual import, and her tongue was burning to impart it.

"What do you think, Janet?" she asked at length.

"I've done long ago with thinking," I answered.

I always let my sisters play their own overtures. Ellen rose and came near me.

"Janet," she was saying, "Francis Blount is back. He told George he wants to meet you again. And he spoke of you as Janet Lee!"

After Ellen left me I sat for a long time with my face buried in my outstretched arms. I was sorry I hadn't married Francis Blount. But if I had married Francis Blount, I reasoned, I'd have been just as sorry I hadn't married Henry. A woman is bound to be sorry no matter what she does. Too bad we can't take both choices of an alternative. How beautifully the artists have pictured us. Tear-eyed and reluctantly we stand—on one side, Love holding out his heart; on the other, Riches with his purse! Ah, vacillant woman, I have a word of wisdom for you! You marry for love; and some day you will realize your

beauty wasted; you will see your scanty wardrobe, your skimmed-for house and its furnishings, and you will think hard thoughts. You will think of the riches you spurned, and you will picture yourself with your beauty enhanced, sitting in the midst of your brilliant circle; jewels, robes, their phantasms will dance before your eyes; and you will be disgusted with your lot and feel you have sold yourself for a kiss. Rich man's pampered wife, ah, the nights you have tossed in sleepless misery under your silken coverlet; you have looked with tear-dimmed eyes through the glass of your carriage door; you have flung yourself upon the rarest rug in your dainty boudoir to spend your agony for the shame of the self-sale—for giving up the best in life for baubles! Woman, you'll upbraid yourself if you do; you'll curse yourself if you don't! I was telling myself that unhappiness was an ugly pain—that hard on the heart and tight at the throat it holds one—and a woman will be unhappy either way. Is it not easier to toss the sleepless night under a silken coverlet than a heavy comforter of caked cotton? Is it not nicer to look with tear-dimmed eyes through the plate of your carriage door than the germ-coated window of a street car? Is it not better to writhe upon a precious rug than an ill-swept carpet?

Again my reverie was broken. I was wanted at the telephone. For some reason I thought it was Henry. And it couldn't be about bills, it was too late in the month for that; and, besides, I hadn't gone much over my allowance. Maybe Henry said something ugly at the breakfast table. I was glad he thought of the telephone for apology. He couldn't expect me to give him the kiss of forgiveness over the wire.

I took up the receiver. It was Francis! It was his voice, not an accent changed, as full, as calling, the same rich, clear huskiness.

"This is Mrs. Vincent," I squeezed from my tightening throat.

He must have noticed how stringently I was speaking. Why couldn't I get some composure! But I didn't think to have it come so suddenly upon me. I never feared I *could* care—like that. It was the shock of it that unnerved me; to be taken in one moment from the depths of sordidness into the realms of dreams, ideals, aspirations, love—to have my youth brought back upon me in a second!

"Yes, yes, I said it is Mrs. Vincent," I said into the transmitter. I felt I was getting

some rein upon myself. "Why, Francis!" I added with confident acting, "I didn't know you at first."

I could say no more; I could hardly compose his words into connected thought. I felt too strong the spell of his voice, the realization that Francis—Francis, living, breathing—was at the other end of the wire.

"You want to see me soon?" at last I heard myself answering him. "Can't you dine with us some evening soon? Quite informally, of course. You would rather not? You want to see *me*? What a silly question of you, Francis! Of course I'm happy."

Happy! As if from a graphophone I heard my own voice. I had said *happy*, but I had not lied to Francis; for above the falsity of the word, the tone proclaimed the truth—and he knew I was miserable.

"Good-by, Francis," I said, dropping the receiver. I was at the end of my endurance. He had just said he would call to-morrow.

To-morrow came as to-morrows always will. For hours I fussed with my hair and face before the dressing table. Martha had hooked me into six gowns before I made my choice, lavender velvet embroidered with seed pearls. In the dimly lighted music room I sat waiting for Francis. I was nervous, and I called to Ellen's daughter, who happened to be in the house, to come and play to me.

I knew his step the moment it fell in the hall, and I motioned Janet that she might go. At the doorway they came face to face, my niece and Francis Blount.

"Oh, Janet, Janet," he cried, "more beautiful, as young as ever!"

My blood froze. He thought Ellen's Janet was I. He thought of me as young, a girl. Against the deep *portières* I saw them, Ellen's Janet, half frightened, and Francis Blount bending over her hands, kissing them. I caught it all in a moment, the light in his eyes—he still loved the Janet he loved seventeen years before. His love had not died, but it was love for *his* Janet, a fair, slender Janet, so like my sister's child.

I don't want to think of it—Francis's face as he saw me; the recognition, the disappointment—the word grinds on my heart—the *disgust*. In a mirror's reflection I saw the group, Francis, and Ellen's Janet and me. I saw Francis Blount changed, but for the better. It was the same face still, but firmer and sadder. But for the sprinkling of gray above the temples, he was young for

thirty-six. I watched the mirror as if held to it by a spell. I saw Ellen's Janet as I once was, *the Janet*, whom Francis loved; and I saw myself, the stranger, a woman with too much and too little in her face, the face that had known only the material. Heavy and gross she stood, overdressed, overpowdered, overrouged, her too tight bodice, her too many ornaments—what a horrid stranger to Francis!

We were with the things of seventeen years gone past. It was as if the dial's hands were pushed backward, hour over hour, day over day, year over year for seventeen; and Francis and I—the *I* that was Janet Lee—were standing together; and a stranger came, a woman with too much and too little in her face, the face that had known only the material. Heavy and gross she stood, overdressed, overpowdered, overrouged, her too tight bodice, her too many ornaments. Would he then have left my side, and turned to hers? No, no, he could not then, nor could he now! Seventeen years had changed me. Sordid and selfish they had marked my face and seared my heart. But seventeen years had left Francis's soul untouched.

I found an excuse to go, and I left them together, Ellen's Janet and Francis Blount. The stranger must not kill *my* love, the love to *the Janet* who was Janet Lee.

I hurried to my chamber. Martha undressed me; and with the effrontery of an old darky servant, she asked me why I had suddenly become so ill. I'm too old-fashioned, too lenient, I thought. I should have one of those noiseless French maids who would always please me, divine my moods; and parcel out my secrets through servants' halls to all the world. I reprimanded Martha and sent her from me. But her *why* still dinned through my brain. *Why* was I ill; *why* was I watching the ceiling in dumb misery! Weakly I tried to fall back upon the sophistry which had pampered my mood for seventeen sordid years—the *bed had a silken coverlet*. I tried to feel the beauty of each artistic detail of my surroundings; but I only thought of the dove that grieved to death—Keats's dove.

"Why should it grieve?
Its feet were tied with a silken cord
Of my own hands' weaving."

I tried to fall back upon another scheme of self-consolation—that, *if I had married* Francis Blount, I'd be just as unhappy and full

of regret. *Francis's wife.* My pulse leaped at the thought—our lives together! I sprang from the couch and held my hands hard against my beating heart. Francis's wife—there would be no regret. Regret and love never bided together.

Janet was soon domiciled in my house. She fitted into the place quite well; but it hurt me just a little when well-meaning friends said we looked like mother and daughter. I was but eleven when she was born. I bought Janet gowns and trinkets aplenty, no less than a mother would do for her daughter. And she selected my favors, saw to flowers, and she received the rector, an arguing, stubborn, youngish man who thought the wealthy the legitimate prey of the church.

I was sitting one morning in my study, watching Janet at my desk. How beautiful, how rarely beautiful, was my sister's child! I was once that beautiful; I was that slender, that dainty. Yes, and we wore full skirts in those days, much like we were wearing then, and the same tight, high-sashed girdles, and the waists cut long on the shoulders. What pretty blond hair she had, my sister's child. And my hair was so, seventeen years gone past, not too blond like it is now—that was done to disguise the gray—but just such a curling blond as Janet's. Her hands, her tiny hands with their rosy palms and finger tips, slender and flexible—mine were so, too, mine once were so, and Francis would cover them with kisses, seventeen years ago. Yes, Janet was very like me, the old *me*; if there was a change, it was that Janet was taller, an advantage to her.

"Janet, what are you reading?" I cried.

My voice frightened her, and I saw it in her eyes, a little awe that emboldened me, that told me I might be master. How well I knew the hand that traced the lines on the sheet Janet held, the letters I had read seventeen years before!

"What are you reading, Janet?" I asked again.

She slowly raised her face, bringing her eyes to the level of mine.

"A letter from Mr. Blount, auntie," she said with even calm.

She hesitated a moment longer, then handed the letter to me. She was a strange child, and I did not always understand her.

I took the letter, took it hungrily from her hands. I ran to my chamber, locked the

door, and crouching down by the window I read the missive.

"My dear Janet," I read, and the voice of the past called out to me. It was seventeen years before, and I was in the cretonne-covered window seat in my old room—I was Janet Lee again and loved—I was young and slim and beautiful. "My dear Janet," the black, black ink—the white, white paper, each hook and curve and stroke of the speaking line fell, feeding a hundred hungers in my heart. I read the letter again and again. My long-clouded brain was cleared; the thoughts which had lain in sluggish slumber were quickening, they were clamoring for utterance—phrases, sentences, how they came, some stimulus putting them into place artfully and with the style that was once my pride—I wrote good letters seventeen years before.

I went to look for my niece, and I found her in the library, stitching on some corporals and listening to that argumentative prig of a rector. It occurred to me that the man was a socialist; and, of course, he came that morning to relieve me, as one of the rich, of some of my ill-gotten gain. But I was tactful as well as forceful, and I disposed of the enthusiastic young man without giving him a chance to broach the subject. I lay down on a couch and motioned Janet to seat herself at my desk. I still held Francis's letter.

"I have read what Mr. Blount writes to you, Janet, and I think you are treating him too indifferently."

She watched me with strange eyes, wide and fixed. There was something on her mind, a dominant thought.

"Janet, you must write an amiable letter to Mr. Blount."

There was command in my voice and she felt it. She took pen and paper, arranging them before her mechanically. Her eyes were fastened upon mine. Then all those phrases, sentences, out they poured, and Janet wrote as I spoke. It was a very beautiful letter. Janet paused at its finish. Her cheeks were red and a film was gathering over her eyes.

"But, auntie," she burst out, "isn't it a love letter? Is it just quite right for me to write so—to Mr. Blount?"

"Quite right, Janet. Has your mother not trusted you to me?"

She hesitated, the red fading to pink in her cheeks, but the eyes welling over with tears. She signed it "Janet," as I told her.

Spring came, and I thought of them so those days, a range of hills in Maryland. I own a place there, gave Henry no peace until he bought it for me. Its acres stretch out over hills knolling one above the other, swelling into the Blue Ridge Mountains. I wanted it because it was so like my old home, the home where I was Janet Lee, where I had walked up the sweet-scented, box-wooded paths to meet Francis Blount. It was so like the old home, the myrtle drooping over the stone-walled terraces, the sighing pines, the Japanese magnolias; and, back from the mansion house, a brook with steep craggy banks, and a little dell half roofed with tree boughs, so like the old trysting place where Francis and I had lingered through many a golden hour of our youth and love. Henry bought the place, and I went there once to spend the spring. The box along the pathways gave out its earth-clinging sweetness, and I watched the oaks and elms burst into splendid beauty. A hundred bushes were flecked with bloom; lilacs waved their lavender panicles; stubborn little crocus cups, white and purple, broke the still cold sod; high in the air, the white sprays of the locust parted with their heavy sweetness; and the disks of the crawling myrtle opened amethyst on the moss-stained terrace walls. The violets purpled the banks as of old, the hepaticas hid among the gnarled oak roots, and the sanguinarias whitened the slopes; but I only thought, thought. And when I thought, it was always the one thought, regret. After two weeks I closed the place up. That was fourteen years before, and I had not seen it since. But looking from my windows, over in the park, I saw a green cast upon the earth, and there was a capped fullness on the tree twigs; three birds had darted past the space of sky—spring! and I was thinking of the Maryland hills. Strange that I should think of spring, of boxwood, of violets on the banks, the hepaticas by the tree roots, the sanguinarias on the slopes, the arbutus trailing over crags; we had long been strangers, such thoughts and I.

I made up a small house party, and we went that week to my place in the Maryland hills: Janet and Francis, and a few others, the rector, and a Mr. Thompson, a friend of Henry's and president of some railroad. I believe now I invited him because Ellen asked me.

I was standing that afternoon in a field of sanguinarias. White and blue hepaticas

were hiding all about me; the dogwood, the laurel, and the azaleas were breaking bud, and the Judas trees flecked purple through the greenish boughs. Down in a hollow, the magnolias were opening their cups of crying beauty. I stifled in exquisite delight; it was too luxurious, too full of grace of shape and joy of color. The brook, so like the old brook, flushed with the tides of spring, flowed noisily on its way to the river, gurgling and splashing on the crags, and spilling loud over the big, fallen stones of the ruined bridge. I could see the boughs that roofed the dell, the leaves taking light and color from the sun; another day and they would be green.

Down the pathway toward the dell I saw them coming, Janet and Francis, just as it was seventeen years ago! They came slowly, and her hands were full of flowers. The wind brought up his voice to me, not his words, just the low, deep tones of his accents. They entered the dell, and I could think no more. I only knew I was with spring, with green hills, with budding woodlands and flowering dells. I was dreaming, I was wandering blind through ecstasy and fantasy; I was with youth, I was with beauty, I was with love. Each breath I breathed was a joy to me, each consciousness a pleasure, each beat of my heart a delight. I felt the flowers and the brook and the woodland, I felt them with youth and love, felt them in all their fullness and delight.

It was my niece who brought me to myself. Janet came to me slowly, like a guilty thing, and she touched my arm.

"Auntie, I have something to tell you," she said.

I felt a moment of awful crisis.

"I have been very wicked, auntie," she stammered again.

"Don't lose your voice, Janet; don't be so afraid to tell me," I pleaded with her.

"I've been all day with Mr. Blount," the girl started again. "We were down by the brook, auntie, and we went into the dell. And I can't tell you why, or explain it, auntie." She commenced to sob again. "Auntie, he put his arms around me; he kissed me, auntie; and I let him. And, when he asked me——"

"Don't cry now, Janet."

"When he asked me to marry him, I let it go for granted; and he kissed me on my mouth and my eyes and my hands, auntie."

Her voice broke completely, and she clung to me miserably.

"Why are you so unhappy, Janet?" I asked in fear.

She broke into passionate sobs, and I let her spend herself. "It's because of Mr. Thompson, auntie. I knew it would please mamma; and last night I promised to marry him."

"Which man do you love, Janet?" I said.

"Why, auntie, of course Mr. Blount—what girl wouldn't? But mamma had her heart so set on Mr. Thompson; and, then, until to-day I was not sure that Francis cared so—for me." She broke into another weeping spell, talking between her sobs. "To know now that he does care," she went on, "and to be engaged to some one else; and now to have to go and tell him that I can't marry him—that there is some one else."

I watched the girl, but I understood. Strange but true—it is not the young but the old who most value love. Youth is too full, too stimulated, to reckon with truth. It is not the fresh cheek but the fading one that knows best a kiss's worth.

"There is no one else," I said hotly. "I'll see Mr. Thompson myself, and he'll release you. And Francis is happy?" I asked with a failing breath.

"Very, auntie; and really, I don't have to break with him on account of Mr. Thompson?"

"No, Janet."

I think she kissed my cheek and left me

quickly, running down the slope to join Francis.

It was dark and chilly in the woods. I was cold, and I found myself lying in the field of sanguinarias, my dress covered with the stains of their broken stems. Poor things, I had made them bleed! It was early in the afternoon when I last remembered this field of flowers and Janet running down the slope from me. Sleeping in the woods? I had turned dryad! And my dream? A memory lived again, and was hard to wake from. No, I had not waked! It was with me still! An old woman lying on the chill April earth, but a woman with youth and joy and love all singing in her heart.

Soon Martha came looking for me. Good Martha! And she helped me into the house! She thought I was ill, but I was only worn of the joy that thrilled me. I did not go down to dinner that night. I lay in the dark, holding fast to youth and love. And the songs, old snatches of verse, they came, and I felt them as singers sing songs.

I turned on my bed, and over the Lingamore Hills I saw the rising moon. The night breeze blew upon me with the scent of field and woods. I heard the frogs from the mill pond, the crickets; and some night bird sang from a near-by bough. I was in the big house, with the hepaticas, the arbutus, the laurel, and the magnolias in bloom out in the moonlight—love bided under my roof, and I was happy.

THE HERMIT THRUSH

By ELIZABETH WEST

WHEN woods are deep and twilight dim, where long
 Adorning pines lift clustered reverent spires,
 A call, a hush, a note without a mar,
 It climbs—and climbs—and falls from some far star,
 It thrills and fills and stills unknown desires,
 The hermit thrush begins his evensong.

THE ENIGMA OF THE LOCKET*

BEING AN ADVENTURE OF VISCOUNT ROCKHURST, LORD CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER,
SOMETIME FRIEND OF CHARLES II, AND NICKNAMED BY HIS
MAJESTY "MERRY ROCKHURST"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "Rose of the World," "If Youth but Knew," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER



ENGUERRAND DE JONCELLES, the Vidame de Joncelles, attached to the train of Madame Henriette de France on her second visit to her brother Charles of England, was in a questioning mood, this night at Whitehall, when for the first time he was admitted to the King's private circle. By good adventure he found himself beside a man who possessed an intimate knowledge of the royal ways and an amiable readiness to impart it. Petherick—in his companion's painstaking English, Petric—was evidently an old "familiar." Certain it was he had too good an experience of courts not to be gracious to the stranger; above all, one with a beauteous sister.

So he pointed out sullen, handsome Palmer and cold, fair Stuart; and put Master Enguerrand de Joncelles *au courant* of some spicy snippets. Buckingham proclaimed himself by his magnificence, his insolence, and his beauty.

"But pray, sir," put in the vidame, "who may the dark gentleman be, who sits in such silence behind his Majesty, and who, even when the King speaks to him, seems to have forgot how to smile? Do you mark, M. Petric, how my pretty sister, that is Madame de Mantes, who has the honor to-night of a seat at the royal table, seems to plead with languishing eyes for his notice? Aye, and with his Majesty's own gaze upon her! Pray, who is the gentleman?"

"How?" cried Petherick. "A whole week in Whitehall, and not yet acquainted with the Rakehell? Why, sir, it is our King's own familiar, an old comrade of the war and of exile. Merry Rockhurst, he has dubbed his lordship, in a raillery, you will understand, of that countenance which keeps its gravity through the maddest freak. And mad he can be, sir; hence that nickname of Rakehell which no doubt has astonished your French elegancy. But in truth," Petherick went on, "there is an eye that wanders, as you say, prodigious languorously! I congratulate you, vidame, upon your fair sister. Aye, you say true, and your young wits are quicker than mine; the lord constable—my Lord Rockhurst is constable, I should inform you, of his Majesty's tower—is in sooth the one man who would dare, and for the mere deviltry of it, to place himself in rivalry with old Rowley!"

"Old Rowley?" questioned Enguerrand, his dark eyes opening wide.

Petherick coughed behind a lean hand.

"Oh, a name, sir. A name, by which his Majesty's intimates dare, now and then, to call him—ahem! when not in the presence—a foolish habit. I know not how the absurdity slipped from my tongue."

"Nay, neither do I," said the little cool vidame.

His glance wandered back with sharper set curiosity to the royal circle. His thoughts ran back to his own gorgeous monarch, set up as upon an altar, never to be approached save with bent spine, with double-

distilled compliments, spoken of with awe, in whispers, as befitted his august essence. *Le Roy Soleil*. Old Rowley!

Jeanne de Mantes had a pretty, round face with a pointed chin, wide-set, very innocent, dark eyes, piquantly contradicted by the dainty, wicked mouth, by every vivacious art and grace that proclaimed one deeply learned in the art of pleasing. Charles, in truth, looked more often to-night at his sister's pretty *dame d'honneur* than at the blond, chill beauty who sat at his right hand. Presently, as he looked, the King's sardonic face relaxed into a smile. He leaned forward and addressed the woman in French:

"I hear mounts and marvels, madam, of your skill upon the guitar. Will you not pleasure us with some sweet air of your fingers?"

Instantly every glance fell upon the Frenchwoman; and she, with a start, brought her eyes from their absent fixing of the lord constable to the visage of the King. She fluttered. She smiled:

"Your Majesty commands? 'Tis scarce worthy of such ears."

Curiously enough the guitar had been brought to-night, by madame's wish, who deemed that his Majesty might be pleased to hear it. She stretched out a white hand, half turning the head with its wreath of soft black curls toward the young man behind her: "My brother!"

It was a languid, sweet call, like the pipe of a waking bird, which augured well for the louder warble. The vidame was alert; in a twinkling he was at his sister's side, presenting the guitar with the arrogant grace peculiar to him.

But Charles, full of that curious interest in small things which seems so marked a characteristic of sovereigns—their lives being by fate ordained in view of wide issues—signified by a gesture his desire to examine the new-fashioned instrument, and the vidame approached the presence.

The silent, grave man, whose seat behind the King, apart from the table, threw him into shadow, looked at the young man at first with indifference, then piercingly.

The lad paused in his advance, as if held by that intent gaze. Then he tossed his black locks: sudden fire of resentment leaped and died in his eyes, and with crimson cheeks he came swaggering round the table, and dropped on one knee before the King. Charles

glanced curiously from the lad to his lord constable. Rockhurst's gaze was still resting inscrutably upon Enguerrand.

"Odsfish, my Lord Rockhurst!" cried the King. "You look at the pretty boy as if you saw a specter!"

"Even so, your Majesty."

The sonority of the voice, the strange words, fell oddly in that light atmosphere. Again Enguerrand's black pupils shot fury. Rockhurst, with the same absorbed air, laid his fingers on a slender chain that hung round his neck, and drew from his breast a gold locket.

Opening and holding it in his hand so that none could view it but himself, he appeared to be contrasting some portrait concealed in it with the countenance of the still kneeling boy.

"Ha!" cried the King, "take heed, ladies; for as we live the mystery of my Lord Rockhurst's locket is at length to be solved. A specter did you say, my lord?"

The lord constable closed the locket with a snap, slipped it back among the laces on his breast, and turned easily upon the King, his frown vanished.

"Nay, no specter, sire; the merest passing fantasy!"

Charles was shaken with laughter, a noiseless laugh which scarcely wrote itself upon his melancholy features.

"Methought, from your lenten face," said he, "that you were struck by some memory of past misdeeds."

"Your Majesty mistakes. No memory; but a warning!"

The King looked puzzled; then, with his usual distaste to prolonged discussion, made a gesture as if he would put the matter on one side.

"But that locket?" And with the words Madame de Mantes flung out a small olive finger. Since English etiquette, it seemed, permitted everyone to speak, then she would speak. The matter had become all at once of palpitating interest to her. The portrait in the locket—it was evidently a portrait—he had smiled at it. And such a smile! She took a vow that one day this man should be made to smile thus on her.

"True, true," said Charles. "Let us see into the secret at last, my merry Rockhurst."

The lord constable flung himself back into his chair.

"Nay, sire," said he, and the deference of the words became mockery in view of the

attitude of the speaker. "Your Majesty has every jurisdiction over me—my goods, my services, my life, are irrevocably yours to dispose of; but my thoughts are mine own. And this locket belongs to my most secret thoughts."

Curiosity flickered once more for a moment in the royal eye. But through drooping lids the lord constable's gaze was steellike, and the King shrugged his shoulders with the foreign gesture that cleaved to him through life.

"God's mercy, my lieges, that ye keep your thoughts to yourselves, at least!" he cried with an assumed rueful air; "for, between your lost goods and your past services, our exchequer has enough to meet." He stretched out his hand for the instrument as he spoke and twanged ignorantly at the strings.

Enguerrand rose with a grin. Charles's ingratitude toward his ruined loyalists was no secret in France, and the cold gibe was after his heart.

"Then we shall not see the locket?" cried the Frenchwoman, disappointment ringing through her fluted tones.

"How the bird twitters!" cried Charles good-naturedly. "Nay, my dear, curiosity was ever fatal to your sex. Let us remain in paradise for an hour or so. Sing!"

Jeanne de Mantes had a voice that matched her looks; small, insinuating, sweet; creeping into favor, rather than storming it; docile to a thousand modulations and graces. Now it was the very gayety of music; anon just a hint of pathos; and every word distinct as a dropping gem. And this accompanied with here a dreamlike fixity of gaze, there an arch roll of the eyes; here again a punctuating dimple, a flash in the peachy dark face of the whitest teeth in all the world; there a drooping of the lip that positively demanded the consolation of a kiss.

Charles called for a second ditty, and yet another. This last had an audacious lilt, with a refrain so infectious that the royal listener began to hum it midway, sadly out of tune. Toward the last verse, however, under strokes waxing ever smarter, a string broke with a plaintive sob.

"Ah, *diable!*" involuntarily exclaimed the singer. His Majesty laughed out loud this time, and, rising, broke up the circle. His arm on Rockhurst's shoulder, he was about to retire when he paused and hummed a few notes of the last song once more.

"A linnet," he said; "a positive linnet!

Odsfish! but we'd have her pipe to us when we might give her our whole attention."

He spoke low, and flung back a look, that held a certain apprehension, toward Miss Stuart. She stood very erect and bore a studied air of indifference.

"If your lordship will look to it—" he went on, then broke off petulantly under the glance that Rockhurst turned upon him. "Good lack, man! I forgot how much of the Puritan there is in thee at times."

"Your Majesty," said Rockhurst in his most stately manner, "will find with ease an apter messenger."

"Aye," said the King cynically. His narrow, dark eye roamed a moment about the room, then rested reflectively upon the fair mask of Enguerrand's face. The boy turned quickly. Charles raised a beckoning finger.

"Vidame," said the King, "a word in the hollow of your ear!"

The two drew apart, while Rockhurst moved away to the door to await the King's pleasure. Charles rejoined him, laughing.

"Faith, if I had such subjects as my cousin Louis, I should be well served. Yes, 'tis your French finger you want for true lightness of touch. My honest Britons are all thumbs. The pretty singer's brother, no less! 'Tis a positive little Satan!"

"Aye," assented Rockhurst briefly.

The two went down the corridor in silence; then Rockhurst spoke with some abruptness.

"Your Majesty," said he, "has before this, I think, found it add to his interest in bird catching that he should not be the only fowler in the field."

"How now?" said Charles, halting. The group of attendant pages halted likewise at the end of the gallery.

"I have thought," said Rockhurst steadily, "I, also, that I should like that linnet to sing to me."

Charles frowned; but his favorite pursued unmoved:

"As I have only my *beaux yeux*, as we used to say abroad, to stake against your Majesty's overwhelming attractions, I should be flattered indeed, however, were you to have me banned as a marauder."

The very impudence of his grave constable's proposal tickled Charles's easy humor.

"Beware of boasting, my lord constable!" he exclaimed, bantering.

They were on the threshold of the apartment. Rockhurst made a deep *congé*.

"I never boast, as your Majesty knows. But your Majesty was wont to love a fair wager."

Charles's smile widened. He nodded assent, and Rockhurst pursued after a second's reflection:

"Will your Majesty stake the payment of all the arrears due to my yeomen's company that the linnet's first song will be for me? I would wager in return their immediate settlement, out of my own estate, unless your Majesty would impose on me any other stake."

"Admirable!" said the king. "Yet we would have a more immediate, a more personal, token of victory—if we succeed against your *beaux yeux*," he put in with a little mockery, "and that is, in addition to the paltry coin, a view of the contents of that locket, my merry Rockhurst."

Rockhurst hesitated, then bowed. "So be it, sire," said he.

Brother and sister faced each other, strangely alike in their anger; nostrils quivering over fierce quick breaths, black eyes flashing into black eyes.

"It is not to credit my ears," cried Madame de Mantes, "the Vidame de Joncelles, a French *gentilhomme*, my brother, who makes me such a proposition!"

It was the vidame who could scarcely credit his ears. He was the messenger of the King; he had come to open, before one whose devouring ambition almost exceeded his own, a perspective of boundless possibilities, and he was thus received! He stood before her, in the small parlor allotted to her in Whitehall, an exiguous rounded corner room overlooking the river. His mouth, open in astonished fury, was deserted for a while of all speech to express it.

"Jeanne, Jeanne!" he cried at length, "keep your fit of virtue for his Majesty, if needs be. For, with me, whom do you expect to take in?"

Jeanne thrust out a lip of utter contempt.

"Thou—thou little withered fruit, a stone inside, hard skin without, what art thou to me?"

"To-day," he cried, "the stepping-stone to thy fortune, if thou wilt only see it."

As he spoke, of a sudden his anger cooled before the expression of her face. It was no comedy she was playing. What if she was in earnest, what of his fortunes then? It was no time to quarrel. He caught his sister

round the waist and advanced his lips toward the smooth cheek. But a masterly slap met the endearment.

"I'll be no stepping-stone to you, nor creature of the English King," Jeanne announced, half laughing, half crying. "There's better in London, Master Enguerrand."

He looked at her with wicked eyes, his face whiter than usual against the three scarlet stripes.

"You've had a visit this morning before me!" he cried suddenly; then with a diabolic flash of intuition, he recalled the long, soft looks she had cast upon Lord Rockhurst.

"A visit?" said the little woman, swinging herself upon her heel. "Why, yes, that might well be." She had a private smile, as to the memory of something singularly pleasant.

"I warrant me that it is your purpose to visit before long that interesting pile they call the Tower of London. Have a care, *ma sœur*," and his trembling lips could scarce articulate the sneer—had he not hated that man at very first sight—"it is there that heads are lost."

"Out of my room!" she ordered.

He laughed in what was almost a convulsion of rage. His hand on the door latch, he sent his last shaft with deadly purport to wound:

"O Jeanne, and I had never thought thee the woman to submit to a rival! Call to mind, *ma chère*, milord's smile as he gazed at the face in the locket."

Madame de Mantes heard the furious laughter echo down the passage as the door closed. She stood in the middle of her little room nibbling at her fingers. 'Twas true! He had smiled at the locket, and with what tenderness! Ah, that was very different from the mocking twist of the lips with which he had wittily courted her, only an hour ago. How! a king was to be sacrificed to him, and the man dared to haggle over the surrender of his heart! 'Twould be monstrous!

"Ah, there's my little Satan," said the King. But his long gloomy face relaxed into no mirth: he had had a tedious morning, and of all things Charles could least endure tedium. Between chiding Palmer and elusive Stuart, he was as near ill humor as his easy temper would allow, and he was therefore, characteristically, ready for any diversion. The sight of the little vidame's pallid, hand-

some face at the end of the audience room put him in mind at once of the whim he had indulged in overnight for the lady of the guitar: a linnet that trilled, a little quail for roundness and compactness.

For an *entremet*, according to the new-fangled French jargon of banqueting, Madame de Mantes was certainly not a dish to be despised; and, to add spice to it, there was that presumptuous fellow's wager. Those arrears of pay had been forced upon the royal memory altogether too often of late.

So, with a gesture, Charles waved his usual circle aside; and those that formed it saw, with astonishment, the King withdraw with the unknown French boy into the embrasure of the windows overlooking the Thames.

"Well, vidame," said the King, as soon as they were out of earshot, "let us now arrange the hour when we are again to hear your melodious sister warble, as though she were a bird and found our dull skies as bright as those of France."

Enguerrand's lips trembled. His pale cheek grew paler still. He had failed! How find words to tell of his failure?

The King drew his great eyebrows together.

"Madam, your sister, requires pressing, it seems. She is perhaps hoarse to-day?"

Enguerrand foresaw that in another moment by a gesture of that languid hand, the insignificant personality of Jeanne, and with it his own equally futile existence, would be swept from the royal horizon. His eye wandered desperately from the King's face, whereon was writ coming dismissal, to the dull prospect which lay beyond the window: a leaden river under a leaden sky. Merely to see the huddled, cloaked wayfarers in the boats gliding past made a man shiver. Suddenly his eyes narrowed, gleamed. He drew close to the casement and peered eagerly down. Nay, he was not mistaken! Yonder, indeed, went Jeanne, Jeanne and her woman, and at the water gate lay a boat in wait for them. In a flash he understood: he had been right in his surmises. Moved by an inspiration born of the very genius for intrigue, he cried eagerly, arresting the King's attention even as he was moving away:

"Nay, your Majesty, my sister is not hoarse, though she seems like to become so presently. How will her sweet notes sound, I wonder, after her water journey this bitter day?"

"Odsfish!" said the King. "What prate is this, sir?"

Yet, curiosity drew him to approach the

window in his turn. Through the Whitehall water gate, down the King's own stairs, a figure, wrapped in a rose and gray mantle daintily held up to show little, close tripping feet, a little dame was picking her way down the miry steps. Behind her a waiting woman in russet carried what appeared to be a lute case. Charles turned a look, half quizzical, half interrogative, upon the vidame.

"And is indeed that pink and gray bird our fair singer of last evening?"

"Even so, sire," said Enguerrand, bowing low to conceal the agitation of his countenance.

"Satan, my little friend," said the King, more genially, "can you inform me whither she may be winging her flight, from the very stairs sacred to our own passage? Not that such ordinance can be enforced upon birds."

"I notice, your Majesty," said Enguerrand, now turning candid eyes full upon the King, "the skiff is heading down river. I believe your Majesty's tower lies somewhere in that direction."

"Ha!" said the King. His deep eye lightened for a second ominously. But as rapidly as it came, anger vanished from his countenance; and with it the last traces of his moody, weary humor. "Odsfish!" he ejaculated, "I had forgot! To the Tower, say you, vidame? Nay, then, that minds me my lord constable and myself had a merry wager touching a singing bird. *Ma foi*, he is early with the decoy and the lime twig!"

He paused. The vidame looked at him in astonishment—a king to wager with a subject! A king—and to let himself be crossed in his pleasure and to find in the circumstance food for indulgent laughter. And the fellow lodged so conveniently in his Tower! If the Tower of London was not Charles's Bastille, where was the use of it? The vidame had yet much to learn.

Pulling his full underlip between finger and thumb, Charles stared alternately out of the window at the picture of gray river, vanishing skiff, and brooding sky, and at Enguerrand's delicate white face. Beneath the boy's tensely still attitude, it was easy to divine quiver of nerves, fierce eagerness.

"Why, now," said the King at last, somewhat maliciously, "we are not too proud to be taught by our subject. Our lord constable and ourself had, as I said, a wager who should capture the linnet's next song. My Lord Rockhurst is an old soldier: he trusts no one. We sent a messenger: we therefore stand to lose."

The color rushed to the vidame's face. He dropped his lids to hide the tears of mortification that sprang to his eyes.

The King's glance, however, was not unkind. "Nay, now," he continued, in ever more good-natured tones, "all is not lost yet. This infamous Rockhurst of ours laid too tempting a stake that I should let him carry off the prize without an effort. What say you, little Satan? Have you a mind to see the Tower? Your great father has been pretty busy there these five hundred years. It should be of interest to his little son."

He flung out his long careless hand, as he spoke, toward the boy, and Enguerrand, bending his head, kissed it with sudden passion. Something about that hitherto dormant part of his young anatomy, his heart, was stirred. He had felt himself dominated by that very carelessness and good nature against which but a little while ago he had inwardly railed; caught something more truly royal than the pompous tyranny of his cousin of France.

Charles stepped back into the room, called his gentleman in waiting, and gave instant order to his barge.

"Come," said he then, his hand on Enguerrand's shoulder, "or we shall be too late! Tide waits not for kings; and linnets will sing only when the mood takes them."

Enguerrand, seated in the royal barge, felt his heart swell with pride. He was alone in attendance, save for the tall officer of guards, whose face, impassive and dark as bronze over the folds of the red horse cloak, looked forth with the indifference of the man under orders, upon this last whim of the master. The French boy's blood was tingling with excitement. The raw airs, the bleak aspect of the waterway, the shadow of the towering masonry from which they were just emerging, dark with its story of royal tragedy, failed to depress a spirit otherwise susceptible to physical impressions.

His failure, after all, had become more profitable than success. He was on sudden terms of intimacy with a monarch whom he was eager to serve; and in conjunction with the Stuart himself, he was about to inflict at least discomfort upon the man for whom at first sight he had conceived hatred.

He was still child enough, moreover, to feel a titillating sense of gratification in watching the skill and vigor of the royal watermen, the like of which was undreamed of on French

rivers; in feeling that it was partly for him these stalwart backs bowed in rhythmic measure, that the oars swept the waters, green now to his closer vision; that it was, in a way, before his own passage that the craft hastily opened out to leave a wide channel, and that every head was uncovered.

Charles's face had fallen into its habitual expression in repose, of somewhat bitter melancholy; and the journey was traversed in silence, until, just in front of the archway of London Bridge, the sweep of the tide, which had been for some time at the full, began to tell decidedly against them. The barge came almost to a standstill.

The King roused himself from his abstraction and flung a rueful smile over his shoulder at Enguerrand: "Said I not well? The tide waits not for kings."

The watermen caught the phrase, and as if stung in their pride of office fell to at the oars with a fury which sent the sweat rolling down each weather-beaten cheek.

"Our wily friend," proceeded Charles, "chose his hour with judgment. The bird has as easy a flight as the dove to the ark. We stand to be beaten after all by my lord constable."

Beaten! Never, if his oarsmen died for it. The brawny arms shot out in unison; the backs bent and straightened with the rage of defiance; they shot the bridge in triumph, the contentious waters vainly swirling and lapping against the sides of the barge.

As they emerged into the gentler stream beyond, there was a moment's pause, and every man of the crew, dashing the salt sweat from his eyes, turned involuntarily toward the royal visage. The slight smile of approbation on Charles's face seemed ample guerdon for the feat. They fell upon the oars again, and presently the mighty pile of the Tower seemed to engulf them into its dark shades.

If Whitehall, stained with the blood of a king, shed a gloom about it, even while holding the most irresponsible court in the world, what sinister shroud enveloped these walls to every imaginative mind. The stones of the dungeon, tradition said, had been first cemented in lime and blood; and enough blood had since been poured out within those gates to stain the waters of the moats forever crimson.

The water gates swung back and the King's barge glided in. Charles's countenance bore an air of pleasant anticipation, unwonted

good fortune. He was certain to be amused, whichever way events turned; certain at least of some novel sensation.

Jeanne de Mantes sat sidewise in the deep window seat of the parlor in the constable's tower, her dark eyes roaming about her with a curiosity not unmixed with a kind of awe. The room, dark with ancient oak to its blackened ceiling, with its huge depth of wall, its aspect of strength, silence, antiquity, resembled no apartment that she had ever entered. True, she had never penetrated into the Bastille, and true, she was here of her own free will and free to leave at her caprice; yet a small shiver crept over her. There seemed to her something ominous, something fated, about the place. All said and done, it was a prison. What should bring hither those who lived for freedom and joy?

She glanced at the man who stood, one elbow propped on the embrasure, gazing down at her with inscrutable yet mocking eyes. He matched his tower, she thought, in the something dark and melancholy which, though he might smile and court, yet remained as undisturbed as the somberness of the room by the leaping firelight or the early spring flowers on the table.

Their glances met. In the light that fell upon her from gray skies and gray wall, the texture of her face showed, flawless; richly colored, at once soft and firm, it glowed like some southern fruit out of the cold setting. Her lips were parted: forgotten, in the momentary feeling of strangeness, all the modish airs and graces of the Louvre. She looked like a child, Rockhurst thought. He smiled at her, suddenly, kindly; sat down on the window seat beside her and took her little amber-tinted hand in his.

"This is a rude place for such a one as you," he said; "and you look about you like some creature caught against its will. Nay, you shall but sing me a song, and take your flight again forthwith, if you so wish it."

All the woman in her awoke, petulant, displeased. Chivalry in love, a man who could desire and yet spare—that was not at all to her French taste. She drew her hands quickly from his and tossed her head.

"How so," she cried in her pretty foreign English. "Forthwit' after my song? But now, at once, if you prefer! Your lordship is quick tired!"

She sprang from the seat as she spoke. But

he, stretching a lazy arm, caught her by her yielding waist.

"I said, if you wish it, Mignonne. In love I am no highwayman, but a courteous dealer."

She feigned to struggle, brushing his cheek with her curls; then gave him all the candor of her eyes and the glint of a smile from her wicked lips; upon which, suddenly, he kissed them.

"Ah! highwayman, after all!" she mocked.

He drew her closer to him, laughing silently.

"Milord constable," said she, "if one of your soldiers down there should chance to look up, it is all over with your reputation."

Again he laughed, struck by the audacious humor of the soft creature within the circle of his arm.

"Madame," said he then, with unexpected gravity, "my soldiers have long ceased to look up. My reputation is too well established to be worth watching."

Piqued, she thrust him from her with a quick gesture. It is one thing to be quickly conquered; it is another to be classed among the easy conquests.

"You're insolent, milord!" she said with outthrust lip.

"My pretty one," he answered her, "anger becomes you vastly; but as for myself, I have a preference for the dimpled smile."

He let his arm drop from her carelessly. She stood looking down at him, fascinated, taunted, uncertain.

"Believe me," he went on in the same tone, half condescending, half caressing, "I am much older than you; I have had experience—life becomes much pleasanter, its few good hours vastly easier of discovery, if we agree to take certain things for granted. And, as example is ever better than preaching, let us put my theory in practice. I take it for granted," as he spoke his fine teeth flashed a second in a wider smile, "that you are all virtue, yet that you harbor for my unworthy self an amiable passion which excuses, nay, commands, a gentle lapse. You take it for granted that I am consumed with an ardor unknown hitherto in my existence. Come, does not that place us instantly on a delightful footing? And this being so: why, then, come back to my side."

She palpitated between fury and the extraordinary attraction which drew her to him. Her breast heaved, her eye first lightened, then melted. She took an un-

willing step, then paused. Almost a sob rose in her throat. In another moment she would have flung herself on his breast, as he sat awaiting her with that air of amused certainty that was in itself an insult, when suddenly she perceived that his eye had become fixed and distant. The insolent wretch had already dropped her from his thoughts; she was not worth to him even that pause of expectation.

Staring through the south window, up the river toward that gloomy bridge, through the arches of which she had come to him, his attention was absorbed, his glance had gained a hawklike keenness; the lines of his face were set. Whatever he beheld without, it was something that evoked far keener interest in him than the woman who had come to his call, in preference to that of a king. This was too much!

"Adieu, milor," she cried in a high strained voice. But, womanlike, she must see what it was, without there on that hideous river, that he was looking at.

The royal barge, with its standard and pennants, its flash of scarlet and the long swing of red and gold oars, was already masked under the shadow of the battlements; nothing but the long stretch of water, dotted with black craft, met the searching of her angry eyes.

What is it, she asked herself; his fair one, in some well-known boat? Ah! the owner perhaps of that face in the locket, which even his king was not to see? What in the name of all decent pride was Jeanne de Mantes doing here? Yet even as she moved again to leave him, with what dignity she might, the incomprehensible being turned to her again:

"How now! Adieu, say you? From your lips, sweet, that is a word I hope never to hear."

"Why should I remain, milor?" she said feebly. "You care not to keep me."

"I care so much that I will not let you go." He came after her quickly into the room. "Why, you foolish child, how can you escape from the Tower so long as its constable means to hold you? Do you not know, I have but to call a word and the drawbridge is raised, the portcullis dropped over the waterway—that I have the right of imprisonment here, that there are secret places where I can hide my willful prisoners? Nay, sweet one, are we not well together here? You shall sing to me!"

Stirred with an emotion which, hitherto only playing with life, she had never known before, she murmured, flushing and trembling:

"Sing! *Eh, mon Dieu*, you hold to it then?"

"Why," he answered her, "was it not singing that you caught my heart?"

Delicately flattered, she suffered herself to be led to a cushioned seat by the deep hearth; and she was already stretching out her arms to receive the guitar when something in his air struck her quick apprehension, something at once of eagerness for her compliance, yet of indifference toward herself. He shot restless glances toward the window, seemed to strain his ear as if for some expected signal. When his eye swept over her, it was with an impatience other than that of the fond lover. She took the instrument from his hand, and watched him with a new critical closeness as he flung himself upon the settle opposite to her.

In a tone which ill concealed irritability, he cried to her:

"Begin—begin, little bird!"

Here was some odd mystery. She folded her hands across the polished olive wood.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed, and it was her turn now to mock. "What a passion for music has your lordship!"

His eye shot anger upon her, beneath contracted brow. She felt at last that she had power, and her smile widened.

"You and your song," said he, "are inseparable. By your graciousness I hold you mine for a little while, nor will I be defrauded of any of the sweetness you can give."

The words seemed charmingly chosen; but again some underlying, unknown purpose was perceptible. A quick inspiration came to her: here was the moment to bargain; and Enguerrand, the little impertinent one, should know of her easy triumph before this gray English day had turned to the murky English night.

"If I sing," she said, "I must have my guerdon."

Amusement and relief sprang together into his look: "Nay, then, pretty one; make your own terms. Pearls for those shell-like ears—gems for that throat——"

She shook her head till the ringlets danced.

"Speak, then," he went on impatiently. "What jewel, what bauble?"

She bent forward with a new softness, coaxing.

"A mere trifle, indeed, milor. I but ask for that locket of yours with which you were

pleased to excite the curiosity of Whitehall last night."

"How now!" said Rockhurst. He started, and turned the lightning of his glance, the thundercloud of his brow upon her, a man whom it was not good to offend, and she quailed an instant.

Then her hot blood rose in jealous passion: "So vastly precious? Why, then, generous milor constable, suppose I put a high price upon my song, you are so ungallant."

"Little madame," retorted he dryly, "since you set a price on your favor, you would be as vastly disappointed with this poor trinket as Eve with the taste of her apple. Continue to desire it," he went on, falling back into his tone of light cynicism. "To long for anything unattainable is one of the spices of existence."

The firelight leaped on her angry face. She sprang to her feet, dashing aside the guitar, which fell on the stone floor with sonorous wail.

"If I could flatter myself I was helping to provide milor's tedium with such a spice," she cried, "my immediate departure would have a double charm!"

She reached a trembling hand toward her cloak. He, outstretched on the settle, watched her, without moving. At this moment, grave sounds, a trumpet call, followed by dull roll of kettledrum, rose from without into the momentary silence of the room. Stone wall and vault gave back the echo. There was a hurried tramp of feet, sharp cries of command. The Frenchwoman's hand was arrested in mid-air. She looked in startled query at her host, who was slowly gathering his long limbs together to rise. He met her glance with one that struck her excited fancy as sinister, and she gave a cry like a child:

"Let me out of this horrible place! You have no right to keep me here!"

He caught her wrist with a grasp gentle yet relentless.

"Your password, Jeanne, shall be a song—however short, but one stave, a few notes! Your song I must have!"

He picked up the guitar, and again pressed it upon her. She put her hand to her throat with a sob, flung a piteous glance around her like a trapped thing, and struck a faltering chord. Then, in a sudden revulsion, her courage rose again.

"Pah!" she cried, "'tis out of tune! *Eh bien, non!* I will not sing! I am French; you have no right to hold me here!"

"By the Lord!" said Rockhurst, a gleam of genuine admiration leaping to his eye, "but I like your spirit! Be dumb, then, sweetheart. You shall pay me by and by. Nay," he added, smiling on her bewilderment, "let thy mantle lie where it is; for, prithee, I would have thee assist me to receive his Majesty."

"His Majesty?" she cried, in fresh amazement.

"Aye," he laughed. "Didst not hear the royal tucket sound without? Charles in person, who always finds the world but a dull place, even under the same roof with an old friend, if there be not the flutter of a petticoat to liven it. But you have made me dally, little Madame Mischief, and even my indulgent monarch expects some pretense of ceremony."

His hand was on the bolt of the latchet as he spoke; his last words were almost lost in the echoes of the vaulted passage.

Charles paused on the threshold, his sallow face seeming darker than usual in the grim light. His lips smiled, but there was a certain displeasure in his eye as it roamed from Jeanne's crimsoning countenance to the guitar on the seat. From the gloom of the passage Enguerrand's white face shone out, composed save for the deep reproach of his glance when it met that of his sister. Rockhurst alone, bowing the King into his apartment, wore a pleasant air of unconcern.

"We believe our visit is inopportune," said Charles with sarcastic courtesy. "We have interrupted, we fear, some dulcet music, my lord constable?"

Rockhurst closed the heavy door behind his guests, then advanced to the King's side.

"Nay, sire," said he with fine geniality, "the bird came to the lure, it is true, but no art of mine or persuasion could call forth a song. Your Majesty, no doubt, will prove more successful."

"Odsfish!" cried Charles, with one of his rare hearty laughs. "Say you so, indeed, invincible constable? Say you so, indeed, my merry Rockhurst? Beaten? And under such auspices—alone with your fair! But how then are we to put our own skill now to the test, before so many witnesses? For we would not win our wager on the royal authority, but in all equality, my good lord constable, even as in that merry moment we entered upon it."

Wager? Here then was the word of the riddle! A wager between two irresponsible men of pleasure: who should first obtain of a

woman the petty guerdon of a song! 'Twas for that she had been wooed by both— Both! And she, who had been uplifted on a wave of magnanimous feeling, who had flattered herself to be giving up a king for the love of a subject! Jeanne de Mantes had grown white to the lips. She caught at the table behind her to support herself, yet never had her wits been clearer. To sing for neither would serve them both well. Aye, but to sing for Charles would best punish him who had deepest offended. She flung one look of fury at Rockhurst and then turned to Charles, who had let himself sink upon the settle in front of the fire:

"May the poor object of your Majesty's wager inquire what are the stakes that were set upon her favor?" she asked with a deadly sweetness, taking up the guitar and beginning to tune it again with little fierce hands.

Charles, who saw himself on the point of success, answered thoughtlessly, with a school-boy look of triumph at the constable:

"I but bargained for a sight of the contents of that mysterious locket which was so contumaciously denied to my curiosity last night, and—" Then he hesitated, with a faint flush of confusion.

"His Majesty," said Rockhurst gravely, "with his usual magnanimity opposed a large guerdon to my trifling stake."

The King, both spared and taunted by this reminder, moved uneasily on his seat. But already the twang of the guitar in harmonious cadence brought his light humor back to amusement again. If hesitation had still lurked in Jeanne's mind, the first mention of the locket had swept it away. Her voice rose, robbed perhaps of some of its delicate sweetness, but vibrating with unwonted fire and incisiveness. She chose a bellicose ditty, which a Frondeuse mother had sung to her baby ears. And when she paused panting, on the last refrain, with a furious sweep across the strings, Charles broke into delighted applause. Enguerrand, flushing with triumph, caught the guitar from his sister's hand, as with a hysterical movement she was about to cast it on the floor.

"I have sung," she cried loudly, with almost a viperine movement, rising from the seat on which she had crouched to play. Milor Rockhurst has lost his wager. Let him now pay!"

Rockhurst bowed urbanely toward her, drew the locket from its hiding place, and with a second profound obeisance handed it,

open, to the King. As he looked, the mischievous curiosity on Charles's face changed to an expression of profound astonishment.

"Odsfish!" he cried.

He shot a lightning glance at Enguerrand, then at his lord constable, and then at the picture again. And once more his expressive countenance altered.

"Yours?" he queried.

"Yes, your Majesty," said Rockhurst.

Charles's eye remained pensive for a further span. But suddenly it wandered to the Frenchwoman, and the mercurial King burst into laughter.

"Ods my life, but look at your sweetheart, my lord! The wench is on the very coals of jealousy—a live trout in the frying pan were in comfort compared to her. Nay, we'll have no torture in our presence. Fain would you look at your rival, madame?"

Rockhurst made no effort to interfere, and with trembling fingers Jeanne took the trinket from the King's hand. In her turn she gave a cry; and Charles laughed heartily at the amazement, relief, and disappointment of her air.

"Why, 'tis naught but a boy!"

"Naught but a boy indeed," echoed Charles, "yet, we'll go warrant, what our lord constable holds dearest upon earth. A likely lad! Aye, and with a strange resemblance to little Satan there."

"God forbid!" ejaculated Rockhurst.

And "God forbid!" echoed Enguerrand, pertly, sharp as lightning.

Charles, who had been in high good humor, flung the lad a cold look, under which he fell back abashed and crimsoning.

"We knew you had an heir," said the King, then, turning with dignity to his host, "but, my Lord Rockhurst, you have let us forget it. How is it? He should be at our court."

Bowing deeply, Rockhurst answered in a low voice:

"My son is brought up in the country, sire."

"Nay, fie!" said Charles. "Is not that even what we would reproach you with? So fair a stripling should never grow a mere rustic. We'll have him about us," insisted the King.

Again there was that moment's silence. Jeanne glanced up from the picture at which she had been absently gazing. This son of Rockhurst interested her not at all; not had he been twice as handsome as the fair spirited face, with its odd resemblance of features

and its odder dissimilitude of expression to her own brother. She felt humiliated to have played so foolish a part of jealousy, and more than ever baffled by the strange personality of the man she had elected to love.

Rockhurst took back the locket, gazed at it again, closed it, and replaced it on its chain.

"Will your Majesty forgive me?" said he, at length, "nor deem me ungrateful if, in spite of your condescension, I yet hold that my son is best in the country?"

"We would at least hear your reason," said Charles with some weariness.

"In the country, your Majesty," replied Rockhurst then, "my lad will continue to revere his father, to honor womanhood, to live wholesomely, and think purely."

Charles's swarthy cheek became suddenly impurpled under a pulse of anger.

"And at our court can your paragon practice none of these virtues?"

Rockhurst turned his glance deliberately upon the Vidame de Joncelles, who stood behind the King, his handsome chin uptilted, his eyes insolently ready to return the constable's gaze; then he swept a look upon Jeanne de Mantes. That look said more eloquently than words the thought that was in the father's brain. Then, at last, he spoke:

"Let me remind your Majesty of a phrase you made use of last night—'And he, her brother, the little Satan!'"

The corners of Charles's lips twitched humorously at the recollection; his transient anger evaporated. It was the misfortune of his life that he was always most prone to see the light side of the most serious questions.

Enguerrand, with his implike quickness, caught the relaxation of the royal profile, and his own lips quivered with mirth. Upon Rockhurst's face came an expression of disdain mingled with deep melancholy.

"Your Majesty smiles," said he, "and so does the lad yonder. Ah, your Majesty, look at him! 'Tis a fine lad, even as my own. And you are right! there is some resemblance, a great resemblance, between them; and your Majesty, who saw me start at it last night, seemed I had seen a specter. I saw this, sire—what a court makes of youth."

Charles's foot had been tapping restlessly. He moved once or twice uneasily in his chair: his merry Rockhurst had not used him to such wearisome moods. Yet he loved the man.

"Nay, nay," he explained at length, "I'd have you remember, my lord, that it is my cousin of France who is responsible for our

little Satan yonder. Nay, Rockhurst," he went on, in his easy kindness and his sense of royal prerogative, unable to grasp the fact that anyone could be in earnest in refusing the favor of his personal interest, "I'll have the lad with my own sons. We'd keep our eye upon him, man."

Rockhurst's glance rested on the King's countenance now with an unwonted tenderness.

"Alas, my beloved liege!" he said gently. Their gaze commingled; then the amazed displeasure in Charles's glance gave place presently to unwilling amusement, as Rockhurst went on once more in his usual indifferent tone: "The poor child would at least, your Majesty will admit, find it hard to practice at court the fourth commandment. How should he honor his father? And yet 'tis my wish that his days should be long in the land."

"Why, then," said the King shortly, "there is no more to be said."

He rose and looked a second keenly at Jeanne. Then, upon one of those generous impulses which none could carry more gracefully into effect than himself:

"You lost your wager to me, my lord, with all the gallantry I expected of so good a cavalier. But, odsfish! I do not carry away altogether a clear conscience on the subject. If you have lost in the letter, it strikes me you have won in the spirit. I will take it, if you please, that we have both won; I will indite forthwith an order on the exchequer for those greedy yeomen of yours who contrive to be always under arrears of pay."

Rockhurst took the sheet from the King's hand with an air of profound gratitude:

"Your Majesty's veterans will be deeply gratified."

But already Charles was weary of the subject, weary of his present company.

"Madame," he said, bowing toward Jeanne as he hastily got up, "we shall importune you no longer with our presence."

The little Frenchwoman understood very well that in these words all royal pretensions to her favor were finally abandoned, and, in her infatuation for Rockhurst, cared as little for the fact as for the furious look of reproach cast upon her by Enguerrand.

"Come, vidame," said the King. Then he added, with a malicious gesture that pointed from Jeanne to Rockhurst, "Come, you are as much out of place in this atmosphere of virtue as ourself!"



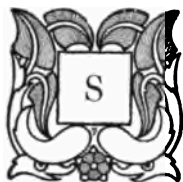
Drawn by Arthur Reicher.

"She felt at last that she had power."

A CONFIDENCE FROM SUZANNE

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK



OME one once said that if Cleopatra's nose had been an inch—or was it an ell?—longer, the history of the entire world would have been changed. I don't know whether or not this is so, but I do know that if daddy hadn't stepped on the soap when he was taking his bath that morning, my history would have been changed; and that's a lot more important to me.

Why, if daddy had looked where he was placing his foot, I should probably now be on the Van Alstynes' yacht, freezing in the Land of the Midnight Sun, instead of sweltering here in the Land of the Midnight Moon. Although it is the Land of the Midnight Son sometimes, isn't it, dear? You see, I know Billy and what time he goes home. He used to come to see me a lot, you know, and he has such an irresistible way of looking right into your eyes, and one night when he was about to prop— But where was I? Oh, yes, daddy and the soap.

Well, when daddy stepped on the soap, the soap very naturally got out of the way, suddenly, as soap will, and daddy struck right on his chin whiskers on the edge of the tub. We all heard the crash and—what followed, and Wilkins ran to the door and asked him what the matter was.

Daddy told him. And then, Wilkins asked him if he hurt himself.

Wilkins is *so* tactful.

For some minutes we couldn't distinguish much of what daddy was saying; his remarks sounded just the way the hieroglyphics on the obelisk look. The first thing we could really understand was his telling Wilkins to go West. Yes, really, that's what he told him—to go West.

Wilkins went somewhere—I don't recall now whether it was West or East—and then I got to thinking about the West. You know how sometimes a word or a strain of music or an expression will get all tangled up in one's convolutions and go swizzing around like a squirrel in one of those little revolving cages; and it can't seem to get out or go ahead or accomplish anything, but just whirls and rattles around and around and around. That's the way it was with me; and "West" was the squirrel and my head was the cage.

Well, at last, after its poor little legs were getting all tired out and the cage was becoming superheated with the friction, what should happen to pop into the cage with it but Lochinvar. You know the poetry about him: "Oh, young Lochinvar has come out of the West," or something like that? That's the one. And then I thought of how he won his bride—of how he didn't serve seven years the way somebody did for somebody else, but how, when he saw the girl he wanted, he just rode up to the house on his hunter and rang the bell and then, when she came to the door—I suppose she was too poor to afford a butler, or even a maid, poor thing—he just grabbed her and swung her up on his horse and carried her away with him.

And then, naturally, I began to think of Don Archer—now please don't laugh! Don is a little on the seven-years order, you know; and a woman does get *so* tired of that. It's all very well for nine hundred and ninety-nine men. With them it's comforting and gratifying and it pleases her vanity. But the thousandth man she wants masterful and strong and ready to take what he wants when he wants it.

And then I thought—now I wouldn't tell this to anyone but you, dear, and you know it

—if only I could get Don thinking about Lochinvar, too, that perhaps— Oh, but you know what I mean, don't you?

Well, Don came that afternoon, and I had just begun to switch the conversation around to Lochinvar when Fitzy Hobbes came in. You know Fitzy. The best thing you can say for him is the worst thing you can say for most people; which is, that he means well.

He wears spectacles and fawn-colored spats and parts his hair in the middle and his opinion of himself is so big that, were it concrete, it would make the world so lopsided that it wouldn't revolve.

Well, we talked along desultorily—that's a good word, isn't it?—for a while, and then I made up my mind to switch the conversation to Lochinvar if I had to drag him in by the collar. So I began to lament on the lack of romance of the present day.

"Men nowadays aren't the men they used to be," I said. "There is no such thing as romance. Getting married is like forming a partnership in the grocery and real estate business, with an intelligence office as a side line."

"Well," asked Don, "what is your idea of the correct thing in proposals?"

Here was my chance.

"Lochinvar," I said. "There was a man."

"Lochinvar?" asked Fitzy.

"Yes," I replied. "You know him, of course."

"Heard of him," answered Fitzy, "but I can't recall that I ever met him, you know."

"That's not strange," said Don. "He doesn't move in your set, Fitzy."

"Who is he?" asked Fitzy.

"The leading exponent of the catch-as-catch-can school of courtship," returned Don.

"He was a *man*," I asserted. "You see, Mr. Hobbes, he loved a girl; so he just rode around to her house one evening on his horse and carried her away."

"Wasn't he arrested?" inquired Fitzy.

"Not that I ever heard of," replied Don.

"The details of the affair came out at the time, but I've forgotten most of them. I remember that he was from out West somewhere, though."

"Must have been a cowboy," observed Fitzy. "They are wild devils—eh—pardon me, Miss Vane." (Fitzy is quite the correct thing, you know, dear.) "I've been mistaken for one several times. Er—when did this affair happen?" he asked. "I don't read the

papers much; can't believe a thing in 'em nowadays."

"I'm not much on dates," responded Don. "But if I am not mistaken, it was some time between 1492 and the Dewey parade."

"So that's the method you approve of—Lochin—eh—What's-his-name's?" asked Fitzy of me.

I nodded.

"Yes," I said. "The man I marry must prove himself a man."

"Or a kidnapper," added Don; and then, "I beg your pardon," he said humbly.

"You should," I said severely.

"I spoke figuratively," he explained.

"I wouldn't have said that," announced Fitzy.

"I know *you* wouldn't," I smiled at him. "But Don can't help being rude; and besides, he's very jealous of the attention I pay you."

One can have lots of fun with Fitzy, and I never thought for a moment. But I anticipate.

"Can you blame me for being jealous?" asked Don of Fitzy. "Just consider. She's always saying nice things to you, and snippy ones to me. I leave it to you. Doesn't she? Now be honest."

Fitzy looked troubled.

"Now tell the truth," admonished Don.

"And shame the devil," I said.

"See, now?" said Don. "There it is again."

Fitzy considered a moment in embarrassed silence.

"I'm afraid she does," he said, at length.

"Well, why shouldn't I?" I demanded, defiantly. "Now take a man like you, Mr. Hobbes—"

"Would you?" asked Fitzy, with perfectly astounding brilliancy.

I endeavored to bridle becomingly.

I wanted Don to be sure; and yet I didn't want him to be too sure. And I could sort of feel that he was becoming a little high-handed and, although I in a way wanted him to be high-handed, yet in another way—but you know what I mean, don't you, dear? You don't? Well, you will some day, when Billy—Billy can be very nice ind— But where was I? Oh, yes. About Don and Fitzy.

Well, next night we all went down to the Burlingames' place on Long Island. There was a dance that evening, and Fitzy came for one, and of course I had to give it to him. It was the fourth.

I had the third with Don Archer, and after



Drawn by Edmund Fredericks.

“‘Lochinvar,’ I said. ‘There was a man.’”

it was over, he asked me to go for a walk on the cliffs. Of course I wanted to go, not only to be with Don but because dancing with Fitzzy is like living in Kansas in a tent during the cyclone season, and—yes, I know it's mean to cut dances, but a girl must think of her clothes sometimes, and her feet, too, mustn't she? But there's no use talking about that, anyway, for I didn't cut it. Fitzzy found us just as we were leaving the house and, producing his evidence, he made me leave Don and go with him. He asked me to go for a stroll, and I thought that I was much safer strolling than dancing, so I consented, and Fitzzy led me down toward the grove by the gates. As we entered the dark depths, I saw a horse tied to one of the trees.

"Look!" I said.

Fitzzy looked.

"What is it?" he asked.

"A horse," I answered brilliantly.

"Why, so it is!" cried Fitzzy. I "wonder whose it is."

"It probably belongs to a groom who has ridden over from some neighboring place," I replied. "Come," for I was getting as tired of the horse as I was of Fitzzy.

Fitzzy went over to the horse and began to fuss with the bridle. I thought it was funny that he should bother with it; but what happened then was funnier still, for he asked me to come over where he was and when I did so he suddenly jumped on the horse's back and before I could say "boo!" he had grabbed me under the arms and was trying to swing me up on the saddle before him.

For a moment I was thoroughly frightened—too frightened, even, to scream—it was all so sudden; and I could feel my gown ripping and splitting and tearing; and it was a new one, and from Paris, and there was so little of it that I didn't feel that I could really spare any of it.

I had completely forgotten all that absurd talk about Lochinvar and I couldn't imagine what Fitzzy was about—in fact, truly, I thought he had suddenly gone insane—until he bent over me and whispered, "Dear heart, your Lochinvar has come at last!" And then I wanted to laugh; only it was too serious, for I had no idea where he was going to take me or what he was going to do with me. So I abandoned all thought of gown, and kicked and screamed and fought.

Yet I was really afraid to struggle as hard as I could, for he had now gotten me up on the saddle before him, and when you are laid

across the front end of a horse like a bag of meal on a fence, or a freshly washed skirt on a line, your powers of physical resistance are necessarily limited. (Isn't that good?) And then, too, I was afraid of falling off. So I spent most of my energy in screaming, and kicked just enough to let him know that I meant it.

Very naturally the horse began to exhibit signs of annoyance and suddenly it bopped off down the drive, wending its own sweet way, for Fitzzy is no Hercules, you know, and I was now so frightened and so eager to get away that I didn't care if I did fall on my side combs, and I was fighting as hard as I could; so Fitzzy had to hold me with both hands.

We reached the roadway and the horse turned toward the Corners, starting off at a hunting gallop, with Fitzzy and me bobbing up on his back like two chestnuts on a hot stove. I heard shouts behind us; and, as we turned into the road, my eyes were aimed at the house and I saw people running toward us.

And then the view was shut off by a drag, driven by a groom who pulled the leaders to their haunches and stared at us with popped eyes. And then the horse seemed to grow so seriously annoyed that he showed a desire to leave that section of the country as quickly as possible. So he humped up his back, clutched into the high speed, and we were off as though such things as speed laws had never been passed.

I couldn't see or hear a thing and the jouncing and bouncing were just awful. I bobbed and jolted until I lost every side comb and hairpin I ever had and every hook and eye upon me gave up a torn and reluctant ghost. Most of the hooks were straightened right out; I don't know what the eyes did, for I was never able to find one. Oh, it was just horrible!

And what a sight I must have been with my hair all down and my clothes all falling off me and my mouth wide open and my nose red! Even when things were at their worst, I had a vague, subconscious feeling of gladness that it was night, though I was sorry that it was a moonlit one; for I really believe I would rather have been kidnapped than seen.

By and by, after what seemed to be years and years, I heard another horse come alongside of us. And then I knew it was all right, for I heard Don Archer's voice; and just the sweetest music I ever heard was when he called Fitzzy a d—eh—that is, you know, a

that kind of a fool; and the sweetest thing I ever felt was his arm around me; for he leaned over and tried to take me from the front piazza of Fitzzy's steed.

But it wasn't unalloyed sweetness, for, when those two began to fight for me I felt like the last bonnet on the bargain counter; and I came apart more than ever, or would have had that been possible.

When Fitzzy finally let go and I found myself in Don's arms, I was excited and glad and ashamed and happy and miserable, and I laughed and I cried, and then laughed again and cried some more. And I just laid my head back and rested; and it was the best place to rest that I ever found, even though we were still jolting along like a short-sprung motor crossing a railroad track.

We made two or three turns, and once we waited quite a while in one place (and then it *was* comfortable), and I thought I heard some people pass down a near-by road; they were on horseback, and appeared to be in a hurry; and a couple of motor cars, too, that seemed to be tuning up for a cup race. At length, when I thought that we must be almost back home, I looked around. But we were still in the midst of the trees and the night.

"Thank you," I said. I thought it was about time to make some acknowledgment to Don for saving me from the terrible fate of the baron's bride. He looked down into my face, smiling.

"Don't mention it," he replied. "It's a pleasure."

I rested again. It felt awfully good to rest—there. By and by I looked about me again.

"Are we most there?" I asked.

"Almost," he returned.

I rested some more.

At length we slowed down—oh, yes, we had started again. Didn't I say so?—and finally stopped.

"Here we are," said Don. "Easy, now," and he began to lower me from the saddle.

I opened my eyes expecting, of course, to see the cliffs and a lot of people and lights and excitement, women weeping and tearing their hair and men cursing and vowing vengeance, and all such things as that, you know; and I got ready to beg the men to spare Fitzzy's life and the women to form a line for me to hide behind. And then I opened my eyes to find—only the cutest little house, with great big trees in front; and it was very dark, for which I was deeply grateful. I was sur-

prised—thunderstruck is, I believe, the correct word.

"Here?" I said. "Where?"

"Our destination for the time being," Don answered.

"But this place—this house—where—what—is it?"

"The doctor's," he answered.

"But I'm all right," I said.

"I'm not."

I almost fainted. I thought that, in saving me, he had been injured; and through it all I had not considered him at all—just myself!

He must have seen what was in my mind, for he added, quickly and reassuringly:

"Oh, I'm not injured."

"Then why the doctor's?" I demanded, for I was a bit angry.

"I'm sick," he explained.

"Sick?" I cried.

"Yes," he nodded; and then, "heartsick."

"But the doctor's!" I protested.

"Oh," he replied, with irritating easiness, "this is not an M.D.'s. It's a D.D.'s."

I understood. I tried to say something, but there was just nothing to be said; and then, too, there was a lump there that wouldn't let me say it. And I very nearly forgot to object. But just then a little glimmer of sense returned to me and it dawned upon me that Don had become almost as ridiculous as Fitzzy. He had dismounted from the poor, panting horse and was standing beside me. I remembered what my gown looked like and went around to the other side of our faithful Bucephalus—or was it Pegasus?

He followed—Don, I mean, not Pegasus. So I went back to the first side. So did he. And then I went around again to the other side.

"What is this?" he asked. "Ring-around-a-rosy?"

"No," I answered. "Ring-around-a-horsy. And please stay on your own side. I'm not dressed——"

"Oh!" he said. And then, "Never mind. It's so dark I can't see."

"Neither can I," I replied. "But I can feel."

There was an instant's pause. And then he said,

"Well?"

"Really, it's too absurd, Don," I expostulated.

"I don't think so."

"I do. Why, I have no trousseau—I haven't even a whole gown, for that matter—and no maids of honor and no flower girls, and no flowers for them, and no invitations, and no—no nothing!"

I could feel him grinning.

"The first and only indispensable adjunct that a woman requires for a wedding," he said, "is the groom. You have that."

"You're almost as silly as Fitzy," I cried. "To think of your trying to play Lochinvar, too!"

"What!" he exclaimed. "Was that what that fathead was doing?"

"Yes. Why did you think he was kidnapping me?"

"Oh, just on general principles," he rejoined, "and for the same reason I did; because he wanted you. Fitzy had the right idea," he went on. "But he didn't apply it correctly. He picked out the wrong girl. I didn't."

His assurance was just unbearable. I had inwardly complained because he was of the seven-year suitors. But now he was getting to be a seven-minute one.

"I won't do it!" I cried.

"I'll come around on your side if you don't," he threatened. "Say you will."

"I won't."

He came around to the port side. I went around to the starboard.

"Say you will," he ordered again.

"I won't!" I repeated.

He came around on my side again. And again I went around to the other.

"Say you will," he commanded a third time.

"I won't! I won't! I won't!"

And then what did he do but climb up on top of that horse; and, while I was trying to decide which way to go, he jumped down and caught me.

Of course I had to say yes. And anyway, I hate sensibleness and respectability and conventionality and all that sort of thing.

The minister was a bachelor and we had an awful time trying to find a gown for me. I sat in the dark between two rose bushes—

they had thorns and bugs in them, too—while they looked for one. The hired man, who, like Fitzy, meant well, finally came and offered me a gunny sack with a hole in it, and he got real snippy when I declined it. And the minister suggested a horse blanket, and was very stuffy when I refused with thanks. It wasn't a new horse blanket, you know, and I just would not wear a horse's cast-off clothing to get married in. That would be carrying romance too far.

At length they found the upper half of a suit of pajamas that the minister informed us had been sent to his last donation party by a dude parishioner; and he went to some pains to explain that it was no good to him because when he went to bed he liked to undress. And, by gathering it in around the waist, and fixing elbow sleeves on it, I made it do very well.

The minister married us through a straw, and the hired man and a friend of his who had dropped over, so he told us, to spend the evening playing high-low-jack and who already held his host for thirty cents—whatever that may mean—acted as witnesses.

We drove back in the minister's buggy drawn by Bucephalus—whom Don had cut from the drag to chase Fitzy and me with—and Don gave me him—Bucephalus, not Fitzy, I mean—for a wedding present, and the upper half of the pajamas, too, and it was all just as romantic as could be. Don't you think so?

The only fault I had to find was that the newspapers printed a perfectly miserable picture of me. It was four years old, and 'way out of style. It made me look a perfect fright, for it wasn't a good picture anyway, and then, when they had finished mixing it up with the colored supplement, it looked just like a spotted-fever patient. And they called me a runaway bride. A runaway bride! Why, if ever there was a runned-away bride, I was it—I mean she.

And—oh, well, you don't want to hear the rest. It would sound silly. But it wasn't. And oh, but I'm glad that daddy stepped on the soap!



Drawn by S. de Ivanovskii.

"The mother's heart quivered with impatience."

MOTHER*

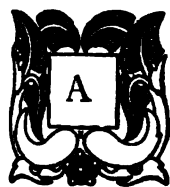
A NOVEL

BY MAXIM GORKY

ILLUSTRATED BY S. DE IVANOWSKI

CHAPTER XIII

A MISSIONARY DEPARTS



FAMILIAR voice responded out of the darkness, as the mother opened the door. Rybin came in, greeted her, and stroking his beard in a dignified manner and peeping into the room with his dark eyes, remarked: "You used to let people into your house before, without inquiring who they were. Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"You are? I thought the Little Russian was here. I saw him to-day. The prison doesn't spoil a man. Stupidity, that's what spoils most of all."

He walked into the room, sat down, and said to the mother: "Let's have a talk together. I have something to tell you. I have a theory!" There was a significant and mysterious expression in his face as he said this. It filled the mother with a sense of foreboding. She sat down opposite him and waited in mute anxiety for him to speak.

"You are not looking in the right place, mother; look farther back," said Rybin, drooping his head. "Those who are directly working in the movement may not know anything about it themselves. They think it must be so; they have the truth at heart. But there may be people behind them who are looking out only for their own selfish interests. Men won't go against themselves." And with the firm conviction of a peasant fed on centuries of distrust, he added: "No

good will ever come from the masters! Take my word for it!"

"What concoction has your brain put together?" the mother asked, again seized with anxious misgiving.

"I?" Rybin looked at her, was silent for a while, then repeated: "Keep away from the masters! That's what!" He grew morosely silent again, and seemed to shrink within himself.

"I'll go away, mother," he said after a pause. "I wanted to join the fellows, to work along with them. I'm fit for the work. I can read and write. I'm persevering and not a fool. And the main thing is, I know what to say to people. But now I will go. I can't believe, and therefore I must go. I know, mother, that the people's souls are foul and besmirched. All live on envy, all want to gorge themselves; and since there's little to eat, each seeks to eat the other up."

He let his head droop, and remained absorbed in thought for a while. Finally he said: "I'll go all by myself through village and hamlet and stir the people up. It's necessary that the people should take the matter in their own hands and get to work themselves. Let them but understand—they'll find a way themselves. And so I'm going to try to make them understand. There is no hope for them except in themselves, there's no understanding for them except in their own understanding! And that's the truth!"

"They will seize you!" said the mother in a low voice.

"They will seize me, and let me out again. And then I'll go ahead again!"

"The peasants themselves will bind you, and you will be thrown into jail."

"Well, I'll stay in jail for a time, then be released, and I'll go on again. As for the peasants, they'll bind me once, twice, and then they will understand that they ought not to bind me, but listen to me. I'll tell them, 'I don't ask you to believe me; I want you just to listen to me!' And if they listen they will believe."

He fidgeted on his chair, then slowly rose. "I'll go to the tavern and be with the people a while. The Little Russian is not coming. Has he gotten busy already?"

"Yes!" The mother smiled. "No sooner out of prison than they rush to their work."

"That's the way it should be. Tell him about me."

They walked together slowly into the kitchen, and without looking at each other exchanged brief remarks.

"I'll tell him," she promised.

"Well, good-by!"

"Good-by! When do you quit your job?"

"I have already."

"When are you going?"

"To-morrow, early in the morning. Good-by!"

He bent his head and crawled off the porch reluctantly, it seemed, and clumsily. The mother stood for a moment at the door listening to the heavy departing footsteps and to the doubts that stirred in her heart. Then she noiselessly turned away into the room, and drawing the curtain peered through the window. Black darkness stood behind, motionless, waiting, gaping, with its flat, abysmal mouth.

"I live in the night!" she thought. "In the night forever!" She felt a pity for the black-bearded, sedate peasant. He was so broad and strong—and yet there was a certain helplessness about him, as about all the people.

Presently Andrey came in gay and vivacious. When the mother told him about Rybin, he exclaimed: "Going, is he? Well, let him go through the villages. Let him ring forth the word of truth. Let him arouse the people. It's hard for him here with us."

"He was talking about the masters. Is there anything in it?" she inquired circumspectly. "Isn't it possible that they want to deceive you?"

"It bothers you, mother, doesn't it?" The Little Russian laughed. "Oh, mother, dear—money! If we only had money! We are still living on charity. Take, for instance,

Nikolay Ivanych. He earns seventy-five rubles a month, and gives us fifty! And others do the same. And the hungry students send us money sometimes, which they collect penny by penny. And as to the masters, of course there are different kinds among them. Some of them will deceive us, and some will leave us; but the best will stay with us and march with us up to our holiday." He clapped his hands and rubbing them vigorously against each other continued: "But not even the flight of an eagle's wings will enable anyone to reach that holiday, so we'll make a little one for the first of May. It will be jolly."

His words and his vivacity dispelled the alarm excited in the mother's heart by Rybin. The Little Russian walked up and down the room, his feet sounding on the floor. He rubbed his head with one hand and his chest with the other, and spoke looking at the floor: "You know, sometimes you have a wonderful feeling living in your heart. It seems to you that wherever you go all men are comrades; all burn with one and the same fire; all are merry; all are good. Without words they all understand one another; and no one wants to hinder or insult the other. No one feels the need of it. All live in unison, but each heart sings its own song. And the songs flow like brooks into one stream, swelling into a huge river of bright joys, rolling free and wide down its course. And when you think that this will be—that it cannot help being if we so wish it! Then the wonder-struck heart melts with joy. You feel like weeping—you feel so happy."

"And when you wake up," continued the Little Russian, tossing his head and letting his hands drop alongside his body, "and look around, you see it's all filthy and cold. All are tired and angry; human life is all churned up like mud on a busy highway, and trodden under foot!" He stopped in front of the mother, and with deep sorrow in his eyes, and shaking his head, added in a low, sad voice: "Yes, it hurts, but you must—you must distrust man; you must fear him, and even hate him! Man is divided, he is cut in two by life. You'd like only to love him; but how is it possible? How can you forgive a man if he goes against you like a wild beast, does not recognize that there is a living soul in you, and kicks your face?—a human face! You must not forgive. It's not for yourself that you mustn't. I'd stand all the insults as far as I myself am concerned; but I don't

want to show indulgence for insults. I don't want to let them learn on my back how to beat others!"

His eyes now sparkled with a cold gleam; he inclined his head doggedly, and continued in a more resolute tone: "I must not forgive anything that is noxious, even though it does not hurt! I'm not alone in the world. If I allow myself to be insulted to-day—maybe I can afford to laugh at the insult, maybe it doesn't sting me at all—but having tested his strength on me, the offender will proceed to flay some one else the next day! That's why one is compelled to discriminate between people, to keep a firm grip on one's heart, and to classify mankind—these belong to me, those are strangers."

The mother and the Little Russian now began to carry on such conversations with each other frequently. He was again taken into the factory. He turned over all his earnings to the mother, and she took the money from him with as little fuss as from Pavel. Sometimes Andrey would suggest with a twinkle in his eyes, "Shall we read a little, mother, eh?"

She would invariably refuse, playfully but resolutely. The twinkle in his eyes discomfited her, and she thought to herself, with a slight feeling of offense, "If you laugh at me, then why do you ask me to read with you?"

He noticed that the mother began to ask him with increasing frequency for the meaning of this or that book word. She always looked aside when asking for such information, and spoke in a monotonous tone of indifference. He divined that she was studying by herself in secret, understood her bashfulness, and ceased to invite her to read with him. Shortly afterwards she said to him, "My eyes are getting weak, Andriusha. I guess I need glasses."

"All right! Next Sunday I'll take you to a physician in the city, a friend of mine, and you shall have glasses!"

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE PRISON

SHE had already been three times in the prison to ask for a meeting with Pavel, and each time the general of the gendarmes, a gray old man with purple cheeks and a huge nose, turned her gently away.

"In about a week, little mother, not before!

A week from now we shall see, but at present it's impossible!"

At last Vlasova got permission to see her son, and one Sunday she was sitting modestly in a corner of the prison office, a low, narrow, dingy apartment, where a few more people were sitting and waiting for permission to see their relatives and friends. Evidently it was not the first time they were here, for they knew one another and in a low voice kept up a lazy, languid conversation.

Now and then prisoners came into the room, gray, monotonous, with coarse, heavy leather shoes. They blinked as they entered; iron chains rattled at the feet of one of them. The quiet and calm and bareness all around produced a strange, uncouth impression. It seemed as if all had grown accustomed to their situation. Some sat there quietly, others looked on idly, while still others seemed to pay their regular visits with a sense of weariness. The mother's heart quivered with impatience, and she looked with a puzzled air at everything around her, amazed at the oppressive simplicity of life in this corner of the world.

Next to Vlasova sat a little old woman with a wrinkled face, but youthful eyes. She kept her thin neck turned to listen to the conversation and looked about on all sides with a strange expression of eagerness in her face.

"Whom have you here?" Vlasova asked softly.

"A son, a student," answered the old woman in a loud, brusque voice. "And you?"

"A son also. A workingman."

"What's the name?"

"Vlasov."

"Never heard of him. How long has he been in prison?"

"Seven weeks."

"And mine has been in for ten months," said the old woman, with a strange note of pride in her voice which did not escape the notice of the mother.

The conversation became more general and animated. Everybody was in a hurry to give his opinion about life; but all spoke in a half-subdued voice, and the mother noticed a tone of hostility in all, which was new to her. At home they spoke differently, more intelligibly, more simply, and more loudly.

The fat warden with a square, red beard called out her name, looked her over from head to foot, and telling her to follow him, walked off limping. She followed him, and

felt like pushing him to make him go faster. Pavel stood in a small room, and on seeing his mother smiled and put out his hand to her. She grasped it, laughed, blinked swiftly, and at a loss for words merely asked softly, "How are you? How are you?"

"Compose yourself, mother." Pavel pressed her hand.

"It's all right! It's all right!"

"Mother," said the warden, fetching a sigh, "suppose you move away from each other a bit. Let there be some distance between you." He yawned aloud.

Pavel asked the mother about her health and about home. She waited for some other questions, sought them in her son's eyes, but could not find them. He was calm as usual, although his face had grown paler, and his eyes seemed larger.

"Sasha sends you her regards," she said. Pavel's eyelids quivered and fell. His face became softer and brightened with a clear, open smile. A poignant bitterness smote the mother's heart.

"Will they let you out soon?" she inquired in a tone of sudden injury and agitation. "Why have they put you in prison? Those papers and pamphlets have appeared in the factory again anyway."

Pavel's eyes flashed with delight.

"Have they? When? Many of them?"

"It is forbidden to talk about this subject!" the warden lazily announced. "You may talk only of family matters."

"And isn't this a family matter?" retorted the mother.

"I don't know. I only know it's forbidden. You may talk about his wash and underwear and food, but nothing else," insisted the warden, speaking, however, with utter indifference in his voice.

"All right," said Pavel. "Keep to domestic affairs, mother. What are you doing?"

She answered boldly, seized with youthful ardor, "I carry all this to the factory." She paused with a smile and continued: "Sour soup, gruel, all Marya's cookery, and other stuff."

Pavel understood. The muscles of his face quivered with restrained laughter. He ran his fingers through his hair and said in a tender tone, such as she had never heard him use, "My own dear mother! That's good! It's good you've found something to do, so it isn't tedious for you. You don't feel lonesome, do you, mother?"

"When the leaflets appeared, they searched

me, too," she said, not without a certain pride.

"Again on this subject!" said the warden in an offended tone. "I tell you it's forbidden, it's not allowed. They have deprived him of liberty so that he shouldn't know anything about it; and here you are with your news. You ought to know it's forbidden!"

"Well, leave it, mother," said Pavel. "Matvey Ivanovich is a good man. You mustn't do anything to provoke him. We get along together very well. It's by chance he's here to-day with us. Usually, it's the assistant superintendent who is present on such occasions. That's why Matvey Ivanovich is afraid you will say something you oughtn't to."

"Time's up!" announced the warden, looking at his watch. "Take your leave!"

"Well, thank you," said Pavel. "Thank you, my darling mother! Don't worry now. They'll let me out soon."

He embraced her, pressed her warmly to his bosom, and kissed her. Touched by his endearments, and happy, she burst into tears.

"Now separate!" said the warden, and as he walked off with the mother he mumbled, "Don't cry! They'll let him out; they'll let everybody out. It's too crowded here."

At home the mother told the Little Russian of her conversation with Pavel, and her face wore a broad smile.

"I told him! Yes, indeed! And cleverly, too. He understood!" and heaving a melancholy sigh, "Oh, yes, he understood; otherwise he wouldn't have been so tender and affectionate. He has never been that way before."

"Oh, mother!" the Little Russian laughed. "No matter what other people may want, a mother always wants affection. You certainly have a heart plenty big enough for one man!"

Three days afterwards in the evening, when the mother sat at the table knitting stockings and the Little Russian was reading to her from a book about the revolt of the Roman slaves, a loud knock was heard at the door. The Little Russian went to open it and admitted Vyesovshchikov with a bundle under his arm, his hat pushed back on his head, and mud up to his knees.

"I was passing by, and seeing a light in your house, I dropped in to ask you how you are. I've come straight from the prison."

He spoke in a strange voice. He seized Vlasova's hand, and wrung it violently as he

added, "Pavel sends you his regards." And irresolutely seating himself in a chair he scanned the room with his gloomy, suspicious look.

The mother was not fond of him; there was something in his angular, close-cropped head and in his small eyes that always scared her; but now she was glad to see him, and with a broad smile lighting her face she said in a tender, animating voice:

"How thin you've become! Say, Andriusha, let's dose him with tea."

"I'm putting up the samovar already!" the Little Russian called from the kitchen.

"How is Pavel? Have they let anybody else out besides yourself?"

Nikolay bent his head and answered, "I'm the only one they've let go." He raised his eyes to the mother's face and said slowly, speaking through his teeth with ponderous emphasis: "I told them, 'Enough! Let me go! Else I'll kill some one here and myself, too!' So they let me go!"

"Hm, hm—ye—es!" said the mother, recoiling from him and involuntarily blinking when her gaze met his sharp narrow eyes.

"And how is Fedya Mazin?" shouted the Little Russian from the kitchen. "Writing poetry, is he?"

"Yes! I don't understand it," said Nikolay, shaking his head. "They've put him in a cage and he sings. There's only one thing I'm sure about, and that is I have no desire to go home. Pelagueya Nilovna, will you let me sleep here to-night, please?" he asked hoarsely, without looking at her.

"Why, of course, Nikolay! You needn't even ask it!" the mother quickly replied. She felt embarrassed and ill at ease in Nikolay's presence and did not know about what to speak to him. But he himself went on to talk in a strangely broken voice.

"I say that children have to be ashamed of their parents. Now, don't you be afraid. It's not meant for you. Pavel will never be ashamed of you. But I am ashamed of my father and shall never enter his house again. I have no father, no home! They have put me under the surveillance of the police, else I'd go to Siberia. I think a man who won't spare himself could do a great deal in Siberia. I would free convicts there and arrange for their escape."

The mother understood with her ready feelings what agony this man must be undergoing.

Andrey came in from the kitchen, and the

mother rose and walked away, saying, "I'm going to get something to eat."

Vyesovshchikov looked at the Little Russian fixedly and suddenly declared, "I think that some people ought to be killed off!"

"Oho! And pray what for?" asked the Little Russian calmly.

"I'll answer only for myself, only for myself, and for no one else. And if my father is a thief——"

"Oh!" said the Little Russian in a low voice, moving up to Nikolay.

"And as for Isay Gorbov, I'll wring his head off him! You shall see!"

"What for?" repeated the Little Russian, in a quiet, earnest voice.

"He shouldn't be a spy; he shouldn't go about denouncing people. It's through him my father's gone to the dogs, and it's owing to him that he now is aiming to become a spy," said Vyesovshchikov, looking at Andrey with a dark, hostile scowl.

"Oh, that's it!" exclaimed the Little Russian. "And pray, who'd blame you for that? Fools!"

"Both the fools and the wise are smeared with the same oil!" said Nikolay heavily. "Here are you, a wise fellow, and Pavel, too. And do you mean to say that I am the same to you as Fedya Mazin or Somoylov or as you two are to each other? Don't lie! I won't believe you anyway. You all push me aside to a place apart, all by myself."

"Your heart is aching, Nikolay!" said the Little Russian softly and tenderly, sitting down beside him.

"Yes, it's aching, and so is your heart. But your aches seem nobler to you than mine. We are all scoundrels toward one another, that's what I say. And what have you to say to that?"

He fixed his sharp gaze on Andrey, and waited with set teeth. His mottled face remained immobile, and a quiver passed over his thick lips, as if scorched by a flame.

"I have nothing to say," said the Little Russian, meeting Vyesovshchikov's hostile glance with a bright, warm, yet melancholy look of his blue eyes. I know that to argue with a man at a time when all the wounds of his heart are bleeding, is only to insult him. I know it, brother."

"It's impossible to argue with me; I can't," mumbled Nikolay, lowering his eyes.

"I think," continued the Little Russian, "that each of us has gone through that, each of us has walked with bare feet over broken

glass, each of us in his dark hour has gasped for breath as you are gasping now."

"You have nothing to tell me," said Vyesovshchikov slowly. "Nothing! My heart is so—it seems to me as if wolves were howling there!"

"And I don't want to say anything to you. Only I know that you'll get over this, perhaps not entirely, but you'll get over it!" He smiled, and added, tapping Nikolay on the back: "Why, man, this is a children's disease, something like measles! We all suffer from it, the strong less, the weak more. It comes upon a man at the period when he has found himself, but does not yet understand life, and his own place in life. And when you do not see your place, and are unable to appraise your own value, it seems that you are the only, the inimitable cucumber on the face of the earth, and that no one can measure, no one can fathom your worth, and that all are eager only to eat you up. After a while you'll find out that the hearts in other people's breasts are no worse than a good part of your own heart, and you'll begin to feel better. And somewhat ashamed, too! Why should you climb up to the belfry tower, when your bell is so small that it can't be heard in the great peal of the holiday bells? Moreover, you'll see that in chorus the sound of your bell will be heard, too, but by itself the old church bells will drown it in their rumble as a fly is drowned in oil. Do you understand what I am saying?"

"Maybe I understand," Nikolay said, nodding his head. "Only I don't believe it."

The Little Russian broke into a laugh.

"Andriusha!" the mother called from the kitchen. "Come get the samovar. It's ready!"

Andrey walked out of the room, and Vyesovshchikov, left alone, looked about, stretched out his foot sheathed in a coarse, heavy boot, looked at it, bent down, and felt the stout calf of his leg. Then he raised one hand to his face, carefully examined the palm, and turned it around. His hand was thick, with short fingers, and covered with yellowish hair. He waved it in the air, and arose.

When Andrey brought in the samovar, Vyesovshchikov was standing before the mirror, and greeted him with these words:

"It's a long time since I've seen my face." Then he laughed and added, "It's an ugly face I have!"

"What's that to you?" asked Andrey, turning a curious look upon him.

"Sashenka says the face is the mirror of the heart!" Nikolay replied, bringing out the words slowly.

"It's not true, though!" the Little Russian ejaculated. "She has a nose like a mushroom, cheek bones like a pair of scissors; yet her heart is like a bright little star."

They sat down to drink tea.

Vyesovshchikov took a big potato, heavily salted a slice of bread, and began to chew slowly and deliberately, like an ox.

"And how are matters here?" he asked with his mouth full.

When Andrey cheerfully recounted to him the growth of the socialist propaganda in the factory, he again grew morose and remarked dully:

"It takes too long! Too long, entirely! It ought to go faster!"

The mother regarded him, and was seized with a feeling of hostility toward this man.

"Life is not a horse; you can't set it galloping with a whip," said Andrey.

But Vyesovshchikov stubbornly shook his head, and proceeded:

"It's slow! I haven't the patience. What am I to do?" He opened his arms in a gesture of helplessness, and waited for a response.

"We all must learn and teach others. That's our business!" said Andrey, bending his head.

Vyesovshchikov asked:

"And when are we going to fight?"

"There'll be more than one butchery of us up to that time, that I know!" answered the Little Russian with a smile. "But when we shall be called on to fight, that I don't know! First, you see, we must equip the head, and then the hand. That's what I think."

"The heart!" said Nikolay laconically.

"And the heart, too."

CHAPTER XV

PLANNING A DEMONSTRATION

LIFE flowed on swiftly. The days were diversified and full of color. Each one brought with it something new, and the new ceased to alarm the mother. Strangers came to the house in the evening more and more frequently, and they talked with Andrey in subdued voices with an engrossed air. Late at night they went out into the darkness, their collars up, their hats thrust low over their

faces, noiselessly, cautiously. All seemed to feel a feverish excitement, which they kept under restraint, and had the air of wanting to sing and laugh if they only had the time. They were all in a perpetual hurry. All of them—the mocking and the serious, the frank, jovial youth with effervescing strength, the thoughtful and quiet—all of them in the eyes of the mother were identical in the persistent faith that characterized them; and although each had his own peculiar cast of countenance, for her all their faces blended into one thin, composed, resolute face with a profound expression in its dark eyes, kind yet stern, like the look in Christ's eyes on his way to Emmaus.

The mother counted them, and mentally gathered them together into a group around Pavel. In that throng he became invisible to the eyes of the enemy.

One day a vivacious, curly-haired girl appeared from the city, bringing some parcel for Andrey; and on leaving she said to Vlasova with a gleam in her merry eyes, "Good-by, comrade!"

"Good-by!" the mother answered, restraining a smile. After seeing the girl to the door, she walked to the window and, smiling, looked out on the street to watch her comrade as she trotted away, nimbly raising and dropping her little feet, fresh as a spring flower and light as a butterfly.

"Comrade!" said the mother when her guest had disappeared from her view.

With a sigh she looked back to bygone days in which her past dragged along flatly and monotonously, a thin, black thread. Imperceptibly she grew conscious of her usefulness in this new life—a consciousness that gave her poise and assurance. She had never before felt herself necessary to anybody. But now she felt that she was helping a good work. It was new to her and pleasant. It set her head erect on her shoulders.

She considered it her duty to carry the books regularly to the factory. Indeed, she elaborated a number of devices for escaping detection. The spies, grown accustomed to her presence on the factory premises, ceased to pay attention to her. She was searched several times, but always the day after the appearance of the leaflets in the factory. When she had no literature about her, she knew how to arouse the suspicion of the guards and spies. They would halt her, and she would pretend to feel insulted, and would remonstrate with them, and then walk off

blushing, proud of her clever ruse. She began to enjoy the fun of the game.

Every time that Andrey's comrades gathered at the mother's house to read pamphlets or the new issue of the foreign papers, Nikolay came also, sat down in a corner, and listened in silence for an hour or two. When the reading was over the young people entered into long discussions; but Vyesovshchikov took no part in the arguments. He remained longer than the rest, and when alone, face to face with Andrey, he glumly put to him the question:

"And who is the most to blame? The Czar?"

"The one to blame is he who first said 'This is mine.' That man has now been dead some several thousand years, and it's not worth the while to bear him a grudge," said the Little Russian, jesting. His eyes, however, had a perturbed expression.

"And how about the rich, and those who stand up for them? Are they right?"

The Little Russian clapped his hands to his head; then pulled his mustache, and spoke for a long time in simple language about life and about the people. But from his talk it always appeared as if all the people were to blame, and this did not satisfy Nikolay. Compressing his thick lips tightly, he shook his head in demur, and declared that he could not believe it was so, and that he did not understand it. He left dissatisfied and gloomy.

Once he said: "No, there must be people to blame! I'm sure there are! I tell you, we must plow over the whole of life like a weedy field, showing no mercy!"

"That's what Isay, the record clerk, once said about you!" the mother said. For a while the two were silent.

"Isay?"

"Yes; he's a bad man. He spies after everybody, fishes about everywhere for information. He has begun to frequent this street and peers into our windows."

"Peers into your windows?"

The mother was already in bed and did not see his face. But she understood that she had said too much, because the Little Russian hastened to interpose in order to conciliate Nikolay.

"Let him peer. He has leisure. That's his way of killing time."

"No, hold on!" said Nikolay. "There, he is to blame!"

"To blame for what?" the Little Russian asked brusquely. "Because he's a fool?"

But Vyesovshchikov did not stop to answer and walked away.

The Little Russian began to pace up and down the room, slowly and languidly. He had taken off his boots as he always did when the mother was in bed in order not to disturb her. But she was not asleep, and when Nikolay had left she said anxiously:

"I'm so afraid of that man. He's just like an overheated oven. He does not warm things, but scorches them."

"Yes, yes!" the Little Russian drawled. "He's an irascible boy. I wouldn't talk to him about Isay, mother."

Once on a holiday the mother, on returning home from a store, opened the door of the porch, and remained fixed to the spot, suddenly bathed in the sunshine of joy. From the room she heard the sound of Pavel's voice.

"There she is!" cried the Little Russian.

The mother saw Pavel turn about quickly, and saw how his face lighted up with a feeling that held out the promise of something great to her.

"There you are—come home!" she mumbled, staggered by the unexpectedness of the event; and she sat down.

He bent down to her with a pale face; little tears glistened brightly in the corners of his eyes, and his lips trembled. For a moment he was silent. The mother looked at him, and was silent also.

The Little Russian, whistling softly, passed by them with bent head and walked out into the yard.

"Thank you, mother," said Pavel in a deep, low voice, pressing her hand with his trembling fingers. "Thank you, my dear, my own mother!"

Rejoiced at the agitated expression of her son's face and the touching sound of his voice, she stroked his hair and tried to restrain the palpitation of her heart. She murmured softly:

"Christ be with you! What have I done for you? It isn't I who have made you what you are. It's you yourself——"

"Thank you for helping our great cause!" he said. "When a man can call his mother his own in spirit also—that's rare fortune!"

She said nothing, and greedily swallowed his words with open ears, and admired her son as he stood before her so radiant and so near.

"I was silent, mother dear. I saw that many things in my life hurt you. I was sorry

for you, and yet I could not help it. I was powerless! I thought you could never get reconciled to us, that you could never adopt our ideas as yours, but that you would suffer in silence as you had suffered all your life long. It was hard."

"Andriusha made me understand many things!" she declared, yielding to a desire to turn her son's attention to his comrade.

"Yes, he told me about you," said Pavel, laughing.

"And Yegor, too! He is a countryman of mine, you know. Andriusha wanted to teach me to read, also."

"And you got offended, and began to study by yourself on the sly?"

"Oh, so he found me out!" she exclaimed in embarrassment. Then troubled by this abundance of joy which filled her heart she again suggested to Pavel:

"Shan't we call him in? He went out on purpose so as not to disturb us. He has no mother."

"Andrey!" shouted Pavel, opening the door to the porch. "Where are you?"

"Here. I want to chop some wood."

"Never mind. There's time enough. Come here!"

"All right! I'm coming!"

But he did not come at once; and on entering the kitchen he said in housekeeperlike fashion: "We must tell Nikolay to bring us wood. We have very little wood left. You see, mother, how well Pavel looks? Instead of punishing the rebels, the government only fattens them."

The mother laughed. Her heart was still leaping with joy; she was fairly intoxicated with beatitude. But a certain cautious, chary feeling already called forth in her the wish to see her son calm as he always was. She wanted that this first joy in her life should at once and forever remain fixed in her heart as live and strong as it had come. In order to guard against the diminution of her happiness, she hastened to hide it, as a fowler secretes some rare bird that has happened to fall into his hands.

"Let's have dinner! Pasha, haven't you had anything to eat yet?" she asked with anxious haste.

"No. I learned yesterday from the warden that I was to be released, and I couldn't eat or drink anything to-day."

"The first person I met here was Sizov," Pavel communicated to Andrey. "He caught sight of me and crossed the street to greet me.

I told him that he ought to be more careful now, as I was a dangerous man under the surveillance of the police. But he said 'Never mind!' and you ought to have heard him inquire about his nephew. 'Did Fedya conduct himself properly in prison?' I wanted to know what is meant by proper behavior in prison, and he declared: 'Well, did he blabber out anything he shouldn't have against his comrades?' And when I told him that Fedya was an honest and wise young man, he stroked his beard and declared proudly: 'We, the Sizovs, have no trash in our family.'"

Spring was rapidly drawing near; the snow melted, and laid bare the mud and the soot of the factory chimneys. Mud, mud! Wherever the villagers looked—mud! Every day more mud! The entire village seemed unwashed and dressed in rags and tatters. During the day the water dripped monotonously from the roofs, and damp, weary exhalations emanated from the gray walls of the houses. Toward night whitish icicles glistened everywhere in dim outline. The sun appeared in the heavens more frequently, and the brooks began to murmur hesitatingly on their way to the marsh. At noon the throbbing song of spring hopes hung tremblingly and caressingly over the village.

They were preparing to celebrate the first of May. Leaflets appeared in the factory explaining the significance of this holiday, and even the young men not affected by the propaganda said, as they read them, "Yes, we must arrange a holiday!"

Vyesovshchikov exclaimed with a sullen grin, "It's time! Time that we stopped playing hide and seek!"

Fedya Mazin was in high spirits. He had grown very thin. With his nervous, jerky gestures, and the trepidation in his speech, he was like a caged lark. He was always with Yacob Samov, taciturn, serious beyond his years, who now worked in the city.

Samoylov, who had grown still redder in prison; Vasily Gusev, curly-haired Dragunov, and a number of others argued that it was necessary to come out armed; but Pavel and the Little Russian, Somov, and others said it was not.

Yegor always came tired, perspiring, short of breath, but always joking.

"The work of changing the present order of things, comrades, is a great work, but in order to advance it more rapidly, I must buy myself a pair of boots," he said, pointing to his

wet, torn shoes. "My overshoes, too, are torn beyond the hope of redemption, and I get my feet wet every day. I have no intention of migrating from the earth even to the nearest planet before we have publicly and openly renounced the old order of things; and I am therefore absolutely opposed to comrade Samoylov's motion for an armed demonstration; and I amend the motion to read that I be armed with a pair of strong boots, inasmuch as I am profoundly convinced that this will be of greater service for the ultimate triumph of socialism than even a grand exhibition of fisticuffs and black eyes."

In the same workingly pretentious language he told the workmen the story of how in various foreign countries the people strove to lighten the burden of their lives.

Once, speaking about Yegor, Pavel said, "Do you know, Andrey, the people whose hearts are always aching are the ones who joke most?"

The Little Russian was silent a while, and then answered, blinking his eyes, "No, that's not true. If it were, then the whole of Russia would split its sides with laughter."

Natasha made her appearance again. She, too, had been in prison, in another city, but she had not changed. The mother noticed that in her presence the Little Russian grew more cheerful, was full of jokes, poked fun at everybody, and kept her laughing merrily. But when she left he would whistle his endless songs sadly, and pace up and down the room for a long time, wearily dragging his feet along the floor.

Sashenka came running in frequently, always gloomy, always in haste, and for some reason more and more angular and stiff. Once when Pavel accompanied her out onto the porch, the mother overheard their abrupt conversation.

"Will you carry the banner?" the girl asked in a low voice.

"Yes."

"Is it settled?"

"Yes, it's my right."

"To prison again?" Pavel was silent. "Is it not possible for you—" She stopped.

"What?"

"To give it up to somebody else?"

"No!" he said aloud.

"Think of it! You're a man of such influence; you are so much liked—you and Nakhodka are the two foremost revolutionary workers here. Think how much you could accomplish for the cause of freedom! You

know that for this they'll send you off far, far, and for a long time!"

Nilovna thought she heard in the girl's voice the familiar sound of fear and anguish; and her words fell upon the mother's heart like heavy, icy drops of water.

"No, I have made up my mind. Nothing can make me give it up!"

"Not even if I beg you—if I——"

Pavel suddenly began to speak rapidly with a peculiar sternness.

"You ought not to speak that way. Why you? You ought not!"

"I am a human being!" she said in an undertone.

"A good human being, too!" he said also in an undertone, and in a peculiar voice, as if unable to catch his breath. "You are a dear human being to me, yes! And that's why—why you mustn't talk that way!"

"Good-by!" said the girl.

The mother heard the sound of her departing footsteps, and knew that she was walking away very fast, nay, almost running. Pavel followed her into the yard.

A heavy oppressive fear fell like a load on the mother's breast. She did not understand what they had been talking about, but she felt that a new misfortune was in store for her, a great and sad misfortune. And her thoughts halted at the question, "What does he want to do?"

Her thoughts halted, and were driven into her brain like a nail. She stood in the kitchen by the oven, and looked through the window into the profound, starry heaven.

Pavel walked in from the yard with Andrey, and the Little Russian said, shaking his head, "Oh, Isay, Isay! What's to be done with him?"

"We must advise him to give up his project," said Pavel glumly.

"Then he'll hand over those who speak to him to the authorities," said the Little Russian, flinging his hat away in a corner.

"Pasha, what do you want to do?" asked the mother, drooping her head.

"When? Now?"

"The first—the first of May."

"Aha!" exclaimed Pavel, lowering his voice. "You heard! I am going to carry our banner. I will march with it at the head of the procession. I suppose they'll put me in prison for it again."

The mother's eyes began to burn; an unpleasant dry feeling came into her mouth. Pavel took her hand and stroked it.

"I must do it! Please understand me! It is my happiness!"

"I'm not saying anything," she answered slowly, raising her head; and when her eyes met the resolute gleam in his, she again lowered it.

He released her hand, and with a sigh said reproachfully: "You oughtn't to be grieved; you ought to feel rejoiced. When are we going to have mothers who will rejoice in sending their children even to death?"

"Why, do I say anything to you?" the mother repeated. "I don't interfere with you. And if I'm sorry for you—well, that's a mother's way."

Pavel drew away from her, and she heard his sharp, harsh words: "There is a love that interferes with a man's very life."

She began to tremble, and fearing that he might deal another blow at her heart by saying something stern, she rejoined quickly:

"Don't, Pasha! Why should you? I understand. You can't act otherwise, you must do it for your comrades."

"No!" he replied. "I am doing it for myself. For their sake I can go without carrying the banner, but I'm going to do it!"

The mother did not want her son to see her tears, and suddenly mumbled, "Oh, dear!—I forgot—" and walked out onto the porch. There, her head in a corner, she wept silently.

Through the door standing ajar the hollow sound of disputing voices reached her ear.

"Well, do you admire yourself for having tortured her?"

"You have no right to speak like that," shouted Pavel.

"A fine comrade I'd be to you, if I kept quiet when I see you making a fool of yourself. Why did you say all that to your mother?"

"A man must always speak firmly and without equivocation. He must be clear and definite when he says 'yes'; he must be clear, and definite when he says 'no.'"

"To her—to her you must speak that way?"

"To everybody! I want no love, I want no friendship which gets between your feet and holds you back."

"Bravo! You're a hero! Go say all this to Sashenka. You should have said that to her."

"I did."

"You did? The way you spoke to your mother? You did not! To her you spoke softly; you spoke gently and tenderly to her."

I did not hear you, but I know it! But you trot out your heroism before your mother. Of course! Your heroism is not worth a cent."

After a moment's silence, Pavel came up slowly to her, looking at her from the corners of his eyes, and a guilty smile quivering on his lips.

"Forgive me, mother!" he said softly. "I am still a boy, a fool."

"You mustn't hurt me!" she cried in a sorrowful voice, pressing his head to her bosom. "Say nothing! God be with you. Your life is your own! But don't wound my heart. How can a mother help sorrowing for her son? And who will be sorry for you if I am not?"

Sitting on the floor, the Little Russian spread his legs around the samovar, and regarded Pavel. The mother stood at the door, and fixed a sad, affectionate gaze at Andrey's long, bent neck and the round back of his head.

"This is the way it ought to be," said the Little Russian. "Because, mark you, mother dear, a new heart is coming into existence, a new heart is growing up in life. All hearts are smitten in the conflict of interests, all are consumed with a blind greed, eaten up with envy, stricken, wounded, and dripping with filth, falsehood, and cowardice. All people are sick; they are afraid to live; they wander about as in a mist. Everyone feels only his own toothache. But lo and behold! Here is a Man coming and illuminating life with the light of reason; and he shouts: 'Oh, ho! you straying roaches! It's time, high time, for you to understand that all your interests are one, that everyone has the need to live, everyone has the desire to grow!' The Man who shouts this is alone, and therefore he cries aloud; he needs comrades, he feels dreary in his loneliness, dreary and cold. And at his call all the stanch hearts unite into one great, strong heart, deep and sensitive as a silver bell not yet cast. And hark! This bell rings forth the message: 'Men of all countries, unite into one family! Love is the mother of life, not hate!' My brothers! I hear this message sounding through the world!"

"And I do, too!" cried Pavel.

The mother compressed her lips to keep them from trembling, and shut her eyes tight so as not to cry.

"When I lie in bed at night or am out walking alone—everywhere I hear this sound,

and my heart rejoices. And the earth, too—I know it—weary of injustice and sorrow, rings out like a bell, responding to the call, and trembles benignly, greeting the new sun arising in the breast of Man."

Pavel rose, lifted his hand, and was about to say something, but the mother took his other hand, and pulling him down whispered in his ear:

"Don't disturb him!"

"Do you know?" said the Little Russian, standing in the doorway, his eyes aglow with a bright flame, "there is still much suffering in store for the people, much of their blood will yet flow, squeezed out by the hands of greed; but all that—all my suffering, all my blood—is a small price for that which is already stirring in my breast, in my mind, in the marrow of my bones! I am already rich, as a star is rich in golden rays. And I will bear all, I will suffer all, because there is within me a joy which no one, which nothing can ever stifle! In this joy there is a world of strength!"

They drank tea, and sat around the table until midnight, and conversed heart to heart and harmoniously about life, about people, and about the future.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DEATH OF A SPY

THE next day, early in the morning, very soon after Pavel and Andrey had left, Korsunova knocked at the door alarmingly, and called out hastily, "Isay is killed! Come quick!"

The mother trembled; the name of the assassin flashed through her mind.

"Who did it?" she asked curtly, throwing a shawl over her shoulders.

"The man's not sitting out there mourning over Isay. He knocked him down and skipped!"

On the street Marya said: "Now they'll begin to rummage about again and look for the murderer. It's a good thing your folks were at home last night. I can bear witness to that. I walked past here after midnight and glanced into the window, and saw all of you sitting around the table."

"What are you talking about, Marya? Why, who could dream of such a thing about them?" the mother ejaculated in fright.

"Well, who killed him? Some one from among your people, of course!" said Kor-

sunova, regarding the idea as a matter to be taken for granted. "Everybody knows he spied on them."

The mother stopped to fetch breath, and put her hand to her bosom.

"What are you going on that way for? Don't be afraid! Whoever it is will reap the harvest of his own rashness."

The mother walked on without asking herself why she went, and shaken by the thought of Vyesovshchikov.

"There—he's done it!" Her mind was held fast by the one idea.

Not far from the factory walls, on the grounds of a building recently burned down, a crowd was gathered, tramping down the coal and stirring up ash dust. It hummed and buzzed like a swarm of bees. There were many women in the crowd, even more children, and storekeepers, tavern waiters, policemen, and the gendarme Petlin, a tall old man with a woolly, silvery beard, and decorations on his breast.

Isay half reclined on the ground, his back resting against a burnt joist, his bare head hanging over his right shoulder, his right hand in his trousers pocket, and the fingers of his left hand clutching the soil.

The mother looked at Isay's face. One eye, wide open, had its dim glance fixed upon his hat lying between his lazily outstretched legs. His mouth was half open in astonishment; his little shriveled body, with its pointed head and bony face, seemed to be resting. The mother crossed herself, and heaved a sigh. He had been repulsive to her when alive, but now she felt a mild pity for him.

"No blood!" some one remarked in an undertone. "He was evidently knocked down with a fist blow."

A sarcastic, malicious voice cried aloud, "They've choked up a denouncer's mouth. Serves him right!"

The gendarme pushed aside the women, who were crowded close about him, and asked in a threatening tone, "Who was that? Who made that remark?"

The people scattered before him as he thrust them aside. A number took quickly to their heels, and some one in the crowd broke into a mocking laugh.

The mother went home. "No one is sorry," she thought. The broad figure of Nikolay stood before her like a shadow, his narrow eyes had a cold, cruel look, and he wrung his right hand as if it had been hurt.

When Pavel and Andrey came to dinner, her first question was, "Well? Did they arrest anybody for Isay's murder?"

"We haven't heard anything about it," answered the Little Russian.

She saw that they were both downhearted and sullen.

"Nothing is said about Nikolay?" the mother questioned again in a low voice.

Pavel fixed his stern eyes on the mother, and said distinctly: "No, there is no talk of him. He is not even thought of in connection with this affair. He is away. He went off on the river yesterday, and hasn't returned yet. I inquired for him."

"Thank God!" said the mother with a sigh of relief. "Thank God!"

The Little Russian looked at her, and drooped his head.

"He lies there," the mother recounted pensively, "and looks as though he were surprised, that's the way his face looks. And no one pities him; no one bestows a good word on him. He is such a tiny bit of a fellow, such a wretched-looking thing, like a bit of broken china. It seems as if he had slipped on something and fallen, and there he lies!"

At dinner Pavel suddenly dropped his spoon and exclaimed, "That's what I don't understand!"

"What?" asked the Little Russian, who had been sitting at the table dismal and silent.

"To kill anything living because one wants to eat, that's ugly enough. To kill a beast—a beast of prey—that I can understand. I think I myself could kill a man who had turned into a beast preying upon mankind. But to kill such a disgusting, pitiful creature—I don't understand how anyone could lift his hand for an act like that!"

The Little Russian raised his shoulders and dropped them again, then said, "He was no less noxious than a beast."

"I know."

"We kill a mosquito for sucking just a tiny bit of our blood," the Little Russian added in a low voice.

"Well, yes, I am not saying anything about that. I only mean to say it's so disgusting."

"What can you do?" returned Andrey with another shrug of his shoulders.

After a long pause Pavel asked, "Could you kill a fellow like that?"

The Little Russian regarded him with his round eyes, threw a glance at the mother, and

said sadly, but firmly: "For myself, I wouldn't touch a living thing. But for comrades, for the cause, I am capable of everything. I'd even kill. I'd kill my own son."

"Oh, Andriusha!" the mother exclaimed under her breath.

"How can a man help it? It so happens that we sometimes must abhor a certain person in order to hasten the time when it will be possible only to take delight in one another. You must destroy those who hinder the progress of life, who sell human beings for money, in order to buy quiet or esteem for themselves. If a Judas stands in the way of honest people, lying in wait to betray them, I should be a Judas myself if I did not destroy him. It's sinful, you say? And do they, these masters of life, do they have the right to keep soldiers and executioners, public houses and prisons, places of penal servitude, and all that vile abomination by which they hold themselves in quiet security and in comfort? If it happens sometimes that I am compelled to take their stick into my own hands, what am I to do then? Why, I am going to take it, of course. I will not decline. They kill us out by the tens and hundreds. That gives me the right to raise my hand and level it against one of the enemy's head, against that one of their number who comes closest to me, and makes himself more directly noxious to the work of my life than the others. This is logic; but I go against logic for once. I do not need your logic now. I know that their blood can bring no results, I know that their blood is barren, fruitless! Truth grows well only on the soil irrigated with the copious rain of our own blood, and their putrid blood goes to waste, without a trace left. I know it! But I take the sin upon myself—I'll kill, if I see a need for it! I speak only for myself, mind you. My crime dies with me. It will not remain a blot upon the future. It will sully no one besides myself—no one but myself."

He walked to and fro in the room, waving his hands in front of him, as if he were cutting something in the air out of his way. The mother looked at him with an expression of melancholy and alarm. She felt that something had hit him, and that he was pained. The dangerous thoughts about murder left her. If Vyesovshchikov had not killed Isay, none of Pavel's comrades could have done the deed. Pavel listened to the Little Russian with drooping head, and Andrey stubbornly continued in a forceful tone: "In your for-

ward march it sometimes chances that you must go against your very own self. You must be able to give up everything—your heart and all. To give your life, to die for the cause—that's simple. Give more! Give that which is dearer to you than your life! Then you will see that grow with a vigorous growth which is dearest to you—your truth!"

He stopped in the middle of the room, his face grown pale and his eyes half-closed. Raising his hand and shaking it, he began slowly in a solemn tone of assurance with faith and with strength: "There will come a time, I know, when people will take delight in one another, when each will be like a star to the other, and when each will listen to his fellow as to music. The free men will walk upon the earth, men great in their freedom; they will walk with open hearts, and the heart of each will be pure of envy and greed, and therefore all mankind will be without malice, and there will be nothing to divorce the heart from reason. Then life will be one great service to man! His figure will be raised to lofty heights—for to free men all heights are attainable. Then we shall live in truth and freedom and in beauty, and those will be accounted the best who will the more widely embrace the world with their hearts, and whose love of it will be the profoundest; those will be the best who will be the freest; for in them is the greatest beauty. Then will life be great, and the people will be great who live that life."

He ceased and straightened himself. Then, swinging to and fro like the tongue of a bell, he added in a resonant voice that seemed to issue from the depths of his breast: "So for the sake of this life I am prepared for everything! I will tear my heart out, if necessary, and will trample it with my own feet!"

His face quivered and stiffened with excitement, and great, heavy tears rolled down one after the other.

Pavel raised his head and looked at him with a pale face and wide-open eyes. The mother raised herself a little over the table with a feeling that something great was growing and impending over her.

"What is the matter with you, Andrey?" Pavel asked softly.

The Little Russian shook his head, stretched himself like a violin string, and said, looking at the mother:

"I struck Isay."

She rose and quickly walked up to him, all in a tremble, and seized his hands. He tried

to free his right hand, but she held it firmly in her grasp and whispered hotly:

"My dear, my own, hush! It's nothing—it's nothing—nothing, Pasha! Andriushenka—oh, what a calamity! You sufferer! My darling heart!"

"Wait, mother," the Little Russian muttered hoarsely. "I'll tell you how it happened."

"Don't!" she whispered, looking at him with tears in her eyes. "Don't, Andriusha! It isn't our business; it's God's affair!"

Pavel came up to him slowly, looking at his comrade with moist eyes. He was pale, and his lips trembled. With a strange smile he said softly and slowly: "Come, give me your hand, Andrey. I want to shake hands with you. Upon my word, I understand how hard it is for you!"

"Wait!" said the Little Russian without looking at them, shaking his head, and tearing himself away from their grasp. When he succeeded in freeing his right hand from the mother's, Pavel caught it, and pressed it vigorously, and wrung it.

"And you mean to tell me you killed that man?" said the mother. "No, *you* didn't do it! If I saw it with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe it."

"Stop, Andrey! Mother is right. This thing is beyond our judgment."

With one hand pressing Andrey's, Pavel laid the other on his shoulder, as if wishing to stop the tremor in his tall body. The Little Russian bent his head down toward him, and said in a broken, mournful voice: "I didn't want to do it, you know, Pavel. It happened when you walked ahead, and I remained behind with Ivan Gusev. Isay came from around a corner and stopped to look at us, and smiled at us. Ivan walked off home, and I went on toward the factory—Isay at my side!" Andrey stopped, heaved a deep sigh, and continued: "No one ever insulted me in such an ugly way as that dog!"

The mother pulled the Little Russian by the hand toward the table, gave him a shove, and finally succeeded in seating him on a chair. She sat down at his side close to him, shoulder to shoulder. Pavel stood in front of them, holding Andrey's hand in his and pressing it.

"I understand how hard it is for you," he said.

"He told me that they know us all, that we are all on the gendarme's record, and that we are going to be dragged in before the first of

May. I didn't answer, and laughed, but my blood boiled. He began to tell me that I was a clever fellow, and that I oughtn't to go on the way I was, but that I should rather——"

The Little Russian stopped, wiped his face with his right hand, shook his head, and a dry gleam flashed in his eyes.

"I understand!" said Pavel.

"Yes, he said I should rather enter the service of the law." The Little Russian waved his hand, and swung his clinched fist. "The law!—curse his soul!" he hissed between his teeth. "It would have been better if he had struck me in the face; it would have been easier for me, and better for him, perhaps, too! But when he spit his dirty thought into my heart that way, I could not bear it."

Andrey pulled his hand convulsively from Pavel's, and said more hoarsely with disgust in his face: "I dealt him a back-hand blow like that, downward and aslant, and walked away. I didn't even stop to look at him. I heard him fall. He dropped and was silent. I didn't dream of anything serious. I walked on peacefully, just as if I had done no more than kick a frog with my foot. And then—what's all this? I started to work, and I hear them shouting, 'Isay is killed!' I didn't even believe it, but my hand grew numb—and I felt awkward in working with it. It didn't hurt me, but it seemed to have grown shorter." He looked at his hand obliquely and said, "All my life, I suppose, I won't be able to wash off that dirty stain from it."

"If only your heart is pure, my dear boy!" the mother said softly, bursting into tears.

"I don't regard myself as guilty, no, I don't!" said the Little Russian firmly. "But it's disgust. It disgusts me to carry such dirt inside of me. I had no need of it. It wasn't called for."

"What do you think of doing?" asked Pavel, giving him a suspicious look.

"What am I going to do?" the Little Russian repeated thoughtfully, drooping his head. Then raising it again he said with a smile: "I am not afraid, of course, to say that it was I who struck him. But I am ashamed to say it. I am ashamed to go to prison, and even to hard labor, maybe, for such a—nothing. If some one else is accused, then I'll go and confess. But otherwise, go all of my own accord—I cannot!"

He waved his hands, rose, and repeated, "I cannot! I am ashamed!"

The whistle blew. The Little Russian, bending his head to one side, listened to the powerful roar, and shaking himself said:

"I am not going to work."

"Nor I," said Pavel.

"I'll go to the bathhouse," said the Little Russian, smiling. He got ready in silence and walked off, sullen and low-spirited.

The mother followed him with a compassionate look.

"Say what you please, Pasha, I cannot believe him! And even if I did believe him, I wouldn't lay any blame on him. No, I would not. I know, it's sinful to kill a man; I believe in God and in the Lord Jesus Christ, but still I don't think Andrey guilty. I'm sorry for Isay. He's such a tiny bit of a manikin. He lies there in astonishment. When I looked at him I remembered how he threatened to have you hanged. And yet I neither felt hatred toward him, nor joy because he died. I simply felt sorry. But now that I know by whose hand he fell I am not even sorry for him."

Pavel apparently had not heard her. Slowly pacing up and down the room with drooping head, he said pensively and with exasperation: "Andrey won't forgive himself soon, if he'll forgive himself at all! There is life for you, mother. You see the position in which people are placed toward one another. You don't want to, but you must strike! And strike whom? Such a helpless being. He is more wretched even than you because he is stupid. The police, the gendarmes, the soldiers, the spies—they are all our enemies; and yet they are all such people as we are; their blood is sucked out of them just as ours

is, and they are no more regarded as human beings than we are. That's the way it is. But they have set one part of the people against the other, blinded them with fear, bound them all hands and feet, squeezed them, and drained their blood, and used some as clubs against the others. They've turned men into weapons, into sticks and stones, and called it civilization, government.

"That's crime, mother! The heinous crime of killing millions of people, the murder of millions of souls! You understand—they kill the soul! You see the difference between them and us. He killed a man unwittingly; he feels disgusted, ashamed, sick—the main thing is he feels disgusted! But they kill off thousands calmly, without a qualm, without pity, without a shudder of the heart; they kill with pleasure and with delight. And why? They stifle everybody and everything to death merely to keep the timber of their houses secure, their furniture, their silver, their gold, their worthless papers—all that cheap trash which gives them control over the people. Think, it's not for their own selves, for their persons, that they protect themselves thus, using murder and the mutilation of souls as a means—it's not for themselves they do it, but for the sake of their possessions. They do not guard themselves from within, but from without."

There was a loud noise of some one entering the porch. Both of them started and looked at each other.

"If it's the police coming for Andrey—" Pavel whispered.

"I know nothing—nothing!" the mother whispered back. "O God!"

(To be continued.)

THE INDIGO BIRD

By ABIGAIL JAMES

A FLASH of blue among the trees,
A broken shower of music sweet;
What glorious days of summer these!
A flash of blue among the trees,
The Indigo sways in the breeze;
He sings his song—each note complete.
A flash of blue among the trees,
A broken shower of music sweet.

THE HOODWINKING OF AMERICAN COLLECTORS

BY JOHN S. LOPEZ



LONG before the days of Barnum's notorious Cardiff giant it was understood that the public loved to peep into raree shows and be fooled to the top of its bent, and the ever-increasing multitude of "wise ones" that have sprung up since the days of the great showman, still continue to smile indulgently at the credulity of the common people. Time was when even the wise ones themselves were objects of ridicule, when Science was in her infancy and was still unable to drive fools and charlatans from her ranks. But so rapid have been her strides in method and technic, in the "golden age of science" in which we live, that a reincarnation of even Scott's "Mr. Oldbuck" or Dickens's "Mr. Pickwick" would seem impossible to-day.

Yet it is surprising to discover how uniform is human nature in all ages and in all classes. Even in the most scholastic and academic institutions the liability to be deceived still exists. It is fairly well understood that certain of these deceptions have been imposed upon even the greatest of American art museums, and constant vigilance is required to guard against the introduction of the spurious. As an example of the conditions against which collectors must labor, and the troubles into which museums may fall, it is significant to observe what may be reckoned with truth a literal catastrophe which has occurred in one noteworthy collection.

In the city of Philadelphia there is to-day a large collection of antique engraved gems and tablets which cost nearly \$600,000, and gives to the Free Museum of Science and Art of the University of Pennsylvania much of

its importance, but which is nevertheless declared to be composed almost entirely of palpably spurious specimens, none of which should have deceived a competent curator. This is the famous Maxwell Sommerville collection of antique engraved gems, which for some time previous to its installation in the university in 1891 was exhibited and enthused over in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. The public, pupils from schools, and students from the colleges still continue to come and gaze at this mixture of rarities and rubbish in the Quaker City in the fond belief that they are learning something, despite the fact that it is the laughing stock of the whole antiquarian world.

The story of how this anomalous condition of affairs came about and why it still continues is woven about the pathetic figure of an ingenuous old gentleman with a hobby; it reveals the system of pitfalls laid particularly for the American collector; and it throws an amusing and ironical light upon methods of administration in our American institutions for the dissemination of the higher education.

The manner in which this famous glyptological collection was gathered is a remarkable illustration of a form of commercial activity that seems to have been built up to stupendous proportions chiefly through the gullibility of wealthy Americans. It is true that ever since the world in the days of the Renaissance began to cast backward glances at older and perhaps finer civilizations, collectors, connoisseurs, and scientists have been beset by clever fabricators of every conceivable variety of antiques. But with the emergence of a leisure class here in America, the business of making and disposing of bogus



THE LATE PROFESSOR SOMMERVILLE, CLAD AS A BUDDHIST PRIEST, LECTURING IN THE TEMPLE AT THE MUSEUM

antiques and objects of virtu has received its greatest stimulus. The American tourist has become one of the institutions of Europe, and her traditional localities are being dismantled to furnish decorations for American palaces and country villas.

To meet such a demand, manufactories

have sprung up all over the world, many of them in the United States, whose products are shipped abroad to the bazaars and curiosity shops frequented by travelers. Antique armor is turned out in quantities in Birmingham, England; rare old china comes by the hogshead from France, Germany, and Hol-

land; ancient jewelry and gems are made in Paris and Munich; there are, in fact, more relics of antiquity throughout Egypt, Greece, and Asia Minor than could have been made by the whole ancient world working overtime. The manufacture of old Etruscan objects of art flourishes throughout Italy; and imperial Rome, once the repository for genuine treasures of the past, is turned into a huge emporium of forgeries.

Nor do these forgers of rarities aspire merely to take advantage of the tourist, but a certain class of them besets the path of the scientist himself. Some of them are wonderfully skillful workmen, producing articles of such quality as would bring them in a comfortable living if their talents were diverted into legitimate channels. Like birds of prey they gather on the trail of anyone who is suspected of being in search of rarities. Their methods are intricate and their campaigns as carefully planned as those of the confidence men who lie in wait to "trim" the rural visitors to cities.

As a general rule, however, these manufacturers of bogus antiquities devote less attention to making their wares seem genuine by details of workmanship, than to planning how they may be offered to prospective victims through sources that disarm suspicion. Purveyors of bogus specimens of glyptic art keep in close touch with the scientific world, and never, except by accident, are their wares offered to known experts. The reason for this is that no matter how skillfully they might imitate the real antiques, a true expert would discern the fraud at a glance. Hence victims must be chosen from among the many collectors not versed in the exactness of the science and who depend largely upon guesswork in making purchases. Upon such as these, too much attention to details of workmanship in the specimen would be practically a waste of time, and so the effort of the sharpers is concentrated upon convincing the victim of the genuineness of the gems by reason of the way they are brought to his notice. These amateur collectors, being short on knowledge, bank heavily upon their judgment of human nature and general appearances. So it is that when a stupid old peasant from the vicinity of Rome comes with a stained and dirt-begrimed cameo which he innocently affirms he has just dug out of his barnyard, the collector is apt to pay little attention to the gem but, studying the farmer, be convinced of his honesty, and purchase the find.

Rarely does it strike him as queer that the simple old peasant should know he was in the market for such things; and in fact he seldom awakens to the suspicion that there is anything strange in the remarkable frequency with which he stumbles upon finds in places that have been thoroughly raked by professional collectors and dealers.

As has been indicated, it is a notorious fact that Americans are the easiest victims in the matter of spurious antiques of every description, and that upon their gullibility all of the fake dealers concentrate their predatory operations. Traffic in the bogus antiques is not confined to articles of especial scientific interest, but includes specimens of every branch of antique art. Every once in a while accounts are published of the manner in which some American millionaire is swindled to the tune of a stupendous sum for some supposed valuable painting or piece of sculpture. The public laughs and then promptly forgets the matter. But meanwhile other Americans, desultory collectors and even representatives of our educational institutions, are being swindled without either their or the public's ever being any the wiser.

Frankly confessing his ignorance in such matters, and not caring much anyway, the American millionaire will spend fabulous sums for specimens of antique art with which to enrich his mansion, actuated almost solely by the fact that such things are almost exclusively expensive and difficult to obtain. Slightly different is the American globe trotter, who has not so much money to expend, but who bites readily on the relics of the various places he visits and thus helps keep alive the factories which manufacture the less expensive antiques, such as pistols, swords, bullets, fragments of cannon balls, and so on, which always, of course, have just been dug up from some famous battlefield.

But it is most often the enthusiastic American collector with a hobby who falls victim to the sharpers. Usually he is a man with no technical training for the work, although often, by reason of his interest in the subject, he is affiliated with some American college or university. His knowledge of the subject is at the best superficial—just enough to let him keenly appreciate the value of specimens, but too slight to enable him to distinguish the spurious from the genuine. The hoodwinking of this man has a more serious aspect than that of the others, because usually his purchases find their way

into the collections of the universities, and are venerated and used as unquestionably genuine educational material.

It is the American penchant for a bargain that leads the victim from a reputable dealer who would demand a profit, and throws him into the clutches of the agent of the fakers

and probably was the case, that he read and studied all available literature on the subjects which afterwards gained him fame and a position in the scientific world. At the best, this was but theoretical study of the subjects and of no value, as has been proven, when it came to a practical knowledge of



BUDDHIST TEMPLE ASSEMBLED BY PROFESSOR SOMMERVILLE AT THE MUSEUM

who, with ostentatious simplicity, sells below the real value of a genuine article. Again American rapidity of action steps in to help the game along. Instead of waiting for calm consideration, the American decides at once and then snaps up the offering for fear some one else will come along and secure the "bargain."

In the face of such difficulties and conditions as these did Maxwell Sommerville begin the collection of his famous glyptological exhibit, half a century ago. There is nothing on record to show that Professor Sommerville had any special training to fit him for the work, nor any particular aptitude save such superficial knowledge as may have accrued from the never-flagging enthusiasm with which he pursued his hobby. Born in 1829, he, in early youth, set out to do battle with the world, possessing only such education and cultivation as one might gather from a high-school course of the period.

Reminiscence has it that he was a studious, dreamy boy and young man, and it may be,

specimens. No one has ever charged that Professor Sommerville deliberately foisted articles which he knew to be bogus upon the museum. Rather he stands out in scientific annals as an honest, simple-minded enthusiast, laboring for an ideal which represented to him the highest goal in life. The man's whole life and work, down to the time of his death, prove that to him truth in science was sacred, and that he went to his grave happy in the belief that his life work had been crowned with unqualified success.

In the light of after developments he stands out as perhaps the most pathetic figure that ever trod the walks of higher education. If the public and university were fooled when the gems were originally presented, it was no deliberate fault of Professor Sommerville's; that the public is still being fooled rests with the university itself.

In early life Maxwell Sommerville was in the book-publishing business, possessing enough business acumen to pile up sufficient money to enable him to indulge his fondness

for glyptology and kindred subjects. This hobby, indulged in at first in a desultory way, grew until it absorbed the man's every thought, and as a result he retired from business to devote his life to the systematic collection of objects illustrating the subjects in which he was interested.

Then began the indefatigable labors which soon gained him the attention of others interested in kindred subjects. It was natural that such a man should seek to affiliate himself with some scientific body, and as a result Professor Sommerville became connected with the University of Pennsylvania. There was much reason why the institution should be eager to secure such a man as a patron. He was a collector of antiquities, of then unquestioned value, which he regularly presented to the university; he was rich, and, further, he had indicated, and constantly reiterated, that he would enrich the institution by bequest.

There were no lengths to which this amateur collector would not go to enrich his exhibit which had been established in the Free Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. In search of specimens he traveled over the known world, and, as well, spent years penetrating the wilds of inaccessible, little-known, and uncivilized countries. He made pilgrimages, remaining away for months and even years at a time, but invariably returning with extensive material with which to enrich the museum.

Meanwhile witness the transition from the wealthy amateur collector to the acknowledged scientific authority. In 1894 he was appointed professor of glyptology and was accepted also as an authority on archæology and Buddhism. Aside from this recognition, he enjoyed standing in the scientific world by reason of membership in the American Oriental Society, Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia. Many foreign organizations of learning, also, extended honorary membership, and thus grew Professor Sommerville's unquestioned reputation for scientific attainments. For years, it would seem, none in the scientific world questioned his qualifications as an expert; least of all Professor Sommerville, whose confidence in himself was undoubtedly strengthened by the general acceptance of his knowledge as definitive. But in the light of developments it is certain that the fakers of antiques of the

world had penetrated the pathetic sham and had conspired to take advantage of their knowledge.

Not only does the fraudulent character of the famous Sommerville collection prove this, but even the writings and utterances of the man himself. Agents of the makers of bogus antiques followed and lay in wait for him all over the world, luring him on with letters describing "finds," and then by various subterfuges raising prices so as to draw from him the greatest amounts he would consent to pay.

What Professor Sommerville considered his greatest achievement was the purchase of a cameo known as "The Triumph of Constantine," now found to be a base fraud, for which he negotiated for five years and for which he paid \$33,500. Professor Sommerville had written numerous books and monographs, among them a work entitled "Engraved Gems," profusely illustrated, which had come to be accepted as a text-book on glyptology, and in it he states of this trinket:

"Among the most important and interesting antique gems in my collection is one engraved when Constantine held the Roman Empire in Byzantia, which came into the possession of the Court of Russia. The Empress Catherine II, wishing to confer a great favor and special regard on an ambassador to her court, from her remarkable collection in the Museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, presented this antique gem to him in 1785. Twenty-five years afterwards, at his death in Greece, it was sold, and was piously guarded during thirty years by a collector in the Hellenic peninsula. After that it became the property of Bieler in Styria. I came into possession of this remarkable gem after more than five years' negotiations with its owner, and subsequently with his heirs."

It is now alleged that Professor Sommerville's "Triumph of Constantine" was fabricated in a small shop in Germany, said to be devoted to the manufacture of bogus antiquities, and that clever agents of the establishment brought it to the attention of the victim, and then, stipulating secrecy, successfully negotiated its sale. One can understand how a man of Professor Sommerville's limited attainments might be fooled by the appearance of the gem, although it is so poor an imitation of the original that it cannot be classed even as a copy; but it is hard to conceive that anyone with even slight knowledge or even interest in the field of glyptology



THE "TRIUMPH OF CONSTANTINE" IN THE SOMMERVILLE COLLECTION

could fail to know that the genuine "Triumph of Constantine" reposes in the Imperial Museum of Vienna.

Almost exactly similar conditions surround the purchase of many others of the important specimens in the collection, perhaps the most notable example being a poorly executed paste reproduction of the famous Neptune cameo in the Hapsburg collection.

That Professor Sommerville was regarded as "easy" by the archæological bunco steers and that they kept on his trail, is very evident. They planned elaborate methods of raising prices and spurring his enthusiasm, and usually with success. Without knowing the significance of what he wrote, Professor Sommerville states in his book:

"Time after time I have almost accomplished a transaction with an antiquary, obtaining upon advantageous terms good specimens for my university collection, when some busybody would drop in with advice, and the merchant would break off all negotiations unless I would consent to pay the higher price suggested by the meddlesome loungeur."

That this "meddlesome loungeur" who so

often appeared was part of a great swindling game that extended over the world, Professor Sommerville never suspected. He met them in Africa, in China, in Japan, in India, Arabia, and Sumatra, but most often along the byways of southern Europe, the favorite haunt of the most accomplished archæological swindlers in the world.

Much of Professor Sommerville's industry was in the nature of research in the superstitions and religious customs of different races, a subject upon which he wrote and lectured extensively in this country. In collection of evidence of religious superstition, ancient and modern, in the way of amulets, talismans, and charms, he journeyed over the world, civilized and uncivilized. He spent much time living among barbaric tribes and races, begging and buying the specimens from the natives and gathering data for his reports.

Buddhism, as a religion, in particular interested him greatly and he spent years in the Far East studying it. As a result of his labors and the expenditure of large sums, he was enabled to set up in the university museum what was accredited the most com-

plete and elaborate Buddhist temple ever erected outside of countries in which Buddhism prevails. This Buddhist temple of his was Professor Sommerville's particular pet hobby. Dressed in the robes of a Buddhist priest, he spent much of his time while in Philadelphia lounging about the temple, and ever ready and eager to discuss and explain the beauties of the structure and its contents. He would explain how, by purchase from priests and through other sources, he obtained possession of all the sacred objects even to the most minute detail, and that the temple stood not only as a place in which students could study the true methods of Buddhistic worship, but in which followers of that religion might consistently worship.

It is only just to say that when Professor Sommerville was taxed with a leaning toward or adherence to Buddhism, he indignantly denied the imputation, declaring that in his opinion Christianity stood first and Buddhism afterwards. Be that as it may, the real facts always remained a matter of doubt in the minds of those familiar with the case, and this was due largely to the open delight of Professor Sommerville in everything that pertained to his temple.

Yet even in this it would seem the old gentleman had been humbugged. During the Russo-Japanese war, Japanese from Philadelphia and other near-by cities, hearing of the wondrous temple, repaired there to invoke success for the Mikado's soldiers. This led to the discovery, it is said, that the famous temple collection was a jumble of inconsistencies, largely filled with spurious objects. It was even charged that some of the supposed ancient prayer rolls were in fact modern Japanese advertising posters.

Professor Sommerville died in harness as he was starting on another collecting tour, happy in the belief that he had amassed one of the largest and most valuable collections of its kind in the world.

If the story of how the Sommerville collection was gathered stands out as a pathetic chapter in the human comedy, the account of how it has been received and cherished will appear to many to descend to the level of pure farce. As we have seen, Professor Sommerville had held the chair of glyptology and been vice president of the department of archæology in the University of Pennsylvania since 1894. During this time, with nothing to disturb the even tenor of his way, and with the prestige of a great university

behind him, he continued to make pilgrimages to the uttermost parts of the world, to lecture throughout the country, and to publish scientific books on glyptology and allied subjects. Professor Sommerville died suddenly of heart failure in Paris, May 5, 1904. The following November Dr. A. Furtwangler, of Munich, recognized as the highest authority on glyptology in the world, visited the University of Pennsylvania on his way home from the St. Louis Exposition. He was shown over the Free Museum of Science and Art by the then assistant curator, Dr. William N. Bates. When he reached the Sommerville collection, Dr. Furtwangler pointed out one spurious specimen after another until only two or three remained in the particular section he happened to be examining that he could accept as possessing any genuine value. On his return to Germany, Dr. Furtwangler published an account of his visit to the United States, a *résumé* of which appeared in the *American Journal of Archaeology* for July-September, 1905. In the course of this article Dr. Furtwangler said, after complimenting the Mediterranean section of the Free Museum, "The engraved gems in the collection of Maxwell Sommerville are chiefly forgeries."

These facts did not come to the general notice of the public, and no action was taken by the university until in December, 1905, S. Hudson Chapman, an authority on numismatics and a contributing member of the department of archæology of the university, requested at a meeting of the board of managers that the Sommerville collection be investigated. He offered a resolution to the effect that a committee of five be appointed from the board of managers, empowered to employ an expert or experts, to investigate the genuineness of the collection and report in a reasonable time. This was finally adopted and \$1,000 was voted for expenses.

Mr. Chapman's resolution appeared to fall like a bomb amid the quiet currents of the board of managers. Then Dr. Talcott Williams, evidently lacking inside information concerning the collection, said that of course if there was any question concerning its genuineness it should be vindicated. "We should take into consideration the reputation of our departed friend, Professor Sommerville, as a gem expert, and also what he has done in the world of science. The collection was closely scrutinized by the board of managers before being placed on exhibi-

tion here. Surely they were qualified to pass upon it."

Mr. Chapman then pointed out "that one of the greatest experts in the world has denounced them, with only few exceptions, as counterfeits and gross frauds. The only genuine exceptions," he continued, "in the whole collection are perhaps two minor gems, a few late common Roman intaglios in a case near the south window, and some unimportant gnostic gems of the first and second centuries A.D., and Persian talismans in cases near the west window."

It may be well to state at this point that it is acknowledged that the Babylonian section is particularly bad, examination having shown that of 140 specimens only 32 are possibly genuine, and these of minor importance.

When Mr. Chapman had concluded, Dr. Hermann V. Hilprecht, professor of Assyriology and of scientific paleontology and archaeology in the university, sprang to his feet. He had published only the previous year a statement concerning the finding of certain tablets alleged to be part of the temple library at Nippur, which statement was the subject of lengthy investigation and bitter archaeological discussion by scholars all over the world. Remembering the heated arguments that had followed certain charges brought by the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, of New York, and mindful that he himself had passed upon the genuineness of many of the Babylonian seals and cylinders in the Sommerville collection, he probably concurred in the opinion of Truthful James:

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least to all intent.

He is reported to have said on this occasion:

"I have known Professor Furtwangler for some time and I have great confidence in his ability. I am happy to say that he informed me the majority of the gems in the Sommerville collection are genuine." Whereupon the meeting took on somewhat the aspect of the Society on the Stanislaw.

Mr. Chapman, who had taken the trouble to visit Dr. Furtwangler the previous summer in Munich and ask him specifically about his published statements, replied: "The charges which have been made are not new. They were known months ago; in fact long before Professor Sommerville's death. The reason they were not pressed at that time was that a considerable bequest to the museum

was expected in the will of Professor Sommerville."

It may readily be conceived that after such a board meeting as this the status of the collection was liberally discussed and straightway became a matter of local interest. Some of the statements given out to the press during this period are very interesting.

The executor of the Sommerville estate, Robert Graham, was reported to have said that he still had every confidence in the genuineness of the collection; and that should the university decide to throw it out, its right to retain the bequest of \$37,000 would have to be passed upon by Peter Boyd, attorney for the estate. This gentleman gave out the following statement:

"That the university will brand this collection as anything but genuine is inconceivable. The idea is so preposterous that I would not entertain it for a moment. Professor Sommerville spent his lifetime and a large part of a great fortune in studying and collecting these articles. His gifts to the university cost him \$600,000 and the purchases were made with the greatest care. . . . I do not think the university's right to the money bequest will ever come up because I do not believe the charges will be sustained." He added that in case of a fight the estate would be found ready. So far Mr. Boyd's prophecy has held true.

Long before the death of Professor Sommerville it was understood that he had remembered the university liberally in his will. It was rumored and believed that the institution would receive in the neighborhood of \$400,000 by his demise. He made his will in 1902, and in that year two sacred mats were said to have been mysteriously stolen from the Buddhist temple, so incensing him that the newspapers reported that he had cut off the university in his will on this account. Professor Sommerville then gave out a statement in the press, denying this as follows:

"I am very much hurt at seeing such a preposterous statement in the press in regard to the alteration of my will. I love the University of Pennsylvania so dearly that my sorrow at seeing such an unwarranted statement is qualified by the consciousness that within the past week I have generously remembered the institution in which I have the honor to hold a position."

Do this and similar repeated statements on the part of Professor Sommerville offer

any explanation for the delay in the investigation of his collection?

The bequest which was turned over to the university by the terms of the will on September 6, 1905, was generally understood to be somewhat of a disappointment. It aggregated in the neighborhood of \$60,000, but \$20,000 was to be applied exclusively to the maintenance of the collection. The will also stated that by arrangement with Mrs. Sommerville she had agreed to bequeath \$10,000 for the same purpose.

Of all the statements given out to the newspapers by persons connected with the university, following the memorable board meeting of 1905, two are of especial interest to the unprejudiced observer. One of these was by Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, who had been formerly president of the board, but who had resigned at the time of its disruption by the Hilprecht-Peters controversy. She said:

"I feel it my duty to state that while I was secretary and afterwards president of the board of managers of the department of archæology, the genuineness of certain objects was from time to time casually questioned by more or less authoritative connoisseurs. But Mr. Sommerville was of a nervous temperament and a very old man. He had done pioneer work in this city and he had been a devoted upholder and benefactor of the museum. He loved his collection, of which he retained the custody as curator. To subject it to an official investigation must embitter if not shorten the last remaining years of a useful life that at best had not long to run. When, however, shortly after his death, Dr. Furtwangler passed through Philadelphia, . . . while the learned German expert pointed out some hitherto unsuspected treasures in the museum, notably in the Mediterranean section, he set the stamp of his authoritative condemnation upon some of the gems in the Sommerville collection, among others upon the important piece known as the 'Triumph of Constantine.'"

Mrs. Stevenson stated further that on her return from Europe in the fall of 1904 Dr. Bates reported to her the criticisms of the German expert, and she submitted them to her colleagues and ascertained whether under the terms of the will the university was bound to maintain the collection as then displayed. She found that they were not, and it was decided to obtain expert assistance quietly and go over the specimens, relabeling them and removing the worthless ones.

The other statement was by Dr. George B. Gordon, curator of American prehistoric archæology, and is an example of the spontaneous frankness which sometimes creeps into uncensored utterances from our seats of learning. He said:

"There is no excuse for the finding of spurious specimens in any representative collection of antiques. A curator should be able to detect a counterfeit, and a classical archæologist would never admit he could not tell a bogus Greek or Roman gem from a genuine one. I think that Dr. Furtwangler is open to no criticism for his publicly expressed opinion of a public exhibit for which so much was claimed. If the specimens are counterfeit, the public should know it, and Dr. Furtwangler is a recognized authority both here and abroad.

"Many wealthy Americans interested as amateurs in various arts appear willing to pay high prices for counterfeits. They actually support factories in Europe devoted to turning out spurious antiques. Their self-conceit is satisfied if they bring home some alleged gem. They are collectors pure and simple, and their 'finds' are replicas cleverly made but instantly detected by the expert. . . . Archæologists are constantly confronted with the task of judging the counterfeit and the real. If one cannot, he is not an archæologist, and no curator should be a party to a public deception."

Evidently Dr. Gordon was somewhat hasty in uttering a statement of this sort as at all representative of the attitude of his university. He does not now discuss glyptology, but refers inquirers promptly to Dr. Bates, the curator in charge of that section of the museum.

When the board had its next meeting in the following January, 1905, representatives of the press were excluded. Samuel F. Houston, president of the board, said that he had not yet appointed the committee called for by the Chapman resolution, but that he would do so later and that it would report to the board at the February meeting. He also gave out the following statement:

"It may be that when the investigation is completed the gems condemned by Professor Furtwangler will be proved to be genuine. There are few men who are qualified to decide such a question. Even if all Dr. Furtwangler said after his cursory examination is true, the ancient carved Greek and Roman gems are only a small part of the Sommer-

ville collection, which is very valuable. And others may on closer examination prove that the collection is all that it is claimed to be."

Even Dr. Hilprecht said to the press at this time:

"The collection was examined by many expert archaeologists, and not a single one of them had questioned the genuineness of it or any part. For my own part, I am satisfied that everything in the Sommerville collection is perfectly genuine, but it is the purpose of the museum authorities to set the minds of everybody at rest."

Whether the authorities have yet succeeded in this laudable purpose, the reader must judge for himself. At the next meeting of the board, February 16, 1906, President Houston announced that the committee was unable to make a definite report, owing to the difficulty of finding experts, as there were few men in this country capable of passing judgment on such a peculiar and little studied subject. Since this time the matter appears to have dropped out of public notice, and the newspapers, being unable to obtain further information, have taken up more lively matter.

In October, 1906, I visited the Free Museum of Science and Art in Philadelphia, and viewed the Sommerville collection, which I found displayed in exactly the same manner as before the agitation. Even the challenged and admittedly bogus specimens are labeled precisely as formerly, including the notorious "Triumph of Constantine." I asked an attendant if I could see the curator and was referred to Dr. George B. Gordon, who received me courteously; but upon my statement that I wished to make inquiries concerning the Sommerville collection, he immediately referred me to Dr. William N. Bates.

I told Dr. Bates that I was interested in a desultory way in glyptology, having given some attention to the subject in recent years. I said further that in looking over the collection in the museum, I had noticed that the "Triumph of Constantine" was labeled as

having belonged to Catherine II of Russia, and that I had heard some rumor that it was not genuine. Dr. Bates then said that the specimen was in reality a reproduction. I asked if he knew where the original was, and he said no. Evidently he did not wish to vouchsafe any more information than was absolutely necessary.

I then said that I believed that the entire collection had once been called into question as to its genuineness. His reply was that it was now generally understood that a number of specimens were not originals, and that there had been some newspaper exploitation of the matter. I asked if a committee had not at one time been appointed to pass upon the exhibit. He admitted that there had, but that it had not yet reported, as it took time to go carefully over so large a collection. He added that eventually it would have to be entirely relabeled.

The scientific world is asking what excuse the university has to offer for not correctly labeling at least the numerous objects known to be absolutely false. It would be the work of only a few minutes to prepare new and correct cards for such specimens as the "Triumph of Constantine" and the famous Neptune cameo. The latter is a paste reproduction covered with cleverly imitated rust marks and purchased by Professor Sommerville as the original, which rests quietly in the Hapsburg collection. It certainly does not require a committee of experts to relabel two other specimens, one a cameo, the other an intaglio reproduction of the same classical head, yet each exhibited as an original of a different period.

But perhaps the most illuminating aspect of the history of the Sommerville collection is the way in which it exemplifies what has been possible to occur in American colleges and universities. As Brander Matthews has said: "The American college, whatever its merits, is not the practical realization of a scholarly ideal; it represents only an incidental phase of the gradual development of the higher education here in the United States."

BREECHES-BUOY PONTIC

BY CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY AUGUST SPAENKUCH



HE is not officially known to Washington, because his name is not on the department records of the hundred and ninety-four United States Lake and Seacoast Life-Saving Service stations. He is not on the Government pay list of twenty-five hundred active members of the Life-Saving Service, therefore he is not officially entitled to pay or pension, tobacco, raiment, or rations—though, in truth, he cares not a rap for any of these save the last.

Nevertheless, he is an able-bodied member of the United States Life-Saving Service, attached unofficially to Ships Bottom station, at Barnegat Bay, and an honorary member of the Honourable East India Company, of London and Calcutta. Furthermore, he is the only Government life saver out of the twenty-five hundred professional storm fighters whose picture—in oils, by a distinguished R.A., and in a rich mahogany frame—hangs upon the walls of a life-saving station at Ships Bottom, which is in violation of all departmental regulations. No station inspector will ever enforce the Government rules in this case, though the defiance is elaborated by a golden plate on the oil painting, and the plate bears the inscription:

BREECHES-BUOY PONTIC—U. S. L. S. S.,
M. H. E. I. C.

THE BRAVEST LIFE SAVER IN THE SERVICE

The alphabetical appendage means, of course, United States Life-Saving Service and Member of the Honourable East India Company. The eight life savers at Ships Bottom say that when Captain Jem Casco

dies—"Big Jem" Casco, captain of Ships Bottom Life-Saving Station—the last line of the golden inscription will be true without question. But they subscribe to it cheerfully, for Breeches-Buoy Pontic is in a class all by himself in a service whose members as a rule disdain "heroism hysterics," and who view the hazard of sudden death by sea and storm stolidly, as a detail of the routine.

As for Breeches-Buoy Pontic, the first and only time he was known to look at the painting, he expressed his opinion of the whole performance in a gruffly profane remark and subsequently treated it with studied indifference. The golden inscription he never even read. Breeches-Buoy Pontic carries the professional idea of "routine" to unnecessary extremes.

With all his honors Breeches-Buoy Pontic is the youngest member of Ships Bottom crew. It was in the winter time that he came to the station; that dreadful winter, two years before, when the whole fishing fleet, a hundred and thirty sail, made a sandy graveyard of the Atlantic seaboard, from Hatteras to the Hook. It was in that storm that the tramp steamship *Mystic*, from Cardiff and out of coal, by a sardony of fate, caught fire and foundered off Longport.

The same storm, slamming the wrecking winds out of the Howling Forties, fierce enough to pull the plates off a battle ship, piled up a foreign bark at Harvey Cedars, south of Ships Bottom station, and made match wood of her, leaving not a soul to tell her color or creed or what port she hailed from.

From this waif of misfortune, Pontic was cast up by the sea. At dawn Captain Casco of Ships Bottom and boat-steerer Welsh found a smudged track on the sandy beach,



"He stopped again, listening and sniffing, with a vague fear in his heart."

leading from the water's edge to a sand dune forty yards back. Behind the dune, sheltered from the wintry blast, they found a dead man, dark-faced and earringed, and a big black Newfoundland dog. The dog was nearly gone himself. He was lying with his big paws and his black shaggy head on the breast of the man's pea-jacket, in the vain hope of holding the warm blood of life in the body. The collar and shoulder of the pea-jacket and the smudgy mark trailed across the beach told them plainly that the Newfoundland had dragged the man from the water.

"He's gone of exhaustion. A Malay, by the looks of him," Casco said, meaning the man.

"He'll come round all right. He's the better man of the two, if looks count," Welsh said, meaning the dog.

They buried the earringed man, unknown and unsung, among the musty old pirates in Barnegat churchyard, and they adopted the big black Newfoundland. At Ships Bottom station, Pontic—for that was the name they found on his brass collar—subsequently did some adopting on his own account.

But first he proved himself to be a born life saver. All that bitter winter he fought the ravaging sea with the men of Ships Bottom and played his part in saving other lives. He learned all the wondrous and useful ways of rockets and blue lights, of bomb guns and

breeches buoy, and lent a strong mouthful of teeth in hauling out the big white lifeboat when storm-driven craft came in to their death on the "Graveyard of Ships," the lurking Gridiron shoals that ribbed the waters off the station on the sand spit. With an eye to deception, he slept in the lifeboat on stormy nights when he was not patrolling the beach gravely with the guard on duty, and he fought battles royal with Ships Bottom to be allowed to go out in the boat, in the howling night and cold. He hated the cruel sea that beat the lives out of poor sailormen and he made it his business to master it and beat it at its own game. He could swim through the Gridiron reef channels when even the big lifeboat could not go out. He knew the meaning of rockets at sea and flares and blue lights on stranded ships. He could do everything about the business but talk; and that was not missed among the big silent men who did things and never talked about them.

It was when the bad weather was beginning to break, and duty was slack, that the big Newfoundland adopted Captain Casco's baby, the three-year-old toddler who came from the village across the bay, on fine days. From the first it was Pontic who extended the hospitality of the station to little Jem and took him under his own especial charge. Always grave, courteous, and kind, but con-



"'Whoop 'er up for the Kindergarten!'"

scious of the importance of his guardianship, Pontic was chum, big brother, and custodian of the baby. He cheerfully submitted to be taken apart by the boy, chiefly as to the matter of eyes and teeth and big red tongue, and his idea of big-brotherly bliss was to lie on the floor beside the Vesuvius heater and let little Jem pound drum on his shaggy black head with rowlock, hammer, or marlin-spike.

"That bloomin' dawg's drawn a danger line fer the kiddy, five fathom from the surf," Yankee Evans delightedly told the others. "Ten times I've saw him grab his little skirty an' haul 'im back, fighting like mad. All that tike needs is a club an' a shield to be a Coney cop, exercising of his 'thority."

One fine afternoon, long after the Newfoundland had adopted little Jem, there was a celebration at the life-saving station out on the sand spit. As the occasion was the third birthday of Captain James Casco's son and heir, the crew of Ships Bottom spread themselves. The dinner at the station was voted a howling success, and when the company adjourned to the big boathouse, to smoke and make speeches and drink toasts in ginger ale and lemonade, the occasion became so absorbing that none of them noticed the

dense fog that was creeping in from the ocean, right against the gentle land breeze, as it always does in those latitudes.

Little Jem and Pontic were not interested in speechmaking. They had gotten their share of the good things to eat and they proceeded to the more important occupation of playing. After the boy had tired of rollicking under the white lifeboat, he yawned and crept to the door. There he saw the beautiful white big thing coming in from the ocean. That meant investigation. The big folks were all talking at each other, so little Jem toddled toward the beach to meet the fog, Pontic gravely stalking in the rear with his eye on the danger line he had drawn between the boy and the surf.

The treacherous fog caught them both. At first the big Newfoundland drew the boy back from the crawling white wall, but it was over and around them before he could make out what it meant. This blinding, choking snow bank was a new experience for the Newfoundland, and for the tiniest second he turned his head to growl at it. In that second the boy fell away from him. For in that fog even a dog could not see beyond his nose.

For a full minute Pontic stood still listening, hearing nothing but the booming of the

surf on the Gridiron reef. Maybe this was a new game that the superior intelligence of the two-legged kind had invented and that the boy knew about. Pontic had never seen a Jersey coast fog like this and it puzzled him. It was so blank and blinding and enshrouding. He did not like the new game. The boy was taking too much time to make the white thing go away and laugh at him, as he was wont to do when he covered the dog with a sailcloth and "put him to bed." Besides, in that minute the boy had time to reach the danger line that he, Pontic, had drawn against the sea.

Lowering his black muzzle to the sand he loped along the margin of the water a dozen yards, then back again as far the other way. Still not a sign or sound of little Jem, and a terrible realization swept in upon the dog's honest heart. This was not a game at all, this white thing. He had lost little Jem and failed in his duty!

The faintest rap, as of something striking wood, came through the choke of the blanketing whiteness. It came from down shore where Pontic knew that Long Johnson, the station keeper, kept a flat-bottomed fishing boat in a little cove. But he had drawn it up



"Joe Bronson found prints in the sand."

The dog made a sudden jump toward the water. When his legs were in the send of the sea he stopped again, listening and sniffing, with a vague fear in his heart. The tide-water lapped lazily on the sand. That was all.

on the shore that morning after catching fish for the birthday dinner. Pontic had seen him leave it there—*below tide mark*.

The Newfoundland knew tides. Suppose the baby— He darted along the shore, following the edge of the water. Fifty yards

down he stopped. Here was the big stone where the boat had been drawn up on the beach, but the stone was nearly covered with water. The tide had turned and the boat was gone.

Pontic did not hesitate. He struck straight out to sea. He had not taken a dozen strokes before he saw the dim outline of the flat boat's bow. The boat had drifted on a little sand bar, but was floating over under the push of the land breeze.

Scrambling on the bar, Pontic lifted his black head over the gunwale of the boat. Then he sprang in with the light leap of a panther. Little Jem was lying in the bottom of the flat boat fast asleep. The boat grated softly over the bar and started out to sea again, the shore wind behind it growing stronger and stronger.

Assured that his charge was safe, at least for the present, the Newfoundland gave utterance to a low yelp of joy. This and the cold nose nuzzling his face woke the boy. He opened his eyes, sleepily smiling.

"Pon-to, dood Pon-to."

The Newfoundland's satisfaction was complete except for one thing. He stood up and pointed his nose anxiously toward the place where the shore ought to be in the smothering wind-blown whiteness. The land wind swirled the wraiths of fog back, and the weight of the wind against the dog's huge body slipped the flat boat faster and faster over the lapping water, to which it offered no more resistance than a chip of wood. Pontic knew this was no place for the boy to remain. They had to get back to shore, and that without loss of time. The wide sea they were hastening into was strong and cruel and remorseless and smashed out the lives of strong men. He nosed the sleeping boy, picking out a stout place in his little jacket to lay hold of before leaping overboard with him, whether the lad approved of it or not. It would be a hard swim, carrying the boy against the tide and rising wind, and it would not do to make mistakes. He took another look into the swirling fog, to measure the distance if he could—

What was that!

Something straight and stiff and black darted through the water athwart the boat, not five feet away. Pontic shrunk back upon his haunches, every black hair bristling. He was an old sailor and he knew what that straight black fin meant. The big Newfoundland was a trained, fearless life saver,

but his brave heart turned to water. He was not given to howling, except in play. He was silent by nature, like all life savers. But at sight of the fin, he lifted up his nose and gave a long, mournful wail, a deep, hopeless chant of misery. His last hope was gone. The shark was between them and the shore.

The mournful wail was shut off from the now distant shore by the weight of the wind, but it carried far out to sea and it roused and frightened the boy, who began to wail in company. The Newfoundland lay down with one paw across the child's body, disregarding the boy's startled screams and struggles. Then he sent his own deep voice in a quick succession of howls and bays—long-drawn-out calls for help, deep, warning notes—striving to tell his mates at Ships Bottom that a little child, his little Jem, was being driven out into the hungry sea, and that a man-eating shark was following the boat.

All that dreary afternoon the big Newfoundland sent up his long-drawn signal bays, and all the afternoon and evening, still driving through the fog, deeper and deeper into the rising sea, he lay beside the terrified, half-conscious boy, protecting him from the cold with the heat of his own great body, striving to tell him to be brave, that all would yet be well. When night fell the fog lifted. The white blanket melted away; but they were alone on the wide ocean, in the dark, miles from land, and a storm coming.

Now, the hand of Providence moves in most mysterious ways, especially with children and dogs, at once the most helpless and the most trustful of God's creatures—traits that commend them to the Fateful Sisters Three. For little Jem and Pontic, Providence moved by means of the *Ramchugger Rajah*.

One of the crackest of the crack clippers of the Honourable East India Company was the *Ramchugger Rajah*, a Clyde-built ocean racer of the best, with the proper "side" of a full-rigger, carrying a charter of India and Oriental goods for the New World, with forty bluejackets to her crew and a cabin complement of passengers, both men and women. Eighty-five souls the *Rajah* cared for, counting the little midshipmites with the officers and cooks and stewards and the bluff, red-faced British captain. The *Ramchugger Rajah* was no ordinary, three-masted, full-rigged ship. She was a mer-

chant man-o'-war of the East, on her first voyage through the Western Ocean. On the poop deck the officers walked in all the glory of blue and brass. On the foc's'l the white-capped British jackies sang "Ben Bolt"; in the cabin the ladies took tiffin daily, as they

tain, when he came on deck at eleven o'clock, after a last nightcap with the men passengers. "We're north of the Delaware cape now, sir. We could come about and point straight up."

"Make it so, Parker," the commander



"Run her out, mates! Our turn's come."

were accustomed to do in the Calcutta they had left four months astern.

From the Horn to Hatteras favoring winds had wafted the white-clothed clipper on her long voyage to the Hook. On this night she was making a long board landward from the Bermudas, counting on the westerly wind on her port quarter before the midnight bell, to speed her northward on the last leg of the voyage straight to the port of New York.

"With this wind we'll bring the Hook by to-morrow morning," the mate told the cap-

returned. "She's pretty well in, and I don't fancy these Barnegat shores we must be off. It's a fine night. A little foggy. I can't understand the cause of the falling barometer. The glass is down half an inch."

The clipper's white canvas flapped to the long whistle of the boatswain's pipe. She came around slowly and lazily, as though affected by the strangely humid atmosphere that had fallen upon the wintry ocean. Her bow was still swinging to the north when a shrill cry came from the forecastle watch:

"Small boat dead ahead, sir! Fall away, fall away, or we'll run over her!"

The mate, with the British instinct of salvage, snatched the night glass and leveled it upon the little object that was falling and rising on the sea swell on the port bow of the ship. The next instant his sharp order rounded the ship again into the eye of the wind, where she lay with flapping canvas and rattling blocks. And now there came to them, deep and hoarse, the challenging bay of a dog, a long-drawn wild cry for help that sent the clipper's port cutter over the side almost before the mate could give the command or the captain, issuing again from the cabin, could shout his inquiry.

"It's a child and a dog, sir, adrift in an open boat. The cutter's gone to fetch them," the mate shouted back.

In such wise, Providence sent the Honourable East Indiaman, the *Ramchugger Rajah*, from Calcutta to the Horn and from the Horn to the Delaware cape, eighteen thousand miles of voyage, to pick little Jem Casco and the big black Newfoundland out of the maw of the midnight sea off Barneгат Bay. For it was the boy and the dog that the cutter's crew brought aboard the clipper manned by a race that never passes a cry for help at sea, from man or other animal. Five minutes later little Jem was in safe and soft hands, coddled by every occupant of the ladies' cabins, while the men slapped the big Newfoundland on the ribs and called him "old fellow" and made him offerings of food and drink enough to satisfy and gorge a whole family of good dogs.

Who or what they were, either boy or dog, the "Rajahs" had no means of knowing, or by what freak of fortune they were drifting helpless on the Atlantic, so far from land. There was no sign of derelict craft or wreck so far as they could see, so the clipper filled away, to settle the question of the castaways in the port of New York, God and the American newspapers being willing.

"'E's a knowing dawg, that black Noo-fun'l'n," the big boatswain grinned to the foc's'l watch. "'E keeps shouting us the bearings to the cutter, and 'e superintends us transship the kiddy like a port captain. Talk to me about something aloft watching h'out for kids and sailormen! It's a rum go."

But Fate, being feminine, changes her moods quickly. She had done a good act; now she sought other diversion. The warn-

ing visage she turned upon the *Ramchugger Rajah* was lost upon the British sailors from the Indian Ocean. The plain language of the falling barometer, the strange humidity of the atmosphere, the big, infrequent rain-drops spattering the decks, and the frequent vivid flashes of lightning that cut the black firmament from south to north, all these were signs and omens that would have set a Yankee skipper tying down his canvas to the last reef point and the last rag of a topsail. The clipper, ghostly white, with every yard of sail bellying in the favoring wind to the royals, rode stiff as a church, but the wind in the rigging had a sad, mournful sound—the sound of a woman's frightened whimper, a long sobbing sound that quieted the sailors' voices, while they still wondered at it.

At two bells in the morning watch the Fates grew tired of repeated warnings. Without a moment's transition—while the brass-buttoned officers paced the poop, and the white-capped watch lounged on the fore-castle, a blinding glare of lightning spun athwart the heavens, the whole sky opened like the gates of a mighty furnace, and in the twinkling of an eyelash the wind shifted squarely around the compass. Before an order could be shouted, the hurricane came yip-yapping out of the east and fell upon the unprepared *Ramchugger Rajah* with the howling of ten thousand wolves in a hunting pack. The howling of the hurricane sounded the requiem of the *Ramchugger Rajah*. The proud clipper had served the purpose for which she had been sent. A sailless, sparless, stripped wreck played the afterpiece, for which the scene was already set.

For the first time in the history of Ships Bottom Life-Saving Station the coming of a big storm was unheralded by the crew while the hurricane was brewing in the east that night. A greater horror than that of storms had gripped the hearts of the men at Ships Bottom and frozen the faculties of Big Jem Casco, the captain. The full meaning of little Jem's disappearance in the fog had not been brought home to them in the afternoon until Joe Bronson found prints in the sand of the boy's shoes, prints that led to the place where Keeper Johnson had left the old skiff. When they found the marks of the Newfoundland's paws stopping at the same spot, and the boat gone, they knew what had happened. The big white lifeboat never came out of her house or was launched quicker

than then. The alarm had spread along the beach, and ten minutes after "No. 1" sped out into the fog with Big Jem at the steering oar, a crew of beach combers—the deadly enemies of the life savers—took out "No. 2," the substitute boat.

"This day ain't no occasion fer scrappin' with the Life," Harry Braun, the worst of the wreckers, told the others as they tumbled into the thwarts. "We'll renoo, w'en we find Big Jem's kid. Whoop 'er up for the Kindergarten!"

But the afternoon passed, and the evening, and night came, without the finding of Big Jem's baby. Ocean and sands spoke only of desolation, and when the searchers returned one by one to the station, they spoke in subdued tones in the darkness, watching out to sea at the signs of the elemental upheaval that was surely coming.

Not until the big white lifeboat was blown bodily in upon the beach by the blast of the hurricane did Big Jem Casco and the crew of Ships Bottom give up. Standing beside the white lifeboat with the crew blubbering openly around him, Big Jem bowed his head to the blast and commended the soul of little Jem to God.

"And now, mates," the big man said quietly, "there will be other souls to save. For no ship that sails will pass safely by the Giant's Fingers this night."

"I ain't give him up yet," Welsh, the boat steerer, sobbed. "Pontic's with him. An'-an'— Damn my eyes! ye can't drown Pontic, not with a forty-fold kedge anchor."

An hour after midnight the hurricane was at its height, and village folks across the bay drew up the bedclothes, shuddering for poor folks afloat, and thanked God that they themselves were safe at home that night. Down at the station Big Jem Casco stood, as he had since they came in, high up on the sand-blown beach, with folded arms, staring, unseeing, out at sea, motionless as a stone image, with the hounds of hell gnawing at his heart.

At two o'clock a call came over the wire to Ships Bottom. A four-master schooner had gone on at Beechhaven, to the south, and a brig, the *Annie Thomas*, had broken her back at Sea Isle; but that was out of Ships Bottom's range. The crop of the hurricane was being garnered.

The life savers were gathered in the boat-house and the little engine was puffing be-

hind the station, ready to haul the boat south over the beach track, when from the shore Casco's deep tones boomed like a trumpet call to arms:

"A gun off the Gridiron! Run her out, mates! Our turn's come."

Following Casco, the coast guard came panting.

"She's coming straight in. A big ship, and stripped, and firing rockets. I could catch her in the flash. You'll need the breeches buoy. They're firing guns."

Captain Casco never saw it, but a gang of extra hands tailed on to the hauling ropes as they spun the boat and tackle wagon up the beach to the wide stretch of sand inshore from the Gridiron shoals. It was Harry Braun and his gang of beach combers, who had lurked near the station "to see the night out."

The ship was driving in before they completed the journey, as they saw by aid of frequent lightning flashes. Her three top-masts were gone, and once they caught the sheen of the lightning on a golden figure-head. Even as they watched, she struck the reef with a thumping, grinding boom that sounded like the rattle of a giant snare drum.

"She's wedged fast. God! There's a mort of people on her, and women," one of the men cried. "She's a big clipper from her lines. God, but she's far out!"

Far out as the ship was, the life savers knew without orders that it was a "breeches-buoy job," and a dozen brawny hands set up the hawser platform, while others planted the sand-anchor and unlimbered the gun and shot lines.

A flare was burning on the stranded ship when the gunner was ready, answering the blue lights on the beach. The line hissed out of the box like an angry snake, but they saw that it had fallen short, from the shore end that lay limp and lifeless.

"Coil in and run that line gun down to the water," Casco shouted. "By God, if it don't go out next time I'll swim out with it!"

It was the first oath the men had ever heard Jem Casco utter, and they worked rapidly and silently, knowing the terrible mood the father of the lost child was in. Twice the gun was overthrown by an incoming wave. The third time Casco, with a cry of fury, lifted it in his arms and strode into the battling surf.

"Now fire!" he roared.

He reeled backward with the kick of the

explosion, but kept his place until a deep curse from Bronson told them that the line had slackened again. Casco tossed the gun down on the sands.

"It won't carry," he said quietly. "Toss out my cork jacket, Johnson."

The life savers of Ships Bottom did not know the name of fear, but they knew the desperate mood of their captain, and for a second's space the men looked at each other inquiringly. Long Johnson sat down on the life-float box with a sulky growl.

"I see myself! You can't live where the boat can't, Jem Casco."

Casco stretched out his brawny arm, as large as the thigh of an ordinary man, and looked at the keeper with a grim smile.

"Get off that box, Johnny," he said calmly. Then with a sudden roar of mad fury: "Out o' my way, damn you! I'll break every bone in your carcass!"

"Hold hard, Jemmy lad! There's something doin' out yonder."

The interruption came from Welsh. The boat steerer was lying down out of the sweep of the wind behind the reel, with the night glass leveled at the ship.

"There's a brass-buttoned chap up the main shrouds. Seems to be paying out something. He's watching down into the breakers on the reef. Hullo!"

"There's something going on in the water. Are they crazy enough to think a float will come in? Hold hard! Hold hard, I see it close inshore!"

Casco held back, watching the water in a dazed way under his shading hand. Suddenly a terrible cry issued from his lips. The big rollers struck him as he sprang into the surf, and tossed him back, but he had grasped up a big black object and plunged inshore, panting, uttering strange cries. A big black dog with a line trailing from its brass collar madly struggled in his arms and lifted his head to Jem's face with shrill yaps of joyful greeting, and a cry of amazement went up from the crew.

"It's Pontic!" they yelled. "He's brought in a line from the ship."

"It's Pontic—alive!" Big Jem stammered. "God Almighty—and little Jem?"

It was Pontic, very much alive. The thin line trailing out into the black sea told its own tale. Pontic had negotiated the reef channels—a feat that no living creature but he could do. By some miracle of chance, Pontic had come to solve the question of the

breeches buoy. In the red glare of tar and pitch barrels men danced and yelled and whistled and roared like gleeful gnomes—life savers and beach combers together. But they worked like madmen.

What miracle had happened to bring the big black Newfoundland to them? They did not stop to ask each other. They toiled like crazy men at the immediate work of rescue. And as they toiled, the roar of the wind seemed to Big Jem Casco to change from a funeral knell to a pæan of joy, and the night and storm were full of whisperings. The wind whistled, "Little Jem—little Jem—" and the rollers boomed the name.

Twenty minutes after the first line went out the riding hawser ran to the ship, high in the air, taut as a rod of iron. The breeches buoy was spun out, and a torch waving in the ship's maintop told them a man was coming in. They could see on the windward shrouds a black line of people going aloft.

"They're taking the women up into the maintop," Welsh announced. "Mind your eye now! Here comes the first!"

Swaying in the wind with the swing of the hawser, the black shadow of the grotesque breeches buoy rolled on the long, high-strung cable. Casco caught the burden in his strong arms and lowered it to the sands. It was a mere boy—a little midshipman in blue jacket and brass buttons, a fair-haired little lad. His cap bore the words *Ramchugger Rajah*. His face under the cap was white and still and his eyes were closed. His head fell back on the life saver's arm and the big man suppressed a groan.

"He's dead—bones all smashed," he said through his clinched teeth. "He struck the reef coming in."

"We'll kill them all," a man said despairingly. "The hawser's too short to switch on this end. They should 'a' made fast to the hind stick."

"I'm going out, boys," Casco said quietly. "They want help out there."

There was that in Big Jem's face that stopped them when they would remonstrate. They knew what he meant—they knew that a more certain death than he was facing would not deter the big captain from solving the torturing question that the coming of the dog had brought to him.

He swung himself into the bags of the breeches buoy.

"You'll know if I strike the reef," he said

grimly. "Don't stop. I'm going to the ship."

Another moment he was spun into the eye of the gale, dangling over the black caldron of the Gridiron shoals.

On the maintop of the clipper an officer and a squad of men, high up over the lighted decks that swarmed with fear-stricken people of the *Ramchugger Rajah*, cried out with surprise when the returning breeches buoy brought to them a big, square-jawed, white-faced man, whose first words, strangely irrelevant-sounding in that night scene of disaster, issued hoarse and fearful from pallid lips.

"The dog you—sent in. Where did you get him? For God's sake, man!"

The officer stared in surprise.

"The dog? We picked him up last night—him and a little boy that's below. Good Lord, you don't mean——"

Big Jem's glorified face told the story and answered the unspoken question. He swung himself into the top with a great cry of joy, his big frame expanding, his big voice blaring with joyful notes.

"The boy's mine. Thank God! Now, lad, the hawser hits the reef. Make fast the stay lines and shift her to the mizzen-top. She'll clear then. Little Jem, little Jem! Oh, thank God! How is she below, lad?"

"In irons on the sand. She'll last awhile."

"Make the shift. We'll have you all off in an hour."

Big Jem did not waste time going down the shrouds. He swung off the top on a stay rope and slipped to the main deck like a life saver coming from the clouds, landing before a clump of officers and passengers, the bluff British captain of the *Ramchugger Rajah* standing before them, cool and calm, issuing his orders as though performing a maneuver.

Jem Casco did not see the officers. He strode to a group of women crouching under the shelter of the poop, and from the group came a shrill glad cry:

"Daddy! Daddy!"

Little Jem sprang at the big man and was folded close in his arms.

Father and son took charge of the rescue work from that time on, for Big Jem would not release his hold of little Jem—not for a mountain of gold! The life saver was master of the situation, and the bluff captain willingly gave way to him. Standing side by side on the spray-washed poop deck, with the breeches buoy working overhead from the top of the wrecked mast, Casco told of the lost boy; and the captain, of the brave Newfoundland: how the dog had gone wild with the repeated failures of the shot line, and how he plainly showed that he had recognized the place where the ship went in and the crew of Ships Bottom working in the flare of the fire on shore. How, at last, before the eyes of a dozen men of the clipper, Pontic had snatched up a line in his teeth on the forecandle and told them, with all the eloquence of dog language, that as the life savers could not get a line to the ship, he would take a line to the life savers.

"We hadn't a hope, when he went down into that smother," the captain said. "But he seemed to know it. He picked his own place, and when the line went farther and farther in, we knew that he was making it. It is a thing," he said, "a wonder that no man could believe."

"You owe Pontic your lives," Jem said gravely, "and I owe him—" He looked down upon the child.

"The women are all gone in," the captain told him. "Let the mate take in the boy, if you *will* stay."

Big Jem laughed grimly.

"Not I," he said. "He stays with his daddy."

And little Jem did. And the captain of the lost *Ramchugger Rajah* was the last man left to follow them, when father and son crossed the swaying hawser on the breeches buoy and fell into the arms of the chanting, joyful life-saving crew of Ships Bottom, of whom the loudest chanting and the most joyful was Pontic, the big black Newfoundland.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTRESS

BY ISABEL McDOUGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON



As we walked down the avenue, Jessica Browne, her cousin Henry and I, the windows of the gray stone Renaissance houses glittered in the October sun; the lawns wore a deeper emerald than that of spring; overhead dazzling white cumuli sailed in a keen blue sky; on either side full-foliaged if autumn-dyed maples ranged themselves, huge round yellow tufts on their stems.

"They are like giant bouquets," said Jessica Browne admiringly. "They are as pretty as your chrysanthemums, Louise."

"May I have this one for my button-hole?" Mr. Ransome touched the biggest tree.

By the way he looked at me I knew that he disagreed with Jessica. A yellow chrysanthemum is a yellow chrysanthemum to her and it is nothing more, whether on the river's brim or on the breast of a becoming tailor suit. But to Henry Ransome it might be the high note in an enchanting color chord. Jessica, you see, is all for nature, but her cousin appreciates art.

"Your new house is in a charming neighborhood, Louise," she observed patronizingly. "It is a pity, though, that your neighbors do not keep their walks in order."

"And the city its parks," added he.

Our slanting avenue cuts the principal streets at intervals of half a dozen blocks into triangular spaces of untended grass, that are certainly overweighed with their title of parks. Mr. Ransome's remark was called forth by poor little Whitewater Park, looking forlorn and shabby in the unextenuating sunlight. Jessica Browne wrinkled her brows reprovingly at it.

"A European city," she said, "would recognize the possibilities of beauty here."

"American cities haven't a bowing acquaintance with beauty. And they don't want it," said Mr. Ransome lightly.

"When people say," Miss Browne pursued her argument, "that with money you can buy every European luxury right at home here, they are entirely wrong. You can't buy beautiful surroundings. You can't buy decent cleanliness. Many a millionaire's luxury ends at his front door. He has to reach it through crass ugliness and often through muddy, ill-paved streets."

"Hear! hear!"

Mr. Ransome's stick tapped applause upon the pavement. When Jessica talks as if she were addressing the Art Culture Club, I have nothing to say.

As you keep on down the avenue, to French *chateaux* succeed rows of dingy houses, broken by an occasional frame cottage, built before the fire limits were established. Our maple trees are replaced by bent iron lamp-posts whose occupation's gone to gaunt electric poles. Kennington Place is a forsaken weedy lot, a degree drearier than Whitewater Park. Jefferson Square is worse than either. A footpath is worn across it from one gap in the railing to another. The base of the triangle has a stump of an elm in each corner. At the point a stout, high-colored German woman was energetically tilling the ground.

"Considers it her own cabbage patch," observed our escort.

But Jessica hailed the agriculturalist with, "Don't forget about Tuesday's ironing, Mrs. Kellermann. What are you doing? Planting potatoes?"

"Ach, wass! I plant me the harty spring

pulps. We haf no cellar to keep them since we move in from on the land, Miss Prowne. Du lieber Himmel, how miss I my loafly garden and the green grass that make so white the linen!"

"Your bulbs will freeze this winter," averred Jessica, who was in a pessimistic mood.

"Na, na. I pflant them deep. Und mine man he cover them mit street sweepings. You see them next spring, Miss Prowne. Wonder flowers! daffodeelies und toolips und so. Yes, ma'am, I don'd forget Tuesday. Ganz gewiss. Sure ting. Lebet wohl, meine herrschaft."

"Who is your Mrs. Wiggs?"

"A good, sensible, thrifty woman who goes out by the day. She is always regretting her little home in the country—'on the land.'"

"She's thrifty to the point of using the city property!" grumbled Jessica.

"Oh, well, the park will be none the worse for them," her cousin comforted her. "You can't spoil a bad egg, as Uncle would say."

And then and there a plan for municipal improvement dawned on my mind.

It brightened as Jessica and I pushed toward the elevator in the Carnegie Library. It rose higher and higher as the iron cage lifted us to the rooms of the Art Culture Club.

At its last meeting the club had found itself possessed of \$1,000. Membership dues had accumulated, with little to spend them on, since the city authorities, "justly proud of our advanced womanhood," had given us free quarters in the Carnegie Library. "Some one might as well get some good out of that building," was the argument, Henry Ransome said, that secured us the privilege.

It had been moved and carried that we would lay that money out for the benefit of the town. We would raise its standard of taste. But how? There were about a thousand different schemes for expending that thousand dollars. Mary Whitney proposed a fountain; but we calculated that our money would be a mere drop in the—fountain, so to speak. Mrs. Leroy Spinner suggested a bust of a prominent citizen. But really the town had about as many bronze gentlemen in wing collars and side whiskers as it could stand. We might plant trees along the city streets.

"Yes, for the city to cut down," objected Jessica Browne, "as it did on Elm Avenue, where there isn't an elm left."

"Besides," said Mary Whitney conclusive-

ly, "we could hardly affix to each tree that bronze tablet declaring it the gift of the club."

Then Mrs. Lowe, with the dove eyes and the head pensively drooped to one side, arose. She would plead the cause of those less fortunate in their surroundings than ourselves. She would have us put some touch of beauty into those parts of our city that are so pitifully destitute of all that appeals to the eye, and through the eye to the soul. She would have a garden in the Pinkman Alley district, filled with heaven's own bounty of flowers. She would have us be apostles—

Mrs. Turck got the floor somehow. Mrs. Turck hates eloquence as she hates soda biscuit. Her husband is in real estate. She said there was not a vacant lot anywhere near Pinkman Alley. She said we would have to buy and tear down tenements before we could make a garden. I don't remember what she said we would have to pay, but you would never imagine property could be so high in places where no one would want to live.

Then I "saw my duty a dead-sure thing and I went for it thar and then," to use Mr. Hay's one-time undiplomatic language. I said in my fullest, most English voice—it goes so well with a tailor-made suit:

"If we cannot afford to create a new breathing spot, why not take in hand some small one already existing and make it an object lesson in municipal art? Walking to the club this afternoon I passed Jefferson Square, Kennington Place, Whitewater Park; all mere wastes of weeds and broken railings. They might be beauty spots. True, they are not in the slums, but I fancy our respectable citizens need education in art as much as any" (subtle sarcasm always fetches the club). "The city council would probably give us leave to improve Whitewater Park. It is at the intersection of two good residence streets and, instead of being a blot upon them, it might close the vista of each delightfully. We could set shrubbery about some small architectural feature that would give it a point of interest, a *raison d'être*; that would supply the ever-pleasing contrast between solid stone and waving foliage."

I could see that the members were impressed. And when they asked me what kind of an architectural feature, ideas just swarmed into my mind. I mentioned every picturesque thing I had ever seen in foreign towns. I suggested a Gothic market cross, a tiny clock tower, a stone lantern, a carved marble seat, a dovecote, an ivy-clad sun-



"Jessica bailed the agriculturist."

dial, a lily tank with a stone coping—goodness! I didn't know I knew so much.

Mrs. Joseph Abendstern objected to the first, on the ground that this was no Catholic country, and Dr. Emily Polk condemned the last as unsanitary. But I carried the day. The club voted aye on Mrs. Russell's motion that a prize be offered for the best plan for the improvement of Whitewater Park, produced by a local architect, said improvement not to cost more than \$1,000.

A month later, on the judgment of three eminent critics, the prize was awarded to a design for a pergola by that talented young architect, Stephen Roy-Smith. In front of his pergola was a tiled basin for goldfish; behind it, in the architect's water-color rendering, Italian cypresses grouped themselves decoratively; behind these blazed a sunset sky. The three eminent critics commended it highly. Roy-Smith's brother architects admired it. The papers printed columns of praise, tempered by the paragraphers' artless sporting with such words as "pergola" and "rendering." The *Architectural News* published an illustrated article extolling the club. We were public benefactresses.

"This is the most altruistic, the most purely social act of our club," cooed Mrs. Lowe. "I am so proud of it." Mrs. Lowe, now an entire and perfect pergolite, forgot that she had ever pleaded the cause of the slums.

We called it "our" pergola, and "our" park now.

"Building can begin as soon as the frost is out of the ground," Roy-Smith told us. He was a stocky, businesslike young man, with a round face pointed off by a dark Vandyke beard. "We ought to be able to run up a little thing like that in two weeks. That will give plenty of time to get the ground laid out and all in order by spring. Of course you must first have a formal acceptance from the city council of your offer."

For the first time we club women learned in which ward we lived and in which was situated our little park. We called on the alderman of that ward, who good-naturedly undertook to bring our matter before the council. After that we read the reports of the council meetings zealously every day.

Henry Ransome took upon himself to smile when he found my sitting room littered with evening papers. He is one of the few men who have not given up a mustache. It just stirs when he smiles, and you see the gleam of white teeth under it, and he has a dimple in his chin. I have always thought his smile the most attractive thing about him. But not then; oh, not then!

"What a quantity of 'unfinished business' the city council has at every meeting," I grumbled. "Here's November and December almost gone."

"Yes, Louise," laughed Henry, "it wastes

"I feel that we have helped to discover a new genius. Everyone says that young Roy-Smith is the coming architect," said Mrs. Turck, beaming.

And I expect I beamed too, as I added: "I hear that he is to be married on the strength of the boom our park has given him."

"Let's all go to the wedding!" cried Mary Whitney joyously.

It was a beaming and a booming time for us. We could hardly wait to see our pergola go up.

its time scandalously over trifles like police investigation and street-car franchises."

I do think he need not have joked about a serious matter. His cousin Jessica always said Henry was flippant. I threw my papers into the open fire.

"You are not very sympathetic. I can see that you do not like our park plan."

"I am jealous of your park plan. You think of nothing else nowadays."

"Yes, I do. I am thinking of going to England in April."

"What? What's that?"

It did me good to see him jump.

"O to be in England now that April's there!" I quoted, looking dreamily past him at the blazing hearth.

"Ah, yes. Exactly!" said Mr. Ransome. Then in another tone: "I always meant to take that in on my wedding trip, but so few women like to marry in Lent."

"Why, how many women do you want to marry in Lent?" I asked in a shocked voice.

"Since you ask me," drawing his chair close to mine, "I will tell you in strict confidence. There is only——"

"Oh, no, don't tell me. I hate confidences about matters that do not concern me."

I walked over to the window and made some valuable observations on the snow and the bad walking. If you lean way back in the embrasure you can catch a glimpse of Whitewater Park down the avenue. As Henry stood silent beside me, who should come along but Roy-Smith, with that pretty blond girl hanging on his arm and talking to him very earnestly. It flashed through my mind that they had been taking a look at the site of our pergola—their pergola—and building castles on its slender foundations. When they passed the street lamp at

our corner it shone full on the girl's face. His was in shadow, bent down, attentive. But hers was looking up confidently at him, smiling and yet with a sweet seriousness.

"There goes a happy pair," said Henry. "Regularly engaged, all open and above-board; no slippery half understandings."

"They are indeed fortunate." I pulled the shade down with a jerk. "Both in perfect harmony, both with the same interest."

"Two hearts with but a single pergola!" he added crossly.

We were very near quarreling that time.

With the new year, as a joyful surprise, came the council's acceptance of the club's gift. With it came a vote of thanks, formally worded and most gratifying. After that everything moved on wheels. The superintendent of building issued a permit for erecting the pergola, and, not to be outdone in politeness by mere aldermen, the Art Culture Club sent him a vote of thanks. The city gardener promised that Whitewater Park's share of the appropriation for the maintenance of the small squares should be expended under our architect's directions, so as to harmonize with our pergola. We sent him a vote of thanks too. The head of the water department promised to make the connections required for the goldfish tank in front of our pergola, free. And we sent him a vote



"That talented young architect, Stephen Roy-Smith."



"Mrs. Turk got the floor somehow."

of thanks. Mr. Roy-Smith even offered in the instance of our pergola to forego the customary architect's fee. "And he going to be married and all!" as Mary Whitney said. So we declined his generous offer, but we sent him a vote of thanks for making it, and promised that the bronze tablet to be placed upon the pergola, declaring it the gift of the Art Culture Club, should also announce it as the design of Stephen Roy-Smith. It was roses, roses all the way, being a public benefactress in those days.

The first hitch came when we learned that before our pergola could be begun a bond of \$2,000 must be deposited with the city treasurer. It seems the law requires this in order to guard the city in case of accidents or suits for damages in any building operation. As if anyone could get hurt in merely putting up a per—a—sort of summerhouse! We would not have to blast out rocks!

The Art Culture Club looked at each other—at itself—in dismay. Our entire exchequer was pledged to the pergola. Not a member dared ask her husband to advance \$2,000 for her club. Hardly a member had any independent command of money. Except

school teachers, who obviously could not afford any \$2,000. Or Jessica Browne, who was laid up with the grippe. Or Mrs. Abendstern, who had steadily frowned upon the whole plan. Or, possibly—they looked at me. If you are a widow, and have a respectable address, and don't positively go about in rags— Well, in the end I gave my personal bond for \$2,000.

"And now I can't go to England in April!" I lamented to Henry Ransome.

All he said was: "I hope they sent you a resolution of thanks."

"Oh, they may resoloot till the cows come home. That won't give me my trip to England in primrose time."

"Talking of spring flowers," said he teasingly, "I notice Mrs. Kellermann's daffodils and tulips are coming along finely in Jefferson Square."

I made no reply.

"She told me with great pride that she has started some geranium slips in her old wash-tubs; they didn't have stationary tubs auf dem Lande. Her husband has given them a coat of red paint, and when it gets warmer she expects to put them out in her park."

"Her park!"

"Well, Louise, I have heard you speak of your park." And he laughed.

I never want to see Henry Ransome again.

In March we broke ground for the pergola. Five days later began the great strike of the building trades. Meantime the attention of the city having been called to the neglected condition of the small squares, their railings were mended, the ground returfed, watered, and mowed assiduously. The waste places blossomed as the rose. Jefferson Square was glorious. Mr. Kellermann had sawed off the tree stumps and nailed his wife's red tubs on them, without even saying "by your leave" to the city council; he had trimmed the broken branches of the elm in the center and trained morning glories over it.

But in Whitewater Park the grass was ruined in digging foundations for the pergola. The city gardener thought what little mangy turf strove for life was not worth encouraging until after the building should be completed. However, by way of showing some activity there, he cut down two old cottonwoods. Immediately there was an out-

cry against vandalism. One would have supposed those wretched trees to be the brightest jewels in the municipal crown. In vain did Grossmann explain that one was dead and the other dying, that any wind storm would render them dangerous to passers, that other trees, better trees, would be planted to replace them. Residents of the neighborhood who had never before been guilty of the slightest interest in the beauty of the city broke forth in denunciation. Here, they said, was this club of women which had promised such great things for Whitewater Park; and now look at it! Look at it! Compare it with the other small squares that no women's club had meddled with! Compare it especially with Jefferson Square! All that the Art Culture Club had accomplished was to destroy some of the city's too few trees. Their ingratitude was a painful surprise.

"You must take it philosophically," Jessica Browne wrote me from Palm Beach. "When the Arboretum Society tried to stir people up on the subject of tree planting, I remember that those very cottonwoods of



"We called on the alderman of that ward."

Whitewater Park were brought forward against the reformers as a proof that vegetation could not live there. The trees were dying then, and people clamored to have them cut down. That was five years ago."

It is easy enough to take things philosophically at Palm Beach.

In May the club adjourned and most of the members scattered for the summer. As I had given up my English trip, I lingered along in town indefinitely, so the club charged me with looking after the progress of the pergola. What with the way that pergola was thrust upon me and the way Henry Ransome kept himself away from me, I did not have a very happy summer.

Late in August the building strike was over. By the middle of September the pergola was finished. It was dainty, it was original, yet I felt somewhat dubious about it. Its slender columns looked naked and ashamed without the setting of shrubbery for which they were planned. The city gardener sulkily declared that no planting could be done that season, although I almost went on my knees to him for a few quick-growing vines. The tree-cutting episode had turned him against the whole enterprise.

Residents of the neighborhood asked what that queer little building was. Was it a summerhouse? Was it a cabman's shelter? I scented a coming storm. The papers christened it The Hobos' Rest, and indulged in facetious editorials about it. There was not much to write about that fall; and there is no better target for cheap sarcasm than "high art." Also the doings of any woman's club inspire a sense of amused superiority in the greenest cub reporter. And—well, perhaps we women are too thin-skinned.

Members of the club were now getting back to town. I could feel them wince. I could see them own to one another that the pergola had not come up to their expectations. I could almost hear them question privately whether I had done my whole duty by it.

"Where are our trees and our vines? Where is our goldfish basin?" I was asked at the first autumn meeting. "We were to have the water connections free."

I had to explain that the head of the water department had lost his job after the spring elections. The new incumbent of the office did not hold himself bound by his predecessor's promise. We would be obliged to pay for the water connection.

Reluctantly the club voted an assessment for this purpose. We had emptied our treasury to build the pergola, and it was costing us in every way more than we anticipated; for it had become the fashion to sneer at it. And, as Henry Ransome said to Jessica: "In these free United States when the note of ridicule is once struck the whole population choruses horse laughter. We are such a d—d humorous people!"

I was so grateful to Henry for swearing about it that I could have forgiven him anything.

And then suddenly the storm broke and the thunder roared in our ears. A petition with numerous signatures was presented to the council requesting it to remove "the absurd so-called pergola" which disfigured Whitewater Park. In the morning papers large headlines called attention to this latest development and jested at the artistic ladies who had presented the city with something so rank that the ordinary Philistine would not "stand for it." By evening the Ten-Twent-Three shows had seized upon the incident. They added new verses to their topical songs about the club women and The Hobos' Rest. We might as well have been politicians or Rockefellers.

On top of this I had to report to the club, for the committee on water connection, that we were unable to keep a standpipe in for twenty-four hours. The young hoodlums of the neighborhood were too many for the police.

The club listened in dismay. Would we never come to the end of our public benefaction?

"Better have the basin filled up and plant geraniums in it," said some one.

"Like Mrs. Kellermann's tubs!" Jessica whispered to me.

"So Dutch!" added Mrs. Lowe. "The next thing would be iron rabbits, painted white with brown spots!"

"By Dutch I suppose Mrs. Lowe means German," said Mrs. Joseph Abendstern, springing to the defense of the fatherland. "I can tell you more people like geraniums than like pergolas. If that other park is German, I'm sure your park, ladies, is Italian. With its pergola! You ought to keep those cypresses and that sunset by it all the time, like young Roy-Smith painted."

"They tell me his marriage is off," Mary Whitney whispered in the interval of getting the ayes and noes over the geranium propo-

sition. "They say the unfavorable notoriety given to his work has made a change in his prospects."

After that I didn't care whether they put goldfish or rutabagas in the basin. This was the last straw. I went away sick and discouraged. I shrank from the crowded miscellany of a street car and I had not the spirit to indulge in a cab. I crept home on foot.

It seemed fitting that I should be alone and unhappy. It seemed fitting that the early autumn twilight settled down with a drizzle of rain. Through it, as I plodded up the avenue, I kept seeing that sweet girl's face, lighted up by the lamp on our corner. It seemed fitting that my way led past the same mean featureless houses, past the same occasional vacant lot—like a tooth gone—that had first inspired my unlucky scheme for municipal improvement.

Where the avenue slants across Judson Street a cheering blaze of red caught my tearful eye, Mrs. Kellermann's geraniums in full bloom. And behind them Mrs. Kellermann herself, out in the thickening mist, tying up the vines that clambered over the forked elms, lush green and dripping with moisture, a diamond at every point.

"Good evening, Mrs. Kellermann," I forced myself to say when our eyes met.

"Guten Abend, Mrs. Russell. Miss Prowne she not mit you, no?"

"Not this rainy evening, Mrs. Kellermann. Wet weather does not agree with her as it does with your flowers. How fine they look!"

"Ain't it, Mrs. Russell? It says so an' eferybody, sogar—even the city council."

With an air of pride. And then, seeing my bewildered look, "You ain't heard the news alretty? No? Why! Mrs. Russell, they write me a thanks-letter for the so goot care I take oaf my park. Und sehen Sie e'mal, Mrs. Russell," fairly swelling with gratification, "they appoint me assistant city gardener! Ja wohl! Damit ich's—so that I can take real sharge of my park und order away pat poys."

I don't know what I answered her. I don't know how I got myself home. The evening paper lay on the doorstep and I carried it in and read by the hall lamp:

While Mrs. Kellermann's appointment is but an empty compliment, for once the gentlemen of the city council have hit upon a graceful thing to do. Mrs. Kellermann by her own unaided efforts, with no city treasury at her back, no staff of hired gardeners, no police authority, has set a standard that we would be glad to see all our parks attain. Long may she honor the name of assistant city gardener. She is a public benefactress.

I was so tired and harassed with it all that I began to cry. And all of a sudden some one came out through the library portières and Henry Ransome's arms were around me. He had been waiting in the library for me to come home. And when

he saw me crying, he said he couldn't help it.

I suppose he couldn't help it. Sometimes you cannot help yourself. If you have been crying comfortably on a man's shoulder and he has been—well, consoling you, you can't take up a quarrel with that person, can you? So we are going to see the English hawthorns together next spring. And he says Stephen Roy-Smith shall build our house.



"All of a sudden some one came out through the library portières."

THE RIDDLE OF PERSONALITY

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

V. THE EVIDENCE FOR SURVIVAL



IN our introductory survey it was shown that the phenomena alleged to have evidential value in support of the belief that human personality survives the death of the body, fall into two great classes. The first comprises such "physical" manifestations as rappings, apports, and the so-called materialization of spirit forms; the second includes the "psychical" phenomena of auditions, apparitions, crystal visions, automatic writing, and automatic speaking. The phenomena of both classes have been subjected to rigid scrutiny by the Society for Psychical Research. As regards the first the conclusion has been reached that, save when the public interests require protection, it is practically a waste of time and energy to investigate the performances of those who claim thus concretely to demonstrate interworld communication. This conclusion is based on several considerations, not the least important of which is the fact that the "controls" of the "physical" mediums have not once met the conditions of tests of such a character as to dispense with the necessity for close and continuous observation by the experimenters.

"The Spiritualist," wrote Sir William Crookes, a generation ago, "tells of rooms and houses being shaken even to injury by superhuman power. The man of science merely asks for a pendulum to be set vibrating when it is in a glass case and supported on solid masonry.

"The Spiritualist tells of heavy articles of furniture moving from one room to another without human agency. But the man of science has made instruments which will divide an inch into a million parts, and he is

justified in doubting the accuracy of the former observations if the same force is powerless to move the index of his instrument one poor degree.

"The Spiritualist tells of flowers with the fresh dew on them, of fruit, and living objects, being carried through closed windows and even solid brick walls. The scientific investigator naturally asks that an additional weight (if it be only the thousandth part of a grain) be deposited on one pan of his balance, when the case is locked. And the chemist asks for the thousandth of a grain of arsenic to be carried through the sides of a glass tube in which pure water is hermetically sealed."

This indictment is as valid to-day as the day it was drawn, and until some such requirement be fulfilled the "physical" mediums must not complain if the thoughtful deem their feats suspect. Experience has demonstrated that even the best trained observers fail to perceive all that transpires in the séance room; and that, consequently, the quick-witted medium of fraudulent tendencies has ample opportunity to effect his triumphs by trick and device. Conclusive proof of this was afforded by the late S. J. Davey, a member of the Society for Psychical Research, who, after a little practice, succeeded in duplicating the most sensational performances of the "slate-writing" medium Eglinton. So successful was he that the English spiritists denounced him as a renegade medium. But he frankly operated throughout on the conjurer's principle that the hand is quicker than the eye. One evening, to cite an illustration of his methods and his success, Mr. Davey visited the brothers Podmore, also members of the society, and with Frank Podmore an interested observer, gave

Austin a slate-writing séance. The latter afterwards wrote the following account of what took place:

"A few weeks ago Mr. D. gave me a séance, and, to the best of my recollection, the following was the result: Mr. D. gave me an ordinary school slate, which I held at one end, he at the other, with our left hands; he then produced a double slate, hinged and locked. Without removing my left hand, I unlocked the slate, and at Mr. D.'s direction placed three small pieces of chalk—red, green, and gray—inside. I then relocked the slate, placed the key in my pocket, and the slate on the table in such a position that I could easily watch both the slate in my left hand and the other on the table. After some few minutes, during which, to the best of my belief, I was attentively regarding *both* slates, Mr. D. whisked the first away, and showed me on the reverse a message written to myself. Almost immediately afterwards he asked me to unlock the second slate, and on doing so I found to my intense astonishment another message written on both the insides of the slate—the lines in alternate colors and the chalks apparently much worn by usage. My brother tells me that there was an interval of some two or three minutes, during which my attention was called away, but I can only believe it on his word."

Obviously, had Mr. Davey posed as a medium he would have won wide repute. But now read Frank Podmore's instructive comment:

"Mr. Davey allowed me to see exactly what was done, and this is what I saw: The 'almost immediately' in the above account covered an interval of some minutes. During this interval, and, indeed, throughout the séance, Davey kept up a constant stream of chatter, on matters more or less germane to the business in hand. Mr. A. Podmore, absorbed by the conjurer's patter, fixed his eyes on Davey's face, and the latter took advantage of the opportunity to remove the locked slate, under cover of a duster, from under my brother's nose to the far end of the room, and there exchange it for a similar slate, with a previously prepared message, which was then placed by means of the same maneuver with the duster in the position originally occupied by the first slate. Then, and only then, the stream of talk slackened, and Mr. A. Podmore's attention became concentrated upon the slate from which the sound of spirit writing was now heard to

proceed. To me the most surprising thing in the whole episode was Mr. A. Podmore's incredulity when told that his attention had been diverted from the slate for an appreciable period."

As a matter of fact, the records of the Society for Psychical Research, so far as concerns the physical phenomena, form an exhaustive and dismal commentary on the gullibility of human nature and the devious ways of fraud. Did space permit it would be instructive to rehearse the exposures obtained through the society's efforts. Reference may be made only to two cases of exceptional importance, the case of Madame Blavatsky and the case of Eusapia Palladino. Madame Blavatsky will be remembered as the founder of the Theosophical Society, which was organized in New York early in the seventies, and which, despite the proved imposture of its originator, still numbers its membership among the thousands. According to Madame Blavatsky there existed in far-away Tibet a brotherhood of "Mahatmas" who had acquired powers enabling them to transcend the laws of nature and work marvels and miracles of all sorts. It was her claim to be a "chela," or disciple, of the Mahatmas, and she also asserted that they were particularly interested in the fortunes of all owing allegiance to the Theosophical Society. In 1878 the headquarters of the society were removed from New York to Adyar, India, and now the outside world was regaled with most sensational stories. The Mahatmas, it was said, were accustomed to cause "apparitions of themselves in places where their bodies are not," to hold converse with those to whom they so appeared, and to be aware of "what is going on where their phantasm appears." Such was the influence of these stories that in 1884 the Society for Psychical Research determined to investigate Madame Blavatsky's claims. A committee was appointed consisting of Edmund Gurney, F. W. H. Myers, Frank Podmore, Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick, J. H. Stack, and Richard Hodgson, and the last-named gentleman was commissioned to visit the Theosophical headquarters and make a personal inquiry there.

Thus we meet for the first time one of the most striking figures in the annals of psychical research. Thereafter, until his sudden death in Boston last winter, not even F. W. H. Myers excelled Richard Hodgson in single-minded devotion to the task of endeavoring to determine scientifically the validity of the

belief in the immortality of the soul. In the end, as will appear, Hodgson was, like Myers, converted to the spiritistic hypothesis. But Madame Blavatsky was not to be the means of his conversion. On the contrary, he succeeded in convicting her of the grossest frauds. He found that the letters on which she based her teachings were written, not, as she claimed, by the leader of the alleged Saints of the Himalayas, but by herself or at her dictation. He also ascertained that the headquarters shrine at Adyar was equipped with a slide opening into Madame Blavatsky's bedroom, and that she was thus enabled to extract from the shrine letters addressed to the Mahatmas by votaries, and in their stead insert replies purporting to come direct from the rocky fastnesses of the Brotherhood. He even records that a clumsy attempt was made to persuade him of the genuineness of the phenomena, by causing to fall at his feet a letter addressed to him and seemingly materializing out of the air. The mechanism of this pleasing performance, it subsequently developed, was a convenient crevice in the ceiling, a thread, and a crafty operator. In fine, the exposure was complete and Dr. Hodgson returned to England with laurels well won.

Eusapia Pallidino's history is quite different from that of Madame Blavatsky. She may be accepted as typical of the physical side of mediumship at its best. Materialization, levitation, all the more salient phenomena are in her repertoire. She was born in Italy in 1854 and, judging from a reference in a spiritistic publication, displayed her mediumistic abilities before she was eighteen. But her fame remained local until 1892, when she was investigated by some Italian scientists whom she so completely mystified that they entered a verdict received with acclaim by spiritists the world over. In their report they mentioned, with much else, that while she was seated, seemingly immovable, on the platform of a weighing machine the scales indicated a weight variation of some twenty pounds. The Society for Psychical Research became interested and a committee journeyed to France to meet the new celebrity, who gave them several séances at the home of Prof. Charles Richet. Although the sittings took place in a darkened room and were marked by some suspicious circumstances, the consensus of opinion was that Eusapia possessed supernormal gifts. Stay-at-home members of the society criticised this finding

and, it being agreed that further inquiry was desirable, the medium was invited to England. Thither she went in the summer of 1895, and at first duplicated her former triumphs. But when Dr. Hodgson became one of the investigators another story was soon told. At his suggestion the precautions that had been taken were seemingly relaxed, and it was then found that Eusapia, with misplaced confidence, boldly utilized her hands and feet to obtain the phenomena that had previously amazed the beholders. The society at once lost all interest in her and she betook herself again to the Continent, there, unfortunately, to persuade many sympathizers that she had been badly used in England and that, even if she had to a certain extent indulged in deception, the bulk of her phenomena were genuine.

Quite apart from the fact that physical mediumship has failed to meet any really exacting test and has been shown to be permeated with fraud, there is one all-sufficient reason why investigation should chiefly be directed to the purely psychical phenomena. In order to be able to say positively that human personality persists beyond the grave, it is obviously necessary to establish the identity of the alleged communicating spirit. For this purpose the physical phenomena, or at any rate the vast majority of them, are valueless. To be sure, evidential significance may attach to such manifestations as rappings which profess to convey a coherent message from the world beyond, but such feats as levitation, elongation, and the production of apports, difficult though it may be to explain them, are manifestly impossible of citation as proof of personal identity. This objection does not apply to the psychical phenomena, which further differ from the physical in the important respect that patient and painstaking inquiry by the Society for Psychical Research into collected instances of apparitions, auditions, automatically written or uttered messages, etc., has led the investigators to believe that, making all possible allowance for fraud, illusion, chance, coincidence, and similar sources of error, a large residue remains requiring explanation on some other hypothesis.

In order to appreciate the nature of the evidence accumulated, let us glance at a few typical instances, each drawn from the society's records and thus sufficiently authenticated to merit serious consideration. We may begin with an old-fashioned "ghost"

story of the simpler sort. In this instance the percipient, a Mr. J., was a personal acquaintance of F. W. H. Myers, who obtained a first-hand account of the experience. In 1880, it appears, Mr. Q., the librarian of X. library, died and Mr. J. was appointed his successor. Mr. J. had not known Mr. Q. nor had he, to his knowledge, seen any portrait of him when, in 1884, or four years after his death, he made the old librarian's acquaintance under these circumstances:

"I was sitting alone in the library one evening late in March, 1884, finishing some work after hours, when it suddenly occurred to me that I should miss the last train to H., where I was then living, if I did not make haste. . . . I gathered up some books in one hand, took the lamp in the other, and prepared to leave the librarian's room, which communicated by a passage with the main room of the library. As my lamp illumined the passage I saw apparently at the end of it a man's face. I instantly thought a thief had got into the library. . . . I turned back into my room, put down the books, and took a revolver from the safe, and, holding the lamp cautiously behind me, I made my way along the passage . . . into the main room. Here I saw no one, but the room was large and encumbered with bookcases. I called out loudly to the intruder to show himself several times, more with the hope of attracting a passing policeman than of drawing the intruder. Then I saw a face looking round one of the bookcases. I say *round*, but it had an odd appearance as if the *body* were *in* the bookcase, as the face came so closely to the edge and I could see no body. The face was pallid and hairless, and the orbits of the eyes were very deep. I advanced toward it, and as I did so I saw an old man with high shoulders seem to *rotate* out of the end of the bookcase, and with his back toward me, and with a shuffling gait, walk rather quickly from the bookcase to the door of a small lavatory, which opened from the library and had no other access. I heard no noise. I followed the man at once into the lavatory; and to my extreme surprise found no one there. . . . Completely mystified, I even looked into the little cupboard under the fixed basin. There was nowhere hiding for a child, and I confess I began to experience for the first time what novelists describe as an 'eerie' feeling. I left the library, and found I had missed my train.

"Next morning I mentioned what I had

seen to a local clergyman who, on hearing my description, said, 'Why, that's old Q.!' Soon after I saw a photograph (from a drawing) of Q., and the resemblance was certainly striking. Q. had lost all his hair, eyebrows and all, from (I believe) a gunpowder accident. His walk was a peculiar, rapid, high-shouldered shuffle. Later inquiry proved he had died at about the time of year at which I saw the figure."

This is a capital illustration of the *revenant* type of apparition, the "ghost" that visits a locality with which it was familiar in life. Somewhat similar, but having a coincidental significance, is the story of the "ghost" seen by the Essex gardener, who one morning beheld, as he thought, a lady whom he knew standing by a family tomb. The lady in question was then supposed to be in London, but as she had an almost morbid habit of visiting the tomb, the gardener supposed that she had returned from the city. Later it was learned that at the time he imagined he saw her, she was lying dead in London. Most apparitions, by the way, or at any rate most of those recorded by the society, are reported as appearing either at the moment of, or shortly after, the death of the bodily organism, and usually the percipients are the immediate relatives or close personal friends of the deceased. Sometimes, it would seem, "ghosts" reveal themselves only to persons *in extremis*. Then there is the "ghost" that appears to warn a living person of impending misfortune.

And now to turn to psychical phenomena of another type, the auditory hallucinations by which knowledge seems to be conveyed of deaths occurring far outside the normal ken of the percipient. The experience of a Mr. Wambey is typical. Once, when planning a congratulatory letter to a friend, the words, "What! write to a dead man? write to a dead man?" rang in his ears, and he later found that his friend had been dead for some days. Far more bizarre was an incident related to Mr. Myers by a Mrs. Davies. An acquaintance of hers had changed her abode unexpectedly, and it was arranged that Mrs. Davies should receive her mail until she could communicate her new address to her friends, and particularly to her husband, who was in India. One evening a letter arrived bearing the India postmark, and Mrs. Davies placed it on the chimney-piece intending to ask her brother to hand it next day to the addressee. Suddenly she became aware of

a strange ticking sound that seemed to proceed from the letter itself. Her brother, too, heard it and, yielding to superstition, they imagined that the sound meant, "Important. To be delivered at once." The brother thereupon put on his hat and carried the letter to their friend, who found it to be a communication from an unknown correspondent, some servant or companion, notifying her of her husband's death.

Taken singly, such incidents as the above are not without impressiveness. Considered in the aggregate, and as massed by the thousand with corroborative data carefully preserved in the society's archives, they may well give one pause. Some few years ago, it is worth noting, the society undertook a systematic survey of this class of phenomena, from the statistical standpoint. Six of its ablest investigators—Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick, Miss Alice Johnson, Frank Podmore, and F. W. H. Myers and his brother, A. T. Myers—were appointed a committee to take a "Census of Hallucinations." To some 17,000 individuals, selected without reference to the probability of securing an affirmative reply, was propounded the question: "Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?" Of the answers received about ten per cent were in the affirmative and, what was still more remarkable, out of a total of 350 recognized apparitions of living persons no fewer than sixty-five were "death coincidences"—that is to say, the hallucinatory experience occurred to the percipient within from one hour to twelve hours of the death of the person thus seen. Sifting these death coincidences carefully the committee rejected thirty-three. At the same time, in order to be on the safe side and make generous allowance for the number of hallucinatory experiences possibly forgotten by the percipients, they raised the total of "recognized apparitions of living persons" from 350 to 1,300, thus reaching a final result of some thirty death coincidences out of, not 350, but 1,300 cases. But, computing from the average death rate for England and Wales, it was calculated that the probability that any one person, taken at random, would die on a given day was about one in 19,000. This meant that out of every 19,000 apparitions of living persons

there should occur, by chance alone, one death coincidence. It had been found, however, that out of only 1,300 of such apparitions there occurred more than thirty death coincidences, this being at the rate of about 440 per 19,000, or 440 times the probable number of such coincidences occurring by chance alone. So wide was the margin of difference that the committee felt justified in declaring: "Between deaths and the apparition of the dying person a connection exists which is not due to chance."

There remains to be mentioned the evidence derivable from those automatisms of hand and tongue in which the medium, seemingly surrendering her faculties to the control of some external intelligence, writes or utters messages ostensibly coming from discarnate spirits, and sometimes conveying such private personal information as to convince many of the identity of the alleged communicant and, consequently, of the validity of the belief in spirit communication. In their day Moses and Home, in addition to being mediums for physical phenomena, were automatic mediums of no small renown. But in this respect they and all other mediums have been outshone by a New England woman, the celebrated Mrs. Leonora A. Piper, of Arlington, Mass., whose history may advantageously be reviewed as representing psychical mediumship at its zenith.

What makes the case of Mrs. Piper doubly interesting is the circumstance that for nearly twenty years she has been under the close observation of members of the Society for Psychical Research and has not once been detected in fraudulent practices. She was brought to the notice of the society in 1885 by Professor James, who wrote that he was "persuaded of the medium's honesty and of the genuineness of her trance, and although at first disposed to think that the 'hits' she made were either lucky coincidences, or the result of knowledge on her part of who the sitter was and of his or her family affairs, I now believe her to be in possession of a power as yet unexplained." At that time Mrs. Piper was supposed to be "controlled" by the spirit of a French physician with the peculiar name of "Phinuit," through whose instrumentality various sitters, including men prominent in the scientific life of the United States, received more or less intimate messages purporting to come from deceased friends.

Such was the impression made on the society by Professor James's report that in 1887 Dr.



LEONORA A. PIPER



MADAME BLAVATSKY



WILLIAM JAMES



SIR OLIVER LODGE

Hodgson was commissioned to go to America and conduct an inquiry. His first step was to employ detectives to shadow both Mr. and Mrs. Piper, but nothing suspicious was discovered in the conduct of either, and, satisfied that, whatever their source, the phenomena manifested through her were not to be explained on the basis of fraud, Dr. Hodgson recommended that she be invited to England for further investigation. Upon her arrival elaborate precautions were taken to prevent her securing any information concerning prospective sitters. She was met at Liverpool by Sir Oliver Lodge and conducted to a hotel, whence Mr. Myers took her to his home at Cambridge. There she was attended by a servant—a young woman from a country village—selected by Mr. Myers and quite ignorant of his and his friends' affairs. Her baggage was carefully overhauled for any data she might have brought with her, and her daily mail was closely examined. But no evidence was forthcoming to show that she secured her trance information by normal means.

Numerous sittings were held, not all of which were successful and some of which were marked by distinctly suspicious failures. But when success was achieved it was conspicuous and startling. To give an instance, Sir Oliver Lodge handed to the entranced Mrs. Piper a watch he had procured from an uncle who in turn had inherited it from a twin brother, then dead for some twenty years. Immediately "Phinuit," claiming to speak in behalf of the deceased uncle, recited several incidents of the latter's youth, and these were subsequently corroborated by the living uncle. Striking success was likewise obtained in the case of a Mr. Thompson. I quote from Sir Oliver Lodge:

"One of the best sitters was my next-door neighbor, Isaac C. Thompson, F.L.S., to whose name indeed, before he had been in any way introduced, Phinuit sent a message purporting to come from his father. Three generations of his and of his wife's family living and dead (small and compact Quaker families), were, in the course of two or three sittings, conspicuously mentioned, with identifying detail; the main informant representing himself as his deceased brother, a young Edinburgh doctor, whose loss had been mourned some twenty-years ago. The familiarity and touchingness of the messages communicated in this particular instance were very remarkable, and can by no means be re-

produced in any printed report of the sitting. Their case is one in which very few mistakes were made, the details standing out vividly correct, so that in fact they found it impossible not to believe that their relatives were actually speaking to them."

Puzzled, but not wholly persuaded that the messages delivered through Mrs. Piper actually came from the dead, the society directed Dr. Hodgson to continue investigation in the United States. This mission, it may be added in passing, occupied him to the day of his death and was ultimately the means of converting him to the spiritistic hypothesis. Shortly after Mrs. Piper's return to America her "control" changed under most extraordinary circumstances. There had been living in Boston a young lawyer and author, known in the society's records under the pseudonym of George Pelham, between whom and Dr. Hodgson a warm friendship had arisen. Naturally, they discussed at times the subject of Dr. Hodgson's labors, and Pelham, who was a thoroughgoing skeptic, on one occasion laughingly promised Dr. Hodgson that should he die before the latter and find himself "still existing" he would "make things lively" in the effort to reveal the fact of his continued existence. In February, 1892, he was killed accidentally, and probably instantaneously, by a fall. About a month later, at a sitting attended by Dr. Hodgson and a Mr. Hart, another friend of the dead lawyer, "Phinuit" suddenly announced that "George Pelham" was present and wished to communicate. Then followed a series of statements tending to prove that the communicant was none other than Pelham himself. Pelham's real name was given in full, also the names of several of his most intimate friends, and reference was made to incidents unknown to either of the sitters but subsequently verified by them.

Further proof of identity was offered at later séances, and it soon became evident that "George Pelham" intended to oust "Phinuit" from control. With the substitution, which was gradual, the mechanism of Mrs. Piper's mediumship was likewise strangely altered. During the "Phinuit" régime the messages had been delivered orally; now they were transmitted by means of automatic writing, a feature which persisted with the subsequent appearance of new "controls," none other than the "Imperator," "Rector," "Doctor," "Mentor," and "Prudens" group that had in bygone years claimed to "con-

trol" the trance utterances of the Rev. Stainton Moses. It was also noticeable that with the change in method of delivery the messages assumed a finer tone of reality, and so striking did they become that by 1898 Dr. Hodgson, who had previously issued a report dismissing alike the theory of fraud and the spiritistic hypothesis, felt impelled to adopt the latter unreservedly.

Now appeared a new investigator in the person of Dr. James H. Hyslop, at that time professor of logic and ethics in Columbia University. With the coöperation of Dr. Hodgson he held seventeen sittings with Mrs. Piper during 1898 and 1899, and in each took extraordinary precautions to make sure that she would not recognize him. Driving to her residence in a closed carriage, he donned a mask before entering her presence, was introduced to her as "Mr. Smith," and while she was in her normal state maintained complete silence. From the outset he obtained messages that left him in a state of bewilderment, relating as they did to occurrences transpiring years earlier in connection with the careers of dead relatives and friends. Frequently the alleged communicator was the "spirit" of his father, who recounted many incidents unknown to Professor Hyslop, but afterwards learned to be true. In the end the professor, like Dr. Hodgson before him, adopted the spiritistic hypothesis as the only theory adequate to meet all facts in the case. And in this view he has been further confirmed by a development of quite recent origin, the displacement of the old "controls"—"George Pelham," "Imperator," and the rest—by the "spirit" of none other than the veteran psychical researcher, Dr. Hodgson himself.

As things stand, it is asserted, Dr. Hodgson dead directs the investigation of Mrs. Piper even more effectively than did Dr. Hodgson alive. Taking possession of her entranced organism he selects the "sitters" and prescribes methods and lines of inquiry. Moreover, I am told, he has sought, at sittings attended by Professors Hyslop and James among others, to give absolute and unquestionable proof of his continued existence. Professor Hyslop seems persuaded that he has actually been in communication with his dead colleague; and Professor James, who is preparing a report on the "Hodgson" manifestations, deems "it all extremely baffling."

In point of fact, altogether apart from what may have developed since Dr. Hodgson's death, the cumulative evidence collected by the Society for Psychical Research would support the belief that spirit communication has been definitely proved and that, therefore, we now know for certain that human personality survives the death of the body. Nevertheless, it is imperative to endeavor to ascertain whether there may not be some other hypothesis, devoid of supernatural implications, which will account for the phenomena in question. The hypothesis of wholesale fraud and delusion is—or so it seems to me—quite out of question, although still maintained by many who would thus summarily dismiss the facts so laboriously assembled. But there remains another hypothesis, a hypothesis rendered available by the society's researches into the possibility of the transmission of thought from mind to mind without the intervention of the ordinary means of communication. Let us look into the subject more closely.

OF FRIENDSHIP

By KENNETH WILSON

HE was my friend because I seemed to be
 Somehow responsive to his changing mood;
 I chanced to help, once, when he needed me
 And lost his friendship for his gratitude.

EUROPE'S WEALTH, AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY*

BY HAROLD BOLCE



ALL the nations west of the Danube have money in the bank. When we say that America is the richest country in the world, we are right. We should, however, contrast the continent of Europe with the continent of America. That will reveal the real opportunity abroad. There is not a country, whether republic or empire, in Europe, outside of Russia, as large as the single State of Texas. Not all of these countries together are as large as America. Comparing the "United States" of the Old World with the United States of the New, an astonishing revelation is presented of prosperity abroad. Here is the latest estimate of the wealth of the leading nations:

Great Britain and Ireland.....	\$58,200,000,000
France.....	50,800,000,000
Germany.....	48,000,000,000
Russia.....	35,000,000,000
Austria-Hungary.....	20,000,000,000
Italy.....	13,000,000,000
Belgium.....	6,000,000,000
Spain.....	5,400,000,000
Netherlands.....	4,500,000,000
Portugal.....	2,500,000,000
Switzerland.....	2,400,000,000
Total.....	\$246,600,000,000

The wealth of the United States is \$110,000,000,000. It will be seen that the wealth of the Old World is more than twice that of the New. When statesmanship shuts out trade from the markets of Europe, it is closing against us the most alluring field progress has unrolled. Reciprocity with Europe along

the paths of peace would vastly multiply the numerous fortunes of both hemispheres.

The latest compilation of the wealth of European countries in detail shows that combined they have more than twice as much money as the United States invested in transportation; nearly half a billion more than we have invested in mining; almost one hundred per cent more in manufacturing than America, with its almost incredible industry, can boast, and 200 per cent more agricultural wealth than the United States. Whoever believes that the inhabitants of the Old World have been reduced by kingcraft to beggary has not kept up with the international advance of the past ten years. I saw but one tramp in all my travels in Europe in 1906, and he was contentedly drunk on a bench in the suburbs of Vienna! Italy, which we formerly were wont to regard as a land of memories and beggary, has become a great industrial nation. The water which for centuries has run to waste down the Alps and the Apennines, has been diverted to the uses of machinery. This power is supplying industrial colonies throughout all the states of northern Italy. In the ports of Italy I was accosted by only one beggar, and he was a British sailor stranded in Genoa.

Throughout Europe in 1906 crowded expositions of many kinds testified to the leisure and ready money which prosperity had yielded the inhabitants of the Old World. One Sunday after a strenuous week among the thundering industries of Germany, I took a train to the classic city of Nuremberg. I imagined that its moats and the picturesque castles of the Hohenstaufens would be a rest-

* This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Bolce, who has just returned from Europe, where, in order to prepare these papers for "Appleton's Magazine," he has been investigating current trade conditions as they affect American foreign commerce.

ful change from the rushing factories and trains of modernized Europe. I was greeted in this old center of Bavarian romance with a great surprise. I counted twenty-three tracks in the railway station at Nuremberg, an enormous structure built beautifully of granite and sandstone, and finished within in fumed oak. All along the thoroughfare of this ancient town were tiled precipitous roofs and picturesque balconies and quaint old windows. I imagined I was walking surely through the past, but everywhere crowded restaurants and crowded street cars, modern and electric, showed that I was in the present.

I went up to the mediæval stronghold of Bavarian kings, and looked across the roofs of a gray city, gray even on Sunday with the smoke of industry. I rode into the suburbs and found myself one of the many hundreds proceeding toward the Industrial Ausstellung or Exposition. It was a peace jubilee, a triumph of all the inventions and industrial successes of Bavaria. The entire Exposition grounds were crowded, and the crowds were all European and were spending European money. I did not hear a word of English spoken that day, nor was there throughout the many buildings devoted to industry and industrial art a single commodity or contrivance from the United States. Everything about Nuremberg, its stores, its cafés, its automobile cabs, its factories, its rushing railway traffic, its Exposition, and its crowds, bespoke a sturdy prosperity wholly independent of America, which America has totally ignored.

The World's Exposition at Milan was not, at least in the height of summer when I was there, the success the nations anticipated. The chief reason for the indifferent success of the undertaking was that it was held in the summer time, and the notorious heat of the plains of Lombardy halted the tide of travel at Lake Como and the waters of Switzerland. But the fact that an ambitious World's Fair was held in Italy at all was an indication that that country is advancing with all the others. Nor was the Exposition a failure; and the fact that it was mainly patronized by Italian people themselves is significant.

One of the unmistakable signs that Europe is spending vast wealth, which America has made no definite effort to harvest, is the unending travel on Old-World railways. It is a remarkable fact that cars in every country in Europe are packed day and night, and these are not immigrants seeking a foothold

in more prosperous sections. Wherever I traveled I was surrounded by money-spending Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, and Austrians. I had to hunt specially advertised hotels to encounter British and Americans. Although the Anglo-Saxon cuts a figure in the literature of European travel, the vast multitude of sightseers is made up of continental citizens. Americans go to Europe, of course, in great flocks, and spend in the Old World, it is estimated, all the way from one hundred to two hundred million dollars annually, but they constitute an unconsidered total in the aggregate of European travel.

THE TASTE AND TREND OF EUROPE

The exporter who seeks to enter the European field should take into consideration the modern tendencies of the Old World. Herr Prager, of Berlin, one of the progressive merchants of that city, told me that American business had been injured in Germany through the shipment there of low-grade articles. He spoke of the serious blow given to the American bicycle trade in Germany, resulting from a cargo of inferior wheels that broke down under the tension of the Teuton scorchers. I said to Professor Atwood, who has been for twenty years in Germany, "Is it likely that the higher-priced things of America would have a sale in Germany?" He replied, "The better the goods the bigger will be their sale in this empire. Germany is prosperous. There is no chance here for cheap goods. There is a vogue for foreign wares, and the people are willing to pay well for them."

With few exceptions American exporters have not attempted to reach the wealthy buyers of Europe. A general Americanization of Europe, designed to meet the wants of privileged customers who could pay the price, would result in large profits to those who pioneered the work. In some things Europe is in advance of America, but as regards many of what we deem indispensable household conveniences, Europe is living in the eighteenth century. At the Hotel Bristol in Dresden, for example, it was necessary to give a full hour's warning in order to take a bath in comfort, and in a friend's home in Berlin I created a flurry throughout the entire household by suggesting to the servants that I would like a warm bath. It is not pretended that reciprocity with Europe would enable America to export bath tubs at a

profit; it is merely that the belated character of Europe should, in connection with the European readiness to get the best there is out of life, be taken as typical of the opportunity awaiting enterprising Americans. The eighteenth and the twentieth centuries are marching abreast in Europe.

The real-estate boom now transforming Western Europe recalls the rushing days of Wichita, Los Angeles, Seattle, and Spokane. The building in the outskirts of Berlin today duplicates the activities of Harlem, with this exception, that the structures are far more artistic. The same is true of Budapest, regarded by many travelers as the most beautiful city in the world. In all the cities of Western Europe the age of concrete has been inaugurated, and no improvement is too modern to be accepted by the builders. Alert representatives of American household inventions might find a valuable opening in these foreign cities. We have learned in America the commercial value of demonstrators. It is not alone in Europe that people must be educated to inventions. The United States Government at Arlington, Va., has an experimental agricultural station of 500 acres. Any farmer who would study diligently the scientific methods employed there would grow rich, yet within a quarter of a mile of that model farm there are neglected orchards in which the only persistent activity is displayed by the woolly aphids and the codling moth. Just outside of Zurich, the largest city of Switzerland, and one of the world's famous centers of modern manufacture, I saw a farmer trudging behind a clod-masher in a plowed field. Most husbandmen, wishing to give weight to this contrivance, ride on it; but this sturdy agriculturist had not thought of that. Instead, he had fastened a bowlder on the vehicle, while he toiled hopefully behind. In one field in Europe you will see a small army of men and women raking hay. In the next an enterprising farmer riding behind a horse on a rake similar to those used on American farms has the field to himself. Automobiles of the best and fleetest make are encountered on all the common roads of Europe, but not even in their most civilized cities did I see a modern baby carriage.

This incongruous and unequal progress in the world shows how much could be done by a complete internationalization of ideas and inventions. If America should attempt to supply the European royal houses alone

with up-to-date furniture, for example, and should get the contract for one-third of the articles needed to complete the modern movement taking place in the refurnishing of those palaces and castles, a very large and important figure would be added to our statistics of exports. In a beautiful room as long as a block of the modern city, in the palace of the Archduke of Budapest, the guide paused and said, "This is the buffet." Eight hundred people can sit down at table there. The walls are adorned with fine tapestries made to order in France, and depicting the heroic history of Hungary. Most of this palace has been newly built. Two great rooms are finished in old-style majolica. All the rest of the palace within displays a lavish but not always artistic attempt to be up to date. We walked up stairways broad enough to admit a regiment. I said to the guide, "Is there any elevator in this palace?" "None," he answered, "except the one to lift up food."

The keen business world of America should be quick to realize that Europe is a unique field fraught with almost infinite commercial possibilities. There is nothing too new and nothing too expensive for Europe. The famous Café Luitpold of Munich was finished in gilt and carvings and color, at a cost of 8,000,000 marks. Yet the chairs in this place, where the ceilings are of gold, are ordinary and painted black. They would cost probably about \$2 apiece in the United States. In fact, they have not improved much on furniture in Germany since the days of Frederick Barbarossa. But though their furniture is cheap, many of their oak doors are beautiful and equipped with patent pneumatic springs.

There are big stores in Milan, where international codes are jumbled. There has been a vague reaching out for the money-spending customers of Europe, but there has been no Americanization of effort. One of the main products of Lombardy is poultry, yet there, as in many parts of Europe, incubators are unknown. I believe that all the commodities which Americans have found convenient in personal use and valuable in industrial employments would have a triumphant sale if properly introduced into Europe. I have spoken of the interesting fact that the car shops of Europe cannot fill home orders. At the railway exhibition in the city of Washington I visited one pavilion which had a catalogue of 2,000 appliances there on show

for the interior comfort, adornment, or mechanical perfection of cars. Meanwhile the great procession of cars turned out by Europe exhibits about the same characteristics, as regards comfort, as the American caboose.

Short-sighted statesmen have convinced manufacturers who lack the time to gain an international view of the opportunity, that reciprocity with the countries of Europe would give these countries an opening here for which they could offer us no compensating advantage. But commerce balances itself. Even if there were to be any unequal advantage, it would be on the side of America, which has a multitude of modern things to sell to the richest continent in the world, eager for the best that latter-day ingenuity can devise.

TRADE MISTAKES AND SUCCESSES

Americans do not take the pains to study the conditions and demands of foreign markets. To develop over-sea trade has not yet become a serious purpose in American industry. The women of India are persistent buyers of brilliant-hued calico, and some American effort was made to secure their patronage. These people are accustomed to get painted glass trinkets with every piece of goods. Great American houses did not see the reason for supplying these baubles. But the cotton-mill men of Germany made a deal with the toy makers of that country, and now the calicoes of Chemnitz and all kinds of parti-colored gewgaws brighten the road to Mandalay.

An American manufacturer of clocks learned that the natives of West Africa were buying these timepieces in great quantity, but getting them from an English firm. The American sent for a sample, and began to produce competing clocks of the same style, but in superior finish, and offered them to the Kaffir tribes at a price below that paid for the British output. But the Africans ignored his overtures and went on buying the clocks of Great Britain by the thousand. Then the American did what he should have done at the outset—he sent an agent into the field. There it was learned that Africa preferred the British clock because it had a louder tick! A clock in a hut was an indication of native prosperity, and the owner wanted his neighbor to hear it.

It is an oft-repeated complaint from consuls that Americans fail to pack their wares

to stand the rigors of foreign climate and transshipment. Foodstuffs frequently sour under a tropical sun, and dyed materials are washed out by the downpour on uncovered foreign piers. Goods consigned to Caracas and other cities into which freight is carried on pack-mules, is sometimes consigned from America in such bulky cases that nothing smaller than a freight car could haul it from the ship. Catalogues in English are sent to countries where the prospective customers cannot read our tongue; and even when we take the precaution to translate our business circulars into the language of the foreign market, we express our prices according to weights and measures unheard of in the land we are trying to invade. Every non-English-speaking country from Germany to Japan, including the republics of our own hemisphere, employs the metric system; but the usual American manufacturer whose cup of plenty is running over doesn't know the difference between a kilogram and a kilometer and doesn't care.

While we have not made any concerted effort to extend our commerce to foreign fields, our political exaggeration of what has been accomplished, and the oratorical prophecy of an American conquest of coveted markets abroad, have alarmed the whole of Europe. The American peril has startled all the trading nations of Europe. The need of a Zollverein to resist our fancied commercial invasion has been made an anxious issue in Old-World nations. The president of the Chamber of Commerce of Lower Austria, a member of the House of Peers of Austria-Hungary, exclaimed in addressing that body: "Unless Europe hastens to protect herself, she will be crushed by the United States. That country has recently pursued a policy which is intended to reduce Europe to a condition of economic dependency, and to make the United States the center of the whole manufacturing world." A member of the French Chamber of Deputies shouted to that body: "The American peril is advancing with irresistible force upon unhappy Europe. The Napoleons of American finance contemplate nothing less than the economic conquest of Europe, and unless steps are taken, the nations of the Old World sooner or later will be subject to the financial mandates of the United States."

We see the absurdity of this international fear when it is expressed by the foreigner. America has only itself to blame for the Eu-

ropean alarm or misconception of our attitude. We have billposted the world with advance notices of our prosperity. We have talked about foreign invasions by American traders when we have been unable to handle our domestic commerce. We are building a canal across the Isthmus in the interests of our manufacturing cities, which, with the broad Atlantic for a trade path, have not been able to send cargoes to the eastern seaboard of the Southern Continent, which conducts with Europe an annual trade valued at nearly a thousand million dollars. It is apparent that America has no monopoly on trade alarms.

Every country's political shibboleth based on fancied commercial peril from other lands is a part of the old legacy of fear from the days when pillage was a short cut to prosperity. The only thing in international traffic that can work injury to any state is unjust discrimination. What is true in the laws of trade between the nearly half a hundred commonwealths of the American Union, applies with equal force to the commerce between nations. The advancing industry of one state, instead of injuring the welfare of the others, increases the material welfare of all. What hampers the progress of any individual or community is artificial advantage given to favorites at the expense of others. What we have to fear in German competition is not imports from Germany, but the exclusion from its market of American goods, while the wares of other trading nations pass in; and a still more serious handicap is Germany's growing control of railways in South America and Asia, over which, when we really launch ambitious cargoes, we shall have to transship to the interior.

The mistakes of nations, in fearing reciprocal exchange, will prove to be as foolish as if Pennsylvania should protest against the economic danger of imports from New York. According to the fantastic doctrines of statesmen who believe that the commodities of one land are injurious to another, the rise of industrial America should have paralyzed the prosperity of Europe. Instead of that, we are the best customers of the German Empire, and altogether we buy a thousand million dollars' worth of merchandise annually from Europe. The present European fear of American competition has assumed many peculiar expressions. Many of the factories of Germany are barred to Americans. It actually takes more influence to get into some

of the big industrial plants of Berlin than it does to secure an audience with the emperor. There may be some justification for this alarm. A technical professor in a school at Charlottenburg said that an American no sooner sees a new German machine than he straightway makes a better one. But while the manufacturers of that empire have been warned not to divulge the methods of their business, and the chemical processes of their industry, to prowling American consuls, the ambitious monographs on foreign opportunity prepared by our representatives reach only the American wastebasket.

It is gratifying that wherever we have actually made definite effort to increase the foreign sales of high-class American products, we have greatly succeeded. A few years ago the proprietor of a great steel file company in New England, which has several branch factories in various parts of America, altogether employing skilled workmen by the thousand, called at the office of a forwarding firm in New York, one of whose partners is a European, and asked that they suggest the proper man to introduce his files in Europe. This factory makes 7,000 varieties of files, and enjoys a great reputation throughout the mechanical world of America. The agent selected was a European, who had been Americanized, who believed in the virtues of the files he was to sell, and who was familiar with the great opportunity in industrial Europe. He went from one manufacturing town in the Old World to another, and to demonstrate the superior quality of the American implement, took similar European tools and filed right through them, to the astonishment of foreign mechanics and factory owners. Orders began to go to America by cable. It was not long before one request reached New England from Germany for one hundred thousand dozen. A good salesman and superior goods had done the work. The salary of the agent was raised to \$20,000 a year and expenses, and the American file to-day is furthering the constructive work of every mechanical center in Europe. Contrast that masterful record with the fiasco of the American who spent \$2,000 to introduce corn medicine into Japan, only to discover that the multitudes of that empire wear no shoes and consequently have no corns.

The success of America abroad is sure when the men who have made this nation industrially great, plan the foreign cam-

paign. Our trade abroad will be transformed when commercial America takes practical occasion to embrace the opportunity. When that time comes—and many people believe it is not dated for a remote period—the politicians who have stood in the way of reciprocal treaties with the great purchasing nations will be brushed aside. Sooner or later America as a maritime nation will rub from its binoculars the dust that has dimmed our foreign outlook ever since our merchant marine began its almost incredible decline. This is a country of inventive and executive genius, unsurpassed in any land. There is no reason why our great career should stop at the tariff line.

ADVERTISING IN EUROPE

Socrates, when taken by his disciples to an exposition held in the city of Athens, exclaimed as he beheld the array, "How many things there are in the world that I don't want!" If the population of the world were made up of barefooted philosophers, foreign trade would perish. In this commercial age the restlessness of a people's wants is the mark of their progress, and nothing succeeds in provoking these wants more than advertising. It is rather astounding to the traveler abroad to find that Italy is the most persistent advertiser in Europe; and a glance at its material advance in the past five years shows that the proportion of its increase in the industries exceeds that of any other nation abroad.

Europe is beginning to follow in the steps of Japan as an advertiser, and the Sunrise Kingdom got its billboard ideas from America. Worshipers at Buddhist temples invariably wash their hands in a fountain at the entrance before making their supplications. Formerly the priests hung towels there. Now the merchants of Tokio and other cities furnish the temples with free towels, reserving the privilege of printing their advertisements on them. The whole world is beginning to advertise, and Europe particularly offers a fine field to the advertising genius of America. I believe that almost any American novelty thoroughly announced on the signboards and pillars of the Old World, would have an immediate and sweeping sale.

Berlin is the only city I know of in Europe or in the Old World, that has no billboards. This is not due to absence of enterprise but to the artistic spirit of that capital. In place

of the billboards nearly every busy corner has an advertising column or kiosk under the control of the municipality. The ads. are well printed in various colors, sometimes illustrated. No one of them is very large, for space is valuable, and no ad. is permitted to remain longer than a day. The whole city of Berlin every morning stops and reads these placards. Most of them announce amusements, but they are not limited to that. One day at the noon hour I stood at the entrance of the celebrated electric works of the A. E. G. of Berlin, and watched 7,000 workmen pour from this hive of dynamos. They were all no doubt hungry for the noon meal, but almost every man paused and looked over the near-by advertising pillar. I could not but be impressed with the opportunity it suggested for American advertisers. There are 2,000,000 people in Berlin. This number includes a great cosmopolitan community enjoying every variety of comfort and luxury. Some day some alert advertising Yankee will wake up to the opportunity of introducing American wares through the medium of these advertising columns.

The Old World has not yet grasped the possibilities of daily newspaper advertisements. In Berlin you can go to a newspaper office and pay for an ad., which, at your direction, they will place in the columns of their rival! When newspapers first appeared in Europe no merchant thought of advertising. Papers had been in circulation ten years before the first advertisement appeared, and this conservatism still characterizes much of the business abroad. When advertisements did begin to appear in European newspapers they told principally of fairs and cockfights. The fortunes spent in America for advertising are incredible tales to Europeans. The rates for advertisements on these advertising pillars of Berlin are very low, compared with American standards, but they are too high for the ordinary German dealer. But the strange thing is that American firms which do not hesitate to spend all the way from \$10 to \$100,000 per annum in advertising have overlooked the billboards and the pillars and the press of Europe.

There was a time when it was good patriotism to counsel this nation against foreign alliances. To-day the more entangling our commerce the broader is the foundation for our international stability. If we had an export trade with Europe amounting in value to \$5,000,000,000, which would be about \$1

per month per capita to the people of Europe, the possibility of tariff war would be remote. It may take many successive panics to impress upon the American people how futile our own progress is if we fail to see to it that the financial advance of our neighbors is maintained. But a direct trade appealing to the majority of manufacturers and exporters would present a tangible argument in favor of reciprocal peace. As a stepping-stone to that, disfiguring American billboards across the whole continent of Europe would be an assuring sign. Advertising signs on all the world's highways, where martial ambition now struts, will be potent admonitions to peace, particularly when behind those placards are commercial and financial interests of international character, more powerful than argument.

NO NATION CAN MONOPOLIZE COMMERCE

There was a time when a nation or a continent could corner the secrets of manufacturing, and control the world's trade in certain commodities. Italy for many years monopolized the world's trade. In the age of its greatest glory manufacture had to be conducted in warm climates. The uses of coal were unknown, and civilization had not invented chimneys. The introduction of these factors into the cold regions of England and Northern Europe transformed the world's trade. In fact, it is only now, through the agencies of water diverted to dynamos, that Italy is regaining the position it lost some half a thousand years ago.

Commercial preëminence has always had a precarious tenor, but less so in the past, when changes did not multiply as they do in the current age of invention. Nevertheless the story of the ancient mutations of trade gives convincing proof that in no period has man been able to monopolize in any corner of the earth the secrets of success. Sometimes nature has interposed to destroy the artificial advantages boasted of by nations that enjoyed them. At one time, when the dietary obligations of religion were more regarded than they are to-day, the nation that controlled the herring catch was master of the world's commerce, but when that fish in its migrations shifted from the east to the west shore of the Baltic, the traffic of Europe was transformed. Holland for ages mastered the traffic of the Old World; and during the period of its ascendancy England's position

in foreign trade was not unlike America's to-day. That island empire furnished raw material to the Continent. In fact, it was a cynicism of the fifteenth century that a manufacturer in Holland could buy a fox from England for a groat, and resell the finished tail to England for a guilder. England was diligent in husbandry, but the yeomen of that island seem to have been willing to go on gathering wool for the looms of Flanders.

But many causes, notably the employment of coal, and the religious persecution of continental weavers, converted England into a manufacturing center, and its progress gave convincing proof that it was possible, after all, to beat the Dutch. England had no sooner risen to the control of the world's commerce than it imagined that destiny had chosen it as the nation preordained forever to make the wares and garments for mankind. To safeguard its appointed rule it prohibited the importation of machinery into the American colonies. The first manufacturing done on our continent was accomplished by the aid of machinery the designs of which had been stolen in the factories of England. Now the United States has become the leading manufacturing nation. It produces in a year as many factory goods as Germany, England, and France combined, and because some of the foreign nations have found it to their advantage to buy a few of our articles, the jubilant American, reviving the old spirit of Holland and England, imagines that we are engineering a commercial invasion of the world. As a matter of record, we sell to Europe less than two per cent of our manufactured output.

As the superior nation we introduced Japan to the opportunities of modern progress. We taught China to use American cotton cloth, and that celestial empire now buys more cotton goods from us than Europe does, but it buys more from Japan than it does from us. To-day, instead of being commercially supreme in the Orient, America is doing day labor for Japan. We toil in our plantations and send our bales across the Pacific, where the Mikado's factories convert them into finished goods for the millions of Asia. Like Europe, Japan is making more money out of our cotton crop than we are. In fact, we are beginning to buy back from Japan cotton cloth made of raw material raised in the Gulf States of America.

The quick interchange of cargoes in this

age of steam makes national monopoly of commerce impossible. Japan buys bristles in Germany, bone in the Chicago stockyards, combines them into brushes, and outsells similar French goods in the stores of Boston and New York. In 1906 there was landed at San Francisco a cargo of American school books printed in Japan. At a native restaurant in Tokio, after fumbling with chopsticks, I was offered a fork made in Germany and a knife from Sheffield. We call their chief manufacturing city, Osaka, the Chicago of Japan. They call it the Manchester of the East. We refer to the Japanese people as the Yankees of the Orient. They call their island the Great Britain of Asia. We imagine that we have Americanized that land. Everything that they have adopted that is not Asiatic they dub European.

Many people believe that our assertion of the Monroe Doctrine has given us a monopoly in the trade of the southern half of the Western Hemisphere. But while we have been preaching the political gospel of America, Germany and England, and even Italy, have been taking up the collection. There is a billion-dollar industrial trade south of the Caribbean, but the share of the United States in it is too paltry to consider in the totals of our prosperity.

It is equally true in invention that the monopoly is not American. America produces an Edison, but Italy matches him with a Marconi, and when the flying ship becomes a success it will trace its flight back to the experiments of Santos-Dumont, of Brazil. We believe in America that we are very vigilant in watching for smugglers at our frontiers. When I was in Berlin I visited the exhibition conducted by the German Government, in which the use of X-rays in customs examinations was demonstrated. A bale or crate of merchandise is placed in the track of this mysterious light, and any jewelry secreted within is clearly revealed. I remember that a prominent Federal official went from America to the Old World and reported upon his return that he saw nothing in the postal systems of Europe superior to our own. In New York it takes two hours to send a special-delivery letter from Harlem to Twenty-third Street. In Berlin, through the Rohrpost, a letter can be sent a similar distance in two minutes.

It would be advantageous to all people if the statesmen of the world, foregoing for a season their provincial boasting, would con-

vene in international session and exchange ideas regarding the world's progress. I was impressed with this fact when I had occasion in Budapest to send a registered letter. Instead of having to wait for a clerk to copy the superscription and hand me a receipt, I had simply to show the letter properly stamped, and then drop it in a mechanical contrivance, which immediately issues a receipt card automatically dated and numbered. It makes the system of registering a letter in Hungary as simple as dropping a piece of mail in a letter box is in America. I desired to test this innovation, and so I mailed a letter in Budapest addressed to myself in a hotel at Munich. Two hours later I took the train to the Bavarian capital, and the day after I arrived in the hotel I received word that there was a registered letter for me at the post office. The German system of postal money orders is far superior, it seems to me, to the American. You hand the money into a German post office, give the address of the person to whom it is to be sent, and walk away with the receipt. That ends your responsibility. The government carries the money to the house, and even to the room of the addressee.

In Eastern American cities we struggle with the snow problem in winter streets. In Budapest they scrape it every morning at three o'clock into manholes, and boiling water, forced through the sewers by the municipality, melts it and carries it away.

When we indulge in animadversions upon the American consular service, comparing our representatives invidiously with the system-bred consuls of Germany, we close our minds to the fact that the consular body of the United States as a whole is at least a decade ahead of the business needs of America. December, 1906, saw the three hundred and third volume issued by the United States Government containing the trade reports of our consular service. This is a great library of world information. There is perhaps no important field of opportunity in any part of the globe that has not been intelligently described by our representatives. So valuable are the daily bulletins published at Washington, containing accounts of the commercial opportunities abroad, that the foreign legations at our capital secure these little booklets daily as soon as they appear, and frequently cable the substance of their contents to European cities. And the consular schools of the Old World obtain valuable data to im-

part to their youth from reports by American representatives in distant fields.

Confusion has entered into the whole subject of comparative trade statistics, through our mistaken patriotism in ignoring the progress of other nations. I do not say that we have boasted overmuch; in fact, our most vaunting spread-eagleism has not obtained even a bird's-eye view of our prosperity. But we have no monopoly on success. England still holds trade dominion over palm and pine, even though we spare from our vanishing forests an occasional flagstaff for that nation's banners. We have nearly fifteen hundred miles of seacoast facing the continent and islands of the East, where the majority of the world's millions dwell. Already they have built up a foreign commerce greater than America's, and we, through our prosperous indifference, enjoy but five per cent of it. We have insisted upon the open door, but the goods of Europe and Japan instead of ours have passed through. We could crowd into our own colonial harbors, if we cared to; we could dominate the trade of the mid-Pacific islands lying in the very center of what we delight to regard as our manifest commercial destiny. The same industrial and financial genius that has transformed the

American continent, if it could spare the time, would grasp a big share of the opportunities in the Orient.

Relatively, when we consider the larger opportunity, because of the greater wealth of Europe, our trade with that continent, save in the raw materials which the Old World needs in its industries in order to out-sell us in South America and Asia, is almost as great a fiasco as our traffic with the Orient. In the totals the trade is big, but not big for an age when even a diminutive nation like Germany measures its foreign trade in billions, with the totals in fact slightly larger than our own, and when the lilliputian Netherlands, with an area equal only to Maryland, has an external commerce nearing the two-billion-dollar mark.

There are fish in the sea beyond Cape Cod. If America would adjust itself to the new reciprocal programme in the world of commercial affairs, our foreign trade would magnify itself vastly, without solicitous care on the part of statesmen. And far more valuable than the immediate profits from that expansion in commerce, would be the increased stability imparted to American prosperity, through the unification of the trade interests of all nations.

OUR NEXT EX-PRESIDENT

BY WILLIS J. ABBOT



ALGEBRAICALLY *X* has from time immemorial stood for an unknown quantity. Politically its significance is identical. From pound-keeper to President all public men fear the day when to their titles the dread prefix "ex" shall be added, and strive to avert its coming, sometimes thereby even forgetting their most solemn utterances on the impropriety of second or even third terms.

But the fatal day comes, and the slow and painful process of fading out of public view begins. In the case of our Presidents it is peculiarly agonizing. Seldom rich men—

Mr. Roosevelt being probably the first of that happy sort since Washington—they must earn their livelihood. But how? They cannot steal, to beg they are ashamed, and when one accepts a salary of \$12,000 a year for mysterious and undefined duties in connection with life insurance, a critical public rises up and calls it undignified.

So has risen the problem, "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?"—a question which few of them seem to have answered satisfactorily. It requires skill and acumen to become President, no doubt, but these qualities seldom outlive two terms in the White House.

Jefferson died in poverty, after having

made what to one of his nature was a crowning sacrifice when he sold his library to pay his debts. True, he lived the life of an unofficial President to the end of his days, entertaining lavishly and paying a heavy price for being the "Sage of Monticello." Two other ex-Presidents have played the Sage—Jackson who retired to his Hermitage and thence thundered advice and reprobation, and our only living ex-President, "The Sage of Princeton."

Perhaps in considering what is to be done with our next ex-President—for to that complexion in time he surely must come—this profession of Sage, somewhat akin to that of the Augurs of ancient Rome who winked at each other as they passed—first suggests itself. Oyster Bay is even more adjacent to New York than Princeton. With a Sage on either side ready and willing to oblige on all topics from twenty-payment to foreign policies, this city never more could go astray. And indeed in this day of newspapers, magazines, and book publishers avid for great names and willing to pay the price, the profession of saging—if we may call it so—is not without its compensation in dollars as well as in dignity.

The habit of literary expression, strong in Mr. Roosevelt before he went to the White House, has in no wise suffered, and there is little reason to believe that retirement would entirely quell his zest for launching Presidential messages, in the number and vigor of which he has outdone all his predecessors. Surely there could be no more pleasant pursuit for him, nor any more profitable to an edified people, than for our next ex-President to seek the scholarly seclusion of Oyster Bay and there continue those political and historical studies which impelled a rival statesman to toast him as "Theodore Roosevelt: whose quality as an author Americans have ever exaggerated; whose skill as a politician Democrats have always underestimated."

But to fiery and impetuous natures the silence and solitude of the study seldom appeal. It is perhaps for this reason that intimate friends of our next ex-President urge that he enter the Senate. Here again the gain would be the people's, since Theodore Roosevelt as senator would be to the senile twain who now do not represent New York as infinity is to zero.

And yet even there how conventions would gall and irk that ardent spirit. True, the generous rules of the Upper House occasion-

ally permit a senator to speak continuously for days at a time—but, by some oversight, do not compel other senators to listen; while the monologues of the executive office, though necessarily brief, are delivered to auditors who cannot escape.

Moreover, there is observed a certain old-fashioned and fusty etiquette which forces the orator to address the chair rather than wither with his gaze the object of his excoiation. Such expressions as "deliberate and unqualified falsehood" are also held out of order when addressed directly to the weakling who might arouse the Rooseveltian wrath.

Decidedly Mr. Roosevelt's presence in the Senate would be more to the advantage of the people than to his own comfort. That he would storm against fustian precedent or hide-bound "courtesy" as gallantly as he stormed the Spanish works on San Juan or Kettle Hill—no matter which—is not to be doubted. But that those veteran tacticians, Aldrich and Allison, Hale, Bailey, and Tillman, would flee is not so certain. A little rough riding would do the Senate good, but it has been repulsing this dashing leader for some years now, when he had possession of the base of all the political supplies.

But then the House of Representatives!

One ex-President took a seat there, won the name of "The Old Man Eloquent," and died in the Speaker's room. In all American history never has there been a finer example of single-minded devotion to the nation than was afforded by John Quincy Adams when, after the eminence of the Presidency, he was willing to take up the drudgery of a representative in Congress, brave at his advanced age the battles in that turbulent legislative chamber, and go out of a world in which he had ever been a factor for good, saying, "This is the end of life; I am content."

Can the American people look back on any ex-President who carried into retirement so fully the sense of patriotic duty which has animated everyone who has sat in our seat of the mighty?

Theodore Roosevelt, removed by the accident of birth and the happy inheritance of sufficient wealth, from the ranks of the common people, whence came most of our Presidents, has, despite some personal peculiarities, been essentially a people's President. When he retires why should he not take up the task of making the so-called "popular" branch of Congress popular in fact?

What to-day is the House of Representa-

tives? A body of men cowed by a Speaker of their own creation—suffering as Frankenstein suffered from the monster he built out of the débris of a dissecting room, as they built theirs from the equally offensive offal of party politics. To-day the individual in the House is nothing. The Speaker is everything. One Speaker offered thanks to Deity that the House had ceased to be a deliberative body. It has sacrificed more than that. It is neither deliberative nor lawmaking. The Speaker is its autocrat, distorting its wishes, compelling it to act even though the majority disapproves, making his own motions, putting them and declaring them carried without regard to the rights of individuals, factions, or parties, either minority or majority.

"Noll" Cromwell, closing Parliament with the aid of his trusty Roundhead soldiers, inflicted no such outrage on what we call parliamentary government as is perpetrated almost daily in the House of Representatives by Speaker Cannon—and will be again by other Speakers, whatever their party ties, unless some audacious, determined, able man shall take a seat there prepared to fight to the death against every violation of the inherent rights of members, whatever the politics of the victims may be. Well do I recall the eager speculation among politicians as to what Roosevelt as presiding officer of the Senate would do if senators, as is their custom, sought to talk some measure in which he was interested to death. Rough Rider tactics by the Vice-President were prophesied, but his term as Vice-President was too brief to put him to the test. He cannot very well hold that office again, but his dominant personality might break down the rule of autocracy in the House.

And then there is diplomacy. What a chance our next ex-President would have to teach the effete governments of Europe something new in this profession. The "shirt-sleeve diplomacy" of Cleveland and Olney would be commonplace beside the Roosevelt diplomacy of the Soft Word and the Big Stick. The Embassy to Berlin, close to the august person of his imperial friend and prototype William II, would be a most fitting place for the exercise of his talents. And let not the scoffer question the diplomatic skill of our next ex-President, even though at times his language is somewhat explosive, with more of the roar of the field of battle than the soft purring of the conference room of a Minister of State. With what diplomatic skill he

erected the Republic of Panama overnight! With how delicate a touch he and those with him negotiated the Santo Domingo treaty—forgetting, it is true, in their zeal the constitutional reference to the "advice and consent of the Senate"! With what imperturbable silence, yet swift efficiency, he decapitated the unfortunate Bellamy Storer, Ambassador to Austria, for diplomatic offenses then undefined but clearly capital!

A very Richelieu of diplomats is he, with words at his command quite as fierce as the famous "curse of Rome" to hurl at those who would encroach upon his rights, prerogatives, and dignities. At the court of Emperor William he would be the cynosure of all Europe. The Continental storm center would be moved from Constantinople to Berlin, and the next administration would need a rapid succession of Secretaries of State to allow for the ravages of brain fag and nervous prostration.

President Roosevelt's state papers and public utterances touching on international questions have always been marked by a most engaging and commendable frankness. Be sure if added to the diplomatic service he would not give new force to the cynical definition of a diplomat as one sent abroad to lie for his country.

As President he has been willing patronizingly to promise our South American neighbors immunity from any encroachments by the United States if they would be real good, not quarrel, and pay up their debts. This willingness to act as a world-wide guarantor of peace would be of incalculable worth in an American ambassador to St. Petersburg, where the Czar has often a slight quarrel on his hands. The rôle of debt collector should be peculiarly fitting for an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Constantinople, where the Sublime Porte is ever dodging creditors with a port of sublime indifference. Latterly, too, he has taken up the burden of being international guarantor of the purity of potted chicken and similar delicacies—a task sure to involve high qualities of diplomacy if not of imagination.

But there's Fair Harvard—Roosevelt's alma mater—always delighting to honor him with degrees, which as Mr. Dooley says give him "the right to wear a Mother Hubbard in spite iv th' pollis." 'Tis said that the presidency of that ancient and learned college awaits him—though it is not said what the present president, Charles W. Eliot, a hale

youngster of seventy-two years, pretty good himself on the platform, thinks of the plan.

The proposition sounds well. Mr. Roosevelt has long been educating the people—particularly to a new and more accurate understanding of his many-sided character.

The whole world has been impressed with this phase of one recent message to Congress which was a highly educational document. Not only did it sparkle with such pleasing words as "thruout," "clipt," and "tho," but with a magnificent literalness the President seized upon James Thomson's metaphor,

*"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,"*

and gave it the truly Rooseveltian construction by urging the establishment of shooting galleries in all our public schools. Never, perhaps, did education fill so large a place in a Presidential message. The devotion to widespread learning that would lead a President to threaten the use of all the military and civil power of the United States in order to compel San Francisco to adopt certain policies in reference to the education of Japanese in the public schools must awaken national admiration. It is doubly educational, setting as it does a new mark in constitutional interpretation, and offering a refreshing glimpse of an American statesman's devotion to the education of the masses. As president of Harvard or any college—the War College at Newport might be best—he would at least not be commonplace. Mere weaklings and bookworms would be put in their places—and does anyone think the annual game of football with Yale would be left in its present state of jeopardy?

When the late Benjamin F. Butler was refused the degree of LL.D., which Harvard always before his horrific advent gave to governors of Massachusetts, he remarked philosophically that he was probably the first of them able to read the Latin in which the diploma was written. On this score Mr. Roosevelt would surely measure up to the standard of any college president.

Who among us can forget that sweet and precious story of his moments of relaxation at the Philadelphia Convention of 1900—was it the faithful Jacob Riis who told it?

In committee rooms and secret lurking places of sinister conspirators the treacherous plans were being laid to make him Vice-President. His friends were fighting for his salvation with the unflinching loyalty he showed

in his fight for the rate bill. The ignorant populace—not knowing that the plan was to immure him in that lethal office for his political assassination—thronged the streets crying loudly for "McKinley and Roosevelt."

Where, at this moment of political intrigue and popular clamor, was this man of destiny? In a sequestered room of Quakerdom's best hotel, prone on a couch, reading a copy—doubtless by Aldus—of Tacitus in the original! Such calmness and such erudition! Could any better qualification for the highest place among educators be imagined?

But hold! Of late the college president must be quite as much a money-getter as an educator, and, alas, the money comes from those elements in the community upon which President Roosevelt has blown alternately hot and cold. The hated Yale has long been the favorite Chicago college, nor will the Beef Trust Message divert much of the capital of that town toward Harvard should Roosevelt appeal for it. Coal and railroads, and even Standard Oil, strong as is its inclination to aid education when it can control it, might look askance at a President who before he became ex-President was an expensive President for all of them. Had he only stuck to the admirable views of his muck-rake speech! But there—who could rightly ask genius to stick to anything, even its authorized interviews?

With regret the pleasant, scholarly, and not inconspicuous berth at Harvard must be passed over as not quite fit for our next ex-President. But 'tis surely a pity. How stern a disciplinarian he would make! What a naughty sophomore haled before "Prexy" for a proper rebuke would get can easily be learned by asking the former United States Senator William E. Chandler or General Miles.

"A reproof fr'm him," says the genial philosopher already quoted, "is th' same thing as a compound fracture." A wurrud iv caution will lay a man up fr a week, an' a severe reprimand will sind him through life with a wooden leg."

Again it has been suggested that Mr. Roosevelt after kindly selecting for his people his successor—Andrew Jackson chose Martin Van Buren, with disastrous results—should sit in the Cabinet charged with the accomplishment of what was to have been his great triumph, the completion of the Panama Canal. There is a certain reasonableness about this. No one doubts that Mr. Roosevelt is sincerely eager to be identified with the

completion of this great work, although it is true that thus far he has made more chief engineers than dirt fly.

Three war ships, one a battle ship and two cruisers, were necessary to convey him to the Isthmus. Before his arrival there the streets which had been theretofore paved with mud were paved with asphalt. The rough places which had grated on the nerves of earlier investigators had been covered with bunting. All had been prepared for the reception of the first President of the United States who had the courage to fly in the face of the superstition that no President could leave our coast; the first President who was sufficiently devoted to the greatest public work the United States had yet undertaken to go and investigate its progress for himself. If perhaps in his very brief visit he failed to get the fullest information, no one can charge him with not having attempted, at least, to do all that the executive might do. A certain enthusiasm which is characteristic of his temper naturally led him to insist that all was being done better than it ever could be done by anyone else. A cheerful optimism of this sort helps best to push a great public work to success. Since Mr. Roosevelt is so enthusiastic about the work now being done to carry the Panama Canal to completion, perhaps no new occupation for our next ex-President could be better than to make him the chief executive of that great work.

True, an engineer whose professional reputation has been established by notable public works has said that it is likely to take something more than two thousand working weeks to complete the canal as now planned. But the energy and the enthusiasm of a Roosevelt may yet be able to overcome the technical objections of engineers, who are merely figuring on the time needed to remove a few million cubic yards of soil and stone, to build a dam as high as the Brooklyn Bridge and as long as a straight line drawn from the Brooklyn end of the bridge to the Pennsylvania station in Jersey City.

If any man could overcome these engineering difficulties, Mr. Roosevelt might. He has the courage, the audacity, and, if not the engineering knowledge, at least the judgment of men which would enable him to select the ones who could carry out his directions. And so our next ex-President might go farther and fare worse if he should seek any other public position than that of chairman of the Panama Canal Commission.

But can one who has so long sat at the head of the cabinet board be content with a place below the salt? True, where McGregor sits is always the head of the table, but the McGregor who insists too strongly on this honor is apt to be unpopular with the other diners, and emphatically so with the one to whom the head belongs *ex-officio*. Even the meek Van Buren would have found it hard to have his political sponsor, the fiery soldier from Tennessee, at his councils; and Mr. Roosevelt, certainly the most dominant, if not the most domineering, figure in the White House, would be a thorn to be felt in the flesh of any successor—even though that successor were so plentifully dowered with flesh as his personal candidate, Mr. Taft.

The difficulties of fitting a round peg into a square hole have passed into a proverb. How greatly the problem is complicated when the peg is neither square nor round, but a sturdy and impressive bludgeon baffling geometrical description, with salient and re-entrant angles; more sides than an election in France; fitting every aperture at some point, but none at all points. Such is the Presidential peg for which the people must find in due time a resting place in retirement.

A naval expert, and an authority on the perpetuation of the race; a dashing leader of cavalry and a serious historian; a graduate of Harvard and the Bad Lands; a proponent at once of the Strenuous and the Simple Life; skilled in herding cattle and senators; a guide, philosopher, and friend to both coordinate branches of the National Government, when they are willing to do just what he says, but a terror to the disobedient; a disciple at one time of Machiavelli and of the Rev. Fr. Wagner; a blend of Chevalier Bayard and Don Quixote; a compound, as an Arizona delegate once said, of St. Francis and St. Vitus—such is the nature of our next ex-President, imperfectly and hastily sketched.

From this description everyone who knows him well will find some vital quality omitted. As well attempt the history of the world in a single phrase, or try to sum up cosmos in a pungent paragraph.

Be sure, however, that our next ex-President will adorn and brightly illuminate whatever station he may take in his retirement. For him no obscurity waits. The disappearance of the one President since "Abe" Lincoln known to all men by an endearing diminutive of his first name is unthinkable.

Place for Teddy!

...NE, 1907.

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APPLETON'S MAGAZINE





*The
call
of the
morning
is*

Cream of Wheat

*Wholesome
Delicious
Appetizing
Satisfying*



E. MAYOR DES PLANCHES
Italian Ambassador to the United States



Drawn by Arthur Hecher.

"Lionel took place beside him and scanned the young man's bappy countenance."

—"The Peacock Walk," page 425.

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THE OPENING DAY—WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL GUN

OKLAHOMA

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

BY EMERSON HOUGH



FRIEND of mine has a relic which he has promised to bequeath me at his demise. I wish him no harm, although life at best is uncertain. This article is an ancient sword of Spanish manufacture; the blade is very long, of fine steel, though not heavy, the hilt basketed, the grip small as if made for some little Latin hand. On the blade, now much worn away by rust, is the inscription, "Un Dios—Una Ley—Un Rey" (One God, One Law, One King). This sword, in the belief of its owner, is a genuine relic of the old Spanish Conquistadores, although its history cannot be fully traced. It was given to my friend in New Mexico by a member of the Baca family, who knew or cared little for it. All he could say was that he knew it had been in his family for many years—"mu-u-u-chos años."

Now it is the boast of the Baca family of New Mexico that they are all descended from the original Baca (or Vaca) who came from Spain to this country in the summer of 1528—none less than the historic Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, who was the first man to cross the American continent, and who, for reasons of his own, preferred to do so on foot, although it took him and his three friends eight years to make the journey.

Just what regions de Vaca touched on his casual westward journey no one knows. Many learned men have pondered over his story, but none has been able to make of it logical head or tail. Some there be who say that de Vaca even got so far north as the Red River and crossed it; which, if true, constitutes him the first Oklahoma boomer known to history, although he did not locate land.

The story of these transcontinental wanderers came to the Viceroy at the City of



SOME FIRST SETTLERS, A WIDOW AND HER FAMILY

Mexico, Don Antonio de Mendoza, but the latter was more interested at that time in reports brought back from the north by Nuño de Guzman. The latter was perhaps the first of the modern school of yellow reporting. He had vivid dreams about certain Seven Cities of Cibola, where the streets were inlaid with gold and where the dark brunette population used diamond knobs on the portière frames. In the light of this new talent no one seemed to pay much attention to poor de Vaca, not even Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, who, in 1540, outfitted an expedition from the City of Mexico for the conquest of these ready-money towns.

Coronado's march is almost as much of a hard-luck story as that of de Vaca, and little better as a piece of journalism. He certainly got into New Mexico and arrived at the Pecos Pueblo—the ruins of which you may see from the railroad train in the Glorieta Mountains. Then he heard of a town called Quivira, somewhere to the east, and impulsively decided to go and find it. He pushed southeast along the Pecos River, crossed it, and went eastward to some point probably near the head of the Nueces River.

Somewhere down in Texas, west and northwest of de Vaca's line of wandering, Coronado sent part of his army back to New Mexico, and with thirty men pushed on north to

find Quivira. They ran by the compass forty-two days straight north; almost toward Lincoln, Neb., although they really were looking for free gold.

Coronado must have crossed the Red River not far from the ford of the old Chisholm trail, over which the first of the Texas long-horns went north to the railroad. He was the first man to come up the trail to Dodge; for what he did in the summer of 1541 was really to arrive at the point where that noted cow town later was to be established. Then he moved on to some place near what is now Great Bend, Kan. "Here," said the guide, "is Quivira."

Coronado looked about him, and saw nothing better than a few thatched huts of native Indians, probably the Pawnees or the Wichitas. Nursing a large and heavy grouch, he turned around and tramped it back to New Mexico. Whatever may have been Coronado's course westward, he certainly crossed Oklahoma on his journey north. He ate of the aboriginal pumpkin pie and eke the succulent wild plum on the shores of what certainly were Oklahoma rivers, although no one knows precisely which or where. The somewhat mythical Frenchman, Du Tisne, of Kaskaskia, who is said to have planted his flag on the salt marshes of north-western Oklahoma early in the eighteenth

century, affords us no more light on Oklahoma than does Coronado; nor does any of a dozen other French and Spanish explorers who profess to have crossed Oklahoma between 1541 and 1739. The most interesting thing of those early days is the fact that in 1791 the Spaniards built a road from Santa Fé to Nachitoches, and that, crossing the head of the Canadian River, this trail ran down the north side of the Red River, as existing evidences prove to-day.

Now swept on the splendid, deliberate, fateful occupation of the American continent. In time men knew that the Atlantic Ocean did not extend anywhere near Oklahoma. The

The new nation, the Americans, beat back the native tribes of the north. Jackson and other stern border fighters were later to defeat the southern tribes. The Boones and Kentons had swept over the Appalachians to Kentucky and Missouri. The War of 1812 came on, with the conspiracy of Tecumseh as its prelude in the West. It was the dream of Tecumseh and the British army to drive the white population down to the Ohio River, if not back across the Appalachians. Had they succeeded Oklahoma would have waited long for her first population.

The War of 1812 did not result as Castle-reagh had proudly boasted. The first terms



ORIGINAL SITE OF LAWTON, OKLAHOMA

Spanish took the Southwest, the English and French the Northeast. Lewis and Clark passed up the Missouri. Thomas Jefferson, the man who sent them there, 263 years after Oklahoma had been discovered, had very sagely said that the West would offer land to us "for the thousandth generation, and the thousandth." Thomas Jefferson was a good man, but after all he did not have the facts much more precisely than did de Vaca or Coronado. These lands were not to last to the second generation.

the British asked were that the territory between the Lakes and the Ohio River should be set apart forever as an Indian territory. Clay, Gallatin, and Adams replied that they would take care of their own Indians in their own way.

Now first shows upon the western horizon of American history the dim blue line of the Oklahoma hills. At the close of the War of 1812, the Middle West settled so rapidly that the rumor arose that presently the native tribes must move west of the Mississippi. St.



OKLAHOMA CITY ONE WEEK AFTER "THE OPENING"

Louis demurred, saying that this would endanger her safety. William Clark, the red-headed explorer, knew that sooner or later this thing must happen, wherefore he called a great council of all the American tribes to meet at St. Charles on the old Sioux portage, between the great rivers. All these came to the council of the Red Head Chief. They touched the council quill—and signed away their rights, their lands, and their lives. It was the beginning of the end for them.

By 1834 it was clear that all the tribes must be moved west of the Missouri River, and this practically was done. Some of the Indians were located farther north than the present lines of the Indian Territory, but in brief they were gradually segregated there by special treaties. The Seminoles, Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws, and Delawares were joined by the more savage Kiowas and Comanches from the Southwest, these by the Wichitas from Coronado's Quivira, and by buffalo tribes of the North, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, tepee people who wore hard soles on their moccasins and hence were obliged to eat meat, cattle if not buffalo. All these tribes and a score of lesser ones were the concentrates of a region larger than that claimed by the whites themselves. Andrew Jackson, on June 30, 1834, had signed the act of Congress which declared that "All of the United States West of the Mississippi River, not included in the States of Missouri and Louisiana and the Territory of Arkansas, shall be considered as the Indian country." Here was an enormous Western empire barred to white occupation. Next the Government beneficently set aside a strip 50 miles wide and 200 miles long below the south line of Kansas to let the Cherokees out from their lands to the buffalo plains.

The Cherokee Outlet, as it properly should be called, was created under the language of the treaty of February 14, 1833: "Article 1. . . . In addition to the seven millions of acres of land thus provided for and bounded, the United States further guarantees to the Cherokee Nation a perpetual outlet west, and a free and unmolested use of all the country lying west of the western boundary of the said seven millions of acres, *as far west as the sovereignty of the United States and their right of soil extend* . . . and letters patent shall be issued by the United States as soon as practicable for the land hereby guaranteed."

How wide a world was ours in '33! Yet how soon it was to change. In the spring of 1886 I crossed the Outlet, bound for the Panhandle and the western edge of No Man's Land. We were after buffalo, the last of the southern herd. We saw their trails, their bones, but over these wound the braided ribbons of the great cattle trails. There were then not more than three hundred buffalo left alive, and ours was one of the last hunts ever made for them. Two years later they were gone. The need for the Cherokee Outlet had long since passed away.

The Cherokee Outlet has for many years been better known as the Cherokee Strip, but this is not accurate. The real Cherokee Strip was a ribbon of land about two and a half miles wide, running from the Neosho River on the east to the 100th meridian on the west, along the lower edge of what is now Kansas.

The term Neutral Strip is sometimes used interchangeably with No Man's Land, and applied to the long finger of land lying above the head of the Texas Panhandle. The true "Cherokee Neutral Lands," however, as



OKLAHOMA CITY THREE MONTHS AFTER "THE OPENING"

known in our Government archives, lay far to the east, also in what now is Kansas.

As to the thin strip of land lying above the northern extremity of Texas, so long called No Man's Land, or the Neutral Strip, it is known in the Government records as the Public Lands Strip. For forty years it had no legal status and no law, and was the home of desperadoes, skin hunters, refugee cow-punchers and cattle thieves. Here were the last of the wild horses of the Western plains, and as late as 1886 we found here, on the head waters of the Beaver, a man who still made a business of catching wild horses, a plains trade long ago forgotten.

The origin of this singular portion of the face of the earth came about as follows: The United States gave Texas \$10,000,000 to quiet her title to the land west of what is now the Panhandle, running nearly as far south as El Paso. Then the Government began to create New Mexico, Colorado, and Kansas, by extending certain lines of latitude and longitude. When Texas came into the Union in 1845, her lines extended thirty-four and one-half miles north of latitude 36° 30'. This latter was the dead line between the North and South on the slavery question, under the Missouri Compromise. Texas could not run that far north and be wholly a slave State, so she was amputated at the dead line. This left a piece of land 34½ by 167½ miles in extent, which literally was owned by nobody and wanted by nobody. Eventually it was held to be part of the public domain of the United States, and so subject to entry. It has towns now, and counties, and dry-land farms, and laws. In 1886 it tried to be admitted to the Union as the "Cimarron Territory," but its feeble request seems long ago to have been lost and forgotten; although in

November, 1887, it set up a provisional government, held a constitutional convention, chose a great seal, and elected a man to Congress, after what was contested as a fraudulent election. It was all very Western, very American; as see the struggle of Texas years earlier to establish her government. The organization of Oklahoma Territory quieted the Cimarron Territory dream, and the "congressman" did not get his job.

Not even this is all of Oklahoma's debated ground; indeed, she has nothing but debated ground. Another great tract of her future territory lay between the two forks of the Red River, what is now known as Greer County. Texas always thought this land belonged to her. She pointed to the treaty of the United States with Napoleon, April 30, 1803, which defined the Louisiana Purchase on the west by the Red River "and all its tributaries to their sources, both north and south." Spain, therefore, ran up to the edge of the Louisiana Purchase. Texas whipped Mexico, the heir of Spain, and took what title she had. Hence the question arose, which and what was the Red River; for that stream had two forks. Both Texas and the United States surveyed it, and as late as 1879 Texas gave half of Greer County (which Houston had named after a veteran of the Texas war for independence) to the public schools and took half for the public debt. The Supreme Court of the United States took up this matter, but not until 1896 was it finally decided that the south arm of the Red was the real Red River. Texas lost, the Indians gained temporarily, and Oklahoma won permanently.

Now we have seen in part how Oklahoma, the State, gathered her first population, and also gathered her first lands. But what was



LAWTON, OKLAHOMA, THREE DAYS OLD, 1901

the country called Oklahoma by Payne and his boomers, before the organization of the Territory? Who owned it? Evidently it lay south of the Outlet, north of the forks of the Red, west of the five civilized tribes, and east of Texas. The Creeks owned it once, or thought they did. This brings us to one of the most involved and interesting questions regarding Oklahoma's title to her soil.

During the war a great many men of the five civilized

tribes joined the Southern army. Uncle Sam declared this to be treason, and by act of Congress calmly forfeited their grants, and the patents issued under our great seal. We do not invalidate patents running to white men, who have stolen lands all over the West. We do not invalidate the patents of the lumber kings, who have stolen kings' ransoms all across America. With Indians who have political convictions the matter is different. These Indians were "permitted" to sell the United States a vast tract of



LAWTON A YEAR AND A HALF AFTER THE OPENING, 1903



FAIR DAY IN LAWTON, 1905

unused lands in the central and western part of their accepted holdings, several million acres in all, at a few cents per acre. In this tract lay 2,000,000 acres, formerly owned by the Creeks. The latter never allowed it to be settled, claiming they sold it to the United States at a low price, on the basis that it was always to remain unused. The United States, by act of Congress, declared that these lands so taken back by the Government were to be used for the settlement of "freedmen and other Indian tribes."

Then, the next week after we got hold of this land, we gave most of it away to a railroad as a land grant! We loved railroads then as much as we hate them now. This was the old A. & P. land grant, and as the road did not build, the land lay there unused by anyone. This was one bone of contention for Oklahoma Payne and his men, as we shall duly see. In 1889 the United States bought back the land from the Creeks at a higher price, got the fee, and opened the lands. In 1866 325,362 acres of land were also taken back by the United States from the Seminoles, at fifteen cents an acre. Payne also claimed these to be public.

Concerning the organization of the Territory of Oklahoma, there is some dispute, as there is also about the name. J. S. Morrow, of Atoka, one of the best-versed Oklahoma historians, probably has the correct version. In the treaties negotiated with the Five Tribes in the sixties, the forming of the Territory of Oklahoma from the territory belonging to the Five Tribes and lying west of the Five Nations was contemplated. After the provisions for organizing the Territory had been agreed upon, one of the United States commissioners asked what name should be given to the proposed new Territory. The Rev. Allen Wright, of the Choctaw delegation, spoke up. "Call it Oklahoma." He explained that the word meant in Choctaw "Red Men" or "Red Men's Land." The other Indian delegations assented. The name is pure Choctaw—"okla" (people) and "homma" (red). So it seems, after all, "The Beautiful Land" is rather a real-estate than a literal translation.

In the Thirty-ninth Congress Colonel Robert T. Van Horn, editor of the *Kansas City Journal* and a member of Congress, introduced a bill for the organization of the Territory of Oklahoma, and this is responsible for the other version that Van Horn first offered the name of Oklahoma, and that it was suggested to him by Colonel E. C. Boudinott, an educated Cherokee who assisted him and was among the first to contend that the land lying west of the Five Civilized Tribes was practically public land and free from Indian title. The measure failed, and nothing more was attempted for nearly ten years, but it was in this agitation that Captain David L. Payne conceived the idea that Oklahoma was public domain subject to homestead entry.

Now it is to be borne in mind as we re-

view this birth of Oklahoma and the birth of her coming problems that, as to the white population, it advanced from the east toward Oklahoma over two great trails. The first of these was the old River Road, which took the cream of the Southern youth, mostly dead broke and dead game, down the Mississippi River, thence to cross over Louisiana and into Texas, and to write red history all along the Rio Grande. The other was that great pathway laid out by nature up the Arkansas Valley which presently carried out the iron pathways heading toward the mountains and the sea.

Between these two great influences lay Oklahoma; and perhaps we can now see Oklahoma itself as a product or resultant of supply and demand. Because it was foregone that these enormous herds of Texas longhorns would push northward across the Chickasaws and Cheyennes and all the other tribes, across the sacred hunting trail of the tribes, until they found their demand-point at the head of the trails. The trading trail of Jesse Chisholm, the half-breed who had some years earlier made himself a rude road from Texas up to the Indian tribes where he had his trading post, all at once became written ineradicably into the soil under the hoofs of the north-bound kine. Abilene, Ellsworth, Newton, Wichita, Dodge, appeared swiftly upon the map. Coronado's Quivira was born again.

The days following the Civil War were very corrupt ones in our national history. We had a Beef Ring in Washington then, instead of a Beef Trust in Chicago. We have almost always had something. The Beef Ring was in part the United States Senate, in part a number of Indian agents, and in part a band of shrewd stockmen who had sand and cash combined. These gazed upon the Indian lands of the Territory, and so set out to get them. Gradually the men in the combine secured desirable leases of these Indian lands. Sometimes they nominally paid two cents an acre. Usually, whether it was so stipulated in the lease or not, a cattleman would fence in all the range he needed. It was a day of large methods. Thus in 1885 twenty cattle firms had under lease 3,117,880 acres, and half as much more under fence, though not leased. The Standard Oil Company, curiously enough, had a large range with many thousand cattle on it under the brand O I L—a brand which is now on most of Oklahoma and the United States as well.

I remember seeing cattle scattered all the way from Kiowa, Kansas, to the country south of the Cimarron, when a party of us hunted deer through that district in the winter of 1887. That region was then wild and unsettled, but considered simply as part of the out-of-doors, it was entitled to the name "Beautiful Land." The Nations then made the Mecca of Western sportsmen. No fences hindered us in our hunting and we coursed white-tail deer with greyhounds over many miles of rolling hills and grassy savannas.

In the same year I saw much of the country farther to the east, the lands of the Creeks, Choctaws, Osages, et cetera, and these timbered hills and grassy interglades also impressed us as making a delectable landscape. White men knew that country fairly well at that time, but few had been bold enough to settle, except an occasional citizen who had intermarried among the tribes. It was generally said on the border that if a man was broke and down on his luck, about the best thing he could do was to marry an Indian princess. Red and black and white, the population actually dwelling in the Nations at that time was much mixed both in color and in morals. It included more desperadoes and horse thieves than any other equal acreage in all the West has ever been able to boast.

Now came Oklahoma Payne, the John Brown of Oklahoma; idealist, fighting man, and fanatic. His soul still marches on. In that much of the public knowledge of Oklahoma has come through the newspaper stories of Payne and his boomers, it is very proper that we should examine the records of this singular character.

Payne's mother was a cousin of Davy Crockett, and she gave a part of her distinguished relative's name to her son, David L. Payne, who was born in Grant County, Indiana, December 30, 1836, the year of Crockett's death, one noted borderman thus passing from the stage as another of a later age and type came to take his place. The young Indianian was a tall, vigorous, and wiry youth of twenty-two years when he concluded to go west to fight the Mormons in 1858. The best of the fighting being gone, he located in Doniphan County, Kansas, and started a sawmill. Whom the gods dislike they give a sawmill. Of course he went broke. Of course, too, he followed general custom and became a skin hunter on the buffalo plains.

When the Civil War broke out Payne en-

tered the forces later merged in the Tenth Kansas Infantry, and served for three years as a private. In 1864 he was elected to the Kansas Legislature, but enlisted again, taking the place of a drafted man who had a family. Payne himself never married. In and out of the army for years, he once served as captain of Company H, Nineteenth Kansas Cavalry. At one time he was postmaster of Leavenworth—almost every Western man of prominence has at one time or another been postmaster at Leavenworth. Payne was also sergeant-at-arms in the Kansas Legislature, and once doorkeeper of the House in Washington; but during the first years following the war he was engaged mostly in skin hunting, and became known as the Cimarron Scout. All at once he came to the front as advocate of the doctrine that the land west of 96° west longitude, as far as the Texas Panhandle, was public land. Our foregoing study of the complex origin of these lands will now show us on what he based his claims.

Being firmly convinced of the righteousness of his intention, Payne proceeded to enforce his ideas after a fashion singular to himself, which did not differ largely from those of the noted filibuster Walker. His first "colony" assembled in December, 1880, at Arkansas City, Kan., moving thence to Hunnewell, near the line. There were in this party 600 men with 325 wagons, all organized on a semimilitary basis. Colonel Coppinger of the army followed the Payne legions carefully with a body of cavalry, and warned them of his intention to eject them if they crossed the line. Payne moved back to Caldwell, receiving continually more recruits to his "colony." All Caldwell petitioned the President to instruct the army to escort the settlers into the promised land, but the latter ordered them escorted in just the opposite direction. Payne was arrested and taken to Fort Smith for trial on March 2, 1881.

Payne contended that the land west of the allotments to the five civilized tribes was in Oklahoma and properly open to settlement.

Besides the land thus occupied by the established Indians, it was further claimed by Payne's lawyers that the strip of public lands, No Man's Land, had never been attached to any judicial district; neither had it ever been ceded to any Indian tribes, and it was so to be considered a part of the public domain and subject to entry. It was likewise declared by Payne that the Cherokee Outlet

should be taken away from the cattle companies and thrown open to settlement.

Payne held that the land laws of 1844 expressly stated that "all lands where the Indian title is or shall hereafter be extinguished" should be open for settlement under the Preemption Act. The Indian title to the Seminole lands having been extinguished, they reverted to the control of the Government land laws long in force.

Payne's attorneys further showed that in the Act of 1878 the Government did provide that the Indian titles should be extinguished throughout the Atlantic & Pacific Railway grant as rapidly as the consent of the Indians could be secured; that it had been so secured, and that one half of all this land was open for settler's entry, because the act expressly provided that in all the railroad grants the even sections should be reserved for such entry. Payne argued, and many good lawyers agreed with him, that the United States Government had given a railroad the right of way through a public domain, which public domain came under the public laws. Payne especially urged that nothing was keeping this land from going to the public, except corrupt influence of cattlemen who wanted to hold it as private range, at leases averaging two cents an acre.

Such was Payne's argument, ably presented by his attorneys; yet after his first trial he was sent home from Fort Smith under a bond of \$1,000 not to reënter Oklahoma. He answered this by taking down into Oklahoma one expedition after another. They ejected him, but he would not stay ejected. They set the army after the troops that had beaten the Cheyennes of Black Kettle on the Washita; but he defied the army. They tried to bribe him, but he would not bribe. Four times he went south across the Strip and settled on his chosen lands, and with his colonists plowed and planted and sowed and builded; four times they ejected him and his armies of plowmen; four times he demanded trials in the United States courts; and four times he harked back to the treaty of '66.

The Government treated Oklahoma Payne as an unruly child, and sent men after him from Camp Supply or Fort Sill or Fort Reno. Mildly as they might, the army officers put him out, but this madman, this John Brown *redivivus*, insisted that he was right and that the rest of the United States was wrong. He continued to form his colonies, and he issued to each member a certificate of location as

well as a certificate of membership, and pledged each member of the colony with "all the powers that can be afforded by the colony," to aid each other member to make good his entry on the land chosen. Men poured in to join his ranks. All the West saw that land so good as this was now practically gone.

In 1884 Payne entered once more with 500 men and 259 wagons, a force of truculent armed men whose appearance was sufficient to give grave concern to the military. Once more he was arrested, and this time, to teach him a lesson, he was marched on foot almost to Texas, back again into the interior, and so to Fort Smith once more. He was tried this time at Topeka before the United States Court. And this time, in the fall of 1884, the United States Court said that Oklahoma Payne had been guilty of no crime.

So now here was his victory won at last after a good John Brown fight. All the West threw up its hat and laughed long and loud. A yet larger army gathered at the border. And then, just as he had gained his victory, the leader died. At a hotel in Wellington, Kansas, November 28, 1884, Payne was stricken by heart failure, and fell back dead in the arms of a bystander. But that was his fight, and that was how he won it. He had followers to imitate him in the concluding scenes of the war for land—Osborn, the petitioner; Couch, the radical, who believed in force rather than petition. It was W. L. Couch who led the next army across the Strip, 450 men, who cut the wires of the cattle fences, made dugouts for winter quarters, and proposed to build their town of Stillwater. Came to them 500 cavalry and two Hotchkiss guns; wherefore exit Couch, fuming against the Beef Ring and President Arthur. Much outcry now all along the southern line of Kansas, and after all no trial of Couch, for the Government produced no witnesses on the date set at Wichita. After this gradually the Government came to the conclusion that the Oklahoma lands could not much longer be withheld from the public.

The most modern and best known of Oklahoma's spectacular performances had to do with the feeding out of these through the Government land offices to the unappeasable throngs which gathered to divide the last of a West, lately thought exhaustless. Perhaps no one who has not participated in one of these stampedes can gain a full idea of its fury, its ferocity.

The first tracts opened for homestead entry embraced 1,900,000 acres of Oklahoma proper, the lands mentioned as once belonging to the Creeks. On the morning of opening day, April 22, 1899, an army was massed at the lower edge of the Cherokee Outlet, which latter still belonged to the Indians. At dozens of Kansas points the legions of land seekers had assembled. Ten thousand men marched in one body down the old Ponca trail. There were railroads then running into the Indian lands, and the boomer crossed the Salt Fork on the railroad bridge, which was planked to make it practicable for wagons and horsemen. They crossed the grim, hard soil of the Outlet, once held by the Indians, then by the cowmen; and both Indians and cowmen looked on wondering at these land-mad crusaders.

At the southern edge of the Outlet the troops were massed to hold back the invaders. A red, white, and blue guidon marked the line. Here the boomers spread out over nearly a mile of country, packed in a dense line, horsemen in front, wagons and all manner of vehicles behind, footmen where they could find standing room. At noon a bugle sounded. The cavalry guard rolled back, closed up, and swung away like a gate to let the people through. A roar broke from 10,000 throats. A tornado of humanity broke loose. A vast confused roar arose, the sound of trampling horses, rolling wheels, rattling gear, squealing bronchos, mingled with shouts and curses and cries of contending men. Footmen were ridden down, and left lying without a backward look to them. Horses fell with broken legs, or dropped dead from their exertions. This stampede of the human herd from the north border of Logan County was more mighty and more awesome than any which had ever before marked these plains, where wild buffalo and wild cattle had roamed so recently.

It was twenty-one miles from the line to Guthrie, the chosen capital of Oklahoma, and here the railroad had already arrived. At ten minutes after twelve a Santa Fé train crossed the line, packed inside and out with suffocating humanity, platforms, roofs, and axles crowded. It reached Guthrie in half an hour. It found a land office already erected, the hotel in operation, and two town organizations already completed. The organized "sooners" held the situation. A private car stood on the side track, filled with officials from Topeka, ostensibly in the interests of

the law. Scores of deputy United States marshals were there—all of whom had staked out town lots. Two hours before the opening gun had been fired, two town-site plats were offering lots, and as the lines of these two plats crossed at oblique angles, it may be imagined what confusion arose. By ten minutes after twelve the town was quilled like a porcupine with claimants' stakes, and "sooners" were selling quit claims to what they had stolen. Train after train came in that afternoon, twenty in all, one hundred cars from Arkansas City, fifty from Purcell. Fifteen thousand men ran from the railroad tracks to stake what they could get.

Nearly two millions of acres of lands went like a puff of smoke. Guthrie had 10,000 population by her first night. Her history was that of Oklahoma City, the other leading town. Gourdlike, Oklahoma sprang up in a night, one city after another, built of raw boards and canvas. A court sat on a barrel head; a newspaper came on wheels following hard behind the hoofs. Gamblers, desperadoes, land sharks jeered at the patient, positive men who had come here for actual homes. Much of the intent of the Government was subverted; and it goes without saying that a vast crop of litigation presently arose.

Additional land was opened as the Government continued to extinguish Indian titles, Beaver County (No Man's Land) having now been surveyed and quietly opened without special act of Congress—about 3,681,000 acres. The Territory of Oklahoma was organized by act of Congress May 2, 1890, and its population then was stated at 61,834. In 1891 Oklahoma comprised 39,030 square miles. The next lands to be opened and the counties to be attached to Oklahoma were those in the Sac and Fox, Iowa and Pottawatomie Indian reservations, comprising 1,282,434 acres, and forming the counties of Pottawatomie and Lincoln, which were thrown open September 22, 1891. The Indians were allotted in severalty, the residue of the lands being purchased. The claims were taken by the first persons staking them, after the style of the first "run" into the original Oklahoma.

The next opening was also by a "run," and occurred April 19, 1892, into the Cheyenne and Arapaho country. The Indians on this reservation were allotted in severalty, the Government taking the residue. There were 4,297,771 acres in the country thrown open, and from it were created the counties

of Blaine, Custer, Day, Dewey, Roger Mills, and Washita.

But the Indians still had lands, and now the Beef Ring was broken. On February 17, 1890, the Attorney-General of the United States declared that the Cherokee grazing leases to the cowmen in the Outlet were illegal, and that all stock must be removed from the Outlet by October 1st, "or as much sooner as the lands might lawfully be opened for settlement." The land-mad boomers construed this to mean that the lands were open for settlement at once, and they poured in, madly as before. On March 15th the President issued a second proclamation declaring such occupancy unlawful. The Cherokee Commission, appointed by the Government, now went about buying the Cherokee Outlet from its owners. This opening of the Outlet was the largest real-estate transaction of our history, involving about seven million acres of lands, and a payment, spread over five years, amounting to about nine million dollars—nearly two million dollars more than we paid for all Alaska, and more than half as much as we gave for the whole Louisiana Purchase! These matters finally having been concluded, President Cleveland issued a proclamation that on August 23, 1893, the Cherokee Outlet would be open for settlement, high noon of that day being the starting hour.

All the inheritors of the mantle of Oklahoma Payne claimed credit for these facts, and many men in Kansas arrogated to themselves a certain importance. A long-legged friend of mine, who may be called Bill Jennings as well as anything else, always insisted that he was responsible for the opening of the Cherokee country. "I went down to Washington," said he, "to see Cleveland about it. I went up to the door of Cleveland's house—right at the front door—and I knocked, and I heard Cleveland holler out to me, 'Come in!' I went in, and there was Cleveland settin' in the parlor, with all his Cabinet there too. I says to Cleveland, 'Cleveland, them Injuns has got to go, and them cowmen too.' I put it to him right plain. Cleveland, he listened, and by and by he got up and come and put his hand on my shoulder, and says he, 'Bill, by gosh, she pops!'"

She did pop. The rush of '89 had discounted anything known in Western history; but the stampede of '93 put all others in the background of broken records. By this time

railroads were built all across that country, counties were surveyed and named alphabetically, and locations of the prominent towns established. The new lands could of course be reached both from the north and the south, as they lay above the Territory of Oklahoma; but notwithstanding the accessibility of the tracts, a terrible crush ensued. The advance registry was over 90,000, but more than 200,000 men were in the Cherokee Outlet by afternoon of the opening day, Sunday, September 17, 1893.

Ten thousand men camped that night on a single town site. Such armies were massed along the borders as might have caused the ghost of Oklahoma Payne to rise. Twenty thousand camp-fires on Saturday night glowed along the edge of the old Indian hunting trail to the "buffalo plains" of forgotten memory. More than seventy-five thousand men were massed along the southern line of the Strip alone, and all the land-office towns in Kansas were packed with seething crowds for days. An endless line of men waited in procession back of the registry windows. A man paid \$5 five different times for advances in his place up the registry line, and at last got within a few paces of the window, after days of waiting. Worn out by exhaustion, he dropped dead in the line. The suffering of all these thousands was extreme. There had been no rain for one hundred days. The thermometer stood 100° in the shade. Water was ten cents a glass, and bread fifty cents a loaf. Force was the real law.

"Sooners" were at their work for days in advance, although now the guard was strict. At the start a "sooner" ran across the line before the gun. A soldier ordered him to halt, but he went on, and the soldier killed him. The man's partner killed the soldier. Then came the starting gun, and wild mobs swept over both corpses and the matter was forgotten. In quarrels along the line before the start, three men were shot. Nineteen men fell in the line, prostrated by the heat, and three died. One young woman went stark mad; an accidental shot killed one man in the waiting line, and many were so accidentally wounded, for most were armed.

At one locality, on the north line, the crowd was more than three hundred yards deep in packed, struggling, cursing humanity, and it reached east and west as far as the eye could see. A horse was worth \$100 if it could stand up. Some ran the race with two horses tied together, shifting from time to time.

An army of over a hundred thousand men started in the vast, panic-smitten, motley herd that Sunday noon in September, and roared away, scattering vaguely in the distance. It left behind it many dead bodies of horses, and some of men and women. From Arkansas City, there went 30,000 men; from Orlando, 25,000; from Caldwell, 15,000; from Hennessey, 10,000; from Stillwater, 10,000; from Kiowa, 3,000; from Hunnewell, 3,000; from other points over four thousand. These are conservative estimates, and probably far within the truth. At Kingfisher 600 men were in line at the land office filing their preliminary papers; at Wharton, 1,200; at other points as many. At Perry the line was over a mile long. Enid, Perry, Alva, Woodward were cities by Monday morning. Governor Renfrew sent in his appointments for officers in the counties late alphabetically named. Each town elected its own officers. By Monday night the machinery of the American Government was established.

On May 23, 1895, the next addition to Oklahoma came in the shape of the Kickapoo Indian Reservation, 206,662 acres, in eastern Oklahoma; which was made a part of Lincoln and Pottawatomie Counties. This was the last land opened by the "run" plan.

Following this came Greer County, comprising 1,511,576 acres, which was made a part of Oklahoma by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States rendered March 16, 1896. The next important addition came on August 6, 1901, in the way of the Kiowa, Comanche, Apache, and Wichita reservations, 4,000,000 acres, from which the counties of Kiowa, Caddo, and Comanche were formed. The lands were awarded by the lottery system, intended to do away with the curse of soonerism and land contests of priority rights. The applicants registered at Lawton and El Reno, and on the date set names were drawn from the boxes and the right to select claims awarded; accordingly much of the interest was lost by the less exciting system, but many more persons registered than secured claims.

An entirely new system was devised for the last opening, which began last fall and is still in progress. The Big Pasture and Three Wood reserves in Comanche and Kiowa counties were sold on the competitive bid system. The filing of bids began December 6, 1906, at Lawton and at Washington, prospective settlers previously having inspected the land. The bids are placed in

large boxes and drawn in numerical order. Where two bids are the same for the same tract of land, the first number drawn has the preference. The bids are now being tabulated at Washington. Some of the quarters sold for as high as \$6,000 and the average per acre was over \$10. The money will go to the Indian tribes owning the lands.

All these turbulent affairs made a new and startling feature in American life, and for a time sustained the reputation of a Wild West, swiftly changing from its wildness. They lacked the dignity carried by the solitary white-topped wagon pushing out into the wild under the guidance of some lone soldier of fortune. They lacked the dignity of Payne's sober, insistent, fanatical invasions. Theft and crime had their way, and a fine crop of litigation followed the deeds of many "sooners" who mingled in these stampedes. But this is how Oklahoma gained her first white population.

The next of Oklahoma's wars was that of lawlessness with law. Sobriety and determination contended with lawlessness and desperadoism, and the former won. A law-loving civilization took the place of the reign of mystery and violence which had marked these Indian lands so long. Once more there went forward the old sweet, fading, terrible drama of the American West. There rallied around the standard of the settler's stake, and for the last time, the legions supporting the American idea. The West had offered its last great opportunity to the man who had little more than his courage and his sinew, but who none the less dared look the world in the face, since that he was a man.

It was an eventful, a terrible time in our history as a nation, when all at once the American people discovered the Government lands were gone. Hitherto there had been a West; now there was no longer one. Oklahoma was born as the crux of this tragic situation. We may look upon Oklahoma as an apex, a climax, a focus. Oklahoma marks the time when we turn from being American to being Europe all over again.

Oklahoma has been sneered at as the product of thefts and broils, and called an operabouffe State. It seems to me that nothing could be more wrong. It is the most serious and solemn State of any that have come into the Union. The intentness, the somber insistence of the men who made Oklahoma, the Territory and the State, is something out-

side the purview of comedy. It is within the pale of tragedy.

So there now we have Oklahoma, the stormy petrel of all the States. She has known nothing but strife from the first until to-day. On her lands the Kiowas and the Comanches, the Wichitas, the Tonkaways, and other native tribes fought each other before the white man came. The alien red tribes who moved there from the East fought each other and the native tribes after they settled there. The army fought the wild tribes on many a forgotten field of Oklahoma. The Indians fought the Texans there for years. Desperadoes there fought against civilization and against each other; train robbers, bandits, and thieves contended over their own spoils. White men fought each other there, and also fought all red men impartially. Oklahoma Payne and his boomers fought the cattlemen on the beef ranges, and fought the Government of the United States for land, land, land. Then the settlers fought for territorial organization, and got it at last, as we have seen. Was ever history like this written on the soil of any country?

The most recent fight of Oklahoma, and

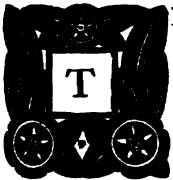
that which leaves her within immediate public interest, was that for statehood, for the seal of that civilization for which, perhaps with no deliberate and definite intent, her men had waged war against all things. Once more Oklahoma fought, contending against gangs, cliques, rings of politicians in the East. But again the stars in their course won.

Let us be so bold as to believe that eventually the Oklahoma idea, the individual against the combination, will win again and again, and so secure to us the country for which honest and courageous men have through the American centuries risked their lives. We have seen Coronado's dreams come more than true, have seen gold cover the ground over which he trudged in his despair. We shall see made good the boast of the de Vaca's sword, bequeathed for us Americans to study: One God—and that the God of Justice; One Law—and that the law before which rich and poor are alike; One King—and that the ruler of himself and his own home. That is what Oklahoma means. That is the Oklahoma idea. So long as it shall win, America will win; and no longer.

OKLAHOMA

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE



THAT the American masses are natural-born gamblers, that they love chance, and that a lottery is dear to their hearts has no better exemplification, on a large scale, than in the upbuilding of the new State of Oklahoma.

Uncle Sam invented two new games called "Oklahoma" and "Indian Territory," and ran them both.

Oklahoma was first played in 1889 on a landscape of 2,000,000 acres, divided into squares of 160 acres each, called farms, and

at varying intervals were smaller rectangels called town sites, which were divided into thousands of small pieces called lots. The game consisted in starting from the boundary lines of this area, with 50,000 other human beings, and attempting to be first to drive a pair of pegs in a 160-acre farm, or in a small town lot. If you succeeded, and could keep the other fellow from extracting your pegs while your back was turned, you won.

The game was so successful that towns of 10,000 souls grew up in a day, and the lonely jack rabbit fled in gaunt-eyed fright until he dropped with exhaustion at the sight of a

dozen human enemies on every square mile of territory, where before one might have traveled for weeks without seeing more than a leather-breechen cowboy.

At intervals of every few years up to 1902 the Government made a new layout—one of more than 5,000,000 acres. The rules of the game were modified from time to time, to prevent a certain type of man from stacking the cards, or unnecessarily committing murder. So stupendously popular was "Oklahoma" that Uncle Sam found over eight hundred thousand takers in a generation.

"Indian Territory" was quite different—if hardly less attractive—and consisted in getting the sixty-odd thousand Indians to give up their tribal holdings and take individual allotments, with the privilege of disposing of all their surplus lands except a small homestead. Certain interesting restrictions were placed on the selling of the surplus, but the game was exciting, for, with short-time leases, pull in the department at Washington, and options, one might find himself possessed of a fine farm any day! Greater zest was lent by the discovery that immense coal beds underlaid fertile farm lands, and then petroleum of high grade spurted from the same fields, and valuable liquid asphaltum and hardened grahamite were found in veritable mines. If you got an Indian farm, next day you might find that you had an everlasting fortune in a mine just under the sod!

The game of "Indian Territory" has also had some 800,000 takers, so that, combined with "Oklahoma," it is safe to say that 1,500,000 Americans—only two or three per cent are foreign born—have taken part.

In these remarkable games, primarily based on the human love of chance, the unified name of which might be called "Empire Building," everyone seems to have made a winning: the Indian has millions to his credit drawing interest in the Government Treasury; the white man, who staked human flesh and blood and energy against wind-blown waving grass land and hidden treasures of coal and iron and oil and asphaltum, has won ten thousand-fold; Uncle Sam, the gamekeeper, has won added prosperity and wealth, and the galaxy of states has won a sister star of the first magnitude.

Taking the rapidity of population growth of Oklahoma—the name comprehends, in this article, the combination of Oklahoma and Indian Territories into one state—and

comparing it with that of other territories, it seems evident that, without the stimulus of chance and the element of gamble, it would not have reached one-fourth its present remarkable figure in the few years since the white man was granted entry.

The primary fact that the United States had a slice of land 70,154 square miles in extent, set aside exclusively for the use of 75,000 Indians, attracted the attention of a few covetous souls. These early "boomers" saw, across the forbidden boundaries, oases in every green clump of trees, and a Garden of Eden in every flower-carpeted span of prairie. Restless at the denial, they jumped the barriers and were precipitately thrown out by United States troops. They assailed Congress for an unlocking, and their persistence finally won the opening of Oklahoma.

These imaginative seekers of a new Eldorado strained the harder as they watched cattle barons and squaw men, with no gospel of life except the line of least commercial resistance, worming their way successfully into opulent holdings, by land leases and Indian marriages, and taking therefrom large cash profits. They heralded these facts to the country until the conviction obtained that here was the real Land of Promise.

While all this was going on, and Congress was incubating the great land lottery, Kansas had dried up and starved and recuperated again. Her farmers had gone mortgage free and had cash balances in the banks. Texas, the great southern neighbor of Oklahoma, had slowly added population to cover scatteringly her fertile and fruitful expanses. There was no sound reason why Kansas and Texas—particularly Texas—should not have grown by leaps and bounds.

Undoubtedly it was the gaming spirit that appealed powerfully to the fancy of the American citizen. The idea that one could become possessed of 160 acres of land at \$1.25 per acre, on long-time payment, or of a town lot for nothing—provided one was sufficiently strong of leg, lasting of wind, cunning of mind, or shrewd in maneuver—seemingly caused thousands more people to gather on the boundary lines than there was land for. With the booming of a gun they legged it pellmell, wildly and sometimes tragically, for the interior, in the hope of being fortunate enough to drive a stake first, as they lay, wind-blown and exhausted, on the cushion of spring sward.

Not until Congress eliminated the possi-

bility of actual deeds of prowess and physical skill did an "opening" fall flat. The opening of the "Big Pasture" last fall was a dismal failure. This was only an insignificant parcel of land comprising 500,000 acres, but it was the last of the Indian lands to be distributed by the Government in a body. The department and Congress conceived the sealed-bid plan, fixing \$5 as the minimum price which could be bid on any quarter section. Although all the contiguous lands are owned by prosperous farmers, who hold them at \$20 to \$40 an acre, not one-half the Big Pasture land was bid in at \$5 an acre.

It is an interesting lesson, this, in American psychology. Apparently the manner of disposing of this last piece of land smacked too much of cold-blooded bookkeeping and real values to attract the attention of many of those sterling men of brains and brawn who had created the Greater Oklahoma.

Because the game of opening these territories gave an opportunity to men of small means, looking for home places, and demanded heroes who reveled in the strenuous and believed in themselves, Oklahoma of to-day is possessed of a man with type characteristics.

This type of man came from all over the United States. He was necessarily a young man, not yet arrived at the period of life when prudent conservatism steps in. He was a man of vigor, to whom the rough elbowing for a position in life was a positive pleasure. He had to be good-natured and willing to take and give blows with a laugh. He had to be generous and public-spirited, for survival depended upon a community of interests. If he could not fairly live up to these standards—particularly in the earlier years—he found himself inexorably weeded out, ostracized, and helpless under the pressure of a condemning populace.

He had to be brave, self-reliant, and resourceful, for food came only by toil and ability, and there were no unearned increments to be picked up on the prairie, beyond neighborly hospitality in meals and shelter for a short probationary period.

The Oklahoman of to-day—to a man, almost—has carved success from a virgin land, in differing ways and in varying quantity, to be sure. Success has made him believe in his country, and he proclaims its possibilities from the housetops—sometimes a little stridently. He shows you, by unanswerable figures, why he has a right to lift his voice.

He fears no man's competition, for his constant slogan is "Come in and help boost the country along." He is, *par excellence*, the "town builder" of the United States, and has waxed confident in his ability to grow them to order, for he has seen hundreds of towns spring up, mushroomlike, from the sod, and grow and spread from a spore of scattered tents into cities of many thousand souls.

Oklahoma of to-day is still a young man's country, for the offspring of the pioneer generation are yet school children, or possibly just arriving at college days. So no one ever assumes that you were born in the country—almost the first greeting between strangers is, "What state did you come from?" It is a fine flux of sturdy breeds.

Twenty years ago the population could be enumerated in Indians and a few thousand squaw men, cowboys, and cattle kings. In 1890, one year after the first opening of Oklahoma Territory, there were more than sixty thousand people living upon 2,000,000 acres of land. To-day the white population may conservatively be estimated at over one million and a half. These figures are more impressive to one who remembers that, less than twenty-five years ago, the cattlemen of western Oklahoma insisted that the region was absolutely useless for agricultural purposes.

The one thing, above all else, which has given Oklahoma a material solidity—which will never be taken from her—was the Government's scheme of dividing the entire country into 160-acre farms, and, at first, not permitting any one person to acquire more than this amount of land. It created at once preëminently a land of homes.

In 1900 (the last period of reliable financial statistics for Oklahoma Territory) there were 60,483 families with homes entirely free from mortgage. Only three States in the Union equal this percentage of owned homes, and for homes free of debt Oklahoma leads the percentage list of the United States.

The same showing cannot be made for the Indian Territory, in owned homes, as, until quite recently, the titles for land, outside of town sites specially exempted, rested in the Indians. The same general principle of home-making upon small-sized farms has been observed, however, as the Indian allotments are all divided by section lines, and the property usually leased in 160-acre holdings.

The effect of the Government's system of

granting only small land holdings over large areas was to take the poor and earnest agriculturist out of competition with the big estate speculator—for one had to stay on the land and develop it to acquire final patent—and it eliminated the cattleman, who needed two acres of buffalo grass land for every head of cattle, at a single stroke. With thousands of small farms side by side, all producing large crops, railroad capital gained the necessary confidence and could afford to lay lines liberally through the agricultural sections. Every railroad which was built stimulated the farmer to greater crop production, brought in the town builder, the storekeeper, the manufacturer, and the ever-ubiquitous drummer in droves.

The second keynote in Oklahoma's greatness of to-day lies in the rapid growth of her transportation systems, which, up to the last two years, have been able to keep abreast if not ahead of the commercial expansion.

It is here that the new theory of railroad building has been evolved and put in practice—i. e., of actually building hundreds of miles of main and branch lines out into virgin territory, in the certain knowledge that the intruding immigrant will speedily take up all the adjacent property, and that thriving towns, with elevators, cotton gins, cotton compressors, stores and hotels will begin to arrive next week and in a year or two increase to a profit-supplying basis.

Railroad magnates of the Southwest, when prospecting for a new line, no longer calculate the tonnage based on present population, or strive to connect a string of towns together which will contribute to their business. They consider, instead, how many miles of agricultural land, lying on either side of a proposed line, may be assumed as contributing tonnage in grain, cotton, cattle, and merchandise. Based on 100-acre land units and the precedents of previous growth, they are able to calculate quite accurately the farming population which will arrive in a given period, and the agricultural population, in turn, assures the support for a given number of towns along the line.

The initial discovery that population follows the railroad in a fertile territory of uniform-sized farms, in sufficiently definite numbers to assure early dividends on the cost of construction, belongs, probably, to a group of long-headed citizens of Oklahoma City.

There is an interesting story in the darkest days of this city's history in 1894—a year of

national financial depression—when it looked as if every business man must go bankrupt, and the town be returned to the guardianship of the jack rabbit and the coyote. Guthrie, the state capital, thirty miles to the north, was just able to hold its own, as the metropolis and railroad and political center. When things got so bad that no one had anything more to mortgage nor anything more to lose, a few of the men of the last-ditch fighting variety got together and decided they must have railroads—railroads in plenty.

How they got the money, or promises of money, in St. Louis, the franchises, the right of way, and how everybody contributed something in labor, in ties, in work animals, to keep the construction work going is a tremendous story in itself. Suffice it to say that 460 miles of railroad, pointing in all directions from Oklahoma City, and going nowhere in particular except to get out of town, were built in two years!

From that moment Oklahoma City's future prosperity was assured. She became the metropolis of the new State and the commercial center—a position which she seems destined to hold for all time.

The sequel of the story lies in the quick appreciation of certain railroad capitalists, such as B. F. Yoakum and the Moore brothers of Chicago, that railroads did not have to be built to populations in order to make them a success. The original promoters and builders had their lines taken off their hands almost before they were completed, and they form a portion of the Rock Island-Frisco system to-day.

This exhibition settled the future policy of the Rock Island and Frisco as to railroad building, and they started out to traverse the entire western half of Oklahoma with main lines and spurs until they now have over fifteen hundred miles of main line in the old Oklahoma Territory, or more than two and a half times as much as their nearest competitor.

The older railroad companies sat up and took notice a little late in the day, but, at the present time, the Santa Fé and the "Katy," as the Missouri, Kansas & Texas is familiarly called, are now at work subdividing the State still more, wherever they have a fighting chance. Altogether there are more than six thousand miles of railroad to-day in operation in Oklahoma.

What Oklahoma has done with her virgin soil, in the way of crops, during the last twenty

years, and what she is really capable of doing when she begins anything like intensive farming in earnest, staggers the imagination.

Oklahoma has two boom cries, both of which have been sustained by statistics during the past five years. They are: "It rains when it ought to rain in Oklahoma" and "We grow big crops of cotton, corn, and wheat on the same farm."

The soil has been so generous to the Oklahoma farmer for the last five years that he has forgotten the characteristics of the traditional farmer, who gets up before dawn to do his chores, breakfasts at sunup, works unceasingly all day, and milks the cows in the dusk of evening.

This new farmer type finds he has a good bank balance each year if he rises at 7.30 A.M. and finishes his work at sunset. He has time to read the current periodicals and farm literature in the evening, and he usually finds it convenient to spend at least one day a week in the near-by town. Please understand that he is industry itself while he works, but he has found a country where climatic and economic conditions do not force him ruthlessly into land serfdom.

About sixty-five per cent of the population is actually engaged in agriculture, and fifteen to twenty per cent of the remaining thirty-five per cent is employed in handling the harvested crops between the farm and the markets of the outer world. While the farming population of Oklahoma will quadruple in the years to come, her great gain in inhabitants will be along industrial lines—manufacturing and mining. To-day there are approximately 1,000,000 souls dependent upon their support from the products of the soil.

Deducting the timber lands, the rough lands, the small mountain ranges, and the town sites, there is left fully two-thirds of the entire area of 70,000 square miles which is susceptible of a high state of cultivation. These figures are partially indicative of how much available agricultural land there is yet left in Oklahoma for the enterprising homeseeker.

It is generally admitted that the average Oklahoman farmer attempts to put in more crops than he can successfully handle. He has good machinery, but he does not fertilize. However, with these handicaps, he raised last year, as his "bumper" crop, 120,000,000 bushels of corn. Kansas, with 17,000 more square miles of territory and 2,000,000 in-

habitants, raised 211,000,000 bushels; Texas, with three and one-half times the area and two and one-half times the population, raised only 131,000,000 bushels. Of wheat, Oklahoma had 22,000,000, Kansas had 82,000,000, while Texas had only 14,000,000 bushels. When Oklahoma's cotton crop is added to the figures for corn and wheat, she shows her agricultural supremacy quite clearly. In 1905 the new State raised 677,106 bales of cotton, worth, on an average, \$50 to the bale, exclusive of the farmer's profit for cottonseed. When estimating it proportionately to the land areas, this equals the Texas output. Kansas has no cotton crop. Oklahoma stands ninth in the rank of corn-producing states, she is eighth in cotton, thirteenth in horses and mules, and eleventh in the value of hog production.

In 1905 the Board of Agriculture for Oklahoma Territory estimated that there were 143,750 farms, valued at an average of \$1,613 for each 160 acres. The farming implements were valued at \$5,186,000, the live stock at \$21,859,000, and the crops marketed for the year ending March 1, 1905, were valued at \$60,652,984.

The industrial stories of farming success, with their touches of human interest and quaint humor, which are poured into the ears of an inquisitive traveler on every side, interest the writer more than the superlative figures of great totals. If the individual farmer is content, if his wife can buy a new dress and a good hat when she wants one, if the children are well-clothed, rosy-cheeked, and going to school, and if these conditions obtain among the majority of families, it is warranty that the people are arising sound in morals, ethics, and philosophy of life. From the writer's viewpoint there is less discontent and more hard-working, generous competition in Oklahoma than in any state he has visited.

Though one is amazed at the rapidity of the growth of the agricultural population in Oklahoma, it is so scattered out over the endless expanses of prairie that it does not impress the senses in the direct and startling manner as does the exhibition of town building.

Towns of 10,000 people have arisen from desolate grass lands of Oklahoma in twenty-four hours, but that was in the "boomer" days. There are dozens of towns to-day, however, that have, in four years, grown from nothing to 8,000 or 12,000 souls, and display

the grandeur of five-story buildings, three or four good hotels, two or three flourishing banks, wide streets paved with brick, street cars, electric-light, water, and gas systems. How it is done, and where the people come from, is the marvel of the age.

Oklahoma City is possibly the finest example of speedy and magnificent metropolis building in the world. Seventeen years ago it was a piece of open prairie, with a sluggish creek, which has no right to be dignified as a river, meandering and elbowing through the fertile soil. Why the site was selected no one knows. "It sort of looked good to them," is the explanation of an original "boomer." Guthrie, the temporary capital, thirty miles to the north, had a much better start and was better situated as regards general physiographic conditions.

Oklahoma City grew from the nothing of 1889 to 42,000 people in 1906. Last year there were 22 miles of fine asphalt streets, 75 miles of brick and cement sidewalks, 12 miles of gas mains and natural gas being piped in, 25 miles of electric street railway of the most modern types of cars, 52 miles of sewers, and 65 miles of water mains. There were four national banks, three state banks, and one trust company, with deposits aggregating over six million dollars. The bonded indebtedness of the city was only \$743,000, in the face of the erection of several public buildings and all the city betterments.

That which has made Oklahoma City the star town of the State has been public-spirited coöperation and a square-jawed determination to win on the part of a large portion of her citizens. In 1894 she seemed doomed to extinction. They built railroads when they had no money left for food. The town revived and boomed until 1898, when the mud holes and unthinkable sinks in the main streets became a byword in the State, and seemingly again jeopardized the city's future. The citizens then built twenty-odd miles of the finest asphalt streets and three times that amount of sidewalks.

The most fascinating side of Oklahoma City, to the tenderfoot, is the number of men who arrived in 1889 or shortly after, with about thirty-seven and one-half cents in their pockets, and since then have made fortunes. One man, who bought his first town lot from a dissatisfied staker for \$1.85 two days after the opening, sold his hotel for \$140,000, and this represents but a small part of his holdings. A second became a street-railway

magnate, another a big banker, and still another a large railroad contractor.

One woman—a modest and retiring woman who, by her very politeness to newspaper men, manages to keep her name out of the papers—has made half a million in twelve years, through real-estate speculations, and threatens to become a second Hetty Green, by enlarging her ambitions in the mining fields of the Southwest. She had \$15,000 to start with, however.

Another woman ran the first eating house in Oklahoma City, and she would never charge more than twenty-five cents a meal. Her husband tried to help her, but she shipped him out of the Territory for a year or two until the foundations of the family fortunes were laid. Every bit of surplus went into real estate, until to-day she is reckoned as above the half-million mark.

The new State of Oklahoma has 1,652 towns worthy of a place on the map. The old Oklahoma Territory possesses 949 of these and the old Indian Territory, 703.

The old Indian Territory, however, has only three towns of over 10,000 population—Muskogee, 18,000; Ardmore, 12,000, and South McAlester, 10,000. The growth of all three is to be attributed to coal mining and the centering of railroads. Oklahoma Territory has four towns of over 10,000—Oklahoma City, 32,000; Enid, 18,000; Shawnee, 15,000, and Guthrie, 10,000. The growth of these towns is due principally to agriculture, though Shawnee lies in the coal and oil belt and is a most important town on the "Choctaw" Railroad, which runs entirely across the State, east and west, creating a great transportation artery from Arkansas to Denver.

Some of the smaller towns have made wonderfully rapid strides; Lawton, Hobart, Mangum, in the southwestern quarter of the new State, have grown from nothing four years ago to 8,000, 6,000, and 4,000, respectively. They are destined to much greater increases now that natural gas and oil have been discovered in this section.

Another town is in rapid building in the northeastern part of the State; it is Tulsa, which has jumped, in two years, from 3,500 to 8,000 people. Tulsa is in the center of a prosperous agricultural territory, but, added to this, the inhabitants have discovered fine petroleum with a paraffin base, and three strata of good coal beds, the first lying near the surface of the ground.

When you try to buy land from a Tulsa

farmer to-day he charges you first for fine land, second for coal possibilities, and third for oil. Fortunes have been made in a day and two fortunes could be made to-morrow if the ever-present Standard Oil Company could be induced to give a fair price for the oil and pipe it away. At present every well is bottled up and only one-fourth to one-third its capacity allowed into the pipe line.

Oklahoma Territory was blessed, so far as schools are concerned, by the far-sightedness of the legislators who set aside over two million acres of land for school revenues. The Indian Territory, on the other hand, has suffered under the serious blight that no provision was made by which revenues might be derived for the schooling of the white man's children. The Indian had his schools sustained by Government; the white child went without schooling unless local town taxation provided for the schoolhouse and the teachers.

Oklahoma Territory in 1905 had 158,000 children out of a total of 211,000 attending school. There were 3,144 schoolhouses, worth \$2,500,000, and 121 new buildings were erected during the year. The receipts, from all sources, for school purposes aggregated \$1,816,002.

Oklahoma comes into statehood with over 800 banks, state, national, and territorial. The deposits in these institutions foot up to over \$40,000,000. During the year 1906 only one national and one territorial bank failed, and in neither instance did the depositors lose. The new State has no bonded indebtedness—in fact Oklahoma Territory had three-quarters of a million dollars to her credit.

A magazine writer quite recently remarked naively that Oklahomans did not boom their country greatly. It is a humorous statement, for, as a matter of fact, never was there a country where the boomer is more rampant. The railroads spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertising matter and pretty booklets, attracting the attention of the immigrant to Oklahoma; the trains are full of real-estate agents, who talk, from one end of the coaches to the other, of the merits of a particular section of the State, and every farmer and every townsman goes about proselyting with the enthusiasm of a religious zealot.

Every town throughout the State has its Chamber of Commerce, and the most important duty of every Chamber of Commerce is to boom the home town and the immediate

vicinity. Tons of local literature are sent out all over the United States annually, from a thousand different sources in the State. It is broad-gauge booming generally, and the kind which is apt to make the greatest appeal, in that mud slinging is never engaged in. No town or community tries to rise at the expense of its neighbors.

Oklahoma has apparently unlimited supplies of iron, coal, oil, natural gas, cement, asphaltum, and mineral fertilizer. Geographically the State is situated ideally, as a distributing point for the South, West, and North. Assuming Oklahoma's future mining population to be so great that it puts to their best effort the agricultural inhabitants to supply the food of the workingman alone—without raising any staple crop—we find another ideal condition: Agricultural Kansas on the north will supply the wheat and corn to Oklahoma millers, and Texas on the south will supply the cotton for the new State's million looms to come. Oklahoma will supply the West with cheap steel rails, with farm machinery and every manufacture of iron and steel, because she can have no competitors where iron and coal, natural gas, and short transportation combine as they do in her favor.

She will supply the West with cotton cloth, made in mills run by the cheapest of fuels, which is natural gas. She will supply the Northwest with illuminating oil and all the by-products therefrom, and possibly with low-grade fuel oil for the railroads, for in the State seems to be the meeting point of both paraffin and asphaltum bore oils. She will furnish the paving material for the entire West, since nowhere else in the United States have such large deposits of liquid asphaltum been discovered. She will probably supply a large part of the insulating material for electric wire from her mines of grahamite.

One could go on piling up possibilities for the new State, all of which are sound in fact and foundation. Empire builders like B. F. Yoakum—who is the J. J. Hill of the Southwest—say that Oklahoma and Texas will, in less than a generation, become the greatest States in the Union, both in population and material values.

It took but seventeen years to change Oklahoma from the lonely land of the jack rabbit and the coyote to a land filled with magnificent farms, with bustling towns, with sooty mines, and smoking industrial marts.

OKLAHOMA

THE FIGHT FOR STATEHOOD

By ATHERTON BROWNELL



OKLAHOMA has been knocking for admission at the door of the Union for upward of fifteen years, from the time when her claims were too slight to be considered, up to the present when the advance in population, civilization, and commercial importance has fully entitled her to the privilege.

Every step in her advancement has been fought vigorously by selfish interests. Each move toward statehood has met with opposition of a jealous or political nature, or has been so entangled with other interests that the fight has been rendered picturesque in the extreme. The earlier intrigues attracted little of general attention, and it was not until the introduction of the Omnibus Statehood Bill into the Senate in 1902—the bill providing for statehood for Oklahoma, Indian Territory, New Mexico, and Arizona—that the controversy assumed national proportions and focused upon itself the attention of the entire country. Nothing further was needed to complete the record of petty and grand intrigue, political scheming, industrial sharp practice, and commercial greed, ranging from local civic jealousies and plots of small politicians to the moves of great captains of industry, some bearing titles as United States senators.

Oklahoma Territory, made up of detachments from the original Indian Territory, was "opened" to white settlement in 1889, enlarged by successive additions, and now becomes a state joined with that from which it was separated. Following these various "openings" of new lands came one of the most comprehensive examples of development the country has ever witnessed.

The earlier residents of Oklahoma, how-

ever, did not wait for this development to reach its fruition before demanding statehood, accustomed as they were to that form of government, being almost wholly newcomers from old states. Statehood conventions became the regular thing. Statehood was the popular topic of conversation. When times were dull, the weather was bad, or a little excitement was needed, a convention was held, and each was of an enlivening nature, assisted by rivalry between the city of Guthrie, the territorial capital, and Oklahoma City, which had sprung into first place in commercial importance. Statehood conventions were held at Guthrie in 1892, in El Reno in August, 1893, and, not to be outdone in this respect, Indian Territory called one seven weeks later. Both of these indorsed the bill introduced by Delegate Harvey in the first session of the Fifty-second Congress providing for statehood for Oklahoma, including the original limits of Indian Territory, which bill had passed the House but failed in the Senate. These declarations in favor of joint statehood aroused the Indians, who called a convention in October, 1893, in opposition, and this, in turn, was followed by another convention in November, 1893, when resolutions were adopted indorsing the declarations of the first two. At this time Oklahoma had a population of 61,000.

In 1894 Representative Thomas C. McRae, of Arkansas, introduced a statehood bill in the House providing for the admission of Oklahoma with original limits of the Indian Territory, and also providing for the sale of the surplus lands of the Indian tribes. It met the determined opposition of Representative Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, of the House Committee on Territories, who stoutly maintained that there should be two states. For the purpose of neutralizing such sentiments

among Democrats in Congress, a Democratic territorial convention was held in Pierre on January 24, 1894, to discuss statehood and make an authoritative declaration upon the subject by adopting strong resolutions demanding single statehood. Early in March following, the Indians of the five tribes held an "International Council" at Eufaula, as a counter demonstration, and protested against statehood.

The influences brought to bear in opposition to progressive action in the two territories, and especially in the Indian Territory, were most powerful. Legislation at the hands of Congress was blocked and thwarted by the efforts of a powerful Indian lobby. The cattle interests which had so long effectively prevented the opening of Oklahoma and the Cherokee Strip, carried on the same dilatory tactics in regard to the opening of the Kiowa-Comanche and Wichita-Caddo reservations, with the result that their final opening to settlement was delayed five or six years longer than was necessary.

In the Indian Territory conditions were even more discouraging. All lands were held in common by the people of each tribe, at least in theory. In practice, however, each citizen of the nation or tribe was allowed to control as much land as he could fence. In effect this system was anything but equitable. Some of the intermarried citizens, or squaw men, and mixed bloods had a practical monopoly of the richest and best lands, while the less thrifty and full bloods were crowded off on the poorer lands.

The Indian courts, which held jurisdiction in all cases save those wherein federal laws or the interests of United States citizens were concerned, were openly and notoriously corrupt. Murder often went unpunished, depending upon the wealth, political affiliations, and influence of the offender. The financial affairs of the tribes were often and with good reason the cause of scandal, and yet the crime of embezzlement was not infrequently allowed to go unpunished. When tribal councils convened, favors and privileges were granted to the highest bidders. These conditions, admittedly bad, were perpetrated largely as the result of the shrewdness and smoothness of the professional Indian lobbyists who put in a great deal of time at Washington. These men were usually well-educated mixed bloods who fattened upon the misfortune of their trustful but deluded fellow-tribesmen, and at the same time ap-

pealed to the tender-hearted sympathies of Eastern sentimentalists who never for one moment imagined that some of the worst enemies of "the poor Indian" were of these his own kindred.

Late in the last session of the Fifty-third Congress sentiment at Washington was in favor of creating a state of the Territory of Oklahoma with the Chickasaw country added. On February 1, 1895, a statehood convention was held at Oklahoma City, at which that proposition was discussed and conditionally indorsed, though many preferred to have the whole of the Indian Territory included. Shortly after the assembling of the first session of the Fifty-fourth Congress on December 13, 1895, Representative McRae, of Arkansas, reintroduced his bill for the admission of the two territories as one state. Delegate Flynn, of Oklahoma, also introduced a statehood bill, but it was so worded that it might mean single statehood immediate, or statehood for Oklahoma alone. As a matter of fact, Flynn wanted to defer the introduction of the bill until after the statehood meeting which was to be held at Oklahoma City the following month, but pressure from the committee induced him to bring it in earlier in order that it might be made a part of an omnibus bill with those of New Mexico and Arizona.

Delegate Flynn also introduced a bill for the purpose of allowing homesteaders on Indian land in Oklahoma to prove up on the same without having to pay the stipulated price. This was a popular move, for it directly affected the interests of many thousands of homesteaders. In fact, interest in this matter largely supplanted that which had been manifested in the statehood question in Oklahoma and it entered largely into the discussions of the territorial political campaign in the summer and fall of 1896.

This was the situation up to the time when the late Senator Matthew S. Quay precipitated the action which brought the statehood question to the attention of the whole country. He had caused a bill to be introduced in the House during the first session of the Fifty-seventh Congress. It provided for the immediate admission of Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, leaving the ultimate disposition of the Indian Territory to be determined by Congress at some future time. Whether it was to be annexed bodily to Oklahoma, to be added piecemeal, or to become a separate state, was all a matter of con-
jec-

ture. Locally there was a very pronounced difference of opinion. The Republican party organized in Oklahoma was pledged to the support of the proposition for immediate statehood for Oklahoma without reference to the Indian Territory, and it was strongly urged that such a state would be Republican. In many communities in central and western Oklahoma public sentiment was nearly unanimous in favor of the measure as it passed the lower house of Congress. In southern and eastern Oklahoma the sentiment was equally strong in favor of deferring action until the two territories could be admitted together as one state.

The old rivalry between the two largest towns in the Territory, Guthrie and Oklahoma City, was again emphasized in the contest that followed. Guthrie, as the political capital of the Territory, naturally sided with the dominant political party organization and threw the weight of its influence into the balance in favor of the Omnibus Bill. Oklahoma City, on the other hand, as the commercial center of the region embracing both territories, acting under the stimulus of a rapidly widening circle of trade influence and patronage, took a purely commercial view of the situation, and its people stoutly opposed the passage of the Omnibus Statehood Bill. It was argued that a political boundary line often meant a commercial boundary line as well, and that, moreover, it would be utter folly for the people of the existing Territory of Oklahoma to consent to the placing of what might be a permanent interstate boundary line between them and their coal supply, the Indian Territory having extensive areas of coal lands.

No opposition was anticipated in the Senate, and because of this fact Senator Quay had no difficulty in making a combination of Democratic and Republican senators and representatives. The bill had passed the House without delay and had gone into the Senate Committee on Territories, of which Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, was chairman, and by the whirligig of time and the mutability of politics, Senator Quay now a minor member. An unaccountable delay occurred here because strange things had begun to be whispered about the bill. Comprehending as it did the admission of four territories, the local disputes and the local graft in each case became attached to the bill as a whole and an examination of the measure brought to light numerous points

that hitherto had been hidden. It was learned that a certain railroad in New Mexico backed by Eastern promoters could not be built unless the towns and cities could be authorized under a state form of government to purchase its bonds and stock. In Arizona certain mining interests held the labor situation so well in hand that it would be quite possible to elect two of their own number to the Senate to represent them. Under the present territorial form of government these mining interests were practically untaxed. The United Verde Copper Mine, the property of Senator Clark, of Montana, yielded annually \$7,000,000 and was valued at \$150,000,000, yet was taxed only a fraction of one per cent. The Congress Mine, owned by Frank Murphy, of Arizona, and Senator Alger, of Michigan, was valued at \$6,000,000 and taxed on a valuation of \$79,000. The Copper Queen, with its associate properties, was valued at \$200,000,000 and was taxed on a valuation of \$55,000. The Southern Pacific and Santa Fé railroads paid little or no taxes and, if statehood were granted to Arizona and New Mexico separately, this condition would continue, since in Arizona the population was largely made up of mining employees who could be controlled by their employers. So far as these two territories were concerned, the bill, therefore, it was asserted, aimed practically to elect four senators to represent certain favored interests rather than an independent population. These powerful interests were therefore solidly arrayed for this bill.

In Oklahoma and Indian Territory the politicians were solidly in favor of the bill, inasmuch as its passage would give them four senatorships instead of two, double the number of representatives, and the officers of two state governments rather than one. They were armed with arguments in favor of separate statehood in the fact that the Indian treaties in existence caused a complication, and further in the fact that Oklahoma Territory had a school fund as great as if not greater than any state in the country, while Indian Territory had none, and the manifest injustice of making this apply over a wider territory than Oklahoma itself was carefully pointed out.

A further examination of the situation showed that Arizona had a population of 123,000 people, of whom 30,000 were Indians and 18,000 Mexicans, and New Mexico 195,000, of whom nearly half were In-



ON THE LINE BEFORE "THE RUN"—CHEROKEE STRIP—1901

dians or Mexicans. Oklahoma, by the 1900 census, had nearly 400,000, practically all Americans, this being about equaled by Indian Territory, which number has been increased by later settlement. The eight senators from these four states would, therefore, have represented about as many people as compose one-quarter of Greater New York, so far as returns at that time indicated, while the four who were to be elected from Arizona and New Mexico would have represented about as many white people as there are in Jersey City, Louisville, Ky., or Minneapolis.

It was this situation, when disclosed, that aroused Senator Beveridge, as chairman of the Committee on Territories, to oppose the bill as it stood, granting statehood to each of the four territories, and brought about that memorable conflict in the Senate, led by him on the one side as against Senator Quay on the other, backed by all of the local influences and those that could be used by Senators Clark and Alger. Behind these there was something of a Republican following and practically a solid Democratic following, since the passage of the bill would add four states presumably to the Democratic column and eight senators to the Southern ranks.

Senator Beveridge held the bill in committee, despite increasing pressure brought to bear upon him, until shortly before the adjournment of Congress, and finally refused to call committee meetings. On June 23, 1902, Senator Quay moved in open Senate to discharge the committee, a move which would have brought the bill into the Senate where he had a sure majority of fifteen for its passage. It was not possible for him, however, to muster a majority for the dis-

charge of the committee, and after a desperate fight, resulting in a tie vote, it was agreed that an entry of record should be made and that the bill should be reported on December 10th following, and made unfinished business until disposed of. This apparently meant the ultimate passage of the bill, since Senator Quay's majority was unquestioned.

On the following day Senator Beveridge succeeded in causing the passage of a resolution providing for and authorizing a subcommittee to visit the territories and take testimony. This committee consisted of Senator Beveridge, chairman; Senator Dillingham, of Vermont; Senator Burnham, of New Hampshire, and Senator Heitfeldt, of Idaho. It left Chicago on November 10, 1902, visiting all of the territories in question and examining witnesses freely.

The intense interest and anxiety of the partisans and opponents of the pending measure was manifest in the numerous telegrams which reached Senator Beveridge's committee from Oklahoma sources during its progress through the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico. Finally the committee arrived within the borders of Oklahoma, and only then did it begin to reply to previous communications. The committee reached Guthrie about midnight one Saturday night, with but two days remaining before the return journey to Washington was to begin. It was hurriedly arranged that the senators should have something of a car-window inspection of the two territories, going to Oklahoma City early Sunday morning, thence east to South McAlester, thence back again to Oklahoma City, and returning to Guthrie in time for breakfast Monday morning.

To say that the people of Oklahoma City were surprised and disappointed would be putting it very mildly indeed. They were literally dazed and dumfounded when Senator Beveridge told them that if they received a hearing from the committee at all they would have to send a delegation to Guthrie. The people of Oklahoma City pocketed their chagrin as best they could and showed the senators to carriages for a brief drive about the growing city while the special train was being made ready. The senators were kindly in their expression, but when their train departed it left behind a representative gathering of Oklahoma City citizens, still gasping and all but speechless on account of the shock that they had received.

An hour later the gentlemen who had met the senators began to congregate in the lobby of the Lee Hotel. There were about twenty of them. It was a quiet crowd. They did not feel that they had been outgeneraled—they had been forestalled without opportunity to act in their own behalf. Finally Banker M. Q. Turner exclaimed: "Well, boys, we must do something to keep that committee in Oklahoma City part of to-morrow."

And then every man present looked into the eyes of his fellow, seeking a solution for their perplexity. After a moment, J. B. Thornburn, secretary of the local Commercial Club, said: "If none of you gentlemen have anything to propose, I believe that I can write a telegram that will hold them here for a while to-morrow."

"Let's see it," was the laconic demand which greeted the suggestion, and the following telegram was written and read:

HON. A. J. BEVERIDGE, Chairman,
Senate Committee on Territories,
South McAlester, Indian Territory.

Sir: Muskogee, Vinita, Claremore, Red Fork, Tulsa, Sapulpa, Bristow, Stroud, Chandler, Wellston, Okmulgee, We-wo-ka, Shawnee, Tecumseh, Asher, Norman, Lexington, Purcell, Paul's Valley, Wynnewood, Davis, Sulphur, Ardmore, Chickasaw, Lawton, Mangum, Hobart, Anadarko, and Oklahoma City delegations respectfully but insistently urge that they be accorded hearing in Oklahoma City to-morrow.

The reading of the telegram was greeted with many expressions of approval, but there was one cautious man in this hastily assembled council who said: "I think you'd better leave out the word 'insistently.'"



COTTON COMPRESS AT CHICKASHA, OKLAHOMA



FIVE ACRES OF BEEF NEAR CAIRO, OKLAHOMA

United States senators are sometimes particular as to the terms with which they are addressed."

"Don't you do it—leave it just as it is—it says just what we mean—we do insist," argued the rest, almost in a single voice.

Late that night a telegram was received from Senator Beveridge to the effect that the committee would endeavor to give a brief hearing in Oklahoma City the next morning, though no certain promise could be made as yet. Meanwhile, several delegations from Indian Territory towns had arrived. Early the next morning a second telegram was received from Senator Beveridge:

Will arrive at Oklahoma City at 9 A.M. and will leave for Guthrie at 11 A.M.

This was cheering. More delegations had arrived from Indian Territory also. The people of Oklahoma City and the friends of single statehood were now certain of a chance to secure a hearing.

The senatorial train arrived shortly after nine o'clock. The members of the party were at once escorted to the Illinois Hotel for breakfast. They informed the people of Oklahoma City that they would give a hearing to the mayor, the president of the Commercial Club, two wholesale merchants of Oklahoma City, and to one representative from each visiting delegation. The Indian Territory delegations were at once lined up. There were not quite so many of them as the senators might have been led to believe from a perusal of the telegram which followed them the day before, but the people of Okla-

homa City assembled themselves into as many delegations as they consistently could and asked each to choose its spokesman.

After breakfast the committee was shown to a parlor in the Lee Hotel, where the hearing was to be held. Instead of leaving for Guthrie at 11 A.M. it was 12.10 P.M. by the time the committee had listened to the statements of the last Indian Territory representative. Hurrying quickly to the depot the senators were disappointed to find that their train was away down in the lower end of the yards, and there seemed to be some difficulty in communicating with the trainmen. When the train was finally brought up to the depot it had to wait a few minutes longer for a south-bound passenger train.

The run of the committee's special train from Oklahoma City to Guthrie was made in forty-five minutes. Arriving in Guthrie, the senators were met by a reception committee which had been on duty since very early in the morning. As the time of the senators was limited by reason of the fact that Congress was to convene on Monday of the following week, their stay in Guthrie was brief. After listening to the representations of several men who were prominent in public life in Guthrie and those few from other points who could be heard in two hours' time, they left on their special train at 3.30 P.M.

The opinion of this subcommittee after its tour was to the effect that the claims of Arizona and New Mexico for statehood should be rejected, and that Indian Territory and Oklahoma should be admitted as a single state, thus restoring the old boundaries and



LAWTON IN 1902—ONE YEAR AFTER SETTLEMENT

bringing both together under one government. Reported to the full committee, this subcommittee's findings were ratified by a majority of one, Senator Quay voting with the Democrats, and on December 10th the committee's report was made to the Senate in pursuance of the previous agreement. This report has since become historic. Briefly put, it rehearsed the rules established for the admission of new states; the flimsy character of the claims of New Mexico and Arizona with their heavy Mexican and Indian proportion of population; the primitive industrial and agricultural conditions, and the general lack of civilization.

Touching Oklahoma and Indian Territory, it pointed out the marked contrast in development and settlement and noted the amazing tide of immigration that had been flowing in, unbelievable unless seen, which had in 1902 increased the enumerated population to over one million and which has since added another half a million. It noted the farming land of unsurpassed fertility, and the report, in fact, in this section reads like a panegyric. "Thriving towns quite equal to those of the Central States are the universal rule instead of the oasislike exception. Four or five of the Oklahoma cities are beyond praise in the stability of their business houses, the affluent solvency of their banks, the en-

terprise of their newspapers, and the beauty and perfection of their homes. Railroad traffic, both passenger and freight, is unsurpassed by any similar agricultural region in the United States. The school development of the Territory is superb. The homes and barns of the farmers in the older portion are commodious, handsome, and unsurpassed, if, indeed, they are equaled elsewhere in the whole country."

In spite of these things, however, the report held that Oklahoma alone should not be admitted since its size was too small and its boundaries unscientific, accidental, and grotesque owing to its having been taken piecemeal from Indian Territory, its natural complement and mate. What Oklahoma lacked Indian Territory supplied, Oklahoma being agricultural while Indian Territory bore richly in coal, minerals, building stone, and great forests, the two possessing every requisite for a great commonwealth. The committee's substitute bill therefore provided merely for the creation of one new state by joining Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

This precipitated the senatorial struggle over the passage of the Quay bill. Senator Dillingham opened the debate in a speech lasting three days. Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, who had been called in to untangle the mass of Indian treaties which made the

situation chaotic, talked eight days, he being followed by each of the Republican members of the committee save Senator Beveridge, who made no set speech, but engaged any senator who took the floor on the other side. Days and weeks passed in this way, the whole nation watching. Senator Quay had it in his power under the rule to block all other legislation until this unfinished business was disposed of, and he used this power ruthlessly. During this debate nothing came to vote except absolutely essential bills.

At the same time Oklahoma itself took a hand in molding legislation from a distance. Just as Congress reassembled after the Christmas recess a monster single-statehood convention was held in Oklahoma City. So many delegates were present, owing to the absorbing interest in the debate at Washington, that there was not at that time in the city a hall that was capable of seating them all. The Associated Press dispatches heralded to the world in the next morning's papers the fact that there had been 3,500 delegates at that convention.

Immediately after the adjournment of the statehood convention a prominent attorney of Oklahoma City started for Washington. After carefully studying the situation he became thoroughly convinced, as had other single-statehood representatives, who had been in Washington earlier in the session, that Senator Quay actually had enough votes to pass the Omnibus Bill through the Senate, if only he could bring it to a vote. He accordingly looked over the field with a view to locating the most vulnerable point in the separate-statehood forces. Lined up behind Senator Quay was the vote and influence of every Democratic senator from the South. Almost without exception the Southern senators favored separate statehood for Oklahoma and the Indian Territory for the reason that they believed that there should be four senators instead of two from the region embraced in these territories, to the end that the prestige and influence of the South and the West in the upper house of Congress might more nearly balance that of the North and the East. As he viewed the situation it



ROOSEVELT HEADING ROUGH RIDERS' PARADE IN OKLAHOMA CITY, 1904

seemed to him that Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, might most easily be reached by personal appeal from the people of Oklahoma. Accordingly he sent the following telegram back to Oklahoma City:

Have partisan telegrams concentrated upon Senator Tillman—the most partisan, the better.

The recipient of this message was Thoburn. Although a Republican, the idea of writing a partisan telegram to a Democratic senator did not daunt him in the least. A few telephone messages and hasty consultation resulted in the arrival of the secretary of the committee which had charge of the last Democratic territorial campaign, who happened to be in town from a distant part of the Territory. The situation was explained to him. He said: "I will sign anything you like."

The writer of telegrams pondered a moment, then jotted down his ideas with a pencil. The secretary of the Democratic Campaign Committee took it, read it, smiled, and said: "I will make it just a little stronger."

Then he wrote three words at the beginning of the message already written, and the combined composition of the two read as follows:

HONORABLE BENJAMIN TILLMAN,

United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

For God's sake vote against Omnibus Statehood Bill. Its intent is piecemeal absorption of Indian Territory after a systematic negro colonization.

Messages were then prepared to be sent to other members of the Democratic Territorial Committee, urging that they telegraph protests to Senator Tillman. Two or three days later Senator Tillman made a brief speech in which he stated that he would oppose the admission of Oklahoma as a separate state unless he was given positive assurance as to the ultimate disposition of the question of statehood for the Indian Territory.

Not only Tillman but other senators came to the side of the Beveridge committee as the debate progressed until, when a vote was finally reached, the Quay majority was vanished and the bill was defeated. But during the fight many senators had pondered the situation, and with a view to preventing the renewal of such a fight, urged upon Senator Beveridge and his committee the advisability of settling the whole statehood question by agreeing upon a bill which should admit Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one state,

and treat Arizona and New Mexico in the same manner. To this Senator Quay finally agreed. President Roosevelt gave his assent. Speaker Cannon likewise acquiesced.

As a consequence a new bill was introduced into the next Congress by Representative Hamilton, chairman of the House Committee on Territories, where it quickly passed. Senator Quay was now dead, but his followers, combining again with the Democrats, succeeded in defeating the bill, since to have passed it would have been to take Arizona out of the power of the mining interests that now control it. But the two-state plan had now become a settled plan of the administration and at the last session another bill of the same import was introduced. This time it was fought bitterly in the House, the Democratic side being solidly arrayed against it, and Speaker Cannon was confronted with an insurrection of no mean proportion on the Republican side. The railroad and mining lobby from New Mexico and Arizona was still powerfully in evidence, since the comparatively large population of the two scattered over a wider territory would render political control difficult if not impossible. Speaker Cannon used every means in his power, and, with his supporters, succeeded in passing the bill.

In the Senate it was again as bitterly fought, and was amended by striking out New Mexico and Arizona and admitting Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one state. Sent back to the House, a deadlock followed lasting several weeks. As a compromise it was finally decided to pass the two-state bill, making one state of Oklahoma and Indian Territory and another of New Mexico and Arizona, provided the people of those Territories, voting separately, should so decide. In this form the bill became a law.

To adjust the matter of the school fund of Oklahoma, while Indian Territory had none, nor any means of raising one, owing to the conditions of the land ownership by the Indians, the Committee on Territories appropriated direct out of the funds of the United States Treasury the sum of \$5,000,000, to make up the deficiency and place it on a par with Oklahoma in joining in statehood. This adjustment, followed by the vote of the people of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, now makes the new State of Oklahoma possible, while the New Mexico-Arizona fight has been transferred to its own locality and remains indeterminate.



SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON TERRITORIES



Drawn by Arthur Becker.

"She kept him sweetly at arm's length."

THE PEACOCK WALK*

BEING AN ADVENTURE OF VISCOUNT ROCKHURST, LORD CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER,
SOMETIME FRIEND OF CHARLES II, AND NICKNAMED BY HIS
MAJESTY "MERRY ROCKHURST"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "Rose of the World," "If Youth but Knew," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER



LIONEL RATCLIFFE turned to survey with sullen eyes the scene which spread away beneath the balustrade of the Peacock Walk. It was the ripest hour of an early June day. The wood-crowned slopes, dropping away from the garden, were bathed in mellow light. Almost as far as the eye could reach, the land and all that stood on it, timber, meadow, homestead, hamlet, belonged to Rockhurst, fit appanage to those massy walls that rose, clear cut against the blue air, in the majesty of ancient power. And as he gazed, Lionel Ratcliffe's heart grew somber as his eye. He was a keen-faced man, old-looking for his twenty-eight years, somewhat below the middle height, with marked features, cold blue eyes, and thin lips that betrayed the working of an intellect as keen as the steel that hung by his side.

His companion was of vastly different stamp. Country bumpkin was written on the face of Edward Hare, on every seam of his oversmart suit; country wits stared from his prominent eye, were heralded by the laugh ever ready upon his mouth—a mouth, one dared swear, that had known no better taste in life than the rim of an ale can, the hard cheek of some bouncing Dorcas.

Waking from his abstraction, Ratcliffe wheeled upon his cousin and resumed the conversation. "It is even as I tell you," quoth he. "They are both as apt as tinder; it needs

a spark now to set the glow. 'Slife, Ned! but I little thought thine would be the hand to strike flint."

"Mine, Cousin Lionel? Nay, nay——"

But the other, flinging out an accusing forefinger, bore down the plaintive interruption: "Then why didst bring her over here to-day? Dost favor my suit, or young Rockhurst's?"

"Why, you know I'll have none but you!" bellowed Edward Hare. "Harry?" he cried contemptuously. "Phew!"

He snapped his fingers and blew through them, flung himself into an attitude of defiance, and stumbled into his newfangled sword, which seemed ever in his way. Ratcliffe steadied his kinsman; then, still holding him by the elbow, drew him toward a stone bench overhung by climbing autumn roses. Having jerked his companion down upon it, he let himself subside beside him, crossed his legs, and proceeded, good-humored yet incisive:

"If I wed your sister Di, is't not a bargain? Shalt not continue to have bed and board and bottle beneath our roof? Aye, and many more of old Harcourt's round pieces to chirp in thy pockets at cock fight and hammer fair? And when we go to Whitehall——" He paused impressively.

Young Edward was touched; his soft face became moved as by not distant tears. "Good Lionell! Dear coz, odds babers! Do I not tell thee thou shalt have her?"

Ratcliffe resumed, throwing his words into

space with a sidelong watchfulness as to their effect: "Whereas, mark, if Diana wed another, what of thee, my cock? 'Tis back to the bare ancestral acres with Sir Edward Hare. 'Tis farthing toss and small ale. For thou art poor, lad. And a poor baronet—fiel!"

The poor baronet made a wry face. He pushed his plumed hat off his forehead to scratch his perplexed head. "Aye, small ale, plague on it! Farthing toss—pooh!"

"'Twill ne'er do; eh, Ned!" laughed the other.

"No, split me, 'twill ne'er serve a man like me!" Sir Edward Hare rose and promptly tripped over his sword. Somewhat abashed, he dropped his high tone once more: "But, Lord, coz! what can I do? Di is like the bay filly; she'll neither lead nor drive. Ain't I always a-singing your praises? 'There's the husband for you, Di,' say I. 'There's the lad for me,' say I, twenty times a day."

Ratcliffe cursed his cousin in secret, as, rising in his turn, he clapped him affectionately on the shoulder. "I marvel at you," he bantered. "And will you walk your filly to the gate and expect her to take it on the standstill? Is that the way to deal with a woman? Shouldst say to her: 'Hast noticed Lionel's squint?' or 'Prithee, sister, have ne'er a thing to do with cousin Lionel; 'tis a sad bad man. And there are tales, sister, terrible tales!'"

Edward gasped. "Oh, and what will she do then?"

"Why, look into mine eyes the very next time; and, not finding the squint, perhaps find something else, something in them she never marked before."

The young oaf nodded portentously. "Oh," cried he, "and then——"

"And then— Why, I see you take me. Hast sharp wits, coz! Then will she begin to ponder on those dark deeds of mine, and wonder about Cousin Lionel and think him a very different man after all from the kinsman who played with her and teased her all her life. But such a cock of the walk as thou art need not be lectured on the art of love. Why, when we get that figure of thine to court, what a stir will there be among the beauties! There will be no holding you at Whitehall."

Here he suddenly sighed, dropped his hands, shook his head, assumed a tone of melancholy. "Heigho, but we must get thee

to court first. And these adieus will undo all! 'Slife, man! she's ripe for love. 'Tis rebound, 'tis nature. After the cold fit, the hot one; after old Harcourt, young Rockhurst, live and young; after eighty, eighty—een!"

"Nay," interrupted Edward sapiently. "Harry Rockhurst is twenty."

"Aye," mused Lionel, "and so is our pretty Di. Lord, your worthy mother had scarce called out 'Oh' of Diana, before my Lady Rockhurst began her 'Ah' of that young whelp! Well, by this time, these babes will have plighted their troth, if the gods interfere not." He turned on Harc, his fierce temper escaping for an unguarded moment. "Why the foul fiend did you let her ride over here to-day?"

Ned swelled with dudgeon. "I? How could I prevent it, pray?"

"Poor numskull, how couldst thou?" echoed the other, half aside. "Well, well, I fear me I am caught in my own spring. They might have philandered all summer and naught have come of it. But I must needs work upon Grandam Chillingburgh, persuade her to summon the naughty grandchild in all haste from a bad match—and 'tis the parting will ruin all!"

He paused, biting his lip over vexed thoughts. Then his alert ear caught the fall of distant footsteps. "Ah!" he cried, starting, "yonder they come! Let us to the upper terrace, Ned, and watch them."

The two whose doings were exciting so much interest in Master Ratcliffe's mind came slowly along the Peacock Walk and halted beneath the watchers; a pair so well matched in youth and looks as well to justify the jealous kinsman's fears—Harry Rockhurst, stripling just hardening into manhood, with brown curls tossed back from a broad forehead, and brilliant hazel eyes, keen and bold of vision as should be those of the noted follower of hounds and hawk. By his side, as tall nearly as her cavalier, the young widow, Diana Harcourt, radiant, with the sun on her auburn hair.

As he spoke to her, she listened not unwillingly, and her glance rested on her lover's face with pleasure; yet there was something wellnigh maternal in this complacency which might have bidden him pause.

"Diana," the boy cried passionately, "you must hear me; I will speak!"

She moved a pace from him; and, sitting

on the bench, drew a hanging branch of wild rose to the wild rose of her cheek.

"The last of my country flowers," she murmured.

"Stay!" he exclaimed. "Let me pluck you a posy."

High over their unconscious heads, Lionel Ratcliffe had a sneer for his childish eagerness. But Diana took the flowers with a simple grace.

"Thank you, and thank you. Nay, how sweet they are! and to think that to-morrow evening we shall be so far away! 'Tis hard to leave the garden for the town."

"Mark you, now," whispered Ratcliffe overhead, nipping Hare by the arm, "and take a lesson in Dan Cupid's ways. 'Twill be, 'Think of me, and do not forget me.' And a prate of hopes, and a whisper of pledges; and then the word will hop out like a hot coal—Love! And their little world will be all ablaze. And 'twill be Love—Love—Love, and everything lost if some one be not at hand to spray cold water at the right moment."

"The gardener can," suggests the practical Ned, in a mouthing undertone.

"Hush, lad!" murmured the other. "Hast yet to learn metaphor. Nay—hark! Not a breath, on thy life."

"I shall dream, I think, of the gardens of Rockhurst," Diana was saying.

"The gardens?" echoed Harry. He was leaning against the wall, by the bench, looking down at her, bending close. "The gardens? Is that all you regret, Mistress Harcourt?"

"Fie!" smiled she, "I am not so ungrateful. Shall I not regret my friends, my neighbors, good Mistress Rockhurst—and yourself?"

The boy drew back and straightened himself, galled to the quick. "My aunt—and me! Truly, madam, I am proud!" He flung himself away, his shoulder turned ostentatiously on Diana. She laughed indulgently, then sighed. And in heart-broken fashion Harry caught up the sigh.

"First stage, sighs," reflected the watcher. "So far, harmless."

Young Rockhurst's dudgeon was not of long duration. He edged along the wall to the bench and bashfully took seat.

"So ends the year," he said softly, "that brought me the happiness of Paradise—Diana!"

"Master Rockhurst!"

"Must 'it end thus?" Suddenly bold, he tried to take the fair hand that lay idly clasping the roses.

"Take care, sir," she cried mischievously; "there are thorns here."

"Ah," he breathed, "so that I might gather the roses!"

And above, Master Ratcliffe: "Second stage; hand clasps and protestations. Next will come kneeling work, and next the lips. Wary now, for it goes rapidly."

"Pray you, pray you, sir!" Diana chid, endeavoring gently to free her hand.

But the boy had slipped the leash of his ardor and was not to be hushed. "Oh, my sweet life, hear me, hear me!"

"I vow," she said, half rebuking, "I never knew you in this mood."

"Ah, I am bold," he panted. "Must I not be bold indeed for that I dare to love you?" Saying which he fell on both knees before her.

"Is't not time to stop them?" whispered Hare into Ratcliffe's ear. "I could drop a little stone on sister Di's head."

"Soft," interposed the other, with his contemptuous patience. "Let the children play a little while longer; 'twill be the finer sport to slip in 'twixt cup and lip."

In truth, Ratcliffe was beginning to suspect that he had overrated Harry Rockhurst's influence. If he knew women, his fair cousin below there had given no real response. He had caught the note of indulgence which the wooer himself was too inexperienced to mark in her accents. True, there might lurk some danger even in this, yet not such as to call for indiscreet interference. He smiled sardonically as the lover's pleading rose passionately in the air.

"Give me hope, Diana—one word! Ah, madam, give me hope!"

But Mistress Harcourt rose and disengaged herself from the young man's grasp with some decision. "Stay, Master Rockhurst, how can I listen to you? In truth, dear lad, you are over-young to dream of such matters yet. Why, and what would my Lord Rockhurst say, could he but hear? Indeed, Harry, 'tis undutiful of you, without your noble father's sanction—I dare swear without even his knowledge."

"My father!" cried the boy, as if the words had struck him. "Alack!" he added despairingly, "this sudden departure of yours has thwarted all my plans. Yet, madam, you are wrong; my father does know. I have writ him all my heart."

Diana turned the pale fresh beauty of her face full in surprise upon the speaker. "Aye, have you indeed? And what says he?"

The youth, emboldened afresh, pressed forward; but she kept him sweetly at arm's length, menacing him with her posy.

"He has not answered yet—could not have answered yet, madam. Natheless, I am his only child and he loves me; there can be but one answer. Diana, if that be all that stands between us——"

"Nay," she teased, "and shall I tell you your father's answer? 'Ah, Harry,' will his lordship say, 'have I kept thee secluded in the country, that thou mightest grow strong in health and virtuous in mind'—for these, we are told, are my Lord Rockhurst's reasons—and hast seen a young gentlewoman for the first time? Pack up, lad, pack and ride with me to London town; and in a week wilt have forgotten her very existence." "

"How little you know my father! How little you know me!" he exclaimed with dignity.

"Alas, child! this is country innocence. Do I not know something of the ways of the great world? Your education has not yet begun, all respect to his lordship's judgment. When he has shown you the court, the town, the quality——"

Harry Rockhurst interrupted her with a vexed laugh: "The court, the town, the quality—why, madam, he will not even tell me of them. 'Tis only his duty as Lord Constable of the Tower, his devotion to the king, that keeps him from living here among us—the only life he deems worthy of a true gentleman. London, he says, is contamination. Therefore keepeth he me here, though it part him and me."

She smiled and shook her head. "And how shall I find favor in the eyes of this strict gentleman?" she said in the same fond tone of mockery—"I who am gay, and think not so ill of the town, and have no mind for sad faces and dull clothes! I fear me, Harry, your father is at heart a Puritan."

"My lord a Puritan?" cried the boy in fine scorn. "The king's own private friend in exile, the hero of Marston Moor's evil day? Why, Diana, blackguard Noll set a higher price on my father's head than upon any other in England, save his Most Gracious Majesty's own! Sweet Mistress Harcourt, if that were your only fear——"

Greatly daring, he flung out his arm to encircle her. Swayed by his artless passion,

Mistress Harcourt now suffered the embrace, but 'twas with a sisterly tolerance.

A loud shout from above drove them apart.

"Cousin Di!—where can she be? Cousin Di, Master Rockhurst!"

There was Lionel Ratcliffe, shouting into space between the hollow of his hands; and beside him Edward Hare, consumed with laughter.

Young Rockhurst stamped his foot; but Diana, not displeased perhaps at the interruption, glanced calmly up.

"Here I am, Cousin Lionel, and here is Harry."

Ratcliffe leaned over the terrace, wiping his face as though heated. "Oh, how I have sought for you!" he called.

"So it seems," retorted she ironically, "and have you had never a thought to cast a glance over the wall?"

He grinned. She was the dearer to him for her sharp wits and for a tongue that was even a match for him. But what answer he would have made was lost in new interruptions. The sound of a post horn rose swelling through the quiet airs, and almost immediately the bell clanged from the castle's gate. Then came calls, shouts, and rumors.

Ratcliffe straightened himself from his leaning posture. "What have we here?" he cried. "Ha! Mistress Alicia!"

A stout elderly woman appeared at the head of the terrace steps.

"Pardon me, madam, a moment," said Harry to Diana, and ran to meet his aunt, who was beckoning with great energy.

"News, lad," cried the old dame—"news from your noble father, from my dear brother!" She turned on the second step and raised her voice (never a soft one) in vigorous expostulation to some hidden person: "Hither, fellow, hither, thou laggard, and commend thee for a lazy loon!"

Stirred by these expostulations, the post-boy, covered with dust and sweat, emerged upon the terrace above at a limping run. Harry bounded up the steps to snatch a letter from his hands. He broke the seal and gave a cry of joy.

"These are news indeed! My father will be with us to-day—nay, toward the fifth hour afternoon, he writes. Rascal, you have tarried indeed! Why, 'tis past the hour already. In good truth, these are news!"

His joyful exclamations were lost in a deep outburst of lamentation from Mistress Rockhurst. "To-day!" quoth she, clapping her

palms together. "Murrain take me, if these be not the ways of men! Gilian! Basill! Get thee to the buttery, knave! Robin, Robin! the flag!"

But the excellent housewife was not of those who waste their energies upon mere speech. As hastily as her bulk would permit, she was already hying her back toward the hall, and the clamor of her voice was lost behind the yew hedges. Harry bent over the parapet, calling to Diana, who stood pensively where he had left her.

"Give me joy, madam; my father will be here instantly."

Ratcliffe brushed past him and came down the steps toward his kinswoman. He laid a hand upon her arm, and looking up upon his host, "Then," cried he, "shall we leave you to your filial transport." He dropped his voice, to continue maliciously in the young widow's ear: "Di, what say you? Shall we not ride back? Gad! were it but a meeting 'twixt lover and mistress 'twere something to wait for! but this business! 'My worthy father!' 'My beloved son!' 'Twas ever a feast of cold veal, since the days of the Prodigal. Though, faith," he laughed, "'tis the father, here, comes from the husks to seek the calf at home."

And while Diana gazed upon his sharp face with wonder and disfavor, Ratcliffe hailed Rockhurst once more: "Therefore, I say, good Harry, pray you bid them call up our horses."

Young Rockhurst protested. But Diana, to Ratcliffe's surprise and greatly to his satisfaction, instantly backed the request:

"Indeed, Lionel is right; our presence is out of place at this meeting."

"Nay!" implored Harry, and ran headlong down into the Peacock Walk again to catch her hand. "For pity's sake no and indeed no, madam!"

The woman disengaged herself, settled her roses, gathered her gloves and whip from the bench, and looped her riding skirts; then she turned and, smiling, courtesied: "Indeed and indeed, yes, sir. And since farewell it must be, why, then, farewell!"

She wafted a kiss from her roses toward him.

"Ah, no!" he implored, still endeavoring to arrest her.

"Slife!" cried Lionel, impatiently looking up. "There rises the flag—there flies the noble blazon! Let it be the signal for us. Come, Di! Go, hurry the horses, Ned!" he

shouted to Hare, who, astride on the upper balustrade, sat gaping down at them. "Blessings upon my Lord Rockhurst," he muttered to himself, as Diana motioned Harry on one side with decisive gesture.

"Nay, it is good-by," she was saying.

The boy caught the slender fingers with the roses. "Oh, madam, will you turn all my joy into sorrow?" Here the gate bell clanged again. "My father!" cried Harry, starting toward the steps.

"Farewell," said Diana, "and——"

"Ah, no," cried the poor lover distractedly, and ran back and flung himself before her. "But a few minutes, dearest Diana!"

She hesitated before his distress.

Lionel irritably seized her arm. "Nay, child," he said, "you must come!" The touch, the tones were overmasterful.

She flashed a haughty look upon him. "Must, Cousin Lionel?"

Harry, seeing his advantage, pressed it ardently. "Delay but for five minutes! Sure, 'tis not much to ask?"

"You foolish boy!" said Diana. Then, smiling into his passionate eyes: "Yet I would not seem churl to you. And I will even wait these five minutes in the rose garden yonder. Your arm so far, an' it please you, Lionel. But I pray you, remember that there must be no musts from you to me."

She moved away with a stately grace; Lionel, biting his lips upon a bitter smile, at her side. Harry stood gazing after her as one lost in a dream.

My Lord Rockhurst approached the wall of the upper terrace and looked down upon his son. His countenance, naturally grave, stamped now with the pallor and fatigue of his lengthy ride, grew graver as he watched. Beside him, his sister threw up scandalized hands. But as she was about to give voice to her feelings, he arrested her with a gesture, and went slowly to the top of the steps. There he paused and called:

"Harry!"

The boy started, wheeled round, rushed up the steps, and dropped on one knee before his father. "My lord, my dear father!"

Lord Rockhurst raised him, looked a second keenly at the young face; then, laying his hand upon his shoulder, walked down the steps with him toward the bench, where, still without speaking, he took seat. Shaking her head at her nephew, Mistress Rockhurst followed them at some distance.

"Oh, sir," cried Harry impetuously, "'tis ten months and two days since I last beheld your countenance!"

So saying, he was about to cast himself upon his father's breast; when, with the faintest motion of the hand, Rockhurst restrained him.

"And yet, didst show, even now, no undue haste to greet me! 'Tis the first time, Harry," he proceeded in softer tones, "that thou hast failed to welcome me before the gates. I had looked forward to that moment."

"And, indeed, nevvvy," added Aunt Alicia, as she halted, panting before him, "'twas not pretty acted. 'Where's Harry?' says his lordship. And 'twas old Giles held the stirrup, which had been thy privilege, Harry, since thou were five years old."

Blushes chased each other over the boy's face. He could only stammer: "Oh, sir—oh, father!"

"Nay, no excuses!" bade Rockhurst.

The young cheek grew a darker crimson still. "The lady, sir," he murmured—"the lady I wrote of—"

Mistress Rockhurst snorted with increased indignation. But Lord Rockhurst was now smiling dreamily. "A lady, sayst thou? Boy Harry and his lady! Nay, then, a petticoat is like charity and must needs cover a multitude of sins."

"Petticoats, indeed," ejaculated under her voice the irate dame. "Hussy!"

Lord Rockhurst had no thought to spare for his sister's opinions just now. Holding Harry at arm's length, he surveyed him with shining eyes. "Thou art grown a goodly lad; in faith, wellnigh a man."

He drew him into his embrace and held him close for a second; then, releasing him, fell back with a sigh of ease upon the bench. Harry respectfully received cloak and sword from his hand. The traveler sighed, took off his hat, and ran his fingers through his hair with the gesture of contented weariness.

"Another drop of cordial, my lord!" cried his sister, rising, eager for service.

"Nay," said he, motioning her back; "I have all the cordial I need here, Alicia. Come close, Harry."

"Dost know," proceeded the lord constable as his son knelt beside him—"dost know I have ridden two hundred miles these days, with scarce as many minutes' rest, to put order into thy business? That to-morrow I must e'en be jogging back again, for his Majesty has need of me? Thou presumptu-

ous rogue!" He struck the lad on the shoulder as he spoke; seriousness underlay his tone of banter. "Wouldst plot to make a grandsire of me already? Mark those pleading eyes, sister. Even so did they look up at me when he stood no higher than my knee, and it was, 'Father, John blacksmith has so fair a pony to sell!' or 'Giles vows he will drown the red setter pup! Oh, father, I want it!' Aye, child, thou hast a father, and 'tis well for thee." His mouth twisted with a light contempt under the upturned mustache. "A widow!" he said.

"Aye," put in Aunt Alicia vindictively, "and a delicate fine lady to boot. Ah, nephew, did I not tell thee his lordship would set order here? What doth Mistress Harcourt care for still room or buttery? Could she brew a bottle of Gilly water? Nay—much less turn thee a pasty!"

"Peace, peace, sister," rebuked his lordship. "Harry," he turned tender relentless eyes upon his son's quivering face, "thou, who wouldst get thee to begetting heirs already, what dost thou know of life?"

The youth rose to his feet, withdrew a pace, and looked earnestly at him. "As much, my lord," he answered then, "as you have allowed me to know."

A moment the elder man seemed struck. He gazed down at his linked hands and reflected. Then he too got up. It was with an air of finality. "Faith, aptly replied! Therefore, son," he took the lad's arm, "thou must still believe my will best for thee."

Harry caught his father's hand. "Nay, my lord, God forbid I should even question the wisdom of your dealings with me! Truly, I have never hankered for the town; and if I have seen you ride forth alone with a heavy heart, it has only been for the longing of your gracious company. But, father," he clasped his other hand over the gloved one he held, "she loves the country too, let Aunt Alicia say what she will." He shot a flaming look of reproach at that buxom woman. "And—and, we should be full content to dwell here forever, if we were married, sir."

"Married!" echoed Rockhurst. He pulled his hand from his son's clasp and passed it caressingly over the beardless chin. "Aye, there's a cheek for a husband, truly!" Mistress Alicia broke into good-humored laughter and struck her knees in applause. "When thy beard is grown, we'll talk of such matters again."

"Oh, my lord!" pleaded the lover. "What

of my age? Even you were married when no older than I am, as our Bible fly leaf shows! Say nothing at least till you have seen her. She is here, father, even now, in the rosary. Alack! she has ridden hither to bid farewell, for to-morrow she sets out for London town. And, oh, father, may I not escort her?"

"To London?" exclaimed the father. His face grew dark with a heavy frown. "To London? No, sir, not within fifty miles of the Babylon! How now! art grown so bold?"

"I thought not of the town," stammered Harry; "I thought but of the perils of the road for her." Then, gaining assurance, he proceeded: "Even here there is talk of Claude Du Vall and such ruffians. Sir Edward, her brother, is but a poor fool, my lord. And Master Ratcliffe, her cousin, who rides with them, I mightily mistrust. You have given me your blood, father; will you blame me now because it will not run obediently when I think of danger to my lady?"

"Nay, if thy body kept pace with thy spirit," mocked Rockhurst, "what a beard wouldst soon have, my callow son!" Yet, though he mocked, anger had all fled from his glance, to be replaced by fatherly pride.

The tears rushed to Harry's eyes. The young can endure severity better than irony. "Indeed I am a child no longer—I am ever your dutiful son, sir; but I cannot give up Diana. My lord, do but see her! See her now!"

"Now?" cried the other, surprised. Then, recollecting himself, "True, didst say she was in the garden." His eye grew ever more indulgent. "See her, lad?" he went on. "Aye, truly. For what other purpose had I ridden all these weary miles?"

With the youth all was now sunshine, where before it had been all clouds. "Ah, father, I knew your indulgence would never fail me. Nay, I will conduct her to you on the instant."

He started to run, even as he spoke. Rockhurst watched the figure out of sight, then laughed low to himself and turned to his sister. "I will conduct her to you on the instant," he repeated. "Aha! and doubtless the pretty widow will come as meekly at his bidding to display herself as ever heifer to the fair. *O rustica simplicitas!*" And laughing, he came back to the bench and sat down.

"Indeed, my lord," said Mistress Alicia,

with as much disapproval as she dared to show to the head of the house, "here is no matter for laughing. 'Tis an excellent thing, my lord, that you should forbid Harry from marrying the Widow Harcourt. And truly, as you say, he's not fit to wed for some four or five years to come. And of a certainty she's scarce the woman to manage a household like this, brother; not such as I should care to trust with the keys. And I think you'll not refuse me the credit to say, brother, that I have become them well these eighteen years."

"Indeed, none better," said Rockhurst absently.

The woman glanced at him sidelong. Her comely face took an air of indecision, almost of timidity, foreign to the handsome severity of its lines. Something she had on her mind, that yet she feared to utter. But lack of courage could never be the failing of a Rockhurst.

"And, indeed, my lord, so long as you keep the lad mewed up here, as if he were a girl, 'tis not to be expected that he should get rid of such-like maggots in his head. Why, the town's the place for a gallant young gentleman like Harry. Your only son, my lord, your heir! Think of it. Why, court's the place for him! He'd sing another song there, I warrant you."

Once again the father's face grew dark. "'Tis my bird, sister. I'll have him sing the song I choose."

"But surely, brother," argued the doughty woman, scarlet in the face, "with you to watch over him, with your example——"

"With my example!" He turned suddenly and fiercely on his sister. "No, by the Lord, not even with such precious aid as that, will I trust my fine lad into that sink—that charnel house—that pit! Ah, you think yourself so wise, and prate of what you know not—poor, innocent old country virgin! I tell thee, woman, the taint is in the very air. Eyes, ears, nay, every pore, are channels for the poison!"

"Brother!" ejaculated Mistress Rockhurst, huffed and startled.

But Rockhurst proceeded, his eyes fixed more as if talking to himself than to her. "There, shame grows dearer than merit; vice becomes as a cloak, warm and soft, in which a man takes comfort. At the mere thought of cold virtue, of stern duty, of naked purity—ugh! we shiver and hug ourselves!"

His sister gave a faint, shocked cry and flung out her hand. "But not you, not you, my lord! Surely these are strange words!"

"Harry shall be a man of better stuff," the father cried. "He's wholesome now, body and soul, and by the Lord, I say I'll keep him so! How now, Alicia, shall I not have pure-blooded, pure-hearted grandchildren, an I have the mind?"

For some unknown reason the excellent woman took deep umbrage at this last remark. "Surely, surely!" she repeated, tossing her head, so that her gray curls danced.

"So let it be, then!" bade her brother. Then, in a changed voice he ejaculated: "Hush, now! Here comes the country widow. Falth, the lad hath taste!" But here he fell suddenly silent and sprang up.

Mistress Rockhurst, surveying him in some anxiety, marked the extraordinary change that came over his countenance. "As I am a sinful woman," she afterwards told her special gossip, "his lordship turned whey white. And I do assure you, madam, his eyes blazed in his head, the like of which I have never seen before. 'Twas almost as if they had known each other and had never dreamed to meet again. And as for my fine young madam, she came along with her eyes on the ground—nay, the most bashful thing between this and York City. But when she looks up and sees my lord, as white as he went, she goes rosy, and, please you, gives a kind of cry with both her hands outstretched. That may have been artfulness. And if so, my lord met it even as I could have wished; for he but made her a deep bow, and, says he presently, in his very grand way, 'It gives me pleasure, madam, to make your acquaintance.' At which you should have seen how was taken aback the widow!"

Harry, who had brought his lady in such pride beneath his father's glance, stood somewhat dashed in the silence that followed the Lord Rockhurst's ceremonious greeting. "Well, sir," he cried at last anxiously, "now that you have seen Mistress Harcourt, do you not give me some reason?"

His father turned a singular glance upon him. "Reason enough, lad," he said, under his breath, "reason enough for any folly!"

"Nay, my lord," said Diana, speaking for the first time, her voice low and troubled, "I know not what Master Harry hath been saying of me. It is his kindness that he will

think so well of me, and—nay, I must say it, Harry—'tis his foolishness that he will not understand that he is overkind."

Rockhurst took Diana's hand from his son's hold, where it still rested unconsciously. Here was one who, nameless to him, had yet shone like a star in his troubled sky this many a month, for the sake of one hour, snatched, sweet, pure, and sacred, out of an ill-spent life. With all that was best in him, he had wished to hold her unknown, unattainable: and here she was brought back by fate into his life! None could have guessed the storm seething within him after his moment of self-betrayal. His usual polished composure governed face, voice, and gesture.

"My son has told me much about you, madam, truly," he was saying, "and yet I see how little he has been able to tell me."

'Twas the merest idle compliment. The words were as artificial as the tone. Diana courtesied in silence. Perchance, though she had kept his image in the deep recesses of her soul, hers had entirely faded from his thoughts.

"Indeed, my lord," she began, faltering, "I too—" but she paused, for her brother and Lionel Ratcliffe were approaching.

Harry instantly took the younger man by the arm to present him to his father.

"One moment," rebuked Rockhurst; "the lady is speaking. Pray, madam?"

"Oh, my lord," said she with formal grace, "the poor sentence was, certes, never worth such courteous attention. I was but about to say that I, too, have heard of your lordship often."

"Aye? From what source?" he asked, and a shadow fell on his face.

But she was smiling. "From this source," she answered him, waving her roses toward Harry.

"Ah," cried Rockhurst, laughing upon a sigh, "no doubt the rogue has full wearied you with the subject."

"Alas!" she responded quickly, "must I not take this reproach to myself?"

Lionel Ratcliffe pulled young Rockhurst by the sleeve. "What, all agaze and bewildered, Harry? Never fear; these are but court wits in a friendly bout. Clink, clink, the sparks fly. But hark to you, beware an unfoiled weapon."

The boy withdrew from his touch with disfavor, and Rockhurst turned upon the whisperer a haughty look of inquiry.

"Well met again, my lord," cried Ratcliffe,

swaggering a step toward and saluting with a cavalier sweep of his hat.

Rockhurst returned the courtesy with a ceremonious inclination. "Have we met before, sir?" he inquired.

No whit abashed, Ratcliffe replaced his felt with the latest twist of the wrist. "Does your lordship make it a practice, then, of not taking your memory out of town? To be sure, memory is a mighty inconvenient chattel at times. Natheless, 'tis a fact your lordship and my humble self have met at the same board. Did I not share with your lordship last winter the privilege of being the guest of the pretty Mantess?"

"Enough—I remember you, sir," said his lordship.

"Egad!" laughed Ratcliffe with elaborate geniality, "I sure did take special note of your lordship that night, seeing you with the nymph our hostess——"

The words were cut short on his lips by a look as sharp as a sword. "You have too long a memory, sir. Shorten it! My son," added the speaker, turning his shoulder upon Ratcliffe, "you were about to present the young gentleman to me."

"My brother, Sir Edward Hare, my lord," said Diana, forestalling her lover. "Nay, brother, brother," she whispered, as the bumpkin nodded sulkily, "doff thy hat!"

"I tell thee, Di," murmured the injured youth, "'tis he owes me two bows and three scrapes. Ecod! 'The lady's speaking,' quotha. And I with my best leg drawn out for him!"

"Your lordship must excuse our country manners," said Diana with a pretty glance, half humorous, half pleading.

"Of your leave, my son," said he then, "I will have a few minutes' converse with Mistress Harcourt apart."

Harry pressed his father's hand in delighted response. He leaned back against the sunny wall and watched his mistress go in grace beside the stately figure of the great Lord Rockhurst. Lionel took place beside him, and from narrowed lids scanned the young man's happy countenance. Mistress Rockhurst carried Sir Edward, nothing loath, toward the house with her, vowing that he looked but greenly, and promising him "a tass of my acquavit with marjoram—the best tried waters for summer qualms."

Rockhurst and Diana at the extreme end of the terrace stood alone in the sunshine

with the June roses about them. She flung a sudden eager look at him; but, before the smooth courtesy with which he turned to her, drew back into herself, checked and puzzled. It was to be as if they had only met in a dream? So be it! Then the thought that he must now regard her as his son's choice broke upon her in a flash of revelation and anger. Why had she dallied with such folly? With an involuntary movement, she loosened her grasp on Harry's roses and they fell round her feet.

"Why," said Rockhurst, with a forced smile and perfunctory solicitude, "your posy, madam, all in the dust. Nay, permit me to cull another for you."

The man of the world had superseded all else. To place his years in rivalry with his son's youth, the king's lord constable against the country lad? Preposterous!

All at once Lionel Ratcliffe tapped his companion stealthily on the arm.

"What is it?" cried Harry, starting from his musing, and glancing round none too pleasantly.

"Look—look yonder, Master Rockhurst! Your roses!"

Harry's glance followed the direction of the pointing finger. He saw Diana stand, a radiant vision in the amber light, with empty hands outstretched toward the flower that Rockhurst was in the act of gathering, a deep crimson rose that glowed like a ruby in the sun rays. And about her feet the pale sweet blossoms chosen for her with such love, but an hour ago! The red rose was carried to Diana's cheek; and then she fastened it in her bosom. His flowers had not been so honored. He could not think or reason; he could only look and suffer.

Again Lionel tapped him on the shoulder. He was smiling. Harry came back to his senses at sight of that odious smile.

"Well, sir, and what of it?" he cried, measuring Ratcliffe with a defiant look.

"What of it? More than you think. What were you about, young man," his voice sunk to a whisper, "when you invited Rakehell Rockhurst to come and view your young lady?"

"Rakehell Rockhurst?" echoed Harry in utter amazement. Then, fury leaping to his voice and eye, he wheeled fiercely upon Ratcliffe. "Of whom are you speaking?"

The latter proceeded, unmoved save for a trifle more of emphasis in his silky tone: "Did you not know that a single breath of his lips

is enough to tarnish the virtue of the purest woman in England?"

The younger man fell back a step and measured the speaker. "Of whom are you speaking, I have asked you." There was more self-control in his demeanor, but more danger. It was tense with menace like a bent bow.

A second Ratcliffe paused. He had not given the lad credit for so much real manliness. The more reason for him to precipitate the crisis for which he was working. And there was no affectation with which he now broke out: "Of whom, good lad? Of whom?"

Edward Hare, strolling out of the dim coolness of the buttery into the sunshine again, heard the sound of loud voices rising from the terrace below. Grinning, he advanced on tiptoe and bent over the parapet to listen. Cousin Ratcliffe and young Harry were at it at last! Even to his dull wits it had been evident that the quarrel that had been smoldering between them was bound to break into open flame. Better than a wench or a bottle, better even than cockpit or bear bait, Sir Edward loved the sight of a fight between his fellow men. He chuckled as he hearkened.

"Of whom, good lad, of whom—but the most noble viscount, in town, the incomparable libertine, our Merry Monarch's merry friend known as Rakehell Rockhurst—in the country, thy sainted father!"

"Liar!"

Lionel staggered back, a narrow streak of blood running down his chin. In a second he had whipped out the light riding sword that hung by his hip, and without a word made deadly rush. Harry, however, strong country lad, trained by all the sudden accidents of sport and chase, had his wits about him. He stepped aside from the onslaught—caught up the cloak which lay on the balustrade, and flung it across the blade.

"Now, if you please," said he, shaking his father's sword free of the scabbard, while Ratcliffe, almost foaming at the mouth, struggled with the encumbering folds as fiercely as if it had been his enemy himself, "let us continue the argument."

It was as pretty a fight as ever it had been Edward Hare's luck to behold at feast or fair. In an ecstasy he hung over the parapet, jumping from one foot to the other. "At it," he shouted, "at it, good dogs! Ha, well pushed, cousin!"

Young Harry staggered, waved his sword aimlessly, dropped it, pivoted on himself, and fell. He lay, face downward, and after a moment a coil of blood like a slender serpent began to twist its way into the gray of the gravel.

Edward Hare clapped his hand over his mouth like a frightened child. "Blood, ecod!" he whispered. Then, in a quavering shout, "Hist, coz! Hast never killed him?"

The victor, leaning on his blade, gazing in somber abstraction at the prostrate form, started and looked up. He smiled hideously with his swollen lip.

"Be it mortal?" mouthed Edward again.

Ratcliffe answered stonily. "Mortal? I trust so. The affront was mortal."

Then he slowly wiped his blade upon the cloak, sheathed it with care, and walked steadily away along the path that led to the valley.

Hare watched him go, till the dark laurel bushes received and hid him. Then he looked over again at the motionless figure; and now in a panic sent loud shouts ringing into the air: "Help here! Hoy-hello! Master Rockhurst hurt, ill. Dead! Help!"

Lord Rockhurst was the first to hear the cry. In a second he was down in the Peacock Walk by the bench, kneeling. Hare was at his heels, gabbling. Half the words went unheeded through the air; but some found their mark in the father's heart:

"... And Lionel says, 'Rakehell Rockhurst' (he, he!)—'A devil with the women!' says he. And Harry hits him across the mouth. 'Liar!' says Harry. Oh, 'twas a pretty quarrel. 'Twas a cracking slap!"

As Rockhurst lifted his boy and supported him in his arms, light came back to the eyes so dark in the white face, and, stretching himself, Harry returned to consciousness and smiled up at his father like a waking child. Rockhurst tore the stained clothing apart with fierce hands, then drew a deep sigh of relief. His experience in such matters took stock of the wound—an ugly tear in truth, long, laying bare the ribs, but not deep.

"'Tis not vital—thank God! Go, call for help, man!" cried he sharply to the staring Edward. And off trotted the lout. Now came Diana hastening, bewildered. Lovers have quick ears. Harry caught the sounds of her steps. He tried to raise himself in his father's embrace. There was a sudden shame upon him that he had done so wom-

anish a thing as to swoon, this day when, of all days, he had so much reason to play the man.

"'Tis a mere scratch, my lord," he murmured. Then, with an anxious glance on his father's face, he added, stammering, "Master Lionel was showing me a new French pass, and I—I slipped—" He broke off; never before had he seen tears in his father's eyes.

With a flutter like that of a settling bird, Diana sank on her knees beside them. With a soft cry, full of ruth, she took her boy lover's hand. As he had passed her on his way for help, her brother had bellowed his tidings, "A pretty quarrel! About you, sister! Ecod—there was talk about your virtue—and Master Harry's slap, and Coz Lionel out with his tuck—"

As with the sting of arrows the words drove her forward. Ah, she needed no further telling to conjure up the scene: her kinsman had spoken lightly of her, and her lover had struck back the insult. Her boy lover! His

youth, that had been his disability in her eyes, now became eloquent to plead for him. To see him lie there, pale and blood-stained, a mere lad! After the way of women, her heart melted all to him.

"Harry, Harry!" she cried, and the words were tender as a caress.

Harry turned his languid head. "And now I cannot ride with you to-morrow—not even did my lord so permit! Father!" Faintness was creeping over him again, but he made an effort. His voice rang out: "Father, will you escort her? My Diana!" It was at once a supreme declaration of confidence and a solemn charge.

The father bowed his head. "Your Diana, lad; so be it—I accept the trust."

Over the poor wounded body, the eyes of Rakehell Rockhurst met those of Diana. There was a steady sweetness of renunciation in his that she had seen there once before. Hers were quickly veiled again lest they betray the singular sharp pain that filled her heart.

OVER THE KEYS

(To W. H. O.)

By ALLAN MUNIER

O PALE, unworldly brow—O bent dark head
 Leaned listening o'er the patient questing hands
 That strive to trace again lost golden strands
 'Mong tangled skeins of dream from days long dead:
 Whose is the shadow-haunted soul that peers
 Out of thy rapt, entranced eyes, so fain
 To visionize the insistent wordless train
 Of flame-tipped tongues that clamor in thine ears?
 What swelling tides of voices, century-bound,
 Surge down the worlds to burst against thy breast!
 What phantoms, with beseeching faces pressed
 Against the bars of silence, crave for sound!—
 Dim ghosts of song that crowd against the strings,
 And sweep the gates of Sense with wan, wild wings!

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ITALIAN IMMIGRANT*

BY GAETANO D'AMATO

Deputy Chief of the Bureau of Licenses, City of New York

REGIA AMBASCIATA D'ITALIA

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 7, 1906.

THE EDITOR OF APPLETON'S MAGAZINE.

My dear Sir: I thank you heartily for the pleasure you have given me in sending to me, for anticipated reading, Mr. G. D'Amato's keen and clever article in defence of Italian immigration.

You ask me for some words of introduction. Are they necessary? The article of Mr. D'Amato is good, true, efficient. It refutes with facts and reasons the attacks of prejudice and ignorance. My experience teaches me that the majority of Americans who know Italy, especially those who have lived (and the longer, the better) among Italians, do love Italy and Italians. Those who object to them do not in general know them.

Illiteracy, it is true, is still one of our evils. Mr. D'Amato explains why. New regulations ought to enforce our existing law on obligatory instruction. But is literacy the best exponent of laboriousness, morality, and honesty? And what this country wants, is it not good, moral, honest workers? Accept our illiterate laborers as they are. The fathers will work hard on your fields, on your tracks, on your streets, in your factories, in your mines; the sons, educated in your schools, will give you good and instructed citizens. With the educational test you will have, many times, this result: rejection of illiterates, mentally and physically sound, who would be strenuous laborers; admission of half-educated people, often presumptuous and lazy, among whom are recruited almost all the anti-social elements.

For that reason, and because several of our provinces are already suffering from too large an emigration, some of us would not be dissatisfied if a law should restrain, on such basis, the Italian immigration in the United States. I am, on my own account, for liberty—liberty of coming, going, returning. But as I have no voice in the matter, I only object to the epithet *objectionable* so frequently applied to our immigration. Did you ever remark what efficiency in every branch, politics, war, sciences, Italians displayed in the history of one of the greatest European nations—France? Almost at every page of it you will find some Italian names; in politics, Mazarine, Mirabeau (a Riquetti or Arrighetti; of Florentine extraction), Napoleone, Gambetta, Ferry; in art, Primaticcio, Leonardo da Vinci, Lulli; in sciences, Torricelli, Gassendi, Cassini, Broca, Pozzi; in letters, Zola, Sardou, Parodi, Massa. Italians founded in France some great families: Valori, Luynes (Alberti), Broglie. They introduced in France the silk industry.

There would be, in the amplification of what precedes, the matter not of a letter, nor of an introduction of a few words, but of an article. I will write it, if I have time.

In the meanwhile, I remain, dear Sir, Sincerely yours,

E. MAYOR DES PLANCHES,
Royal Italian Ambassador.

*The author makes grateful acknowledgment to Antonio Zucca, president of the New York Italian Chamber of Commerce, for valuable aid rendered in the preparation of this article.

HAD Fate and Nature so arranged it that all the lands of Northwestern Europe were to-day blest with boundless industrial resources, undergoing rapid development under a flag and government which allowed free play to the best ability and highest aspirations of those fleeing from the oppression of a tyrannous American Kingdom, and were some members of the government of that favored region to declaim publicly against the admission of Americans, on the ground of the higher percentage of illiteracy and therefore of vice among them, I would feel it my duty as an American citizen of Italian birth to expose to the world the cant, the folly, the hypocrisy, and the bigotry of their action.

No less do I feel the obligation as an Italian-American, born in Italy, when the race to which I have the honor to belong is similarly maligned, to take up my pen and prove, mostly by American and English-speaking witnesses of high repute and credibility, that the Italian immigrant is in all essentials the equal of the native-born American of the Anglo-Saxon breed. Further than that it would not become me to go.

No comparison will be made here with immigrants from other countries than Italy. The predecessors of many of those now most favored have wondered at the sneer of contempt, have seen the glance of scorn, have heard the belittling nickname, and have felt the galling industrial taboo which the spirit of know-nothingism, in one guise or another, has ever ready for the stranger.

Tempted by liberty and opportunity, comes the Italian, bringing with him that love of home and family which is the guarantee of his unfailing loyalty to the new flag; that sterling honesty which makes him respected of all who have business dealings with him; that splendid health, strength, and physical endurance which is to be a rich asset of the republic's well-being, as well as of his own; that frugality and temperance and patient industry which are the marvel of the nations; that natural grace of manner and lightness of heart which mark his cheerful presence; and that love of music and the arts engendered in his blood by long centuries of the highest civilization, which aesthetic sense is bound to have a refining influence in America. And with him comes his womankind, models to all in the true expression of womanly virtues, and the full and right perception and acceptance of woman's province. These things I ask no one to take on my bare word.

I will prove them to the full satisfaction of the reader, no matter what his race or prejudice. Now permit me to state why this is done:

On Monday, June 25, 1906, the House of Representatives being in committee of the whole on the state of the Union, and having under consideration Senate bill 4,403 (the immigration bill), the Hon. John L. B. Burnet, of Alabama, said:

I, for one, stand here to say that as far as the action of the South I represent is concerned, we welcome every man from Northwestern Europe, German, English, French, Irish, Scotch, Scandinavian, and all people of that kind; and Mr. Braun, who was sent as a special immigrant inspector to Europe, says that one of the principal reasons for the decrease in the immigration from that particular section of Europe has been brought about by the considerable increase from Southern Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Syria, and from undesirable immigrants generally.

On the same day and on the same occasion the Hon. Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, said in the course of his discussion of the bill:

The educational test for immigrants is a protection to us in another way: Taking history as a whole, the nations that have left the greatest mark in the world's history in art, religion, and literature have been the homogeneous peoples; and decadence has followed the admixture of races. The era of the greatness of the people of Judea, Greece, and Rome was when they were homogeneous, and before their blood had been contaminated by the mixture of foreign races. The greatness of the French, German and English-speaking races to-day is due to homogeneity of their blood and the purity of their race. . . .

But you say, what effect will the educational test have on maintaining the racial characteristics of our people? The statistics show that, of the immigration that is now coming into the country from Europe, there is no surer or more certain test that we can apply that will admit the Teutonic and Celtic races of Northern Europe and at the same time exclude the Iberic and Slavic races of Southern and Eastern Europe, unless we pass a law prohibiting certain races from coming to this country, as we have done in the case of the Chinese. The statistics show that for the year 1904 the illiteracy of the peoples that came to this country was: Scotch, $\frac{1}{10}$ of 1 per cent; Scandinavian, $\frac{1}{10}$ of 1 per cent; English, 1.3 per cent; Bohemian and Moravian, 1.8 per cent; Finnish, 2.7 per cent; French 3.2 per cent; Irish, 3.4 per cent; Dutch and Flemish, 4.1 per cent; German, 4.8 per cent; Northern Italian, 12.6 per cent, making an average of 4 per cent of illiteracy from the people of Teutonic and Celtic races from Northern Europe.

On the other hand, the illiteracy of the Slavic and Iberic races from Southern Europe and Eastern Europe was: Spanish, 9.8 per cent; Magyar, 14.1 per cent; Greek, 23.6 per cent; Slovak, 27.9 per cent; Roumanian, 31.7 per cent; Dalmatian, Bosnian, and Herzegovinian, 35.6 per cent; Bulgarian, Servian, and Montenegrin, 45.4 per cent; Lithuanian, 54.1 per cent; Southern Italian, 52.2 per cent;

Ruthenian, 58.8 per cent; Portuguese, 67.5 per cent, making an average of 42.6 per cent. This clearly demonstrates that the educational test will not merely separate the ignorant, the vicious, and the lazy from the intelligent and industrious classes that are coming to this country, but to a large extent it will eliminate the lower classes of immigration from the countries that are not of Teutonic and Celtic origin, and to some degree will solve the problem of the assimilation of the dissimilar races.

He stated also that the census of 1900 showed the average illiteracy among the American whites to be 4.6 per cent; the total 10.75 per cent; among the negroes, 44.5 per cent. Then he went on:

To-day in all European countries the facilities for education are such that as a rule it can be obtained by the intelligent and thrifty individuals composing the body politic if they make an effort to acquire it. Therefore, when immigrants come to this country uneducated, it is a demonstration that they are from the least intelligent and industrious of their own people.

Let us take the length and breadth of the learning in the honorable gentleman's own State, Alabama, a land in which surely pauperism does not exist to blow out the torch of universal erudition.

According to the last census, the total population of Alabama over ten years of age is 1,304,697, and of this number 104,883 (or 14.6 per cent) of the white people are illiterate, and 338,707 (or 57 per cent) of the negroes are illiterate. John O. Turner, State Superintendent of Education in that State, before the Southern Educational Association, indicated how high the literary attainments of those attending school must be, by stating that "competent teachers will not desire to locate in States or communities in which there is only sufficient revenue to run the schools three months in the year." He gave it forth as his firm belief that "we cannot hope to educate the masses of the people unless sufficient revenues are at the command of the school officials to run the schools at least six months in each and every year."

New York, "dumping ground for the ignorant Italians and other undesirable immigrants," has but 5.5 per cent of illiteracy, and Kentucky—that Kentucky from whose enlightened borders Congressman Hopkins would bar the unlettered—16.5 per cent!

Mr. Underwood has said that decadence has followed the admixture of breeds. He differs widely from the historians, the ethnologists, from students of stirpiculture, from experts in cattle breeding, even from the

horticulturists and botanists, and even from himself. For in the next breath he says that the people of Judea lost their greatness by this fatal mingling with some other race or races, while he must know that the Jews are the one civilized people who have maintained their homogeneity through the centuries. That mythical Anglo-Saxon race from which he is proud to claim descent is very largely Celtic. Tennyson sang of it:

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,

and he was right as far as he went.

In the House of Representatives on Tuesday, April 10, 1906, Congressman Hopkins, of Kentucky, said:

It is . . . charged that one-fourth of the Italians employed in the Street Cleaning Department [New York City] obtained their positions by means of fraudulent naturalization papers. . . .

The Deputy Superintendent of Elections of the State recently said that from ten to thirty per cent of all the naturalization papers held by Italians were fraudulent. . . . The reasons for Italian murders being unpunished are that Italians either befriend the criminals or remain silent through fear, knowing the American police cannot protect them from secret vengeance. . . .

The Emigration Department of Italy, like Austria-Hungary, is exerting all its power to retain its control over its subjects while in this country and insure their return when they have earned enough money to return home and add it to the wealth of the kingdom. I have already said that an imperial commissioner of the government made the voyage on every ship leaving an Italian port carrying immigrants to this country, whose duty it was to coach the immigrants and teach them how to answer the questions asked at our ports to enable them to enter, and to urge them not to become American citizens, but to remain loyal to the mother country.

Mr. Hopkins is quoted above as saying that one-fourth of the Italians in the Street Cleaning Department of New York had not even waited for the proper period of residence to get naturalization papers, and in another part of this same speech he speaks of some of the aliens (he had just been speaking of Italians, and it is a fair presumption that he had them in mind) as being "willing to secure citizenship at any cost and by any kind of means."

In our glance at the flourishing condition of education in Alabama, a sufficient glimpse of its cultivation in the State of Kentucky was vouchsafed; let us now inquire into the urbane manners and genial civilization of the gentle people of that cultured State.

R. L. McClure, who in the course of many years' work in journalism in Kentucky has

had occasion to investigate repeatedly the endless feuds which have made that State notorious, writes in the *Independent* of September 17, 1903:

An attorney employed by the prosecution of Caleb Powers, at Georgetown, for conspiracy in the murder of William Goebel in front of the State House building in 1900, held his large audience spellbound by reading some startling statistics upon homicide in Kentucky. He found that Kentucky had twenty times as many killings during the last five years as New York State, and one-thirtieth of the number of executions. He found that there was not a place on the face of the whole earth, inhabited by civilized people, where lawlessness was as prevalent as in Kentucky. . . . In one county, Breathitt, there were thirty-seven homicides in two years. . . . Of the thirty-seven men who shed their blood in feudal hatred eighteen were shot from ambush.

Please turn with me to the bright side of human nature, as illustrated by the sunnysouled Italian.

First consider his native land. Italy supports 32,000,000 of population on 110,000 square miles of land. Alabama in 1900 had a population of 1,828,697 on 52,250 square miles, and Kentucky 2,147,400 on 40,400 square miles. One-third of the land of Italy is mountain and mostly unproductive, and one-tenth is barren rock. Even the plains have little of the rich alluvial soil of North Europe river basins, and much of the most fertile land is uninhabitable because of malaria. But, say King and Okey in their "Italy of To-day," "the accumulated labor of generations has made mountainside and sandy plain smile with fertility. The patient Italian has built up the terraces of the Riviera and set them thick with olive and vine; the lemon gardens by the Sorrento coast are literally made by hand out of bare limestone cliff, over 3,000,000 acres have been laboriously irrigated, and the marcite of Lombardy, of no great natural fertility, bears six to nine tons of hay to the acre."

Kentucky and Alabama, together about the size of Italy, and supporting only about four millions of inhabitants, possess a rich soil and great natural resources. Greatness is possible for them, but it will not come while ignorant prejudice bars out a sturdy and virtuous class of immigrants whose record as a race is white and famous.

The grandest architecture the world can boast, the noblest paintings, the most profuse ornamentation in gold and silver and gems are to be found in the most magnificent palaces and cathedrals which stud that beau-

teous land of Italy, and all this wealth has been wrung from a poor soil beneath which lay neither silver nor gold nor gem nor a single pound of coal! In spite of the defect last named, manufacturing, particularly of silk, is making great headway in Italy at present. The water power of the many streams rushing from the Apennines to the sea is being harnessed by the quick-witted Italian, and the product of the silk looms holds its own even against France, the home of that industry for centuries.

It is true that the percentage of illiteracy is lamentably high, more particularly in the southern provinces, but it is to be remembered that the Kingdom of Sicily and Naples had been made destitute of everything material by the time the Spanish rule ended in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and that not until Italy became a united nation was any serious attempt made, despite the fact of twenty-one national universities, to educate the common people in letters.

Orsi's "History of Modern Italy" tells us that when in 1870 Italy became a nation, she found a most wretched state of affairs in these southern provinces. In 1859 not a yard of railroad had been laid in all Sicily, even agriculture was much neglected, and as for public education the prominent fact connected with it was an absolute ignorance of reading. Now there is a compulsory school law for the whole country, but like all new machinery it is not working well as yet. In a few years, probably, no Italian will reach these shores without being able to read and write.

After all, what is education? According to the etymology of the word it is the "drawing out," the developing of whatever is best and most useful in the individual. It is well to teach all to read and write. That places all the learning of the ages within their grasp if they have a taste for it, and does not unfit them for the pick and shovel if these be the tools they can wield best; but to know well one's calling, to be able to put it to good use and service, and to be gentle and courteous are the true proofs of good education. Father Young, of the New York Paulists, in his remarkable book comparing nations, laid down a definition of education somewhat like the above; and many wise heads are coming to view the subject in the same light, which would lift the unlettered Sicilian and Calabrian and Neapolitan into the ranks of the educated.

Before taking leave of the Italian in his native land, let us note the national character and the facts of race. I turn to Ridpath, who makes it a point in his histories to trace the great events of the ages to racial causes.

Of the Italians Ridpath says in his "Great Races of Mankind": "It might not be averred that the aggressive energies of the old Roman race perished with the empire. It would be more nearly true to indicate their reappearance in the Italians under other forms of energy. It can be hardly doubted that it was a transferred activity and ambition of the ancient people that led to the issuance from mediæval Italy of those adventurers and discoverers who made the close of the fourteenth and the first half of the fifteenth century to be the most famous period in human annals for the extension of human knowledge. . . ."

On the ethnic question he writes this: "At the time that Italy fell under the sway of the northern races she contained a uniform ethnic character from the Alps to Sicily." So, therefore, all Italians of to-day whose blood is not derived in part from those northern races admired so much in America are descendants of those old Romans, of equally rugged character. In fact, it was the Italian republics, themselves inheriting the republican or democratic ideal—call it which you will—from the long-lasting republic of Rome, that gave men of many races the courage to establish and to maintain this glorious republic of the West.

We will now examine the ways and conduct of the Italian in America. Let us begin with South America. King and Okey in their "Italy of To-day" bear convincing testimony to the prowess of the expatriated Italian as follows:

A vast breadth of the southern continent promises a great Italian country. There are already, it is probable, in Brazil and Uruguay and Argentine about three million Italians in a population of some twenty-three million, of whom the great number are Portuguese or Spaniards. Their numbers swell with an annual immigration of 110,000, nearly as many as from all other countries combined; and they are more prolific than the stagnant native population. It is not any extravagant estimate that by the middle of the century, . . . even if they are not a numerical majority, they will, at all events, be the virile and dominant element. In Brazil there are at least 1,300,000 of Italian blood, possibly many more. . . .

What is likely to be the future of Brazil is already happening on the Argentine. Here, out of 4,500,000 inhabitants, almost all white men, over one million are Italians, and Italian blood runs in the veins of perhaps one-third the remainder. . . . They already hold the first rank in the industry of the coun-

try. The bulk of the engineering and milling and furniture, of the paper and soap industries, almost all the hat and tobacco manufactures, most of the cement and marble works, a large part of the tanning and tinned-meat business, is in their hands. They own nearly half the commercial firms of Buenos Ayres, with a capital of £30,000,000, and more than half its workshops. Italian architects and masons have built the greater part of Buenos Ayres and La Plata. Italians and Dalmatians have all the river-carrying trade. Italian peasants and men of business have a monopoly of the corn farms. The native Spaniard despises tillage and the production of corn and artificial grasses, and agriculture has been practically created by the newcomers. They own rural property to the value of £10,000,000, and one in every eight is a proprietor. In the wheat-growing provinces they constitute the enormous majority of the population. A Piedmontese proprietor plants 67,000 acres in wheat, an Italian firm mows 12,000 acres of temporary grasses; an Italian, the foremost producer of South America, has 2,500 acres under vines. The Italian vine growers of Mendoza and San Juan and Buenos Ayres produce every year 33,000,000 gallons of wine.

It is a mighty work that these uneducated, poverty-stricken Italian peasants have built up in a few years. By sheer dint of industry and perseverance and native shrewdness, the men who in the United States are condemned as useless or dangerous paupers have carved their way to comfort or affluence. Many a poor peasant who crossed the Atlantic to escape a life of squalor or misery sees his sons in parliament or prosperous lawyers and engineers, and perhaps he has sent them to have a university education in the mother country, which he left a pauper. Boys and men have gone from Como and Novi and Domodossola with nothing but the clothes on their backs and now are masters of great factories. The chief agent on the 'Change at Buenos Ayres was an unruly boy, who ran away from home without a sou. The Argentine "wheat king," whose property is valued at £2,000,000, had half a franc when he landed. One, who was a humble engineer on a Sardinian railway, is now the greatest contractor in South America. . . . Italian lawyers and authors have made themselves a name, the present (1901) Ministers of Education and of War are Italians, and an Italian has been President of the republic.

Now let us turn to the Italian in the United States:

On the authority of the census of 1900 there were then in the United States 1,217,124 persons born in Italy or of Italian parentage. The Italian Chamber of Commerce of New York City took a census for itself in 1904 and found that the Italians in New York State numbered 486,176. According to George C. Speranza there was in New York City savings banks at that time \$15,000,000 of the saved money of Italian immigrants, and 4,000 of them owned real estate worth \$20,000,000. There were 10,000 stores kept by Italians worth \$7,000,000 more, and a wholesale business in their hands worth \$7,500,000. The property of the Italian colony in New

York City he calculated at \$60,000,000, and according to a newspaper report before me this is much below the valuation of their holdings in St. Louis, San Francisco, Chicago, and Boston.

I know, as all know, that the only criminality of the Italian is the crime of quick anger, unpremeditated and open, which is inherent in the blood and breed, but which is never committed except under strong provocation. This is not written to prove the Italians a nation of model men. Our one fault is our own; we are sons of Adam like the rest, but our weakness is not of the crawling, skulking, or conspiring kind. Bad it is and deplorable it is, but we hope to overcome it and to live it down.

Let not anyone suppose, however that the impetuous and fierce nature of the Italian has added to crimes of violence in New York City. Mulberry Street and the adjacent blocks in our city are inhabited to-day by Italians, and by Calabrians and Sicilians especially. Time was, before their coming, when a man might be murdered for \$5 in that region. Now you elbow your way through thronging, garrulous Italians in these same blocks—made notorious by the "Whyo Gang," not one of whom was an Italian, and nearly all of whom got their just deserts on the gallows or the electric chair—and you will not even get a black look from those dark South Italian eyes, for all your rude jostling.

In "The Making of an American," Jacob Riis, whom President Roosevelt has called the best citizen he knows, and whose upright character and love of fair play have made him a great favorite of the Chief Executive, says of this neighborhood:

When the last house was torn down [for the little Mulberry Bend Park] I counted seventeen murders within the block, all the details of which I remembered. No doubt I had forgotten several times that number.

Lillian W. Betts, writing in the *University Settlement Quarterly*, January, 1906, says:

The day has come to treat the Italians without prejudice. . . . We owe them a debt of gratitude. They build our railroads, they make gigantic improvements possible. . . . He [the Italian] is a peaceable citizen in spite of the peculiar race crimes which startle the public. On Sundays watch these colonies. The streets are literally crowded from house line to house line, as far as the eye can see, but not a policeman in sight nor occasion for one. Laughter, song, discussion, exchange of epithet, but no disturbance. They mind their own business as no other nation.

James J. Storrow, of Boston, leading business man, scholar, himself a descendant of the first settlers of this country, and a noted sociologist, in a speech delivered on June 6, 1905, in Faneuil Hall, said:

I believe the average Italian immigrant in physique is the superior of the average native New Englander, and what other consideration is of more importance to us, or lies at the base of a strong and vigorous race?

The love of family is strong among the Italians. What is more fundamental than this? The whole structure of modern civilization is based on the family group. If this goes to pieces what matters it what the form of our government may be? Can the native population point to any superlatively superior record in this regard?

While the Italians consume a good deal of light wine, and occasionally too much, yet they are on the whole a very temperate race. The Italian drunkard hardly exists. Most important of all, the Italian women do not get drunk.

The Italian seems to have a natural courtesy, which is not a mere surface indication, but I think springs, as all true courtesy does, from a certain affability of soul and regard for others. . . .

About the only thing we can say against the Italian is that there are a certain number of them who commit serious crimes, particularly as the result of assaults with a weapon, generally a knife, resulting from a quarrel. Mr. Bushee, who in his book entitled "Ethnic Factors in the Population of Boston" has stated the results of a careful study of the statistics relating to our native and foreign-born population, gives the number of paupers in almshouses in the city of Boston by place of birth and parent nativity, and I find that the percentage of Italians in our almshouses is less than any other race in Boston, whether native or foreign-born, except the Hebrew. . . . The Italian and Jewish paupers are less than one-half the native paupers in percentage. . . . In commitments to the house of correction, the Italians are away below the average.

In the *Catholic World* for April, 1900, Lawrence Franklin wrote of "The Italian in America," concerning the second generation:

Those who remain at home [from the protectory or similar institutions] are sent to the public schools, and the truant agent is seldom called upon in their behalf. Some even go to the university, and these are not always the richest. I know, for instance, a stonecutter's family in "Little Italy" which has denied itself almost the necessities of life in order to give the only son a college training. The boy is now in the New York University and shows an excellent standing, while two others of the colony took prizes at Columbia last year. In all grades teachers agree in commending their intelligence and studiousness, for next to the Jews they are the best scholars in the matter of application. The boys are especially clever at drawing, modeling, and manual work which requires delicate fingers. The girls are better in languages and history. One has but to pay a visit to the Baxter Street school and elsewhere, and see the number of neat, bright-looking Italian children there, to realize how unjust we have been in treating this race as outcasts and aliens.

The Vicksburg Herald says:

Recently published statistics in New York place Italians far below others in crime and pauperism. . . . While some few thousand of Italians have been located on the cotton plantations of the Delta, of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas, far more are engaged on the sugar and rice plantations of the former State. Their general reputation for peacefulness, industry, and sobriety will compare favorably with that of any other people. . . .

As there is a growing interest in the Italian cotton labor question, the *Herald* will refer to a two days' visit of its editor to the famous Sunnyside Plantations on Lake Chicot in Arkansas. Of the four or five thousand acres of cotton, about two-thirds are cultivated by Italians and one-third by negroes. It is an old story that the results per acre are entirely in favor of the former. What we desire more particularly to note is the quality of citizenship presented by the Sunnyside Italian. As to criminality or strife, the colony, of nearly one thousand souls, has been absolutely free, not a murder nor an attempt at murder nor a suit brought in court of any sort in the two preceding years at least. . . . The children all attend school and are being taught English. . . . All are thrifty, sober, and home-loving. From drunkenness and chronic and hereditary sickness they are wholly free.

This is from the Boston Transcript:

As a result of the opening of the richer lands of the South and West the men who had been toiling on the impoverished New England farms, small and stony, forsook them, took their families, and left New England. The price of land declined until there came to be many farms that could be bought for a dollar an acre, and at last a great number that were entirely abandoned. By reason of the road [N. Y., N. H. & H. R.R.] carrying to and fro Italians who had landed in New York and wished to go to the cotton mills of Lowell or the shoe shops of Lynn, and Italians who had landed in Boston and wished to go to New York, the news of these abandoned farms came to be noised about among the Italians and they began to take them up. . . . The Italian is a born irrigator, and now all along the New Haven road can be seen gardenlike estates that were once abandoned by their previous owners.

In order to make this article fully informing and wholly adequate for its purpose, I went to Police Headquarters, Mulberry Street, New York City, to find out the nature of the crimes committed by New York Italians and their proportion to those for which other races have to bear the shame. There are no statistics to elucidate that matter. They can give you a totality of arrests by race, but that does not show what the offenses were. However, I found a report of the Board of City Magistrates for 1905, signed by Magistrate Charles F. Wahle, of which the following is a part:

The magistrates tried and determined 12,055 cases more than in 1904. In these 12,055, constituting

violations of the corporation ordinances, health laws, and building laws, the apparent increase is to be found in persons convicted and held of Italian, Greek, and Russian birth, as these people were constantly arraigned in the courts for selling merchandise upon the street or engaging in other occupations without licenses, or otherwise violating the host of corporation ordinances, laws, and rules which hedge about the endeavor to make an honest living in the streets of New York.

Is that crime? The magistrate himself condemns the ordinances.

Just here it is opportune to take up and answer the remarks of another gentleman from Alabama on the Immigration Bill. Representative Richardson, of Alabama, had his opportunity, and he used it in this wise: "Why should we, then, on the thoughtless clamor that we demand more labor, invite among us a people who love riots and will welcome anarchy, a people coming from foreign lands who will bring with them the murderous teachings and practices of the Mafia and Black Hand societies?"

There did exist at one time in Naples the Camorra, a society of the criminal and dissolute who live by blackmailing, but it is dead and done for these many years. There did also exist in Sicily the Mafia, a society of loose organization, each band of a dozen or so having no knowledge of another band's doings. This was also a blackmailing organization, but it too is dead and gone. And hark ye, gentlemen, who would put up the educational test? The Mafia in its day was a criminal aristocracy, composed of impetuous college men, broken-down storekeepers too proud to beg, and people of the impoverished higher classes generally.

Now, as to the "Black Hand." No Italian knows what it means until he has learned to read a newspaper in the English language. It is a purely American invention. The name is used in the United States for blackmailing purposes, by Italian crooks as well as others, but it is very wrong to charge to the Italian people the crimes committed in its name. Nobody in Italy ever heard of it.

While I am about it, let me briefly reply to some other slurs habitually cast upon Italians by the ignorant.

"The Italians are Anarchists."

The Italians built a nation. That would be sufficient answer. But permit me to strengthen it. •Bolton King and Thomas Okey say in their "Italy of To-day": "The gentle Italian nature is repugnant to a creed whose means are cruel, and it is noteworthy

that the notorious Italian political assassins have most or all been emigrants, and their anarchism has been imported from abroad."

"The Italians work for low wages, and so cut the wages of men of other races."

There are four ways of making a living, to beg, borrow, steal, and earn. The Italian knows only the last. Ignorant of the English language on his arrival here, he is not worth as much as the English-speaking workman; therefore he cannot expect to get as high pay. But he is as quick as any to demand the highest pay as soon as he is worth it. A people so saving will give no part of their labor for nothing. Wages are higher than ever, according to the official reports, and if the cost of living has mounted up faster than wages grew, the Italian in America feels this tyranny of the trusts as much as any other in proportion to his means and needs. Nobody sells him a lot, a pair of shoes, or a head of cabbage a penny cheaper because he is an Italian.

"Italians do not become citizens."

Now Italy has a new policy of expansion. The standard of the Roman Eagles was planted in almost every known land and—Rome fell. The new policy is to allow those who will and can to go wherever their native virtues will bring them better recompense than in crowded Italy, and there to become good and loyal citizens, true to their new flag, and setting the example which the centuries of great nationhood have taught. Yet the exodus from Italy is not encouraged by the government; in fact the reverse is the case.

In his tour of certain Southern States in April of 1905 the Italian ambassador, Baron E. Mayor des Planches, found all the Italian colonies prosperous, some of them even wealthy, in the States he visited. He had been invited by United States Senators Bailey and Culberson, of Texas, to make the trip, and by forty members of the House. The Southland needs labor, sober and virtuous and civilized labor, such as the Italian race alone can serviceably give there because of the similarity of climate to that of its native plains and mountains. The Southern railroads, keen to foresee vast receipts for themselves in the effect of Italian labor applied to the soil, vied with one another in giving the ambassador opportunity to view the regions through which they run. The highest officials of municipalities welcomed and feasted him, and so intense was the rivalry for a word of commendation from him to his

countrymen that in one case he was forced to deny publicly the truth of a New Orleans newspaper report to the effect that he thought Italians could prosper best in Louisiana. In making that denial he frankly stated that, in his view, Texas offers the best opportunities for the Italian immigrant farmer. He found several Italian families at Dickinson, Texas, who from their very first crop had not only paid for their land at \$12.50 an acre, but saved up enough money to carry them over another year. In Houston he was met and fêted by several hundreds of Italians, all prosperous and content, and—what is of more importance to Americans—all loyal to the great Republic which holds out to them such splendid opportunity. In Harrison County he saw with great pleasure that the Italian farmers were not only prospering, but actually wealthy, and a colony near Bryan, Texas, he found to be the best off of all Italian settlements he saw in America.

In that tour Baron des Planches advised his countrymen to be loyal to their new flag, yet to love the land of their birth. That is the official advice of the Italian Government at home to its former subjects who have settled here.

It is the keynote of the expansion policy of New Italy. Who can find fault with it? The immigrant who ceases to love his native country on becoming the sworn citizen of another, will never be a good citizen of the latter. His case is analogous to that of the bridegroom who no longer honors his mother once he has sworn to love, protect, and cherish his bride.

Despise not the illiterate. They, too, have their place and share in the development of nations. It is but a few days before this writing that the President of the United States had to give his consent for the importation of Chinese, under contract, to dig the Panama Canal. The Irish, in their day of enforced illiteracy, did noble work in the building up of this country. But to-day you cannot get an Irishman to go into a trench unless as boss or foreman. The Italian illiterates are needed to do this work to-day. It is wise to encourage their coming and make use of them while we may; for to-morrow there will be an immigration of a new stamp, able to read and write Italian—and perhaps English—and the country will not be the gainer for the change. For the application of labor to the soil is at the root of all industrial activity.

In the course of the debate on the Immi-

gration Bill, Congressman William Bourke Cockran, of New York, said that the true test of desirability for immigrants was the palm of the hand. If there be callouses on it, the man is all right. We have plenty of bookkeepers in this country, he said, and we want laborers, not linguists. Moreover, he said that he never knew a man, nor could he imagine a man, who worked every day with his hands, to be vicious.

Above I rated the prejudice of the Italian to-day as a survival of know-nothingism. I will show by a few quotations how the silly cry against European immigration has been persistent through the history of the Republic.

Harrison Gray Otis, that distinguished Massachusetts statesman, discussing in 1797 a bill to increase the cost of naturalization to such a degree as to render citizenship practically impossible to obtain, said: "While it was good policy to have admitted all immigrants when the country was new, it is no longer a new country, and a bar should be placed against the admittance of those people who cannot be happy or tranquil at home." And he added: "We do not want a vast horde of wild Irishmen let loose upon us." At that time the land of the United States had only 4.9 persons to the square mile!

We find John Randolph, of Virginia, in 1816, when the inflow was only 11,000 in a year, thundering against the policy which admitted "such a volume of immigration," predicting that as Rome was ruined by letting in the rabble of the entire world as legislators, so would be America.

In 1814 the Hartford Convention proclaimed that "the stock population of those States is amply sufficient to render the nation in due time sufficiently great and powerful."

Even Henry Clay, with all his wisdom and statesmanship, subscribed to a policy of restriction which, if carried out from his time, would have left the United States to-day, because of the falling birth rate of the original stock, a weak and puny nation which any of the second-rate powers of Europe could conquer at will. In 1830, in the United States Senate, this renowned son of Kentucky criticised the Senate for "inviting all the hordes of Europe to come over and partake of this bounty derived from our ancestors, and which we should preserve for our posterity." Then the population was 12,866,000, or 6.4 persons to the square mile.

Aaron Clark, mayor of New York in 1837,

when the number arriving was 57,936 annually, in a communication to the City Council on June 5th, that year, inveighed against immigration, saying that it "drove the native workmen into exile."

In 1855 Mayor Wood did likewise. His measure says he had forwarded a memorial to Congress protesting against its inactivity in dealing with the immigration problem. The inflow was then less than 300,000 a year, and none of it was Italian. The very races who are most welcome to-day were the proscribed in those days. But they have proved their worth, as the Italian is now doing; and in his turn the Italian will one day be honored as he ought throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Enough has been written and proven above to make every patriotic American proud and glad to have the Italian race lend its moral and physical strength, its urbanity, thrift, industry, its love of the arts, its inherent gayety, to the upbuilding of the greatest of modern nations. But the chief pride of Italy is in the womanly virtues of her women. Do not go to the records of illegitimacy in Italy for light on this. In the province of Ancona alone, a few years ago, according to King and Okey, quoted freely above, there were 14,000 church marriages which had not been made legal by the civil ceremony. These would be valid marriages in any part of the United States, but in Italy they were not, and the children born of them are classed as illegitimate.

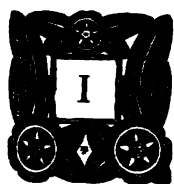
In all lands exists the social evil, but in America the Italian women have no part in it. My best research has failed to find any record in New York of Italian prostitutes, or of a single arrest of an Italian woman for streetwalking. They marry young, they all marry, they work hard to help the husband gain a foothold in the commercial world and to get a grasp on real estate, and they raise large families.

I set out to prove mostly by English-speaking officials, sociologists, and writers that the Italian becomes as good and useful a citizen of this Republic as any other. To that American sense of fair play, for which America is famous, I now submit my case most trustfully. For the good of my adopted country as much as for the weal of my fellow-immigrants, I hope that never again shall the halls of Congress hear undeserved calumny of the Italian.

PINKY WEST AND THE SPIRIT WORLD

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEUX



IT all came from the book Gray Fairfax found in the old grape arbor. Mademoiselle was reading it there, and Gray came up rather quietly to ask her if she wouldn't take us down to the village for a chocolate soda. It is only fair to Gray to say that she didn't really *believe* Mademoiselle would faint if you spoke quickly to her—she had only heard it, and wanted to find out if it was so, as of course anyone would. And it was so, and she fainted bang away, and Gray poured a lot of water over her out of a pail that had had paint in it, that she found, and when Mademoiselle stopped fainting she was furious and threw the book at Gray, and she smelled like a new house for days afterwards.

But Gray caught the book and when she saw what it was about she took it directly to Ben, so that she could pick out the best places in it and tell us about them. Gray also copied down the name of the book very carefully to send to her aunt, who is very much interested in spirits and often sees them. It was: "Do They Return? An Unprejudiced and Scientific Discussion of Many Authenticated Reports of the Astral Appearance of Departed Spirits; actual addresses furnished to responsible parties on application to editor. A book for the Thoughtful."

Ben read it straight through and said it was extremely interesting and sent for some addresses. Hardly had she got it read, though, when Miss Appleby sneaked in and found her and took it away. She made a speech about it in class afterwards and said it was ridiculous to suppose for a moment that such stuff was interesting or even true. But Ben heard Miss Norton telling Polly Cracker

that what made Mademoiselle faint was being surprised suddenly while she was reading it, "and I don't blame her," said Miss Norton. So you see, they were all reading it, whether it was interesting or not.

Then Gray wrote home and asked her aunt to tell her some things about some of her spirits, and her aunt did, and they were grand, too. One was about a medium, which is a person that goes into a fit, and then turns into some dead person that you know, only still looking the same, and the person talks to you, and you pay \$2. Of course that seems rather expensive just for a little talk with some one you probably wouldn't have paid five cents to talk to when they were alive; but as Gray reminded us, it is cheap when they tell you where to find some gold beads that were lost for five years and worth \$60. It was the spirit of her aunt's aunt, that had left her the beads in her will.

We all thought it was very fine till Ben asked Gray why her aunt's aunt hadn't told about the beads before, and saved all the worry of five years. Gray said she supposed the aunt (the dead one) had only just found it out, but Connie said that couldn't be so, because when you die, you know everything directly; it says so in plenty of books, to say nothing of hymns. But in that case, as Ben pointed out, the least you could do if you were really kind-hearted, would be to hunt up all the lost things and tell the people that lost them—there are hundreds of things lost every day. And in heaven everybody thinks of others constantly. Connie has told us that enough times, when we don't stop whatever we're doing to do something for her. Then Gray said that that was ridiculous, because nobody would care to be an angel if they had to keep telling people all the time where their things were.

"Then do you mean," says Ben, in that horrid smiling way, "that your aunt's aunt *isn't* an angel?"

Well, you should have heard Gray then! She began with the Lees and the Fairfaxes and her grandmother that said the President didn't know how to use his fork, and all the slaves her great-grandmother had, and finally she asked her if a girl's family whose great-aunt had been kissed by the King of England wasn't more likely to have angels in it than one whose grandfather kept a grocery store.

"I only wish I could lose something valuable of mine," she said, "and I'd go to that medium woman this Easter, and they'd see that it would be found for me."

"Oh, you needn't trouble to go South to find medium people," says Ben. "I've got some addresses in New York I'll lend you, out of your 'Do They Return' book."

"Thank you, but I prefer my own State," says Gray, very polite, but awfully angry. "We are more spirituous in Virginia, I'm happy to say!"

But nevertheless she did go to New York, and for the strangest reason. The very next day after that she lost her squirrel muff, while we were walking through the village, and as it matched her hat and collar she felt terribly about it, but she didn't tell anyone but us, for she was afraid the Creepy Cat (Miss Kripsen, you know), who took us out, would scold her. Well, her aunt from Richmond came to New York, and sent for Gray to come there and get fitted for her spring suit, and while she was there (once to the matinée and once in the evening, mind you!) she persuaded her aunt to take her to a medium.

It was certainly very strange.

"You have lost something, and that is why you come to me," said the medium, and they said yes. She stared at them very hard and finally she said, "It is something you prize highly—a gift." And again they said yes. "It is something you are in the habit of wearing—or carrying about with you occasionally," she said. And again they said yes. Then she shut her eyes and looked as if she was asleep, and by and by she whispered, only very loud,

"It has been taken."

Gray said she never was so excited in her life.

"It is not far from you," she went on, "and yet not so near as you might suppose. It has been in a man's possession. You will recover it, I am nearly sure, but I seem to see

a kind of dark cloud, and that is not favorable—you may not. You are doing all that can be done, however, and you must keep right on advertising——"

"But I haven't advertised at all!" said Gray. "I didn't think of it."

"Of course you didn't," said the medium, "and that's why I'm telling you, ain't it? It wouldn't have done you any good, anyhow, up to now—the time wasn't ripe. But now you advertise, and offer a reward—not less than \$5—and it will be a great surprise to you, too, who's got it. Somebody you'd never suspect. So much I can see plainly. It's a medium dark person—a man, I think, or at any rate, some one who is a good deal *with* a man. The male influence is very strong. But then," she went on, and Gray will never forget her words, "the male influence will always be strong in your life. I don't know as I ever saw a life it would be stronger in. There's a good deal booked to happen to you, my dear girl, and you want to look out and do nothing rash. You'll have a great power over men, and they over you——"

And just in the most interesting part, if her aunt didn't say they must be going! Gray begged her to stay, but she said she couldn't pay the cab any longer, and out they went. It was \$3.

Well, when she got back Gray put in the paper what her aunt told her, and the very next day a man came to the school and brought the muff. And who do you think he was? It seems too wonderful to be true, but it was Edward De Lancey St. John! The plumber. Of course, since we knew that he *was* a plumber, nobody could fall in love with him very well, so although he looked just as handsome as ever, in the choir, it didn't matter. Still, considering how some of us, and especially Eleanor Northrop, felt about him once, it was certainly strange that he should have been the one. And he was medium dark, too.

Of course after that Gray was prouder than ever, but especially about the male influence in her life. She told Ben that the postman looked so strangely at her that she was sure he was influenced a good deal by her; but when Ben said it was easy enough to find out, because he was a great friend of Mary's (the cook) and she would just as soon ask Mary to ask him, Gray said that she would never speak to her again if she did, so we never knew.



"Do you mean that your aunt's aunt isn't an angel?"

Of course all this made Gray very important and she got to going more and more with the older girls, and one day she told Ben—Ben, mind you!—that she could hardly expect, clever as she was, to understand the actions of a person who had seen so much more of life than a bright child of thirteen.

"More of life!" said Ben, "more of life, indeed! More postmen, I suppose you mean!"

This was on the piazza when we were starting for a walk, and Pinky West heard it and laughed out loud. I had told her about the postman.

I suppose that reminded her of me, for she turned around and smiled at me and showed her dimple and said,

"Want to walk with me?"

Of course I was dying to, and we started off right behind Miss Norton. She was walking with Elsa Weiland, talking French with her, and they didn't pay any attention to us.

"Gray is getting rather silly," said Pinky to me. "We girls are getting a little tired of her and her medium; aren't you?"

I said yes, we were, and then she said: "Anybody could have told her to advertise. Still, I suppose they really do help people in really important matters—not squirrel muffs."

"Oh, yes," I said, "there was Gray's aunt and the beads—they were worth \$60, you know."

"Oh, child," said Pinky, "how ridiculous you are! I am not thinking of things to wear—mere clothes—but the crisis in a person's life."

"Oh, yes," I said, and then she kept still quite a while.

Pinky was without any doubt the prettiest girl at Elmbank. She was eighteen and expected to graduate next year if she got her history made up, but she wasn't very fond of studying. I was her special friend among the younger girls, and she has told me a number of things that have put her, as she herself says, completely in my power. When she didn't feel very well, she told them to me, and Polly Cracker had been nasty to her about geometry. Of course it is perfectly true, as Pinky



"Even then we had to walk several blocks."

often said, that some of the greatest women in history would have been proud to know a quarter of the geometry she does.

Well, that day she kept on being quiet so long that I knew something was up. And it was.

"Roberta," she said to me all of a sudden, "are you still writing that book about the Elmbank School?"

I told her yes, I was.

"Then I will give you something worth putting in it," she said very solemnly. "You shall come with me to that medium woman."

"Why, what have you lost?" I asked, and the look she gave me was enough to knock you over!

"Don't be absurd, child," she said; "do you suppose that I would take such a serious step for anything but the great crisis of my life? And not only my life, but—but another person's," she said, very soft.

Of course I knew then. Pinky was in love at last.

"Oh, Pinky, who is it?" I asked her, very soft, too, because you never know when the teacher in front will stop talking and begin to listen.

She gave me one of her grand looks, and I knew I had made some mistake.

"Who? Who?" she said, acting very surprised; "anyone would think I was that Fairfax child, with a different craze every time we walked to the village! There has never been but one real influence in my life—you ought to know that, Roberta."

Well, I felt awfully stupid, because I couldn't think who she could mean; the only person I knew of that was an influence in her life, in that way, was Bates West, her cousin, and she simply detested and loathed him, because his father and her other uncles were determined to have them marry each other and keep all the property in the family, and Pinky would rather go into a convent. She wouldn't even go to his father's for a vacation, she despised him so.

"It isn't Captain Millard, is it?" I said.

She almost stopped short, she stared so hard at me.

"Are you losing your mind?" said she; "that fencing teacher? The idea!"

"Then I'm sure I don't know," I said, rather cross, "for the only one everybody knows about I wouldn't even say the name of, or you'd have a fit!"

a desire for them. He's a fine fellow, they say, although he belongs to the clergy. We have a woman teacher, too, about seven versts from the village. But they don't work with illegal books; they're a 'law and order' crowd out there; they're afraid. But I want forbidden books, sharp, pointed books. I'll slip them through their fingers. When the police commissioners or the priest see that they are illegal books, they'll think it's the teachers who circulate them. And in the mean time I'll remain in the background."

Pavel rose, and pacing up and down the room with even steps, said reproachfully:

"We'll let you have the books, but what you want to do is not right, Mikhail Ivanovich."

"Why is it not right?" asked Rybin, opening his eyes in astonishment.

"You yourself ought to answer for what you do. It is not right to manage matters so that others should suffer for what you do." Pavel spoke sternly.

Rybin looked at the floor, shook his head, and said, "I don't understand you."

"If the teachers are suspected of distributing illegal books, don't you think they'll be put in jail for it?"

"Yes. Well, what if they are?"

"But it's you who distribute the books, not they. Then it's you that ought to go to prison."

"What a strange fellow you are!" said Rybin with a smile, striking his hand on his knee. "Who would suspect me, a muzhik, of occupying myself with such matters? Why, does such a thing happen? Books are affairs of the masters, and it's for them to answer for them."

The mother felt that Pavel did not understand Rybin, and she saw that he was screwing up his eyes—a sign of anger. So she interjected in a cautious, soft voice, "Mikhail Ivanovich wants to fix it so that he should be able to go on with his work, and that others should take the punishment for it."

"That's it!" said Rybin, stroking his beard.

"Mother," Pavel asked dryly, "suppose some of our people, Andrey, for example, did something behind my back, and I were put in prison for it, what would you say to that?"

The mother started, looked at her son in perplexity, and said, shaking her head in negation, "Why, is it possible to act that way toward a comrade?"

"Aha! Yes!" Rybin drawled. "I understand you, Pavel." And with a comical wink

toward the mother, he added: "This is a delicate matter, mother." And again turning to Pavel he held forth in a didactic manner: "Your ideas on this subject are very green, brother. In secret work there is no honor. Think! In the first place, they'll put those persons in prison on whom they find the books, and not the teachers. That's number one! Secondly, even though the teachers give the people only legal books to read, you know that they contain prohibited things just the same as in the forbidden books; only they are put in a different language; the truths are fewer. That's number two. I mean to say, they want the same thing that I do; only they proceed by side paths, while I travel on the broad highway. And thirdly, brother, what business have I with them? How can a traveler on foot strike up friendship with a man on horseback? Toward a muzhik, maybe I wouldn't want to act that way. But these people, one a clergyman, the other the daughter of a land-proprietor, why they want to uplift the people, I cannot understand. Their ideas, the ideas of the masters, are unintelligible to me, a muzhik. What I do myself, I know, but what they are after, I cannot tell. For thousands of years they have pursued the business of being masters, and have fleeced and flayed the skins of the muzhiks; and all of a sudden they wake up and want to open the muzhik's eyes. I am not a man for fairy tales, brother, and that's in the nature of a fairy tale. That's why I can't get interested in them. The ways of the masters are strange to me."

"There are some masters," said the mother, recalling certain familiar faces, "who die for the people, and let themselves be tortured all their lives in prison."

Rybin rose to his feet somber and powerful.

"For five years I beat about from factory to factory. Then I went to the village again, looked around, and I found I could not live like that any more! You understand? I *can't*. You live here, you don't know hunger, you don't see such outrages. The hunger stalks after a man all his life like a shadow, and he has no hope for bread, no hope! Hunger destroys the soul of the people; the very image of man is effaced from their countenances. They do not live, they rot in dire unavoidable want. And around them the government authorities watch like ravens to see if a crumb is not left over. And if they do find a crumb, they snatch that away, too, and give you a punch in the face besides. I carry

within me the wrongs of my people and hatred of the oppressor. I feel these wrongs like a knife constantly cutting at my heart."

Perspiration broke out on his forehead; he shrugged his shoulders and slowly bent toward Pavel, laying a tremulous hand on his shoulder.

"Give me your help! Let me have books—such books that when a man has read them he will not be able to rest. Put a prickly hedgehog to his brains. Tell those city folks who write for you to write for the villagers also. Let them write such hot truth that it will scald the village, that the people will even rush to their death."

He raised his hand, and laying emphasis on each word, he said hoarsely, "Let death make amends for death. It's easy to die—but let the people rise to life again! That's a different thing! Let them rise!"

The kitchen door opened, and somebody walked in.

"It's Yefim," said Rybin, looking into the kitchen. "Come here, Yefim. As for you, Pavel, think! Think a whole lot. There is a great deal to think about. This is Yefim. And this man's name is Pavel. I told you about him."

A light-haired, broad-faced young fellow in a short fur overcoat, well built and evidently strong, stood before Pavel, holding his cap in both hands and looking at him from the corners of his gray eyes.

"How do you do?" he said hoarsely; as he shook hands with Pavel, and stroked his curly hair with both hands. He looked around the room, immediately spied the bookshelf, and walked over to it slowly.

"Went straight to them!" Rybin said, winking to Pavel.

Yefim started to examine the books, and said:

"A whole lot of reading here! But I suppose you haven't much time for it. Down in the village they have more time for reading."

"But less desire?" Pavel asked.

"Why? They have the desire, too," answered the fellow, rubbing his chin. "The times are so now that if you don't think, you might as well lie down and die. But the people don't want to die; and so they've begun to make their brains work. 'Geology'—what's that?"

Pavel explained.

"We don't need that!" Yefim said, replacing the book on the shelf.

Rybin sighed noisily, and said:

"The peasant is not so much interested to know where the land came from as where it's gone to, how it's been snatched from underneath his feet by the gentry. It doesn't matter to him whether it's fixed or whether it revolves—that's of no importance—you can hang it on a rope, if you want to, provided it feeds him; you can nail it to the skies, provided it gives him enough to eat."

"The History of Slavery," Yefim read out again, and asked Pavel: "Is it about us?"

"It contains an account of Russian serfdom, too," said Pavel, giving him another book. Yefim took it, turned it in his hands, and putting it aside, said calmly:

"That's out of date."

"Have you an allotment of land for yourself?" inquired Pavel.

"We? Yes, we have. We are three brothers, and our portion is about ten acres and a half—all sand—good for polishing brass, but poor for making bread." After a pause he continued: "I've freed myself from the soil. What's the use? It does not feed; it ties one's hands. This is the fourth year that I'm working as a hired man. I've got to become a soldier this fall. Uncle Mikhail says: 'Don't go. Now,' he says, 'the soldiers are being sent to beat the people.' However, I think I'll go. The army existed at the time of Stepan Timofeyevich Razin and Pugachev. The time has come to make an end of it. Don't you think so?" he asked, looking firmly at Pavel.

"Yes, the time has come." The answer was accompanied by a smile. "But it's hard. You must know what to say to soldiers, and how to say it."

Andrey came, red, perspiring, and dejected. He shook Yefim's hand without saying anything, sat down by Rybin's side, and smiled as he looked at him.

"Are you a workingman, too?" asked Yefim, nodding his head toward the Little Russian.

"Yes," Andrey answered. "Why?"

"You have sharp bones; peasants' bones are rounder."

"The peasant stands more firmly on his feet," Rybin supplemented. "He feels the ground under him although he does not possess it. Yet he feels the earth. But the factory workingman is something like a bird. He has no home. To-day he's here, tomorrow, there. Even his wife can't attach him to the same spot. At the least provocation—farewell, my dear! and off he goes to

look for something better. But the peasant wants to improve himself just where he is without moving off the spot. There's your mother!" And Rybin went out into the kitchen.

Yefim approached Pavel, and with embarrassment asked: "Perhaps you will give me a book?"

"Certainly."

The peasant's eyes flashed avariciously, and he said rapidly:

"I'll return it. Some of our folks bring tar not far from here. They will return it for me. Thank you! Nowadays a book is like a candle in the night to us."

Rybin, already dressed and tightly girt, came in and said to Yefim:

"Come, it's time for us to go."

"Now, I have something to read!" exclaimed Yefim, pointing to the book and smiling inwardly. When he had gone, Pavel animatedly said, turning to Andrey:

"Did you notice those fellows?"

"Y-yes!" slowly uttered the Little Russian. "Like clouds in the sunset—thick, dark clouds, moving slowly."

"I'm sorry you weren't here," said Pavel to Andrey, who was sitting at the table, staring gloomily into his glass of tea. "You could have seen the play of hearts. You always talk about the heart. Rybin got up a lot of steam; he upset me, crushed me. I couldn't even reply to him. How much distrust of people there is in him, and how cheaply he values them! Mother is right. That man has a formidable power in him."

"I noticed it," the Little Russian replied glumly. "They have poisoned people. When the peasants rise up, they'll overturn absolutely everything! They need bare land, and they will lay it bare, tear down everything." He spoke slowly, and it was evident that his mind was on something else.

Several days later, Vyesovshchikov came in, as shabby, untidy, and disgruntled as ever.

"Haven't you heard who killed Isay?" He stopped in his clumsy pacing of the room to turn to Pavel.

"No!" Pavel answered briefly.

"There you got a man who wasn't squeamish about the job! And I'd always been preparing to do it myself. It was my job—just the thing for me!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Nikolay," Pavel said in a friendly manner.

"Well, I'm not fit for anything but jobs

like that!" said Nikolay dully, shrugging his shoulders. "I keep thinking and thinking where my place in the world is. There is no place for me! The people require to be spoken to, and I cannot. I see everything; I feel all the people's wrongs; but I cannot express myself, I have a dumb soul." He went over to Pavel with drooping head; and scraping his fingers on the table, he said plaintively, and so unlike himself, childishly, sadly: "Give me some hard work to do, comrade. I can't live this life any longer. It's so senseless, so useless. You are all working in the movement, and I see that it is growing, and I'm outside of it all. I haul boards and beams. Is it possible to live for the sake of hauling timber? Give me some hard work."

From behind the curtains resounded the Little Russian's voice:

"Nikolay, I'll teach you typesetting, and you'll work as a compositor for us. Yes?"

Nikolay went over to him and said: "If you teach me that, I'll give you my knife."

"To the devil with your knife!" exclaimed the Little Russian and burst out laughing.

"It's a good knife," Nikolay insisted. Pavel laughed, too.

Vyesovshchikov stopped in the middle of the room and asked: "Are you laughing at me?"

"Of course," replied the Little Russian, jumping out of bed. "I'll tell you what! Let's take a walk in the fields! The night is fine; there's bright moonshine. Let's go!"

"All right," said Pavel.

"And I'll go with you, too!" declared Nikolay. "I like to hear you laugh, Little Russian."

"And I like to hear you promise presents," answered the Little Russian, smiling.

The days flew by in such rapid succession that the mother could not give much thought to the first of May. Only at night, when, exhausted by the noise and exciting bustle of the day, she went to bed, tired and worn out, her heart would begin to ache.

"Oh, dear, if it would only be over soon!"

At dawn, when the factory whistle blew, the son and the Little Russian, after hastily drinking tea and snatching a bite, would go, leaving a dozen or so small commissions for the mother. The whole day long she would move around like a squirrel on a wheel, cook dinner, and boil lilac-colored gelatin and glue for the proclamations. Some people would come, leave notes with her to deliver to Pavel,

and disappear, infecting her with their excitement.

The leaflets appealing to the working people to celebrate the first of May flooded the village and the factory. Every night they were posted on the fences, even on the doors of the police station; and every day they were found in the factory. In the mornings the police would go around, swearing, tearing down, and scraping off the lilac-colored bills from the fences. At noon, however, these bills would fly over the streets again, rolling to the feet of the passers-by. Spies were sent from the city to stand at the street corners and carefully scan the working people on their gay passage from and to the factory at dinner time. Everybody was pleased to see the impotence of the police.

Pavel and Andrey scarcely ever went to bed. They came home just before the morning whistle sounded, tired, hoarse, and pale. The mother knew that they held meetings in the woods and the marsh; that squads of mounted police galloped around the village, that spies were crawling all over, holding up and searching single workingmen, dispersing groups, and sometimes making an arrest. She understood that her son and Andrey might be arrested any night. Sometimes she thought that this would be the best thing for them.

Strangely enough, the investigations of the murder of Isay, the record clerk, suddenly ceased. For two days the local police questioned the people in regard to the matter, examining about ten men or so, and finally lost interest in the affair.

Marya Korsunova, in a chat with the mother, reflected the opinion of the police, with whom she chummed as amicably as with everybody:

"How is it possible to find the guilty man? That morning some hundred people met Isay, and ninety of them, if not more, might have given him the blow. During these eight years he has galled everybody."

The Little Russian changed considerably. His face became hollow-cheeked; his eyelids got heavy and drooped over his round eyes, half covering them. His smiles were wrung from him unwillingly, and two thin wrinkles were drawn from his nostrils to the corners of his lips. He talked less about everyday matters; on the other hand, he was more frequently enkindled with a passionate fire; and he intoxicated his listeners with his ecstatic words about the future, about the bright,

beautiful holiday, when they would celebrate the triumph of freedom and reason. Listening to his words, the mother felt that he had gone further than anybody else toward the great, glorious day, and that he saw the joys of that future more vividly than the rest. When the investigations of Isay's murder ceased, he said in disgust and smiling sadly:

"It's not only the people they treat like trash, but even the very men whom they set on the people like dogs. They have no concern for their faithful Judas, they care only for their shekels—only for them." And after a sullen silence, he added: "And I pity that man the more I think of him. I didn't intend to kill him—didn't want to!"

"Enough, Andrey," said Pavel severely.

"You happened to knock against something rotten, and it fell to pieces," added the mother in a low voice.

"You're right—but that's no consolation."

He often spoke in this way. In his mouth the words assumed a peculiar, universal significance, bitter and corrosive.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FIRST BATTLE

At last, it came the first of May! The whistle shrilled as usual, powerful and peremptory. The mother, who hadn't slept a minute during the night, jumped out of bed, made a fire in the samovar, which had been prepared the evening before, and was about, as always, to knock at the door of her son's and Andrey's room, when with a wave of her hand she recollected the day, and went to seat herself at the window, leaning her cheek on her hand.

Clusters of light clouds, white and rosy, sailed swiftly across the pale blue sky, like huge birds frightened by the piercing shriek of the escaping steam. The mother watched the clouds, absorbed in herself. Her head was heavy, her eyes dry and inflamed from the sleepless night. A strange calm possessed her breast, her heart was beating evenly, and her mind dwelt on only common, everyday things.

"I prepared the samovar too early; it will boil away. Let them sleep longer to-day; they've worn themselves out, both of them."

A cheerful ray of sun looked into the room. She held her hand out to it, and with the other gently patted the bright, young beam, smiling kindly and thoughtfully. Then she rose, re-

moved the pipe from the samovar, trying not to make a noise, washed herself, and began to pray, crossing herself piously and noiselessly moving her lips. Her face was radiant, and her right eyebrow kept rising gradually and suddenly dropping.

The second whistle blew more softly with less assurance, a tremor in its thick and mellow sound. It seemed to the mother that the whistle lasted longer to-day than ever. The clear, musical voice of the Little Russian sounded in the room:

"Pavel, do you hear? They're calling."

The mother heard the patter of bare feet on the floor and some one yawn with gusto.

"The samovar is ready," she cried.

"We're getting up," Pavel answered merrily.

"The sun is rising," said the Little Russian. "The clouds are racing; they're out of place to-day." He went into the kitchen all disheveled but jolly after his sleep. "Good morning, mother dear; how did you sleep?"

The mother went to him and whispered:

"Andriusha, keep close to him."

"Certainly. As long as it depends on us, we'll always stick to each other, you may be sure."

"What's that whispering about?" Pavel asked.

"Nothing. She told me to wash myself better, so the girls will look at me," replied the Little Russian, going out onto the porch to wash himself.

"Rise up, awake, you workingmen," Pavel sang softly.

As the day grew, the clouds dispersed, chased by the wind. The mother got the dishes ready for the tea, shaking her head over the thought of how strange it was for both of them to be joking and smiling all the time on this morning, when who knows what would befall them in the afternoon. Yet, curiously enough, she felt herself calm, almost happy.

They sat a long time over the tea to while away the hours of expectation. Pavel, as was his wont, slowly and scrupulously mixed the sugar in the glass with his spoon, and accurately salted his favorite crust from the end of the loaf. The Little Russian moved his feet under the table—he never could at once settle his feet comfortably—and looked at the rays of sunlight playing on the wall and ceiling.

"When I was a youngster of ten years," he recounted, "I wanted to catch the sun in a glass. So I took the glass, stole to the wall,

and bang! I cut my hand and got a licking to boot. After the licking I went out in the yard, and saw the sun in a puddle. So I started to trample the mud with my feet. I covered myself with mud, and got another drubbing. What was I to do? I screamed to the sun: 'It doesn't hurt me, you red devil; it doesn't hurt me!' and stuck out my tongue at him. And I felt comforted."

"Why did the sun seem red to you?" Pavel asked, laughing.

"There was a blacksmith opposite our house, with fine red cheeks, and a huge red beard. I thought the sun resembled him."

The mother lost patience and said:

"You'd better talk about your arrangements for the procession."

"Everything's been arranged," said Pavel.

"No use talking of things once decided upon. It only confuses the mind," the Little Russian added. "If we are all arrested, Nikolay Ivanovich will come and tell you what to do. He will help you in every way."

"All right," said the mother with a heavy sigh.

"Let's go out," said Pavel dreamily.

"No, better stay indoors," replied Andrey. "No need to annoy the eyes of the police so often. They know you well enough."

Fedya Mazin came running in, all aglow, with red spots on his cheeks, quivering with youthful joy. His animation dispelled the tedium of expectation for them.

"It's begun!" he reported. "The people are all out on the street, their faces sharp as the edge of an ax. Vyesovshchikov, the Gusevs, and Samoylov have been standing at the factory gates all the time, and have been making speeches. Most of the people went back from the factory, and returned home. Let's go! It's just time! It's ten o'clock already."

"I'm going!" said Pavel decidedly.

"You'll see," Fedya assured them, "the whole factory will rise up after dinner."

And he hurried away, followed by the quiet words of the mother, "Burning like a wax candle in the wind."

She rose and went into the kitchen to dress.

"Where are you going, mother?"

"With you," she said.

"Mother, I shall not tell you anything; and don't you tell me anything, either. Right, mother?"

"All right, all right! God bless you!" she murmured.

When she went out and heard the holiday

hum of the people's voices—an anxious and expectant hum—when she saw everywhere, at the gates and windows, crowds of people staring at Andrey and her son, a blur quivered before her eyes, changing from a transparent green to a muddy gray.

People greeted them—there was something peculiar in their greetings. She caught whispered, broken remarks:

"Here they are, the leaders!"

"We don't know who the leaders are!"

"Why, I didn't say anything wrong."

At another place some one in a yard shouted excitedly:

"The police will get them, and that'll be the end of them!"

"What if they do?" retorted another voice.

Further on a crying woman's voice leaped frightened from the window to the street:

"Consider! Are you a single man, are you? They are bachelors and don't care!"

When they passed the house of Zosimov, the man without legs, who received a monthly allowance from the factory because of his mutilation, he stuck his head through the window and cried out:

"Pavel, you scoundrel, they'll wring your head off for your doings, you'll see!"

The mother trembled and stopped. The exclamation aroused in her a sharp sensation of anger. She looked up at the thick, bloated face of the cripple, and he hid himself, cursing. Then she quickened her pace, overtook her son, and tried not to fall behind again. He and Andrey seemed not to notice anything, not to hear the outcries that pursued them. They moved calmly, without haste, and talked loudly about commonplaces. They were stopped by Mironov, a modest, elderly man, respected by everybody for his clean, sober life.

"Say, boys, I hear you're going to make an awful row—smash the superintendent's windows."

"Why, are we drunk?" exclaimed Pavel.

"We are simply going to march along the streets with flags, and sing songs," said the Little Russian. "You'll have a chance to hear our songs. They're our confession of faith."

"I know your confession of faith," said Mironov thoughtfully. "I read your papers. You, Nilovna," he exclaimed, smiling at the mother with knowing eyes. "Are you going to revolt, too?"

"Well, even if it's only before death, I want to walk shoulder to shoulder with the truth."

"I declare!" said Mironov. "I guess they were telling the truth when they said you carried forbidden books to the factory."

"Who said so?" asked Pavel.

"Oh, people! Well, good-by! Behave yourselves!"

The mother laughed softly; she was pleased to hear that such things were said of her. Pavel smilingly turned to her:

"Oh, you'll get into prison, mother!"

"I don't mind," she murmured.

The sun rose higher, pouring warmth into the bracing freshness of the spring day. The clouds floated more slowly, their shadows grew thinner and more transparent, and crawled gently over the streets and roofs. The bright sunlight seemed to clean the village, to wipe the dust and dirt from the walls and the tedium from the faces.

At the corner of the street a crowd of about a hundred people had gathered, and from its depths resounded Vyesovshchikov's voice:

"They squeeze our blood like juice from huckleberries." His words fell like hammer blows on the people.

"That's true!" the resonant cry rang out simultaneously from a number of throats.

"The boy is doing his best," said the Little Russian. "I'll go help him." He bent low and before Pavel had time to stop him he twisted his tall, flexible body into the crowd like a corkscrew into a cork, and soon his singing voice rang out:

"Comrades! They say there are various races on the earth—Jews and Germans, English and Tartars. But I don't believe it. There are only two nations, two irreconcilable tribes—the rich and the poor. People dress differently and speak differently; but look at the rich Frenchman, the rich German, or the rich Englishman, you'll see that they are all Tartars in the way they treat their workingmen—a plague on them!"

A laugh broke out in the crowd.

"On the other hand, we can see the French workingmen, the Tartar workingmen, the Turkish workingmen, all lead the same dog's life, as we do, we, the Russian workingmen."

More and more people joined the crowd, one after the other they thronged into the by-street, silent, stepping on tiptoe, and craning their necks. Andrey raised his voice:

"The workingmen of foreign countries have already learned this simple truth, and to-day, on this bright first of May, the foreign working people fraternize with one another. They quit their work, and go out into the

streets to look at themselves, to take stock of their immense power. On this day, the workingmen out there throb with one heart; for all hearts are lighted with the consciousness of the might of the working people; all hearts beat with comradeship, each and every one of them is ready to lay down his life in the war for the happiness of all, for freedom and truth to all—comrades!”

“The police!” some one shouted.

From the main street four mounted policemen flourishing their knouts came riding directly at the crowd.

“Disperse!”

The people scowled, giving way to the horses unwillingly. The Little Russian was left alone in the middle of the street; two horses pressed upon him. He stepped aside, and at the same time the mother grasped his hand, pulling him away grumbling:

“You promised to stick to Pasha; and here you are running up against the edge of a knife all by yourself.”

“I plead guilty,” said the Little Russian, smiling at Pavel.

They reached the square where the church stood. Around the church within the paling a thick crowd was sitting and standing. There were some five hundred gay youth and bustling women with children darting around in the crowd like butterflies. The crowd swung from side to side. The people raised their heads and looked into the distance in different directions, waiting impatiently. Something uplifting seemed to be in the atmosphere.

The whistle blew, drowning the talk of the crowd. The people started. Those sitting rose to their feet. For a moment the silence of death prevailed; all became watchful, and many faces grew pale.

“Comrades!” resounded Pavel’s voice, ringing and firm.

A dry, hot haze burned the mother’s eyes, and with a single movement of her body, suddenly strengthened, she stood behind her son. All turned toward Pavel, and drew up to him, like iron filings attracted by a magnet.

“Brothers! The hour has come to give up this life of ours, this life of greed, hatred, and darkness, this life of violence and falsehood, this life where there is no place for us, where we are no human beings.”

He stopped, and everybody maintained silence, moving still closer to him. The mother stared at her son. She saw only his eyes, his proud, brave, burning eyes.

“Comrades! We have decided to declare openly who we are; we raise our banner to-day, the banner of reason, of truth, of liberty! And now I raise it!”

A flagpole, white and slender, flashed in the air, bent down, cleaving the crowd. For a moment it was lost from sight; then over the uplifted faces the broad canvas of the working people’s flag spread its wings like a red bird.

Pavel raised his hand—the pole swung, and a dozen hands caught the smooth white rod. Among them was the mother’s hand.

“Long live the working people!” he shouted.

Hundreds of voices responded to his sonorous call.

The crowd seethed and hummed. Those who understood the meaning of the flag squeezed their way up to it. Mazin, Samoylov, and the Gusevs stood close at Pavel’s side. Nikolay with bent head pushed his way through the crowd. Some other people unknown to the mother, young and with burning eyes, jostled her.

“Long live the working people of all countries!” shouted Pavel.

And ever increasing in force and joy, a thousand-mouthed echo responded in a soul-stirring acclaim.

“Comrades!” sang out the Little Russian, subduing the noise of the crowd with his mellow voice. “Comrades! We have now started a holy procession in the name of the new God, the God of Truth and Light, the God of Reason and Goodness. We march in this holy procession, comrades, over a long and hard road. Our goal is far, far away, and the crown of thorns is near! Those who don’t believe in the might of truth, who have not the courage to stand up for it even unto death, who do not believe in themselves and are afraid of suffering—such of you, step aside! We call upon those only who believe in our triumph. Those who cannot see our goal, let them not walk with us; only misery is in store for them! Fall into line, comrades! Long live the first of May, the holiday of freemen!”

The crowd drew closer. Pavel waved the flag. It spread out in the air and sailed forward, sunlit, smiling, red, and glowing.

The mother marched behind Mazin with a smile on her dry lips, and looked over his head at her son and the flag. Everywhere, around her, was the sparkle of fresh young cheerful faces, the glimmer of many colored

eyes; and at the head of all—her son and Andrey. She heard their voices, Andrey's, soft and humid, mingled in friendly accord with the heavy bass of her son:

Rise up, awake, you workingmen!
On, on, to war, you hungry hosts!

Men ran toward the red flag, raising a clamor; then joining the others, they marched along, their shouts lost in the broad sounds of the song of the revolution.

The mother had heard that song before. It had often been sung in a subdued tone; and the Little Russian had often whistled it. But now she seemed for the first time to hear this appeal to unite in the struggle.

We march to join our suffering mates.

The song flowed on, embracing the people.

Some one's face, alarmed yet joyous, moved along beside the mother's, and a trembling voice spoke, sobbing:

"Mitya! Where are you going?"

The mother interfered without stopping:

"Let him go! Don't be alarmed! Don't fear! I myself was afraid at first, too. Mine is right at the head—he who bears the standard—that's my son!"

Sizov appeared at her side. He took off his hat and waving it to the measure of the song, said, "They're marching openly, eh, mother? And with a song, too! What a song!"

The Czar for the army soldiers must have,
Then give him your sons—

"They're not afraid of anything," said Sizov. "And my son is in the grave. The factory crushed him to death!"

The mother's heart beat rapidly, and she began to lag behind. She was soon pushed aside hard against a fence, and the close-packed crowd went streaming past her. She saw that there were many people, and she was pleased.

Rise up, awake, you workingmen!

It seemed as if the blare of a mighty brass trumpet were rousing men and stirring in some hearts the willingness to fight, in other hearts a vague joy, a premonition of something new, and a burning curiosity; in still others a confused tremor of hope and curiosity. The song was an outlet, too, for the stinging bitterness accumulated during years.

The people looked ahead, where the red banner was swinging and streaming in the air.

All were saying something and shouting; but the individual voice was lost in the song—the new song, in which the old note of mournful meditation was absent. It was not the utterance of a soul wandering in solitude along the dark paths of melancholy perplexity, of a soul beaten down by want, burdened with fear, deprived of individuality, and colorless. It breathed no sighs of a strength hungering for space; it shouted no provoking cries of irritated courage ready to crush both the good and the bad indiscriminately. It did not voice the elemental striving of the animal instinct for freedom for freedom's sake, nor the feeling of wrong or vengeance capable of destroying everything and powerless to build up anything. In this song there was nothing from the old, slavish world. It floated along directly, evenly; it proclaimed an iron virility, a calm threat. Simple, clear, it swept the people after it along an endless path leading to the far distant future; and it spoke frankly about the hardships of the way. In its steady fire a heavy clod seemed to burn and melt—the sufferings they had endured, the dark load of their habitual feelings, their dread of what was coming.

"Heretics!" a man with a broken voice shouted from a window, shaking his fist threateningly.

A piercing scream importunately bored into the mother's ears—"Rioting against the Emperor, against his Majesty the Czar? No!"

There, far away from her, was the red banner—she saw her son without seeing him—his bronzed forehead, his eyes burning with the bright fire of faith. Now she was in the tail of the crowd among the people, who walked without hurrying, indifferently, looking ahead with the cold curiosity of spectators who know beforehand how the show will end.

Suddenly the head of the crowd, as it were, bumped against something; its body swung backward with an alarming, low hum. The song trembled, then flowed on more rapidly and louder; but again the dense wave of sounds hesitated in its forward course. Voices fell out of the chorus one after the other. Here and there a voice was raised in the effort to bring the song to its previous height, to push it forward:

Rise up, awake, you workingmen!
On, on, to war, you hungry hosts!

But the strain lacked the unanimity, the tone of confidence it had had, and a tremulous note of anxiety was already perceptible.

Though she saw nothing and was ignorant of what was happening there in front, the mother divined, and elbowed her way rapidly through the crowd. The people were falling back, some bending their heads and knitting their brows, others smiling in confusion, others, again, whistling mockingly. She observed their faces sadly, her eyes silently inquired, begged, called.

"Comrades!" the voice of Pavel was heard. "Soldiers are people the same as ourselves. They will not strike us! Why should they beat us? Because we bear the truth necessary for all? Our truth is necessary to them, too. Just now they do not understand this; but the time is nearing when they will rise with us, when they will march, not under the banner of robbers and murderers, but under our banner of freedom and goodness! We ought to go forward so that they should understand our truth the sooner. Forward, comrades! Ever forward!"

Pavel's voice sounded firm, the words rang in the air distinctly. But the crowd fell asunder; one after the other the people dropped off to the right or to the left, going toward their homes, or leaning against the fences. Now the crowd had the shape of a wedge, and its point was Pavel, over whose head the banner of the laboring people was burning red. The crowd resembled a black bird with widespread wings, on its guard, ready to take flight.

At the end of the street, closing the exit to the square, the mother saw a low, gray wall of men, one just like the other, without faces. On the shoulder of each a bayonet was smiling its thin, chill smile; and from this immobile wall a cold gust blew down on the workmen, striking the breast of the mother and penetrating his heart.

She forced her way into the crowd among people familiar to her, and, as it were, leaned on them. They were standing in front of the banner along with strangers to her.

She pressed closely against a tall, lame man with a clean-shaven face. In order to look at her, he had to turn his head stiffly.

"What do you want? Who are you?" he asked her.

"The mother of Pavel Vlasov," she answered, her knees trembling beneath her, her lower lip involuntarily dropping.

"Comrades!" Pavel cried. "Onward all your lives. There is no other way for us! Sing!"

The atmosphere grew tense. The flag

rose and rocked and waved over the heads of the people, gliding toward the gray wall of soldiers. The mother trembled. She closed her eyes, and cried: "Oh—oh!"

Pavel, Andrey, Samoylov, and Mazin were the only four to advance from out of the crowd.

The limpid voice of Fedya Mazin slowly quivered in the air.

"In mortal strife—" he began the song.

"You victims fell—" answered thick, subdued voices. The words dropped in two heavy sighs. People stepped forward, each footfall audible. A new song, determined and resolute, burst out:

You yielded up your lives for him.

Fedya's voice wreathed and curled like a bright ribbon.

"A-ha-ha-ha!" some one exclaimed derisively. "They've struck up a funeral song, the dirty dogs!"

"Beat him!" came the angry response.

The mother clasped her hands to her breast, looked about, and saw that the crowd, before so dense, was now standing irresolute, watching the comrades walk away from them with the banner, followed by a dozen people.

"The tyranny will fall—" sounded the prophetic song from the lips of Fedya.

"And the people will rise!" the chorus of powerful voices seconded confidently and menacingly.

"Charge bayonets!" came the piercing order from the front.

The bayonets curved in the air, and glittered sharply; then fell and stretched out to confront the banner.

"Ma-arch!"

"They're coming!" said the lame man, and thrusting his hands into his pockets made a long step to one side.

The mother, without blinking, looked on. The gray line of soldiers tossed to and fro, and spread out over the entire width of the street. It moved on evenly, coolly, carrying in front of itself a fine-toothed comb of sparkling bayonets. Then it came to a stand. The mother took long steps to get nearer to her son. She saw how Andrey strode ahead of Pavel and fenced him off with his long body. "Get alongside of me!" Pavel shouted sharply. Andrey was singing, his hands clasped behind his back, his head uplifted. Pavel pushed him with his shoulder, and again cried:

"At my side! Let the banner be in front!"

"Disperse!" called a little officer in a thin voice, brandishing a white saber. He lifted his feet high, and without bending his knees struck his soles on the ground irritably. The high polish on his boots caught the eyes of the mother.

To one side and somewhat behind him walked a tall, clean-shaven man, with a thick, gray mustache. He wore a long, gray overcoat with a red underlining, and yellow stripes on his trousers. His gait was heavy, and like the Little Russian, he clasped his hands behind his back. He regarded Pavel, raising his thick, gray eyebrows.

The mother seemed to be looking into infinity. She walked onward without thought, almost without consciousness. She felt that behind her the crowd was getting thinner; a cold wind had blown on them and scattered them like autumn leaves.

The men around the red banner moved closer and closer together. The faces of the soldiers were clearly seen across the entire width of the street, monstrosly flattened, stretched out in a dirty yellowish band. In it were unevenly set variously colored eyes, and in front the sharp bayonets glittered crudely. Directed against the breasts of the people, although not yet touching them, they drove them apart, pushing one man after the other away from the crowd and breaking it up.

Behind her the mother heard the trampling noise of those who were running away. Suppressed, excited voices cried:

"Disperse, boys!"

"Vlasov, run!"

"Back, Pavel!"

"Drop the banner, Pavel!" Vyesovshchikov said glumly. "Give it to me! I'll hide it!"

He grabbed the pole with his hand; the flag rocked backward.

"Let go!" thundered Pavel.

Nikolay drew his hand back as if it had been burned. The song died away. Some persons crowded solidly around Pavel; but he cut through to the front. A sudden silence fell.

Around the banner, some twenty men were grouped, not more, but they stood firmly. The mother felt drawn to them by awe and by a confused desire to say something to them.

"Take this thing away from him, lieutenant." The even voice of the tall old man was heard. He pointed to the banner. A little officer jumped up to Pavel, snatched at the flagpole, and shouted shrilly:

"Drop it!"

The red flag trembled in the air, moving to the right and to the left, then rose again. The little officer jumped back and sat down. Nikolay darted by the mother, shaking his outstretched fist.

"Seize them!" the old man roared, stamping his feet. A few soldiers jumped to the front, one of them flourishing the butt end of his gun. The banner trembled, dropped, and disappeared in a gray mass of soldiers.

"Oh!" somebody groaned aloud, and the mother screamed like a wild animal. But the clear voice of Pavel answered her from out of the crowd of soldiers:

"Good-by, mother! Good-by, dear!"

"He's alive! He remembered!" were the two strokes at the mother's heart.

"Good-by, mother dear!" came from Andrey.

Waving her hands, she raised herself on tiptoe, and tried to see them. There was the round face of Andrey above the soldiers' heads. He was smiling and nodding to her.

"Oh, my dear ones! Andriusha! Pasha!" she shouted.

"Good-by, comrades!" they called from the midst of the soldiers.

A broken, many-voiced echo replied to them. It resounded from the windows and the roofs.

The mother felt some one pushing her breast. Through the mist in her eyes she saw the little officer. His face was red and strained, and he was shouting to her:

"Clear out of here, old woman!"

She looked down on him, and at his feet saw the flagpole broken in two parts, a piece of red cloth on one of them. She bent down and picked it up. The officer snatched it out of her hands, threw it aside, and shouted again, stamping his feet:

"Clear out of here, I tell you!"

A song sprang up and floated from among the soldiers:

Arise, awake, you workingmen!

Everything was whirling, rocking, trembling. A thick, alarming noise, resembling the dull hum of telegraph wires, filled the air. The officer jumped back, screaming angrily:

"Stop the singing, Sergeant Kraynov!"

The mother staggered to the fragment of the pole, which he had thrown down, and picked it up again.

"Gag them!"

The song became confused, trembled, ex-

pired. Somebody took the mother by the shoulders, turned her around, and shoved her from behind.

"Go, go! Clear the street!" shouted the officer.

About ten paces from her, the mother again saw a thick crowd of people. They were howling, grumbling, whistling, as they backed down the street.

"Go, you devil!" a young soldier with a big mustache shouted right into the mother's ear. He brushed against her and shoved her onto the sidewalk. She moved away, leaning on the flagpole. She went quickly and lightly, but her legs were bent. In order not to fall she clung to walls and fences. People in front of her were falling back alongside of her, and behind her were soldiers, shouting: "Go, go!"

The soldiers got ahead of her; she stopped and looked around. Down the end of the street she saw them again scattered in a thin chain, blocking the entrance to the square, which was empty. Farther down were more gray figures slowly moving against the people. She wanted to go back; but uncalculatingly went forward again, and came to a narrow, empty by-street into which she turned. She stopped again. She sighed painfully, and listened. Somewhere ahead she heard the hum of voices. Leaning on the pole she resumed her walk.

CHAPTER XIX

THE MOTHER'S VOICE

THE side-street turned abruptly to the left; and around the corner, the mother saw a large, dense crowd of people. Somebody's voice was speaking loudly and firmly:

"Just look at them. Soldiers advance against them, and they stand before them without fear!"

"Think of Pasha Vlasov!"

"And how about the Little Russian?"

"Hands behind his back and smiling!"

"My dear ones! My people!" the mother shouted, pushing into the crowd. They cleared the way for her respectfully. Somebody laughed: "Look at her with the flag in her hand!"

"Shut up!" said another man sternly.

The mother with a broad sweep of her arms cried out:

"Listen for the sake of Christ! You are all dear people, you are all good people.

Open up your hearts. Look around without fear, without terror. Our children are going into the world. Our children are going, our blood is going for the truth; with honesty in their hearts they open the gates of the new road—a straight, wide road for all. For all of you, for the sake of your young ones, they have devoted themselves to the sacred cause. They seek the sun of new days that shall always be bright. They want another life, the life of truth and justice, of goodness for all."

Her heart was rent asunder, her breast contracted, her throat was hot and dry. She saw that the people were listening to her words. All were silent. She felt that they were thinking as they surrounded her closely; and the desire grew in her, now a clear desire to drive these people to follow her son, to follow Andrey, to follow all those who had fallen into the soldiers' hands, all those who were left entirely alone, all those who were abandoned.

"Our children are going into the world toward happiness. They went for the sake of all—for all the people, for all the world, for all the workingmen, they went! Then don't go away from them, don't renounce, don't forsake them, don't leave your children on a lonely path—they went just for the purpose of showing you all the path to truth, to take all on that path! They have brought forth the truth; it burns in them; they perish for it. Believe them!"

Her voice broke down, she swayed, her strength gone. Somebody seized her under the arms.

"She is speaking God's words!" a man shouted hoarsely and excitedly. "God's words, good people! Listen to her!"

"Go home, Nilovna! Go, mother! You're all worn out," said Sizov loudly.

He was pale, his disheveled beard shook. Suddenly knitting his brows he threw a stern glance about him on all, drew himself up to his full height, and said distinctly:

"My son Matvey was crushed in the factory, you know it! But were he alive, I myself would have sent him into the lines of those—along with them. I myself would have told him: 'Go you, too, Matvey! That's an honest cause!'"

He stopped abruptly, became silent, and a sullen silence fell on all, in the powerful grip of something huge and new, but something that no longer frightened them. Sizov lifted his hand, shook it, and continued:

"It's an old man who is speaking to you. You know me! I've been working here thirty-nine years, and I've been alive fifty-three years. To-day they've arrested my nephew, a pure and intelligent boy. He, too, was in the front, side by side with Vlasov; right at the banner. This woman spoke the truth. We have abandoned them. Go, Nilovna, take this staff and lean upon it!" he said, giving her the fragment of the flag-pole.

All looked at the mother with sadness and respect. A hum of sympathy accompanied her. Sizov silently put the people out of her way, and they as silently moved aside, obeying a blind impulse to follow her. Arrived at the gates of her house, she turned to them, leaning on the flagpole, and bowed in gratitude.

"Thank you!" she said softly.

The crowd looked at her in silence.

She bowed to the people again, and went into her house, and Sizov, drooping his head, went in with her.

The day passed in a motley blur of recollections, in a depressing state of exhaustion, which tightly clutched at the mother's body and soul. The faces of the young men flashed before her mental vision, the banner blazed, the songs clamored at her ear, the little officer skipped about a gray stain before her eyes, and through the whirlwind of the procession she saw the gleam of Pavel's bronzed face, and the smiling sky-blue eyes of Andrey.

She walked up and down the room, sat herself at the window, looked out into the street, and walked away again with lowered eyebrows. Every now and then she started, and looked about in an aimless search for something. She drank water, but could not slake her thirst, nor quench the smoldering fire of anguish and injury in her bosom. The day was chopped in two. It began full of meaning and content, but now it dribbled away into a dismal waste, which stretched before her endlessly. The question swung to and fro in her barren, perplexed mind:

"What now?"

She was unable to weep. Her heart was dried up, her lips, too, were dry, and her mouth was parched. Her hands shook, and a cold, fine shiver ran down her back, setting her skin aquiver.

In the evening the gendarmes came. She met them without surprise and without fear. They entered noisily, with a peculiarly jaunty air, and with a look of gayety and satisfaction

in their faces. The yellow-faced officer said, displaying his teeth: "Well, how are you? The third time I have the honor, eh?"

She was silent, passing her dry tongue along her lips. The officer talked a great deal, delivering a homily to her. The mother realized what pleasure he derived from his words. But they did not reach her; they did not disturb her; they were like the insistent chirp of a cricket. It was only when he said, "It's your own fault, little mother, that you weren't able to inspire your son with reverence for God and the Czar," that she answered dully, standing at the door and looking at him, "Yes, our children are our judges. They visit just punishment upon us for abandoning them on such a road."

He said something quickly and angrily, but his words buzzed around her without touching her. Marya Korsunova was a witness. She stood beside the mother, but did not look at her; and when the officer turned to her with a question, she invariably answered with a hasty, low bow, "I don't know, your Honor. I am just a simple, ignorant woman. I make my living by peddling, stupid as I am, and I know nothing."

"Shut up then!" commanded the officer.

She was ordered to search Vlasova. She blinked her eyes, then opened them wide on the officer, and said in fright, "I can't, your Honor!"

The officer stamped his feet, and began to shout. Marya lowered her eyes, and plead with the mother softly: "Well, what can be done? You have to submit, Pelagueya Nilovna."

As she searched and felt the mother's dress, the blood mounting to her face, she whispered, "Oh, the dogs!"

"What are you jabbering about there?" the officer cried rudely, looking into the corner where she was making the search.

"It's about women's affairs, your Honor," mumbled Marya, terrorized.

On his order to sign the search warrant, the mother, with unskilled hand, traced on the paper in printed shining letters: "Pelagueya Nilovna, widow of a workingman."

They went away, and the mother remained standing at the window. With her hands folded over her breast, she gazed into vacancy without winking, her eyebrows raised. Her lips were compressed, her jaws so tightly set that her teeth began to pain her. The oil burned down in the lamp; the light flared up for a moment, and then went out. She stood

at the window a long time; her feet and eyes grew weary. At last she dropped into bed without undressing, and quickly fell into a heavy sleep, as if she had plunged into a deep abyss.

She awoke, shivering and yet perspiring. She put her ear, as it were, to her own breast, and marveled at the emptiness that prevailed there. The whistle blew insistently. From its sound she realized that it was already the second whistle. The room was all in disorder; the books and clothes lay about in confusion; everything was turned upside down, and dirt was trampled over the entire floor.

She arose, and without washing or praying began to set the room in order. In the kitchen she caught sight of the stick with the piece of red cloth. She seized it angrily, and was about to throw it away under the oven, but instead, removed the remnant of the flag from the pole with a sigh, folded it carefully, and put it in her pocket. Then she began to wash the windows with cold water, next the floor, and finally herself; then dressed herself and prepared the samovar. She sat down at the window in the kitchen, and once more the question came to her, "What now? What am I to do now?"

Overcome by her impressions of the day before, she sat for a long time, her eyes fixed upon the cup of tea grown cold. Gradually the desire came to see some wise, simple person, speak to him, and ask him many things.

As if in answer to her wish, Nikolay Ivanovich came in after dinner. When she saw him, however, she was suddenly seized with alarm, and failed to respond to his greeting.

"Oh, my friend," she said softly, "there was no use for you to come here. If they arrest you here, too, then that will be the end of Pasha altogether. It's very careless of you! They'll take you without fail if they see you here."

He clasped her hand tightly, adjusted his glasses on his nose, and, bending his face close to her, explained to her in haste: "I made an agreement with Pavel and Andrey, that if they were arrested, I must see that you move over to the city the very next day."

His friendly, solicitous talk moved and agitated her. She looked at him with a pale smile, and wondered at the kindly feeling of confidence he inspired in her.

"If Pasha wants it, and I'll be no inconvenience to you——"

"Don't be uneasy on that score. I live all alone; my sister comes over only rarely."

"I'm not going to eat my head for nothing," she said, thinking aloud.

"If you want to work, you'll find something to do."

Her conception of work was now indissolubly connected with the work that her son, Andrey, and their comrades were doing. She moved a little toward Nikolay, and, looking in his eyes, asked, "Yes? You say work will be found for me?"

"My household is a small one; I am a bachelor——"

"I'm not talking about that, not about housework," she said quietly. "I mean world work."

And she heaved a melancholy sigh, stung and repelled by his failure to understand her. He rose, and bending toward her, with a smile in his near-sighted eyes, he said thoughtfully, "You'll find a place for yourself in the world work, too, if you want to."

"What could I do?" she asked quietly.

"If, when you go to see Pavel in prison, you tried to find out from him the address of the peasant who asked for a newspaper——"

"I know it!" exclaimed the mother in delight. "I know where they are, and who they are. Give me the papers, I'll deliver them. I'll find the peasants, and do everything just as you say. Who will think that I carry illegal books? I carried books to the factory. I smuggled in more than a hundred pounds, Heaven be praised!"

The desire came upon her to travel along the road, through forests and villages, with a birch-bark sack over her shoulders, and a staff in her hand.

"Now, you dear, dear man, just arrange it for me, arrange it so that I can work in this movement. I'll go everywhere for you! I'll keep going summer and winter, down to my very grave, a pilgrim for the sake of truth."

Nikolay took her hand gently, and stroked it with his warm hand. Then, looking at the watch, he said, "We'll speak about that later. You are taking a dangerous burden upon your shoulders. You must consider very carefully what you intend doing."

"My dear man, what have I to consider? What have I to live for if not for this cause?"

The picture of her son marching at the head

of the crowd with the banner in his hands flashed before her mind.

"Why should I lie idle when my son gives up his life for the sake of truth? I understand what you are striving for. Take me to you, too, for the sake of Christ, that I may be able to help my son! Take me to you!"

"This is the first time I've heard such words."

"What can I say?" she replied, shaking her head sadly, and spreading her hands in a gesture of impotence. "If I had the words to express my mother's heart—" She arose, lifted by the power that waxed in her breast, intoxicated her, and gave her the words to express her indignation. "Then many and many an one would weep, and even the wicked, the men without conscience, would tremble! I would make them taste gall, even as they made Christ drink of the cup of bitterness, and as they now do our children. They have bruised a mother's heart!"

Nikolay rose, and pulling his little beard with trembling fingers he said slowly in an unfamiliar tone of voice, "Some day you will speak to them, I think!"

He started, looked at his watch again, and asked in a hurry, "So it's settled? You'll come over to me in the city?"

She silently nodded her head.

"When? Try to do it as soon as possible." And he added in a tender voice: "I'll be anxious for you, yes, indeed!"

She got herself ready to go to him on the fourth day after his visit. When the cart with her two trunks rolled out of the village into the open country, she turned her head back, and suddenly had the feeling that she was leaving the place forever—the place where she had passed the darkest and most burdensome period of her life, the place where the other varied life had begun, in which the next day swallowed up the day before, and each was filled by an abundance of new sorrows and new joys, new thoughts and new feelings.

The factory spread itself like a huge, clumsy, dark-red spider, raising its lofty smokestacks high up into the sky. The small one-storied houses pressed against it, gray, flattened out on the soot-covered ground and crowded up in close clusters on the edge of the marsh. They looked sorrowfully at one another with their little dull windows. Above them rose the church, also dark red like the factory. The belfry, it seemed to her, was lower than the factory chimneys.

CHAPTER XX

IN A NEW WORLD

NIKOLAY IVANOVICH lived on a quiet, deserted street, in a little green wing annexed to a black two-storied structure swollen with age. In front of the wing was a thickly grown little garden, and branches of lilac bushes, acacias, and silvery young poplars looked benignly and freshly into the windows of the three rooms occupied by Nikolay. It was quiet and tidy in his place. The shadows trembled mutely on the floor, shelves closely set with books stretched across the walls, and portraits of stern, serious persons hung over them.

"Do you think you'll find it convenient here?" asked Nikolay, leading the mother into a little room with one window giving on the garden and another on the grass-grown yard. In this room, too, the walls were lined with bookcases and bookshelves.

"I'd rather be in the kitchen," she said. "The little kitchen is bright and clean."

It seemed to her that he grew rather frightened. And when she yielded to his awkward and embarrassed persuasions to take the room, he immediately cheered up.

There was a peculiar atmosphere pervading all the three rooms. It was easy and pleasant to breathe in them; but one's voice involuntarily dropped a note in the wish not to speak aloud and intrude upon the peaceful thoughtfulness of the people who sent down a concentrated look from the walls.

"The flowers need watering," said the mother, feeling the earth in the flower pots in the windows.

"Yes, yes," said the master guiltily. "I love them very much, but I have no time to take care of them."

When she lay down to sleep and thought of the day just past, she raised her head from the pillow in astonishment and looked around. For the first time in her life she was in the house of a stranger, and she did not experience the least constraint. Her mind dwelt solicitously on Nikolay. She had a distinct desire to do the best she could for him, and to introduce more warmth into his lonely life. She was stirred and affected by his embarrassed awkwardness and droll ignorance, and smiled to herself with a sigh. Then her thoughts leaped to her son and to Andrey. She recalled the high-pitched, sparkling voice of Fedya, and gradually the whole day of the first of May unrolled itself before her.

Early in the morning she polished up the samovar, made a fire in it, and filled it with water, and noiselessly placed the dishes on the table. Then she sat down in the kitchen and waited for Nikolay to rise. She responded to his greeting, and brought the samovar into the room. He began to wash himself, splashing the water on the floor, dropping the soap and his toothbrush, and grumbling in dissatisfaction at himself.

When they sat down to drink tea, he said to the mother, "I am employed in the Zemstov board—a very sad occupation. I see the way our peasants are going to ruin."

And smiling he repeated guiltily, "It's literally so—I see! People go hungry, they lie down in their graves prematurely, starved to death; children are born feeble and sick, and drop like flies in autumn—we know all this, we know the causes of this wretchedness, and for observing it we receive a good salary. But that's all we do, really, truly all we do."

"And what are you, a student?"

"No. I'm a village teacher. My father was superintendent in a mill in Vyatka, and I became a teacher. But I began to give books to the peasants in the village and was put in prison for it. When I came out of prison I became clerk in a bookstore, but not behaving carefully enough I got myself into prison again and was then exiled to Archangel. There I also got into trouble with the governor, and they sent me to the White Sea coast, where I lived for five years."

His talk sounded calm and even in the bright room flooded with sunlight. The mother had already heard many such stories; but she could never understand why they were related with such composure, why no blame was laid on anybody for the suffering the people had gone through, why these sufferings were regarded as so inevitable.

"My sister is coming to-day," he announced.

"Is she married?"

"She's a widow. Her husband was exiled to Siberia; but he escaped, caught a severe cold on the way, and died abroad two years ago."

"Is she younger than you?"

"Six years older. I owe a great deal to her. Wait, and you'll hear how she plays. That's her piano. There are a whole lot of her things here, my books——"

"Where does she live?"

"Everywhere," he answered with a smile.

"Wherever a brave soul is needed, there's where you'll find her."

"Also in this movement?"

"Yes, of course."

He soon left to go to work, and the mother fell to thinking of "that movement" for which the people worked, day in day out, calmly and resolutely.

About noon, a tall, well-built lady came. When the mother opened the door for her, she threw a little yellow valise on the floor, and quickly seizing Vlasova's hand, asked, "Are you the mother of Pavel Mikhaylovich?"

"Yes, I am," the mother replied, embarrassed by the lady's rich appearance.

"That's the way I imagined you," said the lady, removing her hat in front of the mirror. "We have been friends of Pavel Mikhaylovich a long time. He spoke about you often."

"Did Pasha speak about me?"

"Yes, indeed, a great deal. You're extremely uneasy about him, aren't you?"

"Of course, it's not easy for me. But it would have been worse some time ago; now I know that he's not alone, and that even I am not alone." Looking into the lady's face, she asked, "What is your name?"

"Sofya," the lady answered, and began to speak in a businesslike way. "The most important thing is that they should not stay in prison long, but that the trial should come off very soon. The moment they are exiled, we'll arrange an escape for Pavel Mikhaylovich. There's nothing for him to do in Siberia, and he's indispensable here."

"But how will he be able to live as a fugitive?"

"That's a trifle. He'll live as scores of other fugitives live. I just met one, and saw him off. Another very valuable man, who worked for the movement in the south. He was exiled for five years, but remained only three and a half months. That's why I look such a *grande dame*. Do you think I always dress this way? I can't bear this fine toggery, this sumptuous rustle. A human being is simple by nature, and should dress simply—beautifully but simply."

The mother looked at her fixedly, smiled, and shaking her head meditatively said, "No, it seems that day, the first of May, has changed me. I feel awkward somehow or other, as if I were walking on two roads at the same time. At one moment I understand everything; the next moment I am plunged into a mist. Here are you! I see you a lady; you occupy your-

self with this movement, you know Pasha, and you esteem him. Thank you!"

"Why, you ought to be thanked!" Sofya laughed.

"If I didn't teach him about the movement," the mother said with a sigh. "As I speak now," she continued stubbornly, "everything seems simple and near. Then, all of a sudden, I cannot understand this simplicity. Again, I am calm. In a second I grow fearful, because I'm calm. I always used to be afraid, my whole life long; but now that there's a great deal to be afraid of, I have very little fear. Why is it? I cannot understand." She stopped at a loss for words. Sofya looked at her seriously, and waited; but seeing that the mother was agitated, unable to find the expression she wanted, she herself took up the conversation.

"A time will come when you'll understand everything. The chief thing that gives a person power and faith in himself is when he begins to love a certain cause with all his heart, and knows it is a good cause of use to everybody. There is such a love. There's everything. There's no human being too mean to love—but it's time for me to be getting out of all this magnificence."

She walked away smiling. The mother followed her with her eyes, sighed, and looked around. Her thoughts came to a halt, and in a half-drowsy, oppressive condition of quiet, she began to get the dishes together.

At four o'clock Nikolay appeared. Then they dined. Sofya, laughing at times, told how she met and concealed the fugitive, how she feared the spies, whom she detected among all the people, and how comically the fugitive conducted himself. Something in her tone reminded the mother of the boasting of a workingman who had completed a difficult piece of work to his own satisfaction. She was now dressed in a flowing, steel-colored robe, which fell from her shoulders to her feet in warm waves. The effect was soft and noiseless. She appeared to be taller in this dress; her eyes seemed darker, and her movements less nervous.

"Now, Sofya," said Nikolay after dinner, "here's another job for you. You know we undertook to publish a newspaper for the village. But our connection with the people there was broken, thanks to the latest arrests. No one but Pelagueya Nilovna can show us the man who will undertake the distribution of the newspapers. You go with her. Do it as soon as possible."

"Very well," said Sofya. "We'll go, Pelagueya Nilovna."

"Yes, we'll go."

"Is it far?"

"About fifty miles."

"Splendid! And now I'm going to play a little. Do you mind listening to music, Pelagueya Nilovna?"

"Don't bother about me. Act as if I weren't here," said the mother, seating herself in the corner of the sofa. She saw that the brother and the sister went on with their affairs without giving heed to her; yet, at the same time, she seemed involuntarily to mix in their conversation, imperceptibly drawn into it by them.

"Listen to this, Nikolay. It's by Grieg. I brought it to-day. Shut the window."

At first the sounds failed to touch the mother. They were incomprehensible to her, nothing but a ringing chaos. Her ear could not gather a melody from the intricate mass of notes. Half asleep she looked at Nikolay sitting at the other end of the long sofa, and at the severe profile of Sofya with her head enveloped in a mass of golden hair. The sun shone into the room. A single ray, trembling pensively, at first lighted up her hair and shoulder, then settled upon the keys of the piano, and quivered under the pressure of her fingers. The branches of the acacia rocked to and fro outside the window. The room became music-filled, and unawares to her, the mother's heart was stirred. Three notes of nearly the same pitch, resonant as the voice of Fedya Mazin, sparkled in the stream of sounds, like three silvery fish in a brook. At times another note united with these in a simple song, which infolded the heart in a kind yet sad caress. She began to watch for them, to await their warble, and she heard only them, distinguished from the tumultuous chaos of sound, to which her ears gradually became deaf.

And for some reason there rose before her out of the obscure depths of her past, wrongs long forgotten.

For the last time a heavy and resonant chord heaved a deep breath, indifferent and cold; it sighed and died away.

Sofya turned around, and asked her brother softly, "Did you like it?"

"Very much," he said, nodding his head. "Very much."

Sofya looked at the mother's face, but said nothing.

"They say," said Nikolay thoughtfully,



Drawn by S. de Jovanetti.

"The Mother cried out, 'Listen, for the sake of Christ.'"

throwing himself deeper back in the sofa, "that you should listen to music without thinking. But I can't."

"Nor can I," said Sofya, striking a melodious chord.

"I listened, and it seemed to me that people were putting their questions to nature, that they grieved and groaned, and protested angrily, and shouted 'Why?' Nature does not answer, but goes on calmly creating, incessantly, forever. In her silence is heard her answer: 'I do not know.'"

The mother listened to Nikolay's quiet words without understanding them, and without desiring to understand. Her bosom echoed with her reminiscences, and she wanted more music. Side by side with her memories the thought unfolded itself before her, "Here live people, a brother and sister, in friendship; they live peacefully and calmly—they have music and books—they don't swear at each other—they don't drink whisky—they don't quarrel for a relish—they have no desire to insult each other, the way all the people at the bottom do."

Sofya played a long time. The music disquieted the mother, and aroused in her a desire to ask of what it was speaking. Indistinct sensations and thoughts passed through her mind in quick succession. Sadness and anxiety gave place to flashes of calm joy. A swarm of unseen birds seemed to be flying about in the room, penetrating everywhere, touching the heart with caressing wings, soothing and at the same time alarming it. The feelings in the mother's breast could not be fixed in words. They emboldened her heart with perplexed hopes, they fondled it in a fresh and firm embrace.

A kindly impulse came to her to say something good both to these two persons and to all people in general. She smiled softly, intoxicated by the music, feeling herself capable of doing work helpful to the brother and sister. Her eyes roved about in search of something to do for them. She saw nothing but to walk out into the kitchen quietly, and prepare the samovar. But this did not satisfy her desire. It struggled stubbornly in her breast, and as she poured out the tea, she began to speak excitedly with an agitated smile. She seemed to bestow the words as a warm caress impartially on Sofya and Nikolay and on herself.

"We people at the bottom feel everything; but it is hard for us to speak out our hearts. Our thoughts float about in us. We are

ashamed because, although we understand, we are not able to express them; and often from shame we are angry at our thoughts, and at those who inspire them. We drive them away from ourselves. For life, you see, is so troublesome. From all sides we get blows and beatings; we want rest, and there come the thoughts that rouse our souls and demand things of us."

Nikolay listened, and nodded his head, rubbing his eyeglasses briskly, while Sofya looked at her, her large eyes wide open and the cigarette, forgotten, burning to ashes. She sat half turned from the piano, supple and shapely, at times touching the keys lightly with the slender fingers of her right hand. The pensive chord blended delicately with the speech of the mother, as she quickly invested her new feelings and thoughts in simple, hearty words.

"Now I am able to say something about myself, about my people, because I understand life. I began to understand it when I was able to make comparisons. Before that time there was nobody to compare myself with. In our state, you see, all lead the same life, and now that I see how others live, I look back at my life, and the recollection is hard and bitter. Maybe I don't say things right, and I needn't say them, because you know them yourself; but I'm just speaking for myself. You at once set me alongside of you. You don't need anything of me; you can't make use of me; you can't get any enjoyment out of me, I know it. And day after day my heart grows, thank God! It grows in goodness, and I wish good for everybody. This is my thanks that I'm saying to you. I want to open my heart before you, so that you may see how I wish your welfare."

"We see it," said Nikolay in a low voice. "You're making a holiday for us."

The mother began to speak again, telling Sofya and Nikolay of herself, her poor life, her wrongs, and patient sufferings. In simple words, without malice, with a sad smile on her lips, she drew the monotonous, gray sketch of sorrowful days. She enumerated the beatings she had received from her husband; and herself marveled at the trifling causes that led to them and her own inability to avert them.

The brother and sister listened to her in attentive silence, impressed by the deep significance of the unadorned story of a human being, who was regarded as cattle are regarded, and who, without a murmur, for a long

time felt herself to be that which she was held to be. It seemed to them as if thousands, nay millions, of lives spoke through her mouth. Her existence had been commonplace and simple; but such is the simple, ordinary existence of multitudes, and her story, assuming ever larger proportions in their eyes, took on the significance of a symbol. Nikolay, his elbows on the table, and his head leaning on his hands, looked at her through his glasses without moving, his eyes screwed up intently. Sofya flung herself back on her chair. Sometimes she trembled, and at times muttered to herself, shaking her head in disapproval. Her face grew paler. Her eyes deepened.

"Once I thought myself unhappy. My life seemed a fever," said Sofya, inclining her head. "That was when I was in exile. It was in a small district town. There was nothing to do, nothing to think about except myself. I swept all my misfortunes together into one heap, and weighed them, from lack of anything better to do. Then I quarreled with my father, whom I loved. I was expelled from the gymnasium and insulted—the prison, the treachery of a comrade near to me, the arrest of my husband, again prison and exile, the death of my husband. But all my misfortunes, and ten times their number, are not worth a month of your life, Pelageya Nilovna. Your torture continued daily through years. From where do the people draw their power to suffer?"

"They get used to it," responded the mother with a sigh.

"I thought I knew that life," said Nikolay softly. "But when I hear it spoken of—not when my books, not when my incomplete impressions speak about it, but she herself with a living tongue—it is horrible. And the details are horrible, the inanities, the seconds of which the years are made."

The conversation sped along, thoughtfully and quietly. It branched out and embraced the whole of common life on all sides. The mother became absorbed in her recollections. From her dim past she drew to light each daily wrong, and gave a massive picture of the huge, dumb horror in which her youth had

been sunk. Finally she said, "Oh, my! How I've been chattering to you! It's time for you to rest. I'll never be able to tell you all."

The brother and sister took leave of her in silence. Nikolay seemed to the mother to bow lower to her than ever before and to press her hand more firmly. Sofya accompanied her to her room, and stopping at the door said softly, "Now rest. I hope you have a good night."

Her voice blew a warm breath on the mother, and her gray eyes embraced the mother's face in a caress. She took Sofya's hand and, pressing it in hers, answered, "Thank you! You are good people."

Three days passed in incessant conversations with Sofya and Nikolay. The mother continued to recount tales of the past, which stubbornly arose from the depths of her awakened soul, and disturbed even herself. Her past demanded an explanation. The attention with which the brother and sister listened to her opened her heart more and more widely, freeing her from the narrow, dark cage of her former life.

On the fourth day, early in the morning, she and Sofya appeared before Nikolay as women of the merchant class poorly clad in worn chintz skirts and blouses, with birch-bark sacks on their shoulders, and canes in their hands. This costume reduced Sofya's height and gave a yet sterner appearance to her pale face.

"You look as if you had walked about monasteries all your life," observed Nikolay on taking leave of his sister, and pressed her hand warmly. The mother again remarked the simplicity and calmness of their relation to each other. It was hard for her to get used to it. No kissing, no affectionate words passed between them; but they behaved so sincerely, so amicably and solicitously toward each other. In the life she had been accustomed to, people kissed a great deal and uttered many sentimental words, but always bit at one another like hungry dogs.

The women walked down the street in silence, reached the open country, and strode on side by side along the wide beaten road between a double row of birches.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE WHO BROKE IN

BY JAMES L. FORD



O the toiling thousands who go about bewailing their inability to obtain a production, or even a respectful hearing, for their original dramas, has come the astounding news that before the present theatrical season was fairly under way, three new and unknown playwrights had succeeded in breaking into the "ring" that is supposed to control the destinies of our stage, and in reaching the popular heart with three novel and admirable native dramas.

Surprising as this is, the success of the three plays is all the more astonishing when we consider the unusual sources from which they sprang. One is the work of a professional press agent and dramatic critic, and another that of a poet and college professor, almost the last person in the world to look to for an acting play. The third, still more wonderful to relate, when we consider the quality of the workmanship, comes from the brain of a professional actress.

Of course I do not mean to say that there is nothing good under the dramatic sun except the three entertainments that I am treating here, nor do I deny that new playwrights come upon the scene from time to time as the seasons roll on, but I do affirm that not since the first performance of "Ralph Roister Doister," has the first month of any dramatic season in this country given us three maiden efforts equal in novelty, interest, and real dramatic value to "The Great Divide," "The Chorus Lady," and "The Three of Us."

This triple triumph of new blood and new ideas over the old characters, scenes, and situations that have served so long behind the footlights as to lose all semblance to their originals, is of threefold importance to those elements in the community most closely interested in the stage. It is important to the managers, who have now three new sources

of supply to draw upon for dramatic material. It is important to the playgoing public, long weary of ancient farces dressed up in the silks and satins of polite comedy, of problem plays dealing with the same problem and not a pleasing one at that, and worst of all, of pretentious "intellectual drama," presented by preposterously bad actors, also advertised as intellectual. Above all is it important to our younger generation of playwrights and would-be playwrights, whose numbers it is impossible to estimate, for they are like the sands on the shore, the leaves in the forest, and the stars in the milky way.

And if the season's surprise does nothing more than dispel the ancient and cherished illusion regarding the "ring" and the impossibility of getting even a reading for a new drama, no matter how good it may be, it will have accomplished a world of good; but so long as envious, lazy, or incompetent scribblers exist, so long will there be those who declare that managers will not even take the trouble to read new plays and that manuscripts sent with whole acts cunningly sewed together are returned with the threads uncut. Curiously enough the plays thus sent are invariably of the highest order of merit and they are returned for no other reason save that the manager is hopelessly addicted to "commercialism."

Now a good play is worth to the manager who buys it all the way from perhaps \$25,000 to ten times that sum and there are some which have proved even more remunerative. Is it likely that anyone, no matter how commercially minded, will miss the chance of obtaining one of these valuable properties simply because he is too indolent to read it? Of course a great many dramas which eventually prove successful are refused half a dozen times before finding a purchaser, but that is not because the manager is commercial; it is because he is either so ignorant or so worn

out by reading a succession of bad plays that he is unable to guess right.

Very few indeed of those who pay for their theater tickets and have no knowledge of the stage save that which is gained through opera glasses across the footlights, have any conception of the enormous number of persons who are trying to write plays, or of the keen envy with which the members of the so-called "ring" are regarded by the outsiders, and the tremendous pressure that is brought to bear through every influence and from every rank in society for admission to it. The members in good standing of this little guild may be numbered almost on the fingers of the two hands, but those who are filled with an honest and laudable desire to belong to it form a noble army of martyrs to the cause of dramatic art, whose numbers run up into the millions—an innumerable company who have been trying since childhood to write plays, whose desks are filled with unacted manuscripts, and who are doomed in ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a hundred thousand to die without having had the first ambition of their lives gratified. To the hearts of this vast army of toiling and ambitious ones tidings of the triple surprise should bring not envy but infinite hope and encouragement.

The truth is that the present conditions of the theatrical business in this country are such that the playwright is in a better position to dictate terms than is any other craftsman in the world. The important managers have more theaters than they can keep open and more stars than they can fit with proper vehicles, and are consequently simply ravenous for new plays. The moment a new dramatist shows his nose above the surface, he is literally swamped with orders, while everything that even looks like a play can

secure a reading and, not infrequently, a production. This is proved by the number of worthless dramas on which managers are constantly risking their money because they cannot obtain anything better. Indeed, many actors and managers have taken to novel reading in the hope of finding something worthy of dramatization, while two or three have actually joined the Mercantile Library.

I will venture to say that there is not a single star or manager of any importance in this country who is not in the market for a play and only too willing to read any that are offered. They are not, however, eager to waste their time with dialogues, especially those written in blank verse, nor with manuscripts whose first pages bear the unmistakable imprints of incompetence, nor with windy discussions of abstract topics like morality. But a manuscript of action—the thing done rather than the thing said or thought—one whose every word helps to tell the story, may be quite sure of careful consideration at the hands of any manager.

Under such conditions, one naturally wonders why so many intelligent, well-educated men and women have been wasting their time for years with plays that no one will act. It would seem that in the face of such an extraordinary

demand some actor or manager would buy them. The answer to this is that scarcely anyone outside of the dramatic profession, and not everyone in it, really knows what a play is, and the reason that they do not study the craft systematically, as they might study that of making shoes or curing the human body or conducting lawsuits, is that there is no institution in the land in which this most beautiful and subtle and least understood of arts is taught. I do not of course pretend to say that the complete art of play writing can be taught in a college, but there



ROSE STAHL AS "THE CHORUS LADY"

is no reason why instruction in its rudiments should not be given. Certainly it is a pitiful thing to see ambitious and capable young men and women floundering hopelessly in the mire of ignorance simply because there is no one to lift them out on to dry land by telling them whether the actors ought to know more of the secrets of the play than the audience, or the audience more than the actors, how action differs from movement, and why it is absolutely necessary to dramatize the audience itself into every scene that is written.

Which one of us is there who does not number among his friends a would-be playwright? I declare that in all New York there is no busier man to be found than the would-be dramatist. Indeed, what with roaming Broadway, meeting this actor and dining with that, making appointments with managers, receiving letters and telegrams and imparting their contents, under the oath of secrecy, to every man, woman, and child of his acquaintance, it's a wonder to me how he ever finds time to write the dozen or more plays that he carries with him whenever he steps outside of his house. For he would no more think of going out into the street without his plays than he would without his shoes.

During the earlier stages of the complaint he has many friends and admirers who share his ambitions and enthusiasms.

"Billy's doing well," they cry with a confident wag of the head; "he's left the bank and taken to writing plays. You know there's more money in play writing than there is in banking. Just look at Clyde Fitch!"

Whereupon everybody looks at Clyde Fitch and admires the intuition that led Billy to give up his salaried post as bank teller and follow in the footprints of the most prolific of modern dramatists.

"Where are Billy's pieces playing? Well, next season I guess they'll be playing pretty



WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

near everywhere. He sold one the other day to one of the best-known actresses in the country and she's just crazy to do it this season. I saw the telegram myself. What did it say? Well, I didn't read it, but I was with him when it came in and he told me about it and showed me the envelope. Then he's done one for Maude Adams and he expects to have one ready for Mrs. Carter to read next month and he hasn't time to do one for John Drew because he's so busy on an order from Ed Rice. Oh, Billy's all

right; he's going to beat 'em all yet. They say he's the quickest worker in the business. He can write a play in just six weeks, and it takes Clyde Fitch three months. That means eight a year with four weeks' vacation in the summer. He'll be putting his money up in barrels pretty soon."

As time speeds on, the luster of hope fades from Billy's eye and his footsteps lag as he paces Broadway. He can still write a play in six weeks, but he has not nearly as many appointments with players and managers as formerly. His six-week dramas have fallen down everywhere and he does not know what the matter is. His friends, who once acclaimed him successful, have, for the most part, dropped off, finding that he did not make any of the money which they were so interested to hear about and on which, perhaps, some of the most fervid had pinned their hopes. A few devoted ones remain, but it would be far better for him if they were to drop off too, for they are filling his head with the idea that there is a conspiracy against him.

I used to wonder at the extraordinary powers that enabled missionaries to induce savages to give up their own gods, which were prettily painted and could be cheaply replaced when broken, in favor of a deity whom they could not even see; but when I consider the number of writers who have

been led to pin their faith to the amazing fallacy that a giant conspiracy of either magazine editors or theatrical managers stands between them and success, I think the Jesuit Fathers must have had an easy job of it.

The most remarkable thing about it all is that the would-be playwright whom I have tried to characterize under the generic name of "Billy" is, in nine cases out of ten, a young man of education, ambition, and talent, who might easily win a success in almost any field of endeavor save the one that he has chosen. That is why I regard him as an object of compassion rather than of ridicule. And it is to him and to all his kind that I commend a careful study of the three plays which within the first six weeks of the present season have brought three authors from obscurity into the great white light of theatrical renown.

And there is no one who can pursue this

In this piece he showed us a clergyman unable to obtain a permanent call to a certain pulpit for lack of recommendation from his former parish. He confesses to the vestryman, who is his friend and sponsor, that this is because the woman with whom he is living is not really his wife, and that having been an inmate of her home he fell in love with her and stole her away from her husband. It is quite evident that it will be impossible for him to obtain the call that he desires, and, learning this, his paramour goes into the next room and shoots herself.

It seems incredible that a man who has to my certain knowledge been trying to write plays for years should offer such a preposterous piece of work as this to any manager. It is not a drama in one act, but the first act of a four-act drama—the mere presentation of a theme which, instead of being followed to its logical conclusion, is brought to a sudden



HENRY MILLER AND MARGARET ANGLIN IN "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

study with greater profit to himself than a certain acquaintance of mine who writes successfully for the magazines and without any success at all for the stage. Since seeing a one-act piece of his presented by dramatic students I have ceased to wonder why managers will not produce his work.

stop by a tragedy that leaves the problem as far away from solution as ever. It is the sort of thing that almost any trained writer can do, for after all it is an easy thing to write a first act, but one which no one with any real knowledge of the stage *would* do. It was well written, for its author is an experienced

literary man, and the problem that it presented was an interesting one, but when it came to working out that problem and carrying along the interest through three more acts to an ending that would have satisfied the expectations raised at the beginning, nothing had been done. Every bit of the difficult work of play building had been shirked. As for dramatizing the audience and appealing successfully to its sympathies, I doubt if the author had ever even heard of such a thing. If he had, he would have seen the impossibility of making a hero out of a hypocrite who does not practice what he preaches and who, with the word of God on his lips, ruins the home into which he has been admitted as a favored and trusted friend. Nor does the author improve matters by his puerile attempts to palliate the offenses of the cleric by encouraging him to "do good"—off stage, of course—or by explaining that the lady's husband was "a brute." That is a term that is applied to all deserted husbands. No wonder neither vestry nor congregation desires to put this wretched hypocrite in the pulpit nor to have the woman preside at their "mothers' meetings" and

teach their children the miserable sophistries with which it is sought to excuse her sin. And if the vestry and congregation do not want them we may be quite sure that no American audience will wish to see them impose themselves on a decent community.

Not one of the three plays of which I am treating here ignores the sympathies of the American audience. Each one, moreover, owes its birth to the working out of an idea in the brain of its author and not to a mere stringing together of old characters and situations gathered from other plays. Another fact worthy of notice is that each one of the three was produced by a manager comparatively new to the business.

"The Great Divide" is given by Mr. Henry Miller, now in his second year of management, and is his first great success on entirely original lines. Mr. Walter N. Lawrence, who presents "The Three of Us," leased the Madison Square Theater about two years ago, and has already given us such successes as "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," "The Prince Chap," and "The Man on the Box." "The Chorus Lady" was bought on its first reading by Mr. H. B. Harris, who is also the manager



CARLOTTA NILSSON IN "THE THREE OF US"

of "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Daughters of Men," and was the first to present to the public the young playwright William De Mille and his play "Strongheart."

I am not prepared to agree with that deep-

ly rooted sophomoric idea that tragedy is of greater importance to the upbuilding of our national dramatic literature than comedy. In fact, I am of the opinion that at the present moment the nation stands in greater need of laughter than of tears. But from the academic point of view, at least, "The Great Divide" ranks first of the three plays, and certainly its theme is of deeper and wider appeal than either of the others. It is particularly interesting to note, moreover, that this play is not

only absolutely native to our soil—not an essentially European plot, sprinkled with a little Arizona dust and played in front of a back drop with a mountain range painted on it—but also of legitimate birth, springing directly from the author's experiences and the influences to which he has been subjected on both sides of that great divide which separates the young and vigorous West from the more sophisticated and cultured East.

Mr. William Vaughn Moody, a nephew of the famous evangelist and fellow-townsmen in Indiana of George Ade and the gifted McCutcheons, was reared in intellectual New England and for many years breathed the rarefied air of Cambridge, Mass. Leaving this scholastic environment for the West, he became deeply impressed with the vastness, the youth, and the rude vigor of the newer world; and the seeds of thoughts engendered by his comparisons of the two extremes of American life took root in his cultivated mind and bore one of the strongest dramatic themes that our stage has known in many a year—the contrast between the New

England conscience and brutal, undisciplined manhood.

It was a theme so great that Mr. Moody, who had already won for himself an enviable place as a poet, knew that it deserved treat-

ment in a more convincing medium than that of verse, and it was with this idea throbbing in heart and brain that he turned aside from rhyme and meter and took up the unfamiliar tools of the playwright. That he has not yet learned to handle these tools with the skill of a master workman is shown in the fact that his first act, like that of all other theatrical tyros, is infinitely stronger than his others. In this case, however, his first act arouses an interest that is so deep and tense that by sheer force of its



RACHEL CROTHERS

own momentum it carries its audience along with it to the very end, although the play, like Ibsen's "Doll's House," finishes in the smoke of verbal discussion—which is no more drama than is the panorama of the Holy Land.

It would be difficult to conceive of a problem more vital or one that carries with it a stronger appeal to womanhood than that presented in this first act. A young girl, left alone in an isolated ranch farmhouse, is confronted by three men, and, to escape what she regards as an infinitely worse fate, consents to marry the least repulsive of the trio. And this problem holds the attention of the audience to such a degree and arouses such universal curiosity that it must remain and see for itself the outcome of such an unnatural union. And when the play is done and the spectators are wending their way homeward every tongue is busy with the discussion as to whether or no that lone woman acted for the best. It will be days before they cease to think of the pitiful plight of the weak, unprotected woman confronted by drunken, brutal intruders and to wonder

whether it would not have been better if she had killed herself rather than bind herself by such an awful covenant. In short, "The Great Divide" is a play after the European playgoer's heart, as it furnishes him not only with entertainment while in the theater, but also with something to be taken home and thought over and discussed.

Miss Rachel Crothers, the author of "The Three of Us," came from the mid West and began her career by playing in amateur theatricals. Then she acted in real earnest for three years, playing with Rhea and Felix Morris and in "The Christian" company. She left the stage to take up teaching in a dramatic school, and while doing this wrote two or three one-act plays, whose success, as interpreted by her pupils, encouraged her to take up play writing in earnest.

Miss Crothers's working days have been passed entirely in the artificial atmosphere of the playhouse, yet no successful drama of recent years is as free from theatrical fustian and claptrap as hers. As in the case of the other dramas treated here, her first act is her best, not only from a dramatic point of view, but also as a fine piece of realism, showing the average intimate home life of the average family. The scene of this act is of the very simplest—the living room of an ordinary house in an ordinary Western mining town. The room is shabby and commonplace, yet full of interest. Two boys are eating their breakfast, and the "hired girl"—admirably played by Miss Eva Vincent—moves to and fro in homely ministrations to their wants, for it is nearly nine o'clock and the younger of the two lads must be off to school. Into this room comes Miss Carlotta Nillson as the elder sister, and the meaning of the title is understood at once. They are three orphans, and she, filling the place of mother as well as sister, is the guiding star of the family, and the very heart and soul of Miss Crothers's play. For the theme of her drama is that a woman who knows that she is right has no need to fear lest a false construction should be put upon her actions. And as the play moves on, we see three men, each at an important moment in his life, completely changed through the quiet influence of this woman who turns neither to the right nor to the left in following out her purpose.

"The Chorus Lady" was, so to speak, born in the stage purple, its author, Mr.

James Forbes, having had a long and illuminating apprenticeship in theatricals as dramatic critic and press agent. Originally a one-act sketch, taken from a magazine story which was suggested to Mr. Forbes by an episode in real life, "The Chorus Lady" in its present complete form has already won for itself a remarkable and steadily increasing vogue—a vogue which is due in about equal parts to the freshness and truth of its main character and to the admirable manner in which it is portrayed by Miss Rose Stahl. Mr. Forbes's first act is also his best, though the scene in the dressing room which follows it is more novel and striking.

In the first act we have a lifelike picture of the kitchen of the trainer's home with two of the stable lads at breakfast and the mother and sister of the chorus lady busy with their household tasks. A telegram comes announcing that the company with which the absent daughter found employment has disbanded and that she herself is on her way home; and a few moments later her cheering, wholesome, slangy presence fills the entire stage with sunshine. In less than a minute she has taken a firm hold upon her audience, and I will venture to say that not even the most prejudiced and suspicious woman that ever regarded the stage and its people as devoid of all righteousness fails to realize that this chorus girl at least is an honest, sincere, warm-hearted woman who cannot fail to make the young horse owner, to whom she is affianced, an excellent wife. Her sense of humor is delightful and her vocabulary more picturesque and expressive than that of George Ade, and she is true to real life in everything that she says and does: in her enjoyment of her work, in her anxiety to get back to New York, as well as in her wish to keep her little sister from entering a profession whose temptations, she fears, she may not prove strong enough to cope with.

Mr. Forbes's idea has been not to exploit a star, but to present a faithful and amusing picture of a phase of life which he knows thoroughly, and his star—to her credit be it said—enters heartily into his scheme for entertaining the public.

I hope that for their own sake all would-be playwrights will see each and every one of these three dramas and take heart from their success. If they do, they will provide three theaters with audiences for many months.

CONCHA

BY WOLCOTT LECLÉAR BEARD

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY



WHEN Cary, the Provincial Supervisor, dismounted at the door of his house, a bank of heavy clouds on the horizon held out hopes of a change in the weather. But as yet the blazing sun of the Philippines was beating with pitiless force upon a baking earth. No breath of air stirred the palms of the compound nor frosted the placid surface of the river at its back.

Still, in the big sala there was a cool twilight made by drawn shutters. In the sala, too, was Cary's friend, the Provincial Physician. The doctor, dressed in spotless white, contrasting strongly with the travel-stained khaki which Cary wore, stood by a little table. He had just finished mixing a fizzy drink which he held out to his friend.

"To be taken immediately, and subsequently as often as the symptoms recur," said he. "It's my favorite prescription."

Cary made no direct reply.

"Did you ever see anything so beastly hot?" he asked, throwing his hat and crop on the table and himself into a long chair. "Where did you come from?"

"Down Manáoag way. I met a friend of yours there, who said she was coming to see you. It was old Concha."

"That so?" said the Supervisor, smiling as he applied himself to the glass in his hand. "How was she?"

"Cocky as ever," replied the doctor. "She ought to be here by this time. But I think that's her outfit now—the one that's discouraging the sweet music—hear it?"

Cary heard it. It still was distant, though slowly drawing nearer; a noise between a shriek and a groan, such as a thousand rusty gate hinges might have made.

"What on earth is it?" asked Cary.

"Concha," replied the doctor, chuckling. "Concha's cart, that is to say. Her lard pot gave out, so she couldn't grease the wheels of progress, so to speak; hence the melody. She's driving Teófilo, that white carabáo of hers. He's one of the family."

Cary nodded.

"That carabáo is about all the family she's got now except Lotario, that idiot grandson of hers, poor old thing," he remarked.

"She had a family. It vanished. And people tell queer stories about it," answered the doctor gravely.

"Queer stories? Of course. Her neighbors would see to that," rejoined Cary, with some heat. "There's hardly a person near where she lives who isn't mixed up with that murderous secret society—how d'ye call it?"

"Katipunán?" suggested the doctor.

"Yes. Katipunán. It's the Katipunán that has robbed her of practically everything she owns—and she was rich. It's the Katipunán that made the men of her family—yes, and the women, too—disappear for good and all, one after the other, except that idiot grandson, Lotario. As a matter of fact, Concha's an awfully good old sort for a Filipina. I did her a little favor once. It was a piffling little affair—didn't amount to anything—but her gratitude has fairly made me ashamed. She's been trying to get even ever since. Last time she came she brought me a coop of chickens, and chickens aren't too plentiful with her any more, let me tell you."

The doctor laughed.

"Were they good ones?" he asked.

"Really, I don't know. You see they were all cocks, and of course all game cocks, for they haven't any other kind here. I didn't think, and turned them all into the



"Instantly Teófilo charged."

hen pen. They must have fought all night. Anyhow, in the morning they all were dead but one, and he was standing on the body of another and trying to crow. I kept him alive, and the others were too battered to eat. Heavens! what a noise that bull cart does make."

Followed by his friend, Cary went to one of the windows and, sliding back the shutter, looked out. The noise was much closer now, and presently there appeared a carabáo yoked to one of the flat-bodied carts of the country. The animal was not slate-colored, like most water buffalo, but of a pinkish hue, caused by his skin showing through a thin coat of white bristles. He was tired and panting, and looked longingly at the river. Astride of his back was a shambling young man with the face of a child and a grin of amiable imbecility. The wheels of the cart, each made of a section sawed from a log, were fixed to the axle, which revolved with them. It was this axle which caused the noise, for the lard pot, from which they usually greased it to silence, was empty, as the doctor had said.

Seated in the cart, on a bamboo coop crammed with chickens, was an old woman. The skin of her face was brown and wrinkled, like that of a baked apple; but it was a shrewd face and a kindly one. She flapped her hand jauntily as she saw the two men, and smiled, disclosing teeth that still were strong and intact but stained brown by the juice of the betel nut.

A native, whom Cary never had seen before, who was walking by, saw the cart and waited for it to stop. Concha was gathering her beaver-tailed skirt about her preparatory to descending, and did not notice him, but Teófilo did. He looked hard at the man, throwing forward his ears to assist his eyesight. He sniffed once or twice. Then, with a clumsy agility truly wonderful in an animal of his kind, he reared and plunged. The light cord holding the yoke in place snapped like a thread. Instantly Teófilo raised his tail and, lowering his head, charged.

The cart tipped backward. From a sitting position old Concha turned a back som-

ersault, and her *chinelas* of green velvet flew from her feet as drops of water fly from a whirling grindstone. In the fraction of a second she was seated again, but violently and in the road. Thus seated and trying mechanically to restrain the chickens which were trying to escape from the strained coop, Concha railed against the man, against Teófilo, and Lotario, her grandson. But Lotario was not troubled just then by words. His legs clasped his mount from thigh to ankle; his long arms flapped as though all joints, and he yelled, but not in fear. Joy was what he tried to express—joy and encouragement to Teófilo, who was going at a lumbering gallop much faster than it seemed.

The victim dodged and doubled. It was his only chance; in a straightway run he would have had none whatever. Even as it was Teófilo was hard on his heels and gaining. He made one last agonized double, his foot slipped on a patch of greasy mud, and he fell headlong, rolling over and over. That slip probably saved him. The little brown policeman who stood as a sentinel by the ten-foot compound wall, and who had prudently retired to the safe side of it, held the gate open. The man kept on rolling until he reached this gate and then rolled through it, when the little policeman slammed it to.

Cary and the doctor ran down. The man had picked himself up when they arrived, and stood ruefully inspecting his raiment. His white clothes were torn and plastered from head to foot with the mud through which he had rolled. One natty patent-leather boot was split, and the sole flopped dismally. His hat was gone. To complete it all, Teófilo came up to the gate and peered, snorting, through the bars. Upon a horn appeared the missing hat, its gaudy ribbon fluttering. Above the head of the carabáo grinned the loose-lipped face of Lotario.

The stranger saw them. His face turned as pale as the mud upon it and its natural complexion would allow; his hands clinched, and his chin trembled with rage. Nor was his rage appeased when the doctor, who had fled, choking with laughter, into the house, reappeared with Cary's camera, which he pointed and snapped.

"The gentleman seems annoyed," observed Cary.

The camera snapped again.

"Got him!" cried the doctor gleefully. "Two of 'em. Going to call 'em 'Election Day' or 'After the Ball' or something like that. What d'ye think of it? Eh? What?"

The Supervisor had no time to answer, for at that moment the gate opened and Concha sailed gayly in. In her hand she carried the hat, which she had removed from Teófilo's horn and straightened out as well as she could. She smiled genially and offered it to its owner. The man snarled and then struck her, so that she reeled up against the compound wall. Cary sprang forward, and with his riding crop cut the owner of the hat across the face, raising a livid weal there. The recipient did not even wince, but turned toward the old woman.

Concha started, and her face changed from mirth to surprise; from surprise to abject fear. She wilted, rather than fell, at his feet, and commenced babbling what evidently



"The gentleman seems annoyed," observed Cary.



"Old Concha appeared in the doorway."

was an incoherent plea, but he silenced her, and himself began to speak rapidly and with earnestness in the vernacular. The old woman, crouching on the ground, from time to time would interrupt the speaker with pitious appeals which were pitilessly rejected. The faces of the idiot and the carabáo, one above the other, still peered through the bars of the gate. Cary stood near by, pulling his mustache and grimly smiling, but the doctor's smile long had deserted him. To him it seemed as though the situation had lost its humor somehow.

"What is it the beggar's talking about?" he asked, after a little. Cary motioned with his head for silence, and turning spoke a word into the ear of the impassive little policeman, who saluted and left at a trot. But the monologue continued until at last Cary laughed and struck his riding boot a resounding slap with his crop.

"What's it all about?" asked the doctor again. "What's he saying?"

"Saying?" replied the Supervisor, "he's saying that he's the local chief of the Katipunán. He's saying that it's all Concha's fault that he was chased by that carabáo. She pointed out to him the fact that the scar made by his bolo is still visible on Teófilo's neck, and that Teófilo hasn't forgotten the occasion when the wound was given. But our friend replies that if she had given up the carabáo when the worthy Katipunán demanded it, this chasing episode obviously couldn't have occurred. So the fault is hers. He says that the Katipunán has thus far shown her too much mercy, but that it won't show any more. He mentions that he intends to strike first through the unfortunate creature on the carabáo, grinning through the bars there, because he knows she loves that poor idiot, as women do love helpless things that are dependent on them. Evidently he doesn't know I understand Pangasinán, for he's telling with much detail what became of her husbands and sons and the rest. It isn't a pretty tale; but he says that the worst is reserved for Lotario. In fact, he's saying a great many things that he'll be sorry for directly. And here comes the guard I sent for."

Teófilo reluctantly lumbered to one side, giving room to a squad of little policemen who, with the warden of the provincial prison at their head, came up at double time.

"Señor?" asked the warden expectantly.

"That man. Take him and hold him," replied Cary in Spanish. "I will get the warrant afterwards."

The warden, a Spanish mestizo, gave one look; then his handsome face beamed with delight.

"Ah, Juan Abalos, I am truly glad to see you," said he to the prisoner, with a kind of venomous politeness. "The last time we met I was your prisoner. You had me beaten, and treated to the knotted cord. You may remember, Juan, that I then said we would meet again. You see I was right. Pray be good enough now to accompany these gentlemen." With a wave of his hand he indicated the guard. It was hardly credible that a smile could express such vindictive hatred as did the one that accompanied that wave of the warden's hand.

"The warrant is quite unnecessary, señor," he went on, addressing Cary. "Already there are many warrants out for this indi-

vidual, but of late he has been hard to find. Is there anything else in which I can have the pleasure of serving you? No? Then shall we start?"

Cary would have replied but for old Concha. She had been listening intently, and

is still the world into which you may wake when morning comes."

"Let me go, Concha; there is no danger. The prison will hold him and his friends as well, when we get them," said Cary reassuringly, and stooping he tried gently to unclasp



"Concha pointed out the way with her bolo."

as the last words were spoken threw herself forward, and, grasping his knees, poured forth a flood of entreaties.

"Señor, liberate that man!" she cried. "For your own sake I beseech you! No prison will hold him. And if it would, there are still many who will carry on the feud. Consider, señor. Consider, while still there is time; that you may walk by day in security, and sleep by night with the assurance that this

her hands. But the grasp of the old woman was one of desperation and it held. "Why Concha—are you crazy?" he went on, with a touch of impatience. "I couldn't release him if I wanted to. It is the law which holds him, not I. I am powerless."

With a suddenness that surprised them all, Concha loosed him, sprang to her feet, and ran out of the gate. She dragged the grinning Lotario from his perch, and still holding

his hand ran down the road, turned into a side street, and disappeared, leaving Teófilo to his own devices. He stood for a moment looking after the pair, for conduct such as this was new to him; then he followed at a heavy trot. Shaking his head, Cary turned back into the compound.

"It is just as well that she is gone, if the

The warden's face was a picture of innocence accused. "But have I the señor's permission to leave? I do not like that sky. There will be a storm which might discommoded our guest."

Cary nodded. The guard surrounded the prisoner and marched quickly away.

"I don't envy Mr. Abalos his position,"



"One by one the bamboo houses broke into a blaze."

señor will allow me to say so," remarked the warden. "Undoubtedly she knows many places where she can hide and none can find her. It need not be long, for this gentleman, I am sure, will tell us where his friends are to be found." And smiling, he bowed to the sullen Abalos. The act meant more than a threat could have done.

"But I say, you know—no torture, Alcaide," warned Cary.

"I, señor! Do I not always treat my prisoners as though they were my friends?"

observed the doctor, as he and Cary went into the house. "What d'you s'pose the Alcaide will do to him?"

"Torture, of course," answered Cary, with weary bitterness. "The Alcaide'll find out what he wants to know, and nobody'll hear anything of it. Well, it's out of our hands. They haven't pleasant ways, according to our notions, these precious new citizens of ours. But what the warden said about that sky is true—look at it. What d'you suppose it means?"

"Typhoon," answered the doctor composedly.

"Rot!" said his friend, but looked anxious none the less, and when they had entered the house he closed the door and secured it carefully.

Indeed the sky was alarming. From the bank on the horizon great masses of black or yellow clouds tinged with green drove rapidly upward, obliterating the blue as they went. The leaves on the trees were motionless; and when the doctor, seated on a window sill, lighted a cigarette, the flame of the match streamed unwaveringly upward. There was a low moan in the air, that came from no particular direction, but seemed to fill all space. Soon a sickly dusk, quite different from the normal dusk of evening, settled over the land. The moan became a roar. The distant landscape was hidden by a whirling, moving cloud that rushed toward them. Cary and the doctor ran from room to room, closing the many windows. The cloud had drawn frightfully close when they came to the last of them. They saw some cocoanut palms wrenched from the ground and whisked away like straws. A bamboo dwelling collapsed like a house of cards. Cary closed the last window just before the cloud struck it and pandemonium broke loose. Heavy though they were, yet for many long hours the timbers of the house groaned like those of a laboring ship at sea, but they held bravely.

Finally the wind stopped suddenly. A short, fierce shower drowned its departing sigh and itself stopped as though a valve had been turned, leaving behind it silence, and the stars shining with an extra brightness from a new-washed sky. When the windows once more could be opened the two men threw themselves down and slept.

They woke at dawn, and bathed and dressed, and took their coffee. They were rather silent, these two, for they knew that the storm would mean much to them both, each in his different work. They had nearly finished when a footfall, uncertain and weak, sounded on the outer steps, and a hand fumbled at the latch. The doctor set down his cup and stared; Cary sprang to his feet as old Concha, her head bound with a bloody strip torn from her gown, appeared in the doorway. She swayed as she stood, and before anyone could catch her fell prone upon the floor. In a second the doctor was bending over her.

"Brandy," he said, after a brief examination.

Cary handed the decanter.

"What's wrong with her?" asked he.

"Exhaustion," answered the doctor shortly. "Nothing else. Lift her."

Cary obeyed, and little by little the brandy was poured down her throat. She made a convulsive attempt to swallow; then opened her eyes and sat up unaided.

"Abalos!" she gasped. Her voice choked, and hiding her face in her hands she rocked to and fro. "Lotario—my poor Lotario," she managed to say. "Lotario! They took him from me. They took him away. I followed, but they drove me back with blows. He would have come to me, crying loudly, but they beat him with sticks. And now they will—" By a supreme effort she stifled her sobs and spoke more collectedly. "They are in the *nipales*," she said. "They think the place is known only to them. But that is not true—I also know it. Let us go to him—it was for that I came. Now! Now or it will be too late."

She would have risen, but the doctor gently restrained her.

"We'll go presently," said he. "We have to get some men first. Do you think you can get constabulary in time?" he asked Cary in English.

"No. Not for hours," replied the Supervisor. "It's a case of gathering a posse, but we can do that. Here comes Clancy now if I'm not mistaken."

He was not mistaken. A pair of heavy boots clumped hastily up the steps and into the room, and the boots were worn by the person named, a burly foreman of provincial work. Clancy wasted no time in greetings, but went directly to his chief.

"I have thim, sorr," said he.

"Have them! Have what?" asked Cary impatiently. It was an exasperating trait of Clancy's that he never seemed to understand why one could not follow his mental processes without the slightest clew.

"I have the men, sorr, twinty av thim. An' I have the canoes what will carry thim. There wasn't no paddles, so I told the boys to tek scoop shovels instead. They'll do the worrk fine, them scoop shovels will, sorr. Ye see, sorr," he went on, seeing at last the puzzled look on Cary's face, "ye see, sorr, that I seen th' ould wumman there, a-paddlin' up the river in a little banca, an' I seen the rag round her head, and I asks her what's

wrong with her, an' she tells me; me walkin' up the bank. I knowed you'd be afther goin' to bring that boy back. I knowed you'd need men to do it wit'. So I got the men, an' here they are. All Amurrikins, like me-self, ivery wan. Will I issue the rifles, sorr? We've all got six-shooters."

There were rifles and belts kept in the house just for some emergency such as this, and at Cary's nod the foreman began to distribute them to his men, all the time giving the details, as he knew them, of what had happened.

The storm, it seemed, had broken before the prisoner and his guard had reached the prison, and in the confusion Abalos had escaped. As soon as he could, he had gathered some of his omnipresent friends and had followed Concha and her party; and as a white carabao is a difficult thing to hide readily, he had overtaken them. Lotario he had made a prisoner and Teófilo as well. There was no difficulty about taking Teófilo. Some of the party were strangers, against whom that redoubtable animal had no grudge; so he went readily enough. They had towed him behind a canoe into their swampy fastness. It was but a few miles of alternate swimming and wading—nothing of a feat for a water buffalo.

"But we don't know the way, an' do ye think the ould wumman'll be able to get up an' show it us, sorr?" asked Clancy.

Cary repeated the question to the doctor, and Concha, looking in his face, understood as well as though she spoke the language in which it was put. By way of answer she scrambled to her feet, and snatching a bolo from the wall upon which it hung she marched firmly down the steps and went to the canoes that waited at the end of the compound. With instinctive delicacy the men refrained from looking at her as she came. Concha was old and ugly, it is true, and a Filopina at that, but still she was a woman and in trouble.

The men embarked. Driven by twenty scoop shovels, the spoonlike bows covered themselves with white foam as the canoes made their way up the river, guided by Concha, who, from her seat in the foremost, pointed out the way with her bolo. Soon they turned out of the river into one of the myriad channels which divide these swamps into innumerable little islands, all of them overgrown with the nipa palm. It is yielding, this fernlike palm. Therefore the storm

had damaged it but little, and it formed tunnels of living green through which the canoes turned and twisted as they passed from one narrow, tortuous channel to another. They would have been hopelessly lost at once had it not been for that bolo that pointed out the way, but the bolo never was at fault. On and on they went, and, except for the rush of the water past the sides, they went in silence. At last Clancy, who was steering the foremost canoe, leaned forward and spoke in a hoarse whisper.

"We're gettin' close to thim Kattypunanies, sorr, I'm thinkin'," said he. "Look at the wumman—see? It's Satan's own sister's daughter she is; an' she risimbles the family."

Cary glanced at her. Clutching her weapon, Concha sat glaring straight ahead, with an expression on her lean old face that justified Clancy's remark if anything could. Certainly Concha was not good to look at then. Raising her eyes, she caught Cary's.

"That is the island," she said, with a soft intensity that somehow went with the expression. "That channel to the left leads to the other side. By sending men that way, you can attack from both sides at once."

The Supervisor signaled the two rearmost canoes to take the channel indicated. The rest waited for a moment to give them a start, then went ahead. They darted around a bend, and the hiding place of the outlaws burst on their view.

In appearance the place differed little from any other outlying village. As usual, palm-thatched houses, raised on stilts, stood ranged about a little plaza. To a leg of one of these houses Teófilo was tied, and a woman, young and rather pretty, sat near the shore, bending over a crowing baby she held in her arms. All the other visible inhabitants of the place were gathered in a close-standing bunch near the middle of the plaza, evidently brought together by something that was so interesting that none had eyes or ears for anything else. It was an amusing something, too, for the people were screaming with shrill laughter.

The bancas grounded noiselessly on the muddy shore. With a yell, the men snatched up their rifles and sprang forward, but Concha was before them all; her long black hair, escaped from the cloth that bound it, streamed behind her as she ran, waving her bolo and screaming defiance, straight at the group on the plaza. There could be no doubt as to

her intentions. One man turned from the group and raised a rifle. A ball from the doctor's pistol dropped him where he stood, and the rest broke and fled directly into the arms of those who were sent to intercept them. It was a pleasing little victory and, save for the one man, bloodless.

Busied in gathering his prisoners and posting their guard, some time elapsed before Cary thought again of old Concha, and it was with a distinct pang of self-reproach that he noticed her crouching on the spot where the crowd had been. Her back was toward him. He ran to her and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

She had removed the handkerchief from her neck, and was holding it spread before her. By way of answer she lifted it. Cary started back with a horrified oath, for there on the ground before him was the battered, grinning head of Lotario, apparently severed from the body. But while he looked at the head, its eyes opened; it laughed and cried and slavered horribly, and then Cary understood. He remembered that it was a common thing for these people, when they wished entertainment, to bury a prisoner alive; all but the head. If not seeking entertainment, they would simply include the head in the burial. This group had been amusing itself.

Jumping at Cary's quick command, several men fetched the scoops that had served as paddles and commenced to remove the earth which imprisoned Lotario, who laughed or bawled with weeping by turns, while Concha stood by, anxiously watching. Clancy came up, glanced at Lotario's head, and gravely wagged his own. He was an old soldier; it was not the first time he had seen that sort of thing.

"Aisy wid them shovels, men—don't hit him," said he; then, to Cary: "Will I eliminate the houses now, sorr?"

"Yes!" said Cary, and Clancy strolled away.

Lotario soon was free and little the worse for his late experience. His mind, what there was of it, utterly refused to retain memories of pain or fright. Attended by his anxious grandmother, he walked to the shade of a palm, and squatted there, laughing gleefully at the smoke which now began to rise from the fired village. One by one the bamboo houses broke into a blaze. Teófilo snorted and bellowed in fright, tugging frantically at

his tether, until one of the men mercifully cut it. Then he trotted into the middle of the plaza, snorting still from the fumes in his nostrils, and gazing about him stupidly.

A man, driven from a burning house where he had been hiding, bolted for the open. It was Abalos. Teófilo's war note sounded instantly, and for the second time he lowered his clumsy head and rushed for his enemy. Abalos, half blinded with the smoke, started to run, but too late. In a second he was down, and Teófilo's reddened horns were ripping him as a knife might rip a glove.

Concha craned forward to get a better view. "Ai! Ai!" she screamed. By one of her race, that syllable can be made to mean anything; now it meant applause. She clapped her hands as though she were at a play, and an appreciative grin drew her thin lips wide, showing her strong, brown teeth.

All was over in a moment. Men shouted and ran, but Teófilo already had stopped and, breathing hard, was viewing his finished work. Some one caught the dangling end of the severed line and led him quietly away.

With a sigh of satisfaction Concha picked up the bolo she had dropped, and sauntered toward the canoes, to one of which Lotario already had gone. On her way she passed close to the woman who was seated by the shore. This woman had not stirred from her place; to all appearance she was wholly uninterested in the proceedings, and now she sat watching her baby, which gurgled and stretched out its tiny arms toward the flames. Concha stopped to see, and her face softened. She chuckled with pleasure, as the fat little hands clutched her outstretched finger, and the mother smiled.

"Ai!" said Concha. "Ai!"

Just then Cary called impatiently. The prisoners were herded; there was nothing to wait for, and there was no telling when some of the outlaws who might have escaped would be back with reinforcements. He wanted to be gone.

So the canoes pushed off. Lotario laughed aloud, and Concha, leaning comfortably back against his knees, smiled in sympathy. All trouble was behind them; and therefore, according to the philosophy of their kind, was as though it had never been. Lotario began to sing, and Concha crooned an accompaniment to the fisherman's "Song of the Paddles" as the scoop shovels rose and fell, driving the bancas homeward.

THE WILL OF WIDOW PEEVY

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

ILLUSTRATED BY OTTO LANG



HIRAM BASCOM had lived on borrowed time for several years; therefore, his death in the lonely Otisville farmhouse surprised no one across the line in District No. 6. Nor did the fact that he had executed a will in favor of his sister, Mrs. Melly Peevy, cause any radical comment, as she was his only next of kin. But each nimble tongue was set awagging when it was known he had designated the old squire as executor. For the older generation could easily remember how Hiram and the squire came to the parting of political ways at the threshold of manhood and how they had passed and repassed each other almost daily for many years with no show of recognition. And even the younger folks could appreciate that, while the squire's genial nature had expanded and ripened under the sun of success, his defeated rival had become gloomy of temperament and finally went in for the life of a recluse in the neighboring town.

Now he was dead, and Mrs. Peevy was an heir, and the old squire had dual cause for wonderment. First, he was amazed at being named executor; secondly, he was deeply surprised to learn Hiram Bascom had accumulated any property to bequeath. He had always believed the small farm was mortgaged to the maximum, and his usually shrewd mind failed to figure out the source of any assets whatever.

No such pessimistic speculations disturbed his neighbors, however. By some subtle process of reasoning they quickly decided hermits and misers to be synonymic, in that both possessed nothing but secret hoards of gold. Else why be a hermit? Thus to the

neighborhood at large it was sufficient to know Hiram had led a life of seclusion and had executed a will, and Mrs. Peevy was an heir and a person of importance in the district. So through all the web and woof of accredited rumor ran only one unusual thread: the designation of the executor, with some doubt expressed as to the possibility of the squire's serving.

"They was enemies for a lifetime," sighed Aaron Jessup, the general storekeeper, as the circle about the stove paused for a second. "If the squire don't want to act, it would do him credit to say so. Probably some disinterested person could be found."

"Mebbe he don't care to give up th' fees he'll git for settlin' th' estate," suggested Highway Commissioner Phillpot, who had come an hour before in great haste for a pound of nails.

Head Selectman Currier distorted his hard face in a dry smile as he leaned over the counter and followed the storekeeper's tally of a basket of eggs. He now observed, "I don't believe he'll be hard on her."

"Kindly remember he wa'n't no friend of Hiram's," reminded Mr. Phillpot.

"I always said you was a keen student of human natur', Philly," admired the storekeeper. "You know, it surprised me Hiram didn't pick Currier as executor. But the squire! Lawd, how they use to fight!"

"It was all so long ago an' Hiram has forgiven him," protested Mr. Currier, suspiciously scrutinizing a mutilated nickel in his egg money and finally pushing it back for a box of matches.

"Some men have long mem'ries," remarked old man Jameson as he appropriated a checkerberry wafer with a deftness not to be expected in one so rheumatic.



"Mrs. Peevy's inheritance was the sole topic of interest."

"Wal, Melly ought to git something," insisted Mr. Currier. "There ought to be three hundred dollars at least."

"Ye hew too close to th' line, Currier," corrected the commissioner gravely. "I figger it at four hundred clear above th' mortgage that they say is on th' farm."

"Still it's queer Hiram couldn't pick a different executor," remonstrated the storekeeper, reaching for the Jameson account book as his nostrils caught the aroma of checkerberry.

"I guess everybody had expected he'd name you, Aaron," declared Mr. Jameson, edging slowly toward the door.

"Oh, I wouldn't be bothered with it," protested the storekeeper. "That is, except as a favor to Melly. I vum! I'm glad that woman has at last met a little good luck."

"Wal," informed Mr. Currier slowly, "I guess it won't make no difference to poor Melly. She's sick abed at my house. Come over to help with th' fall sewin'. An' th'

doctor said this mornin' there wa'n't no help for her. She's awful unlucky. Mebbe she'd have lived if she hadn't been a heir."

"You don't say so?" gasped Jessup, now leaning over the counter, intensely interested. "And who gits the property if she dies? She ain't got a single relation."

"I swan!" cried Mr. Jameson from the door; "if I was her I should leave it to th' man who had trusted me for groceries an' was always ready to give cash for my produce, an' who never pressed me for money on my little account. Ye needn't shake your head, Aaron. Why, it wouldn't be more'n common justice."

The account book was tossed back into its old resting place, as with a little gesture of deprecation the storekeeper elevated his bushy brows and declared, "Lord knows Melly was welcome to all the many little favors I ever done her. And I'll admit they was quite a few. If I was a married man she could have had a home with me and my wife."

Mr. Currier's eyes narrowed as he met the storekeeper's gaze and he drawled, "Why, I guess she's got a good home at my place, ain't she? I don't know of any place in No. 6 where she is more welcome, or where she has come more often, even before she was a heir. I agree with Jameson. It's only nat'ral she should will what she can't live to enjoy to her best friends." And buttoning his coat he walked stiffly to the door.

"There goes a man," bitterly sneered the storekeeper, "that would bite the hand that feeds him. Don't see how he gits any pleasure out of life. Always gunning for the dollars and cents."

"Shouldn't want him to manage my property," declared the penniless Mr. Jameson.

The highway commissioner, who had been smoking furiously, now laid aside his pipe and eyed the nails with loathing as he compared his hard lot with the prospective riches awaiting the selectman, and he sighed, "Wal, I guess Currier will git it."

"Why should he?" demanded the storekeeper angrily.

"Lawd, Philly, ye talk crazy," reminded Mr. Jameson.

"I was only foolin'," protested the commissioner weakly.

None of these utterances of the stove found room for consideration in the squire's thoughts as he drove into the Currier yard on his way to Otisville. He was only anxious that Mrs. Peevy should recuperate, with the estate crystallizing into a modest reality. Yet in one respect he could not entertain the optimism of the store. His knowledge of Hiram's affairs, coupled to an appreciation of Otisville farm values, operated to instill suspicion, even while his kind heart cried out for the best. But the first distrust remained, and he shook his white head mournfully as he clambered from the carriage. Her illness, too, accentuated his regret. He had known her from early youth and realized more than another could how weakly her nature could withstand disappointment. Despite the rivalry between him and her brother, he had always endeavored to be her friend. For years he had smiled whimsically over her vagaries and in moments of real trouble had always been the first to extend a helping hand. Well along in years himself, with a disposition capable of assuming the tribulations of the entire district had his purse been less meager in depth, it pained him when an old neighbor was removed from the rou-

tine of his life. He could even sorrow for Hiram and his fighting ways. In short, it was his one wish that the old order of things should last out his day; the trees be allowed to stand, the roads to lead the same, and the old friends remain.

He had been informed by Mr. Currier that morning that the doctor could hold out no hopes for her recovery. She had walked home from the village in a drenching rain and had immediately taken to her bed in a state of utter collapse, the selectman had said.

"How is Melly?" he asked, tiptoeing his squeaking boots into the kitchen.

"Bad," whispered Mr. Currier. "I s'pose ye called to see about her estate."

"I called to see about her," returned the squire shortly, eying with dismay the platoons of bottles left by the doctor. "Can I see her?"

He was shocked to note the expression of hopelessness on her fat face as he entered the sick room. Yet as he studied her for a few moments her condition puzzled him. She displayed no symptoms he was familiar with, although a visitor at many a sick bedside. She seemed as one who, tired unto death, would hail with relief the last rest.

"How be ye, Melly?" he asked gently to attract her attention.

She turned her head slowly and her eyes rolled in mute rejoinder before she groaned, "Squire, some folks hanker to have their walls covered with costly traversties, but I'd be content to live and be a modest heir. I'd shake hands only I'm too pesky weary. To think, after losing Caleb in the war and having a mortal hard time of it on twelve dollars a month pension ever since, I've got to die jest as I'm made a heir."

"Don't talk that way, Melly. Why think of dyin'? Why not make an effort to live?" he soothed, patting her ample palm. "Don't give up. Think of the many disappointments ye've lived through—"

"I know," she interrupted with a sigh; "but the doctor says I must die. He ought to know. I'm collapsed inside, you know. I wouldn't find no fault, mind you, as I s'pose I must knuckle under some time. But it's pesky hard jest as I'm made a heir. But the doctor told me this morning there wa'n't no hope, as he couldn't understand my case, it is so rare." Then in irritation, "But why must rare cases be deadly? Well, after he told me the worst, I jest whispered

to myself, 'Melly, what's the use?' Jest whispered it, you know; for after what he said—I lost all gimp. 'Why not let go?' says I, still in a whisper. And I did, and it seemed as if I was slipping away in a second. Since then I've slipped mighty far, I guess."

"Tut, tut," chided the squire weakly. "Why can't ye rally? Better times are in store for ye."

"I know," she whimpered; "you mean the legacy. Everyone that's been in to see me has been talking about it. Lawd! if I could have had it last week I wouldn't have been took this way. I went over to the village to see if they'd let a old veteran's widder into a 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' show at half price. They wouldn't, and I stayed to the open-air concert and got caught in the rain. If I'd had my legacy I'd paid full fare and got a chance to ride home. But, no; it wa'n't enough for Caleb to die a -freeing the slaves, but I must be denied a chance to see that show and git mortally sick in the bargain. Well, I hope the good Lawd and the Government will decide Caleb and me has done our share of suffering for freedom's cause. How much is the legacy?"

"Wal, it's——"

"No," she shuddered, "don't tell me. It might be so much it would make it harder for me to pass out. I want to quit as easy as I can."

He heeded no questions from the household as he sorrowfully entered the carriage and turned his horse toward Otisville. As she

had wailed, fate was surely against her. If the little legacy—he knew it couldn't be much—had come a week earlier, she now would be rejoicing in one triumph at least. That she had spoken no word of lament over her brother's death had surprised him none. Probably the two had not met in years, despite their proximity. Besides, to his simple mind, it was very natural she should lament only those she was about to leave behind.

But once arrived in Otisville his thoughts were recalled to matters of fact, and from a dreaming, sorrowing old man he was transformed into the man of business, incisive, shrewd, and observant. For several hours he canvassed his acquaintances carefully and then drove to the nearest savings bank and interviewed the officials. When he had finished the day's errand his face was creased with chagrin and regret. For he was compelled to realize that Hiram Bascom in executing a will had neglected to accumulate any gear to accompany it.

That night Mrs. Peevy's in-

heritance was the sole topic of interest in Jessup's store.

"I tell you Hiram Bascom was one of the shrewdest business heads in the county," declared the storekeeper, ostentatiously snapping shut the cheese-box cover as he detected old man Jameson fondling a cracker.

"Guess everything he touched turned to money," suggested Mr. Phillpot. "Even if th' farm is mortgaged there's probably considerable free and clear."



"The Squire."

"I should say three hundred dollars," mused the storekeeper slowly.

"Five," firmly insisted Mr. Phillpot, whose imagination was cumulative.

"I had kinder figgered on three hundred," said Mr. Jameson mildly.

"I wish Currier was here to tell us how she's gitting along," said the storekeeper.

"I guess he's too busy tryin' to find out how she's goin' to will it," laughed Mr. Phillpot.

The storekeeper paused in placing a box of canned goods on the raisins and declared, "Philly, you certainly are a shrewd one."

"Of course she's got to leave it to some one, an' she's stoppin' at his home, an' that's th' answer," continued Mr. Phillpot with complacent modesty.

"How you do run on," protested the storekeeper, his jaw sagging petulantly. "It don't follow she'll leave it to him."

"Ye have some of th' queerest notions, Phillpot," sneered Mr. Jameson, winking slyly at the storekeeper. "It would be more nat'ral for her to leave it to th' school, or th' church."

"By Judas!" growled the storekeeper, caressing his square chin nervously, "you two fellers can git off the most fool sentiments ever let loose in one store. Why in sin should she leave it to any of 'em?"

"It ought to be left to some benefactor," hazarded Mr. Phillpot, keeping the tail of his eye on Jessup. "There ain't no more reason why she should leave it to Currier than that she should leave it to me, or Jameson, or you, Aaron."

Mr. Jameson's aged eyes twinkled as he experimented in painting the lily by observing, "She ain't no call to remember me, although I've tried to be a good friend to her. Worked like a dog to help her git her pension, ye know. But if she ain't goin' to divide it, I should say Jessup is th' only man who stands any show or right to git it, an' I don't care a cuss what Currier expects."

"I wish she could live to enjoy it," sighed the storekeeper, smiling sadly on the old man. "She's a good woman and the three——"

"Five," insisted Mr. Phillpot, "an' mebbe goin' on to six."

"Well, five then. But why should Currier git it? Is it because he's running for head selectman again next spring and counts on our votes?"

"I'll warrant ye there's a few votes, not more'n a hundred miles from here, he won't git," cried Mr. Jameson warmly.

The storekeeper pursed his thin lips and whistled softly, and then conceded, "Of course if you fellers are out to down him, why, down he goes. I can't help him alone."

"Hush!" warned Mr. Phillpot behind a cough. "Here he comes now."

Mr. Currier on entering did not fail to surmise the drift of the conversation, but the knowledge seemed to disturb his sad complacency in no degree. His gaze was steady as he faced the storekeeper and his eyes blinked none when they wandered to the stove.

"Hullo, Mr. Currier!" cried the storekeeper genially, as the others smoked in silence; "I was jest saying I wished you'd happen in and tell us how Melly is."

The head selectman shook his head dolefully as he replied, "I guess she's got to go. Doctor says she's sinkin' fast. Thinks it's her heart." Then after a little pause and as if recalling it by accident, he added, "She had a lawyer over to-day."

This bit of news caused the group to stiffen and exchange questioning glances, while Jessup turned and nervously began dusting the cover of the bean bin. But when he wheeled to the stove again his face was devoid of expression, and he murmured several times, "Poor Melly! Too bad!" Then listlessly, "And who will be poor Melly's heir?"

Mr. Currier, not a bit deceived by the other's seeming indifference in putting the query, scratched a match slowly on the rusty stovepipe, and when assured the tobacco was evenly lighted, returned, "When it comes to a sartainty, I don't know. Of course, I don't hang around a sick room when a person is making a will. I don't want her property."

All scrutinized him curiously, and Mr. Phillpot choked over a cracker. The selectman, however, refused to notice these evidences of skepticism, and continued stoutly, "No, sirree! I don't want it, an' wha's more, I won't have it. I'm no fortune hunter. Why, I even went so far as to tell her, right before th' lawyer, mind ye, that she mustn't leave it to me. I made her promise she wouldn't."

The silence that followed this surprising assertion was so deep that even the scampering of a mouse in the back room was audible to all. Then Mr. Jameson gave a reedy, mechanical whistle, while the storekeeper stuttered, "Have a seegar, old neighbor."

"Thanks," said Mr. Currier gently, as one

confessing to a virtuous act; "I'll smoke it after I git home."

"But who d'ye s'pose will git it?" whispered the storekeeper behind a confidential palm, now inclined to ignore the stove.

"Wal," drawled Mr. Currier, spreading his feet as if bracing himself, "ye see, while I can't accept it, I have no right to stand in my famly's way, an' I was honest enough to tell her so. An' although I didn't ask th' lawyer, I have a pretty strong suspicion that either my wife or daughter will be her heir."

Mr. Phillpot's stubby finger numbly kept time with the ponderous ticking of the big clock for several seconds, and the hiatus might have been prolonged to a minute had not the door creaked open to admit the old squire. He found the storekeeper gazing moodily into the sugar scoop and the men at the stove sitting stiff and formal, as if posing for the camera. Mr. Currier, who had assumed a defiant attitude, lost in rigidity a bit as the newcomer's presence relieved the situation, but he did not linger to make conversation and only nodded to the squire in retreating to the door.

"Currier's going early, ain't he?" murmured the squire wearily, his thoughts still busy with Hiram's vital omission.

The storekeeper gave a short, hard laugh, more expressive than any words, while Mr. Phillpot rose and snapped, "Yas, danged early. So be I. But it's different in my case. I have to work for a livin' an' can't expect no help from nobody."

"I guess home is the best place for me," sighed the squire, turning. "I dropped in to see Sweens. He has a mortgage on the Bas-

com farm. Tell him I was looking for him if he comes in."

"Jest a jiffy, squire," cried Mr. Jessup, now galvanized into curiosity. "How much does that Bascom property amount to, free and clear?"

The shadows by the door caused the squire's face to look drawn and haggard as

he paused and gazed reflectively at the ceiling for a few seconds. Then he replied, "I ain't filed no report with the court yet."

It was late the next afternoon and the squire was preparing to walk over to Currier's to inquire after the patient when the selectman ran hurriedly into the yard, breathing heavily.

"Not dead?" cried the squire.

"No; not yet," panted Mr. Currier. "That is, she wasn't when I left th' house. She was taken worse at noon.

Aaron Jessup,

dang him! called to see her an' told her he'd been over to Otisville this morning an' found that her brother didn't leave no property."

"Huh!" ejaculated the squire, striding toward the gate.

"Yas," wheezed Mr. Currier, "an' she jest began to fade away. I hustled Jessup after th' doctor, an' th' doctor says she's goin' fast. But she wanted to see you once more."

Few words were spoken beyond this, except as the old squire muttered, "Dear me! dear me!" until the house was reached. At the door they met the doctor.

"How is she?" whispered the squire.

The doctor drew down his mouth and shook his head decisively.



"I s'pose ye called to see about her estate."

"Just hanging on by will power. I guess Jessup said something to her about her property and it upset her. He's inside now. There's no hope. You'd better hurry in."

"Can't nothing be done?" begged the squire.

"Nothing," discouraged the doctor. "All we can do is to make her last moments easy."

"I'll do anything," whispered the squire.

"All you can do is to say whatever will please her, so she can die in peace," explained the doctor.

With soft tread the squire entered the sitting room, where Jessup sat ruefully in the corner, and without heeding the storekeeper passed to the sick room.

Mrs. Peevy was moaning faintly. As he entered she smiled sadly.

"Why, Melly," he whispered, "I thought ye was going to try and git well."

"No," she murmured; "I might have hung on a day longer, but when Jessup said there wasn't any estate I seemed to sink mighty fast. I was reconciled to go when I believed I was a heir, as it ain't so bad to die and leave property. But to be fooled like this and to die and leave nothing is too much. If I'd only passed out yesterday when I believed I was really a heir."

"Er—why, ye be, ain't ye, Melly?" stammered the squire brokenly, vaguely remembering the doctor's admonition. "I'm—I'm the executor. I guess I ought to know."

"Oh, squire," she whispered joyously; "then there is an estate and I can die happy! How much is it?"

He averted his honest old eyes. To lie at that moment was sacrilege.

"How much am I worth, squire?" she insisted, plucking at his sleeve.

But it would make her last moments happy, and to gain time in which to determine the total he asked, shamefaced, "Guess."

"As much as three hundred dollars?" she pleaded.

"Four hundred," he replied firmly.

"Four hundred!" she gasped. "Now I am at peace. I can pass out calm and contented." And her hands were folded in resignation.

The squire motioned for the doctor.

"She's going," whispered the doctor.

Mrs. Peevy slowly closed her eyes and then opened them quickly and settled her fat chin in determination.

"I'm going to git well," she declared, and there was new strength in her tone. "I

ought to be up and well with such a legacy to live on. I owe it to you, squire, to live."

"She is going to git well," cried the squire softly to those in the outer room. "Her pulse is stronger and the doctor says she will recover. I feel like a two-year-old."

Jessup breathed deep in relief and observed, "Then my blurting out the truth about her legacy didn't hurt her any?"

The squire desisted from his lively manners and rubbed his forehead in perplexity, and the lines about his mouth lengthened. For the first time he was recalling what he had said to ease her last moments. He had told her the value of the estate and he was one who never changed his words. As he reviewed it quickly his jaw set and turning to Jessup he growled, "Ye came near killing her with a mess of lies. She's worth four hundred dollars and will live to enjoy it."

"Great Scott!" mumbled Mr. Currier. "Then her calling in a lawyer to make her will was well thought of."

"Lawyer? Will?" gasped the squire. "I know nothing of all this."

"Yas," explained Mr. Currier gravely; "I believe she had willed her property to a member of my fambly. She'll probably let it stand. But whether she does or don't, she'll always have a home here."

The storekeeper grinned maliciously as he informed, "You're mistook, old neighbor. I talked with her lawyer this morning. If she'd passed out her property would have gone to the squire."

The old squire turned in the doorway in amaze. Then his eyes grew tender as he faced the sick room. A sacrifice was a sacrifice and four hundred dollars would be sadly missed. But she had remembered the friend of her youth, and her gift had been planned in all sincerity. He straightened his sturdy shoulders as if to shake clear the seventy-odd years and blew his nose loudly. Then motioning the storekeeper into the yard he brusquely demanded, "How much will you give for those two hosses?"

"What I've always been willing to give," returned the storekeeper eagerly. "Five hundred dollers."

"Have the money ready to-morrow."

"I certainly will. Probably I shan't git much good out of 'em this winter. Looks as if we was going to have a hard one."

"Yas," sighed the squire mechanically; "it'll be tough sleddin' this winter,"

THE WIVES OF SELIM PASHA*

By DEMETRA VAKA BROWN



TALL wall hid us from the outside world, while a pergola covered with pink and purple wistaria protected us from the possible masculine eye that might chance to look over from the side of the house reserved for the men.

The Turkish household I was now visiting was one of the very orthodox which seldom allow foreigners to penetrate the precincts guarded by the tall wall. That I was there, an intruder, was only because I had been a childhood friend of the youngest of the four wives.

This particular afternoon, a glorious one, the four wives, their children, the ladies in waiting, and a few guests, twenty-seven in all, sat under that canopy of flowers waiting for the coming sunset.

Presently one of the women reached up a bare arm, plucked a bunch of wistaria, and threw it at another woman. Simultaneously several bare arms went up and pink and purple wistaria went flying right and left, so that in a few minutes the ground and the Turkish rugs on which we were reclining were covered with flowers.

"Give us some music, beautiful ones," said the first wife, who was the head of the household, and who was addressed as Validé Hanoum.

Some of the young slaves picked up their zithers and the music of the East charmed our ears for a few minutes.

"See now, see how fast he is traveling," exclaimed Djimlah, my friend, pointing to the sun. "He is getting impatient to reach his home and throw his arms around his women folk and rest from the day's labor."

She turned to me. "Do you remember, little bride of the river, how you and I used to run to catch the sun when we were small? And do you remember how once we were so engrossed with him that we fell into the Propontis?"

"Yes, I do remember," I answered; "how very happy we were then, Djimlah!"

"Why 'then'?" inquired the young woman. "Are we not happy now? Are you not, Allah's little ray?"

"Are you?" I questioned.

"Of course I am," the young wife answered, clasping her youngest child to her bosom. "I am even more happy now with my babies and my lord." Then she added, as if the thought had just come to her, "You have not taken a master to your heart, dear one—why? You remember how we used to plan about our husbands, and you always said you would marry a prince ever so great and powerful. I have my husband; where is yours, little blossom?"

"I have searched all Europe," I replied, "and in despair I have crossed the ocean and gone to America. He is quite elusive; he evades me everywhere."

"Does it make you sad, Allah's little cloud?" said the Validé Hanoum, leaning over and running her fingers over my hair.

"Look! look at him now!" cried another, pointing to the sun. "He is kissing the hills good-by. Look how he makes them blush; how pink they grow in their love for him! In their joy now they will sing in colors."

"Mashallah! mashallah!" exclaimed several women, kissing their fingers to the departing sun. From outside the walls a shepherd was singing the sunset song as he walked behind his sheep. The slaves, this time of

*Readers of a former article by Mrs. Kenneth Brown, published in the December "Appleton's," will recall her interesting account of the home life of two Turkish girls who married the same man. The present paper, and those to follow it later, derive their special interest, likewise, from the peculiar competence to write of such matters, which free domestic intercourse with the Turkish friends of her girlhood, recently visited, gives to the author.—The Editor.

their own accord, were softly singing, "Happy, happy we, dwellers of this beautiful land!"

These women were all intoxicated with the beauty of nature before them. Nowhere have I seen such pure enjoyment of life. Nothing was bothering them. They had no other career except that of being beautiful and happy. I wondered whether women in harems were as miserable as we make them out.

The color of the sky was spreading, taking in the Byzantine wall, the Golden Horn, and the slender minarets silhouetted from afar, and the East little by little crept again into my blood, and I let myself go and be happy in mere existence.

After sunset the Validé Hanoum gave the signal of departure, and at once wives, children, guests, and slaves rose to their feet. Two eunuchs carried the rugs and pillows, while the others carried the young children. There were eight of these black cerberi—two for each wife. As we descended from the hill the dwelling presented itself in full view. It was a huge, ugly wooden structure of ninety rooms, looking more like a factory than a rich residence. Of the ninety rooms only twenty were given over to the master and his retinue; the rest belonged to the women.

The Validé Hanoum, in her position as first wife, occupied the first floor, and had more rooms assigned to her than any other wife. Djimlah, my friend, as fourth wife, was destined to see the world from the top of the house; and she had only fourteen rooms for herself. There was but one bath house, and that belonged to the Validé Hanoum; but all the ladies took their hour-long ablutions there. On each floor there was a connecting passage to the other side of the house, through which the master could visit each wife without being seen by the others.

As I said before, this household was a very strict one, and the women of the house obeyed all the laws of their creed, and followed the prescribed customs rigorously. Their nails were profusely dyed, and their indoor robes were one-piece garments of very costly materials. Their hair was done up in braids, while gauzy pieces of silk, cut bias, were arranged round their heads. Saluting with the graceful *temena*—touching the floor, the knees, the heart, the lips, and the forehead—was customary, on every occasion; and strict attention was given to precedence.

The Validé Hanoum sat at the head of the table, the second wife sitting at the foot. The third wife sat at the right of the first, and the fourth at the right of the second. On no occasion were these places changed. The first wife was served first, and it was she who gave the signal for conversation. Also permission for inviting guests or going out to pay visits was granted or refused by the Validé. It was she, the Validé, and not Djimlah, who received me after my bath on my arrival. She welcomed me most graciously, standing in the entrance of the reception room and surrounded by her retinue.

As far as I could judge there was no jealousy between the wives. The others looked upon the Validé as a mother, though she was little older than the second and third wife. I was given to understand that the harmony of the household depended absolutely on the character of the first wife. As the household was very Oriental, the only chairs to be seen were in the dining room. There were several reception rooms, one of which was supposed to be furnished in European fashion. It was as European as the Oriental rooms in America are Oriental.

In the sixty-five rooms assigned to women there was not a room that could be called a bedroom, i. e., that had the appearance of being given over to that use. Instead there were many rooms bare of furniture except for rugs and pillows and one or two low tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl. These rooms had beautiful damask hangings at the windows, and a low platform with two steps leading up to it, on one side of the room. On this platform was a silken rug, and baskets or vases of flowers. Had one had the curiosity to open the large cupboards in these rooms, one would have found all the bedclothes neatly folded away. The Turks never use hard mattresses, like ours, but several well-kept soft ones, made of cotton. From the closets the bedclothes were taken at night and arranged on the low platforms. This mode of living, I suppose, is a remnant of their former nomadic habits.

On the first night of my arrival, while I was lying on my platform, thinking over my day's experience, the door of my room opened softly to let Djimlah pass. I was certain that while she sat in my room a eunuch was crouching at my door. She was ready for the night—her hair done up in that queer Oriental fashion becoming only to Eastern women. It was divided in two and parted

in the middle; each division again subdivided in two, and each braided loosely. Then the ends of the two front braids were tied up by a wide, soft piece of silk, which hung loose in the back and formed a kind of a background for the face. Djimlah's head-dress was of deep pale blue, which brought out the color of her blue eyes. Djimlah had always been interesting to me because of her extreme Orientalism. As she sat at the foot of my platform a lovely perfume of roses emanated from her.

"Sun-ray," I said to her, "your approach signals roses."

"Yes, blossom of the almond tree," was her reply. "I have had my rose bath. Houlmé, my young sister, has begged to be allowed to give you yours. But ere she comes let us make use of the flying time—not so?" Djimlah always spoke Turkish, to the consternation of my poor ears, which had been out of training for years. Though she spoke French and English perfectly, she seldom made use of them. She abhorred anything foreign to Mohammedanism, her strong affection for me being her only exception. Explaining this one day she exclaimed that it was a shame such a nice person as I should be anything but a Turk, and that she knew at heart I must be one.

"Little river," she said bluntly, as is the Turkish custom, "I hate to think of you living away in that half-civilized country of America. You really must stay here and be married."

"Do you think, Djimlah, my dear," I said, matching her own frankness, "that I should be happy with a quarter of a husband?"

She laughed till the tears came to her eyes.

"I have just been paying a visit to Nasarah and Tsakran," I went on; "but Tsakran is a little kitten, and I don't think it matters to her whether she is the first or second wife; and Nasarah, for the sake of the boys, does not mind sharing her husband."

"There is where you make a mistake, my little one," Djimlah said. "You never share your husband. What a man gives to one woman he never gives to another. What he is to his first wife he never is to his second or third. It always amuses me how slow you European women are to understand men. You put up with the greatest outrages in order to remain the only wives. A man is not like a woman, who is essentially a mother. A man by nature is polygamous. His nature must expand: sometimes it is more than one

woman that he must love; sometimes he gives himself over to state matters; sometimes it is a career or a profession that he needs. But whatever he does, the love of one woman is not and cannot be enough to occupy him. When a man has the nature to love more than one woman, what happens? According to our sacred laws he may marry them. They are loved and honored by him, and the children of this second or third love are his children, and share his name as they share his property. But what happens in your countries and with your habits? A man repudiates his first wife, generally with a great deal of scandal, for a second. He gives her little money, and her children lose their father's companionship. If the man cannot divorce his wife he leads her the life of a dog, and lives a libertine himself. Or if he loves another woman and she loves him, and they live together, the woman carries a burden of shame, and the children born out of their great love are outcasts."

As Djimlah spoke of our system her blue eyes widened, her long earrings shook, and disgust was painted on her beautiful features. I chuckled inwardly, remembering some lectures I had heard in America in which the women of the harem were spoken of as most miserable beings, and in which our duty was pointed out to us to work toward their deliverance.

"Djimlah," I said, "you speak of course from your experience, as perhaps the most loved of the wives. Suppose to-morrow your husband were to cast you aside and bring into the household a younger and possibly a handsomer wife—what then?"

Djimlah's pretty face lighted up with a smile. "You dear, dear *yavroum*, you will never understand. If my husband has ten more wives, it does not alter my position. I shall be his Djimlah then as always. He will still love me for myself, for the love I have for him, and for the children I have given him."

"But, Djimlah, wouldn't that love be greater if he only loved you, and shared it with no one else? If you were the only affection in his life?"

Djimlah caressed my hand. "My little one, don't make this mistake in life. If you were the most intelligent woman in the world, the most entertaining, the most brilliant, the most beautiful, you could never be everything to your husband. That is the way Allah has made them; that is the way all of them are—and those that are not are good for nothing."

"Djimlah," I said at last, perceiving that she would never see my point of view, "how about the women? Don't they, too, need more than one in their lives?"

Djimlah smiled her wise smile again. "*Yavroum*, women are not like men. Women, good women, natural women, are mothers above all. Their hearts are filled the moment they become mothers. All their effort, their ambition, their love settles on the head of the child."

Just then Houlmé, Djimlah's young sister, came in, carrying a small basket full of rose petals. She said something in low tones to the young wife, who blushed furiously, and shyly bade me good night.

"Honored Hanoum," the young girl said to me, "may I be so blessed as to have the pleasure of giving you your bath of roses?"

"You may," I answered, "if you will call me anything else except 'Honored Hanoum.' I can stand being the bride of the brook and the cloud of the sky, but I draw the line at being 'Honored.' It makes me feel old and venerable. And, besides, you know I have not yet a husband, so I can't be 'Honored,' anyway."

Houlmé Hanoum, giggling, took down my hair, filled it with rose petals, and rubbed them into the hair and scalp. Afterwards she did the same to my body, so that in half an hour I and the room were filled with the odor of roses.

Houlmé Hanoum asked me if I would let her spend the night with me, which request I was delighted to grant. As a rule young Turkish girls are shy of strangers, and do not like to talk of themselves, as the married women will. When it was decided that she was to sleep with me, she called two slaves, who brought bedclothes enough from the cupboard to make a comfortable bed for Houlmé at the foot of mine. It is thanks to the capacity of the cupboards that a Turkish household can accommodate twenty or thirty extra guests when necessary.

When two young women spend the night together, the event is likely to develop into a sort of confessional; and on that lovely July night I became the repository for many of Houlmé's girlish thoughts. Her ideas were essentially different from those of her sister.

Three days after my arrival in this Turkish household, as I was coming out of the bathing house, I was presented with a small basket trimmed with gauze and flowers. Ex-

amining it, I found that it contained an embroidered scarf, and a note from the Validé requesting me, if willing, to spend the day with her. I was delighted—as was Djimlah—at this mark of consideration from the Validé.

The older Hanoum received me at the threshold of her apartment with great ceremony. We both salaamed to the ground in the proper salutation, the *temena*, the Validé, as the older, beginning first.

This day I spent with her was one of the most interesting of my stay. Very rarely have I been so fortunate as to meet a woman who had so little of the common feminine pettiness in her nature. The Validé Hanoum was easily queen of her household. She was in her thirty-eighth year, but retained much of what must once have been her chief claim to beauty, her splendid figure. I do not think her face could ever have been considered beautiful in the East, for their standard is very high. In America she would have been called a very handsome woman. She was of the brunette type, with wonderful brown hair, clear complexion, and large gray eyes. But her great charm was her personality. She directed the conversation in French, as she had heard me say the first day of my arrival that Turkish was bothering me. According to Turkish standards she was highly educated. She knew Arabic and Persian literature well, and through translations, Greek. Though she spoke French fluently, she was little acquainted with French writers; and in speaking the language she entirely used Oriental idioms. She was a great admirer of the Greek tragedians, and thought Sophocles understood women well—"as well as a man can," she added with a whimsical smile.

Her breadth of character struck me as so unusual that I told her, after I had spent half the day with her, that were I to spend a few years with her I should become a nice person. She liked the compliment very much, and said so. Turkish women do not make our pretense of disparaging compliments to themselves. After a second thought she said earnestly:

"You would not like our life after a while."

"Why?" I asked.

She considered for a few minutes. "For many reasons; but uppermost for your blood. There is no use going against nature. For generations you have led a different life, and you could not accept ours."

"Do you think that it would be impossible for European women to come and live with you?"

"No, my child, not impossible, for many European women have married our men and lived happily; but it would be impossible for you. By the way"—she was smiling now, and I knew that it was coming—"I shall be very happy to see you marry, *yavroum*, to see you happy, for you have become dear to me, the little I have seen of you."

I have learned to expect this refrain of "you must marry;" for the Turkish women consider marriage the acme of human happiness. I have come since to think like them, but at the time it did annoy me.

The Validé was very unlike my friend Djimlah. What she knew of our life she did not condemn. She even considered certain ways of ours superior to theirs. The keynote of her character was tolerance and kindness. In the course of the conversation I told her of what I had asked Djimlah on my first night in the household, and of Djimlah's ways of looking at things.

"Do you agree with her, Validé Hanoum?" I asked, burning with the desire to hear her views on the subject.

She looked before her for a few minutes, as if she were considering either Djimlah's words, or whether she would really take the trouble to enlighten my poor brain. After a while she drew from her embroidered bag some tobacco, took a sheet of tissue paper out of a book three inches long by one wide, and made herself a cigarette. A slave presented her the flame of a match between her palms. The Validé lighted her cigarette and took two or three puffs, holding it with a pair of gold tongs, which hung by a golden chain from her waist.

"When I married my husband," she said, "I was only fifteen and he was seventeen. Within four years two big boys were born to us." She raised her eyes to the ceiling and thanked Allah. "I was very happy—terribly happy." She lost herself for a few minutes in that happiness. "When my husband told me that he wished to take another wife to his bosom my heart was knifed to the middle. I cried for days and days. I walked about like one in a dream; but all the while I knew that he was right, that the thing had to be done. After a while I fought myself down, but I could not live with the second wife. I told him so. He bought me a beautiful house at Scutari, and I moved there with my

retinue and slaves. Of course my husband was to come and see us whenever he liked. This arrangement pained him very much, and in a few months he came to tell me that he had given up the idea of second marriage. We lived for another year, when I found out that the other woman was dying for love of my husband, and that he still longed for her. I knew also that my life was no longer the same. I made them marry, and I went back again to my house at Scutari. I was young, I was proud, I was hurt. I did not see why my husband should want another wife. Women when young don't understand their husbands very well. Two years passed, a little girl was born to them, and they named her after me. My husband came to see me very often, but I could not feel the same toward him. He understood it, and never asked for more than I could give him. My child, can you believe it, but I was glad, glad that he suffered for me—that if I could not make him love me, at least I could make him suffer. At the end of two years the mother and child came to see me. The child was very delicate; the mother looked dying. She stayed with me for a few days; and when it was time to go, she could not go—I could not let her. I understood many things then. When I told my husband that I was to keep them, he fell to my knees and cried like a boy."

She leaned over and took my hand. "You never know, *yavroum*, in what way Allah is going to help you to come out of your mean self. But he is always watching and waiting to give us our chance. He gave me mine and I took it, and with it came back the love of my husband, a newer and younger love, a love that was tried.

"After that Allah marked me for his own, and I traveled the road of sorrow. It is a long, long road, and you follow it bleeding. But at the end Allah shows you his face, and peace descends upon you. You understand many things that you never understood before, and the people become your brothers. The way I was to know sorrow was of the hardest; my firstborn boy was killed before my eyes. A few months later a baby girl came to me in this world. When I learned to love her and she to put her arms around me, Allah took her from me. In my motherly grief I forgot my husband and my duties toward him. That is the way always with women. I made his home sad and unlivable. It was at that time that the Sultan

gave to my Pasha a beautiful young woman from the palace. As our ways are, he had to free her and marry her. Though he did so, he had never made her his wife, as he did not raise her veil after the wedding ceremony. She was confided to me to take care of and to protect. Her life was not very happy, and I did all I could to make it so. Djimlah even spoke to our master about her; but he was quite stern in the old creed, and he did not believe in gift wives. Djimlah, however, gave her her second-born boy to love and bring up as her very own, and in this way to learn the joy of motherhood. The child was taken to her immediately after its birth. Djimlah had an idea that should our master chance to see the beauty from the palace with his child he could not but love her. It hurts us all to have a young and beautiful woman among us who may never know a good man's love. But it was no use. Our Pasha went to her and saw the boy, but the adopted mother still remains an official wife only. She is very happy, however, with her little gift son, and he loves her more than he does his own mother. Of course he does not know that Djimlah really is his mother. Ever since that arrangement, though, I think there is more happiness all round in the house, for Allah has sent his blessing for a good act."

I could not help asking how Djimlah crept into the household.

"I gave her to my husband," was the quick reply, "and it was the happiest deed of my life. You see, *yavroum*, when I gave myself to the luxury of sorrow I could not easily come back to the life's joys. The second wife was sickly, and the third only official. And one night, when it was cold and the wind blew, I thought of my master all alone"—she spoke as if she were describing one perishing on a desert island—"and I thought of my wickedness and cast about in my mind for a happier inmate to come to our home. Our Djimlah has proved to be Allah's gift to us all. My little girl, born after Djimlah's

three sons, and named after her, is the joy of my old age." (She was thirty-eight, remember.) "This little girl is Allah's new proof that he has forgiven me my selfish grief."

"Validé Hanoum, in your heart you do not approve of men being allowed to have more than one wife, do you?" I asked.

"But I do, *yavroum*," she said vehemently; "that is why I told you my life, so that you could see how much happier we all are if things are done as Allah ordained them."

"But, Validé Hanoum," I persisted, "you do not really think that God meant men to have more than one wife?"

"I think that he must, my little one, otherwise I do not see why he has created them different from us—why they do not have the same maternal instincts as we have."

"Just the same, Validé Hanoum," I said with some warmth, "I do not think that God meant it; and if so many privileges were not allowed to men they would content themselves with one wife."

Here the Validé showed her tact and her sense of humor, for she leaned over, took me to her, kissed me tenderly, and said that after all Allah might have meant it while God did not. "You see, *yavroum*, things are different, perhaps, with you than they are with us."

That the Validé did not mind my heterodoxy she manifested by inviting me to spend another day with her, when she took me on a long drive, on her way to a shrine to pray. When she left the mosque she told me gayly that she had prayed to Allah for me only that day, and that she knew I could not go on now without God's blessing, and that a husband sooner or later was coming to me. On our way back she told me that she was expecting her little daughter-in-law, who was not very strong, and who needed the care and advice of the old. "She is coming with her mother and baby. My son, too, will be with them. You must see them," she said proudly, "for there are not two lilies more beautiful in this world than my boy and his bride."

THE RIDDLE OF PERSONALITY

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

VI. THE NEMESIS OF SPIRITISM



IN the preceding article, as will be remembered, a survey was made of the phenomena most frequently cited in support of the belief in the survival of personality after bodily death. It was shown that many such phenomena, besides being almost inseparably associated with fraud, could not properly be said to possess evidential value with respect to the momentous question at issue, but it was also shown that evidential value might attach to the remaining phenomena; that is to say, to the phenomena of apparitions, auditions, and mediumistic messages. A review of these led to the conclusion that the hypotheses of fraud, misinterpretation, and chance coincidence were inadequate to explain all the facts brought to light by systematic investigation, and that unless it were possible to invoke some other naturalistic hypothesis resort must be had to the spiritistic theory. At once, however, it was suggested that in telepathy such a hypothesis might be found.

In indicating the reasons for proffering this suggestion it is only fair to begin by reminding the reader that, as stated in the second paper of this series, telepathy is itself held suspect by many of intellectual and scientific eminence. These skeptics deny that thought may be transmitted from mind to mind without passing through the ordinary, known channels of communication. They lay much stress on the obvious fact that telepathy is not demonstrable at will, and, too often without undertaking any personal inquiry, they brush aside as resting on chance or collusion or imagination the enormous mass of evidence already garnered from every quarter of the world. To the present writer, as to other

and more competent students of the subject, this position is wholly untenable. It is quite true that we are sadly ignorant of the laws of telepathy; but it would seem equally certain that telepathy itself is an established fact—established by the experiments of the psychical researchers and by the thousands upon thousands of spontaneous instances recorded by individuals.

Nor are we wholly in the dark as to the nature and mechanism of telepathy. From the labors of Myers, Sidgwick, Gurney, *et al.*, we know, for example, that telepathy is distinctly a faculty of that hidden portion of our being which Myers so happily termed the subliminal self. We know, further, that while telepathic messages are of most frequent occurrence between those allied by ties of blood or friendship, they are possible between mere acquaintances, even between strangers. And investigation has likewise shown that such messages are often conveyed not in the form of an idea but as hallucinations, auditory or visual, and not infrequently as symbolical hallucinations. To quote from the experience of the late Thomson Jay Hudson, one of the best-known, most earnest, and most scientific students of telepathy:

"I determined, if possible, to develop the faculty [of telepathy] in my own mind, at least far enough to resolve any lingering doubt that might be unconsciously entertained. Accordingly, I caused myself to be securely blindfolded in presence of my family and two or three trustworthy friends, and instructed them to draw a card from the pack, place it upon a table, face up, and in full view of all but myself. I enjoined absolute silence, and requested them to gaze steadily upon the card and patiently await results. I determined not to yield to any mere mental impression,

but to watch for a vision of the card itself. I endeavored to become as passive as possible, and to shut out all objective thoughts. In fact, I tried to go to sleep. I soon found that the moment I approached a state of somnolence I began to see visions of self-illuminated objects floating in the darkness before me. If, however, one seemed to be taking definite shape it would instantly rouse me, and the vision would vanish. At length I mastered my curiosity sufficiently to enable me to hold the vision long enough to perceive its import. When that was accomplished, I saw—not a card with its spots clearly defined, but a number of objects arranged in rows and resembling real diamonds. I was finally able to count them, and finding that there were ten, I ventured to name the ten of diamonds. The applause which followed told me that I was right, and I removed the bandage and found the ten of diamonds lying on the table. The vision was symbolical merely, but no other possible symbol could have conveyed a clearer idea of the fact as it existed."

In further experiments Dr. Hudson obtained similar results, confirmation of which has been repeatedly given by other investigators who have also demonstrated the occurrence of hallucinations exactly corresponding to the object in the mind of the agent, or sender, and have in addition made certain the possibility of what is technically known as deferred percipience. In deferred percipience the telepathic message, after its receipt by the subliminal self, lies submerged beneath the threshold of consciousness until favoring conditions (e. g., hypnosis, normal sleep, fatigue, or other causes inhibiting the action of the supraliminal self) permit its appearance above the threshold. A striking illustration, both of veridical hallucination and deferred percipience, is afforded by an experiment tried more than twenty years ago by an English clergyman, the Rev. Clarence Godfrey, who undertook to cause a distant friend, a lady whose identity is not revealed in the records of the case, to see a telepathic apparition of him. Accordingly, when he retired one evening (at 10.45 P.M., on November 15, 1886), he began intently to "will" that she should see him. His "willing" lasted for less than ten minutes, when he fell asleep. Some hours later his friend had the following uncanny experience:

"Yesterday—viz., the morning of November 16, 1886—about half past three o'clock, I woke up with a start and an idea that some one

had come into the room. I heard a curious sound, but fancied it might be the birds in the ivy outside. Next I experienced a strange, restless longing to leave the room and go downstairs. This feeling became so overpowering that at last I arose and lit a candle and went down, thinking that if I could get some soda water it might have a quieting effect. On returning to my room I saw Mr. Godfrey standing under the large window on the staircase. He was dressed in his usual style, and with an expression on his face that I have noticed when he has been looking earnestly at anything. He stood there, and I held up the candle and gazed at him for three or four seconds in utter amazement, and then, as I passed up the staircase, he disappeared. The impression left on my mind was so vivid that I fully intended waking a friend who occupied the same room as myself, but remembering that I should only be laughed at as romantic and imaginative, I refrained from doing so."

Nor does this case stand alone, the records of the Society for Psychical Research containing a number of similar experiments successfully carried out.

The significance of this phenomenon to our present subject of inquiry may be emphasized by yet another illustration—the experimental production, by means of telepathy, of an apparition not of the living but of the *dead*. The experimenter, a certain Herr Wesermann, determined to cause a Lieutenant N. to see in a dream a vision of a lady who had been dead for some years, his purpose being to incite Lieutenant N. thereby to "a good action." Eleven o'clock was selected by him as the hour for the experiment, nothing of which, of course, was known to N. But at eleven the latter, instead of being in bed and asleep, was conversing with a fellow officer in his room at the barracks. Nevertheless the experiment, if Herr Wesermann's narrative is to be accepted, was a complete and sensational success. The door of the chamber seemed to open and the "ghost" of the dead lady to walk in. Both of the astounded warriors claimed to have seen her distinctly, and both, upon her disappearance, excitedly summoned the sentinel, who assured them that no one had entered the room.

It thus would seem possible to explain at least one of the two great divisions of psychical phenomena—the apparitions and auditions—on a telepathic basis, and thereby completely avoid recourse to a spiritistic, supermundane

hypothesis. Undoubtedly, had Mr. Godfrey died at the moment of attempting the experiment the percipient would have believed to her last days that she had seen a ghost. But, nobody being dead, "spirits" were quite out of the question. Similarly, it is the writer's firm belief, even when the dead are involved there is no necessity of raising the cry of "spirits." To put it otherwise, it is his conviction that whenever an apparition is seen, or a ghostly voice or sound heard (always excepting, of course, the effects of illusion pure and simple), we have to do with a telepathic hallucination proceeding not from the dead but from the living, though it may be the living about to be numbered with the dead. By way of illustration, let us glance again at the cases cited in the preceding paper.

There is, first, the ghost of the old librarian. On the telepathic hypothesis all that it is needful to assume is that the percipient, Mr. J., had at some time or other seen a portrait of his predecessor, Mr. Q., and had heard his characteristics mentioned. Mr. J. himself denied any knowledge thus gained, and his denial might well have been made in good faith, for such incidents could easily fade from his *waking* memory. They could not, however, escape the memory of his subconscious, subjective, subliminal self, the self that never sleeps and never forgets, as hypnotic experiment has abundantly shown. We may readily imagine him, therefore, equipped subconsciously with an excellent mental portrait of Mr. Q., of whom his waking self is in complete ignorance. Thus equipped he is seated at his desk, late at night, and in a solitude that might easily breed "nervousness." In fine, his environment and his occupation are admirably united to create a condition of subjective activity and to weaken his objective faculties. He rises to start for home, and as he rises his eye glimpses something. "What's that?" is his mental query, and "A face" is his mental reply. Instantly he begins to wonder, subconsciously, whose face it may be, and forthwith as a result of subconscious association of ideas there wells up, as it were, a full-length portrait of "old Q.," which presents itself to the waking consciousness in the form of a visual hallucination.

The ghost seen by the Essex gardener is at first sight far more difficult of explanation on the telepathic hypothesis, for the reason, as Messrs. Gurney and Myers were quick to point out, that it seems hard to imagine how a state of "rapport" could have been created

between the gardener and the lady whose figure he thought he saw standing by the tomb. But a little analysis will make the matter plain. We know that the gardener frequently saw the lady, while alive, visiting this particular tomb; and we are consequently warranted in assuming that the lady likewise saw the gardener, and, it being a somewhat solitary spot, while in that vicinity was unlikely to see anyone else. Thus, if for no other reason, the thought of the gardener would be firmly implanted in her subjective mind. As she lay dying, our hypothesis would run, her subliminal, if not her supraliminal consciousness winged its way in imagination to the locality she delighted to visit, and in imagination beheld the tomb once more and with the tomb the gardener. Then, and not till then, would her subjective mind flash its message to his, to remain below the threshold of his consciousness until, in the morning and seven hours after her death, he approached the tomb. The sight of this might then cause him to think, consciously or subconsciously, of the familiar figure, and at once the telepathic message would be externalized as a "ghost." In this, seems clearly exemplified the truth of what may be called a subtheory of the telepathic theory—namely, that the subjective mind is most active at the moment of some crisis, it may be death, an accident, or the strain of an intense emotion.

The writer is well aware that all explanations must be hypothetical until the laws of telepathic action are known with greater certitude. But he submits that we already know enough to warrant the application of the telepathic hypothesis to all cases of this kind, and that this course is more rational and logical than to attempt an explanation by the crude method of denying the facts, or to refer the phenomena to the action of "spirits," concerning which, in the very nature of things, we can know nothing at all. Very frequently the telepathic connection is difficult to trace—as in the above instance, and in the case of the ticking heard by Mrs. Davies and her brother—and sometimes it may well seem impossible to establish a causal nexus by telepathy. But it is the writer's conviction that once the psychologists, as a body, seriously attack the problem of apparitions and auditions, the case for telepathy as against spiritism will be definitely proved.

Similarly with the mediumistic messages. These naturally divide into three classes,

comprising statements of fact known to the medium, statements of fact not known to the medium but known to some other person present, and statements of fact known neither to the medium nor any other person present. As regards the first two classes even such a spiritistic advocate as F. W. H. Myers would admit the possibility of a telepathic explanation. The issue thus narrows to the "statements of fact known neither to the medium nor any other person present." On the one side, we find the spiritist unreservedly declining to accept telepathy as a possible factor if no one present have knowledge of the facts related by the *soi-disant* spirit; on the other, the telepathist affirming that if knowledge of the facts be possessed by any living person in "rapport" with any person present at the *séance* we are logically bound to accept the telepathic hypothesis as affording a complete and naturalistic explanation. This at once raises the question: Is telepathy possible between more than two persons, the original agent and the original percipient?

In other words, as stated by Dr. Hudson, who, if not the first to formulate it, was in his day the most ardent champion of the doctrine of *télépathie à trois*, or multiple telepathy: If A. can, by any means of communication, convey information to B., can B., by the same means, convey the same information to C., and C. likewise to D.? So far as concerns physical means of communicating intelligence the reply must obviously be in the affirmative, and the argument by analogy would logically indicate a similar reply in the case of telepathy. Fortunately, we need not rely solely on the argument by analogy, for the actuality of multiple personality has—at any rate in the writer's opinion—been amply demonstrated by experiment. Space permits only two illustrations, one from Dr. Hudson, the other from that versatile Scotchman, Andrew Lang, whose multifarious interests include psychical research.

"I once hypnotized a lady," writes Dr. Hudson, "and asked her to describe my home, which she knew nothing of. She described everything correctly, even a huge mastiff lying on a bearskin rug on the library floor. But doubt was thrown upon her lucidity when she described the library desk as being covered with a white cloth, and said that a lady was sitting at the desk 'doing something' which she could not clearly make out. As my desk is covered with black cloth, and as ladies seldom work at it, I regarded the description

as an effort at guessing. But on my return home I learned that my wife had been 'doing something' with pulverized sugar, and had covered the desk with newspapers to prevent accidents to the black cloth. As that was the only time in the long history of my library desk that it had been so covered or so employed, I cannot ascribe the phenomenon to coincidence. Nor can I think of any other way of explaining it than on the theory of *télépathie à trois*."

It may be suggested, as Dr. Hudson promptly observes, that this was a case not of multiple telepathy but of clairvoyance. In point of fact, however, clairvoyance is itself explicable only on the telepathic hypothesis. And, in any event, clairvoyance could not possibly account for the singular circumstances narrated by Mr. Lang in the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research":

"Again and again Miss Angus [a crystal gazer who is well known in England], sitting with man or woman, described acquaintances of theirs, but not of hers, in situations not known to the sitters, but proved to be true to fact. . . . In one instance Miss Angus described doings from three weeks to a fortnight old, of people in India, people whom she had never seen or heard of, but who were known to her sitter. Her account, given on a Saturday, was corroborated by a letter from India, which arrived next day, Sunday. In another case she described (about 10 P.M.) what a lady, not known to her, but the daughter of a matron present (who was not the sitter), had been doing about 4 P.M. on the same day. . . . Again, sitting with the lady, Miss Angus described a singular set of scenes much in the mind, not of her sitter, but of a very unsympathetic stranger, who was reading a book at the other end of the room. I have tried every hypothesis, normal and not so normal, to account for these and analogous performances of Miss Angus. There was, in the Indian and other cases, no physical possibility of collusion; chance coincidence did not seem adequate; ghosts were out of the question, so was direct clairvoyance. . . . Nothing remained for the speculative theorizer but the idea of cross currents of telepathy between Miss Angus, a casual stranger, the sitters, and people far away, known to the sitters or the stranger, but unknown to Miss Angus."

Mr. Lang pertinently adds:

"Now, suppose that Miss Angus, instead of dealing with living people by way of crystal visions, had dealt by way of voice, or auto-

matic handwriting, and had introduced a dead 'communicator.' Then she would have been on a par with Mrs. Piper, yet with no aid from the dead."

In Mrs. Piper's case, as in that of all spiritistic mediums, a dead communicator is invariably introduced. But it does not necessarily follow that the medium is dishonest and on the same plane as those mediums who cause household furniture to indulge in extravagant antics. Hers is a pathological condition, the "trance" being in reality a state of autohypnotization, in which the subliminal self for the time being has complete control of the bodily organism and, in accordance with the principles revealed by hypnotic experiment, adopts and enacts any personality suggested to it. It is impossible to enter here into any detailed examination of this phase of the subject, but the reader desirous of studying it may advantageously consult Dr. Hudson's "The Evolution of the Soul," and Mr. Podmore's "Modern Spiritualism."

Thus, accepting as valid the hypothesis of multiple telepathy, all of Mrs. Piper's "controls," past and present, are to be regarded as mere subliminal impersonations, and the facts transmitted by them as having been extracted telepathically from the sitter's subconsciousness. Exactly how these facts were originally lodged in the sitters' subconsciousness is a matter of comparative indifference, and is, it may readily be granted, often impossible of ascertainment. The important point is that it is no longer necessary to maintain an attitude of sneering incredulity or of wide-eyed, open-mouthed amazement. The "ghost" of Sir Oliver Lodge's uncle, for example, vanishes into the depths from which it came, once it be realized that the incidents cited as proof of personal identity may be derived from the subliminal consciousness of Sir Oliver, telepathically conveyed thither, perchance by the subliminal self of the surviving uncle, perchance by the subliminal self of the deceased during his earthly career, and for the first time revealed to Sir Oliver's waking self by the mediumship, the telepathic not spiritistic mediumship, of Mrs. Piper. In the same way may we account for all the other facts of her mediumship as set forth in the voluminous reports of her investigators. And as with Mrs. Piper, so with all mediums.

From the view here set forth a most important conclusion arises—that not only does

the survival of personality after bodily death remain unproved, but that it can never be definitely proved by evidence scientifically acceptable. Even the supreme test proposed by Myers is nullified by the unescapable operation of telepathy. This test consists in the writing of a message, which is then sealed, intrusted to the keeping of a responsible person, and left unopened until, after the writer's death, a mediumistic communication be received purporting to give, from the world beyond, the contents of the sealed paper. Who can prove that, during the writer's lifetime, his subliminal self did not transmit the message telepathically to other subliminal selves? Always telepathy confronts spiritism.

It does not follow, however, that the Society for Psychical Research has expended its efforts in vain and should cease from endeavor. On the contrary, as the writer trusts these papers have shown, its labors have been profitable in many unexpected ways. And if it has not proved survival, it has most assuredly given mankind new and forceful reasons for clinging to the ancient faith. This it has done by enlarging and ennobling the conception of personality—a magnificent task in prosecuting which it has received invaluable, if unwitting, assistance from the psychopathologists. Unwitting, because besides usually eying the psychical researcher askance, the psychopathologist's idea of the self, as the reader has already discovered, differs conspicuously from the idea entertained by the adventurer into the supernatural. Both recognize the existence and operation of subconscious states of the mind, but they speedily part company when it becomes a question of interpretation. As in most controversies, not all the right is with one side and all the wrong with the other. Further, it is possible, unless the writer greatly err, to reconcile their seemingly irreconcilable differences which, it may safely be affirmed, have their origin chiefly in the varying interests of the investigators.

The self, as conceived by the psychopathologist, is a complex, unstable, and wonderfully responsive coördination of systems of ideas, with a physiological basis in the nervous system. Unity and continuity of memory and consciousness are its prime characteristics, and these are readily broken by neuron disturbances. Thence results a dissociation of greater or less violence, having its outward manifestation in, it may be some criminal or vicious act or tendency, it may be

in hysteria, it may even be in the utter disappearance of the old personality and the formation of a new one. But, having definitely ascertained that the neuron disturbance is purely functional and has not reached the organic stage involving cellular destruction, it is deemed quite possible to utilize the responsivity of the self to effect a reaggregation and a consequent inhibition of the baneful phenomena. This theory—which, as we have seen, has resulted in discoveries of immediate curative value—manifestly regards the self of which we are normally conscious as, so to speak, the crowning triumph of neuron aggregation. But in thus stating his theoretical position the psychopathologist overlooks an all-important fact which in practice he constantly recognizes.

This is the fact that when effecting a re-association, he directs his appeal, whether through hypnotism, hypnoidism, or simple suggestion, not to the old and vanished personality, nor to the dissociated, secondary personality, but to a self that persists beneath all the changing phenomena of consciousness. The truth of this will appear from the most cursory survey of the cases described in the articles dealing with the work of the French and American psychopathologists. To put it otherwise, there are subconscious states and a subconscious state, deeper than all others and embracing all others, its content extending even to the conscious state of wake-a-day life. This sovereign state, need it be said, is the

"subliminal self" of the psychical researcher who, for his part, has erred by neglecting to discriminate closely between it and the psychopathologist's "secondary self."

At once we are confronted by the problem of the place of the self of which we are normally conscious, in the scheme of personality. Shocking as it may at first thought sound, everything would indicate that it is but a dissociation from the subliminal self, an incomplete aggregation even as the dissociated states of neuron disturbance are incomplete aggregations. To the writer it seems impossible to evade this conclusion when we review the proved potentialities of our being as revealed in the phenomena of hypnotism and telepathy. Yet a moment's consideration should suffice to inspire within us a lively hope—the hope that somehow, somewhere, at some time, these potentialities, realizable now only under abnormal conditions, will become enduring actualities. The conditions of our environment here on earth are such that it is impossible to expect their development in this life to any but a limited extent. Yet it is inconceivable that they, any more than the faculties of which we daily avail ourselves in our commerce with our fellows, are given to us for no purpose. Logic, therefore, unites with faith to buttress the conviction that there must be a life beyond, a hereafter in which we shall at last come into our complete heritage, at last be veritably as men grown to full stature.

THE POPPIES

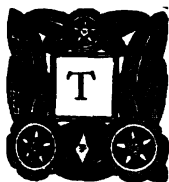
By ELIZABETH WEST

QUEEN poppies, only yesterday you spread
 Your dazzling loveliness of silken sheen—
 Fringed crowns of crimson and barbaric red—
 A flaming sorcery from wands of green.
 Your beauty dimmed the rose, your flaunting towers
 Hid the pale pink and mocked the hollyhock.
 But they, the homely, dear, familiar flowers—
 Fresh, happy-hearted peas, deep-scented stock—
 Bloom on to-day still modest, fair, and sweet;
 While you, poor faded poppies, stand and weep;
 Your fleeting glory falls about your feet,
 All you can offer now—a cup of sleep.

A DIANA OF THE GARAGE

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BREHM



THE first I saw of Bill was that part of him that lay limp and inactive on the ground, stretched out beyond the lines of the huge touring car that he was tinkering. Then I lowered my shoulders a trifle and in the shadow of the machine I caught a glimpse of a piebald face and noted: item, a pair of intense blue eyes peering anxiously upward; item, a large mouth, twisted into sympathetic exertion with the muscles of his arm as he turned a wrench spasmodically; item, rivulets of perspiration that cut their ways over the daubs of machine oil on his cheeks. Bill was lying on a grease-soaked rug to protect himself from the earth. I mentally and precipitately dubbed it a prayer rug, but afterwards, when I knew Bill better, I changed the name to swear rug—a name that has stuck to it.

My car had been cutting up for a couple of days, backing and filling, coughing, spluttering, missing, lying down on me in unexpected places, pounding, hesitating, dragging, pulling back, overheating, stopping on hills, and, to be forcible and correct and quote what Bill said about it afterwards, “acting like hell.” I had changed my spark plugs, adjusted my coil, tightened up my bearings and wrist pin, fussed with my carburetor, and done everything else that a six months’ motor-car experience had taught me—all useless. I was a new resident in Bloomfield and had been limping about on the road for the better part of a week, not daring to trust alien hands—for even in six months I had learned many lessons—when some friendly chap with an auto like mine told me about Bill.

“Go to Bill Stavey’s,” he said, “and he’ll fix you up. He’s the only honest machinist

in the county, and a good fellow besides, if you take him right.” And so here I was.

After a while, Bill wriggled himself out from under the machine, and rose slowly up in the air to the length of about six feet.

“Good day, sir,” he said, glancing at me quite impersonally and casually and unconcernedly, just as if he had expected I would be there—as if the only possibility of his expressing any surprise would have been if I hadn’t been there. Then he called to a boy who was washing a runabout inside the garage and ordered him to put back the rug and the multifarious tools with which it was covered, while he stood wiping his hands with cotton waste—wonderful large hands they were, the fingers with square ends and nails that looked like polished sheet iron.

I waited for Bill to speak first. It is a highly important matter, this initial approach to a keeper of a garage, one that should be prayed over and thoughtfully and devoutly considered beforehand, for upon his good will and attention often depends one’s road comfort for weeks, and to appear too hurried, too impatient, may produce an aftermath of continuous trouble. And so I waited for Bill to speak first. He wasn’t looking at me particularly because he had already “sized me up” from the shadows below. He had, I made no doubt, placed me where I belonged.

“What’s *your* trouble?” he said at last, turning toward me. I felt this at once to be a high compliment. He had done that intangible but nevertheless important thing, he had coupled me with my car. With that fine courtesy which afterwards I came to value so highly in him, he had assumed that I and my machine were one. If I had been a duffer, or a “dub” as he would have said, he wouldn’t have done this—he would have treated us as



Drawn by George Rehm.

"My heart sank as Bill stepped forward."

things apart. But because he didn't, I was glad, and I trusted Bill from that moment.

"I wish I knew," I said. "I'm missing."

Bill glanced at my car—a Teutonic glance that seemed to lift it fairly off its tires and put it somewhere, in the proper mental pigeonhole where it belonged. In that glance he had seen it all—differentials, ball bearings, shafts, cones, radiation—everything.

He pushed up the top of the tool box of the car he had been working on and stuffed into it the cotton waste.

"Will you leave her?" he asked.

This was hardly to my liking. To be in a strange land without my habit of locomotion; to walk basely, or patronize the trolleys, seemed to me in the nature of a cruel invalidism. But in Bill's face I saw the inevitable.

"I shall have to, of course," I replied. "But what's the chance?"

Bill stroked his chin thoughtfully with his great black hand.

"Well," he said, "there's Simpson, waiting for parts—liable to be here any minute—I've got to get him out; there's Skoonmaker, he'll be round at five, cursin' like a pirate because I ain't got him finished; and here's Doc' Pollard in a terrible sweat with a broken spindle on his pump that I've got to make. Of course they ain't got any spindles at the agent's, which means sending to the factory, and that won't do. Then I've got to take Smith's body off to get at his high clutch—How will day after to-morrow do?"

"It will *have* to do," I said sadly.

Bill straightened out and smiled.

"Well, you might come round to-morrow afternoon," he said. "You're a new customer. When you've been coming here long enough I can lie to you better. You've been in the game some time, haven't you?" glancing at my car the second time.

"About six months."

"It's a great game." He motioned me to follow him. He went out into the rear of the garage where there was a shed and a blow fire. Off to one side was the battered body of a touring car.

"Look at that," said Bill, kicking the scarred surface with his foot. "That's the way they do it—that's one of them things supposed to be aluminum—sold for aluminum—it's nothing but tin."

"What must the inside of such a car be?" I ventured.

"Soft as mush—the whole thing—and sells for \$3,000."

The next afternoon I strolled around to Stavey's garage again—on foot. It was a rectangular building made of mortar with an asphalt floor—huge sliding doors and no sign of any kind—for Bill Stavey was so well known that there was no necessity to advertise himself. Indeed the motley array of motor cars ranged in front told the story.

"Is Mr. Stavey in?" I asked the boy.

"Yes, sir, just inside."

Inside the garage I stepped. A small stationary gas engine in one corner was chugging energetically, and turning a system of wheels that extended to the remotest parts of the garage. An indescribable mixture of machines, tools, tires, defunct motor cycles, and broken parts was everywhere. And near a huge lathe, keenly watching a cylinder of iron as it revolved under his fingers, was Bill. He turned off the belt for a moment and lighting a match on a sign above his head that said "No Smoking," he started a stogy.

Nodding at me without saying a word, he turned on his belt again. The sharp tool he was working with peeled off the iron as if it had been so much soap, and a glittering shaving fell on the floor.

"Sorry your car ain't ready," Bill said at last. "Simpson's parts came. He was standing over me with a club," he added with a smile, as he turned off the power.

"You haven't looked at it then?"

"I had her out on the road."

"What do you think?"

Bill shook his head.

"Can't tell," he said. "She's raising hell for fair. Maybe your valves need grinding." He took me over to my car, backed disconsolately up into a corner. To me it had never before seemed so utterly useless, bedraggled, woe-begone. Bill lifted up the engine hood.

"I haven't had a chance to time her yet," he said, "but——"

At this moment there was a sense of bustle somewhere—as of something wholly alien; a pervading presence had suddenly come into this little world of machinery where everything revolved about Bill. A boy came forward and touched him on the arm. He dropped my hood instantly and skillfully and without a word strode out through the door. Instinctively I followed.

In front of the door was a small touring runabout, and sitting in it imperiously was a girl.

She had red hair, red cheeks, a slightly tilted nose, and a waist that, even if there

hadn't been as much strenuous attention put upon it as was obvious, would have still been small and dainty enough for any man to love at first sight. She had tossed back her veil and was talking even before I came out.

"Mr. Stavey," she said, "I don't know what's the matter with my car. It's acting something horrible. Really now I can't get up any kind of a grade. You know you fixed the carburetor, but I don't believe you fixed it right, you were in such a terrible hurry anyway. Can't you stop and do it now?" she asked anxiously. "Of course you must, you know, because I have a friend coming and I've simply got to have it."

My heart sank as Bill stepped forward. Every moment was precious to me also. And I thought sympathetically of all the other poor devils with their cars standing around waiting to be fixed. My eye lingered on a sign in a far corner, "First Come First Served." At that moment it was only a hollow mockery.

She had jumped lightly onto the ground as she talked, and Bill was leaning over into the car. He put on the switch and turned over the engine while he listened for the contact buzz.

Then he faced around with a whimsical look. "You've been monkeying with that coil," he asserted.

"I just gave it a turn."

Bill smiled.

"You mustn't do it," he said. "You leave that coil alone. The trouble ain't there—it's in your mixture. That carburetor needs a new cork. The shellac's come off. Come! We'll run her round the block."

In an instant they were off. The car was going lame—there was no doubt about that—but allowing for this, I thought they never would come back.

But when they did come back, Bill was too much occupied to do more than utter a brief apology. All he whispered was, "You see how it is—I've got to make good with her. But come round to-morrow and I'll have you fixed up."

Somehow, as I stood in Stavey's garage the next day at the same hour I felt on more familiar terms with Bill than ever. I had guessed his secret.

"I've found your trouble," he said as I entered. "The commutator was dragging on the pump chain. It made a short circuit."

He started up the car. It went like a shot.

"Nothing the matter with that," he shouted above the roar of the cylinders.

"I should say not," I cried, delighted.

In an instant my impatience had vanished. For no one can conceive, who has not experienced it, the delight of an automobilist who has found out what the matter is.

"Have a smoke," I said, pulling out the kind that sells downtown three for a dollar.

Bill looked at its pale shape indifferently, and shook his head.

"Don't waste 'em on me," he said. "They're too good. I can't taste 'em at all. Here's something"—he took out a black stogy—"that I buy for three cents each—pretty good, too! Don't light that match here. We just had a spill," and he pointed to a dark spot on the ground where the gasoline had spread.

As the days went by, Bill and I came to know each other better and better—not stridently and vociferously, but more or less silently as primitive men have learned each other, working together since the world began.

Bill was interested in my machinery from the start—no artist was ever more conscientious than he. And I was interested in his—that is, in his mental machinery.

I was also interested in Miss Caston, who came to the garage at frequent intervals. I learned that she was the daughter of a prosperous local grocer. Also that she was quite popular.

As for Bill's secret—that came gradually. One Sunday afternoon, as we sat in his dim little office, smoking our respective brands, there was a long expressive silence. Previously we had been talking politics, socialism, religion. Bill was not erudite, but he had thought.

Then he turned suddenly to me and said, jerking his thumb toward the door, "It beats hell how some women can get around a man, don't it?"

Experiences of my own led me to acquiesce.

"I was thinking," said Bill, "how much trade I've actually lost through—well, you know."

I nodded.

"That's why I kinder took to you from the start," he went on. "You had a right to get mad and skin out—that day when she came in, bound to get fixed up right off the bat, while a half a dozen of my best customers was cursing me in their hearts. It wasn't justice! It wasn't right. But, good heavens, I couldn't help it."

"A woman expects too much," I replied, warmed even then by the recollection. "In the first place, no woman has any business running a car——"

"That's dead right."

"But as long as she's in the game she ought to take her chances with the rest."

"Sure!"

"But of course you couldn't help it—in her case."

Bill slapped his leg.

"Couldn't for a minute!" he said. "Ain't she a peach? Mighty few girls have got a chassis like that."

"That's so," said I with enthusiasm.

Then I squared round.

"Look here, Bill," I said. "Are you stuck on that girl?"

"I sure am."

"Then why don't you go in and marry her? You've got a good thing here."

"Yes," he said, "I'm clearing up over two thousand a year, and I own the ranch. But, you see, a girl like that—well, she don't understand. She's all right, mind you. But she's too ambitious. I called on her the other night."

At the recollection Bill's form shook.

"I got one of them swell dress suits—had it cut out and made to order for me—cost me forty dollars. I want you to see it. It's great—silk-lined—fits me! Hell and blazes! how it fits me. I looked and I guess I felt like one of them head waiters at the Waldorf. And I had some cards printed, with my own name on 'em."

"Printed!" I exclaimed. "Why didn't you consult me. Bill! that is no way to do. You're taking care of my car and it's my business to look after your social prestige. You ought to have had 'em engraved. Look here." And I showed him one of my own.

Bill shook his head.

"That's all right for you," he said, "but not for me. Printing's good enough for me. I'm not in your class, and I know it."

"Well, what happened?"

"There was a swell geezer there from town. One of these pretty boys. He was handing her out a line of choice talk that would have made you sick. Now, mind you, I know the real thing when I see it. But this chap was a Willie boy all right. 'Mr. Jenks,' says she, 'this is Mr. Stavey.' Mr. Jenks held up his flipper about three feet in the air above his necktie and I grabbed it. Ha!"

Bill sat back convulsed.

"I give him a grip he'll remember," he roared. "Regular Masons, Elks, and Hose Company Number Three. My, oh, my!"

"Then we sat and chinned. After a while Jenks got talking about the bubble business. 'My chum,' says he, 'owns a French car—saved up and bought it—and I'm going to get one myself next year,' says he. I knew right off he was a 'next-year' dub. I've got a few of 'em on my books now—geezers with second-hand machines always on the blink, always kicking about their bills, and always getting French cars 'next year.'"

"Well, to get back to Willie boy Jenks. He meandered on while she and I listened. 'How is your car actin'?' says he. 'Isn't it giving you lots of trouble?' says he. 'I'll be glad to go over it for you,' says he. 'A woman by herself has no show,' says he. 'You ought to get a good man to take care of it,' says he. Then he saw her looking at my hands, and the game was all off. 'I'm doing the best I can,' says I. 'Mr. Stavey is in the business,' says she. 'He keeps me going,' says she. And all the time I felt—well, sort of sad at her confidence in me."

Bill puffed more furiously than ever. I pushed open the window wider.

"You see," he went on, "I have felt guilty at times, because—well, I fixed that car of hers so she'd *have* to come in often, so's I could see her—not to break down exactly, but it's easy to change your mixture and have the car get to missing and clouding up the plug, and there you are, only I never charged her for the time. That would have been rubbing it in, wouldn't it?"

At this moment the telephone bell rang—a long steady peal. Bill wearily reached for the earpiece.

"I knew it," he muttered. "There's no rest for the weary. Hello! Miss Caston. Oh, yes. Where? Union Street? All right. You just wait. I'll be right out."

Bill put up the 'phone and looked at me.

"She's madder'n hell," he said. "Broken down on Union Street. Wouldn't that jar you! Now, a man understands the game, and don't kick. But you can't make a woman see. I'm in for it."

"Well, I wish you luck," I said as I rose to go and Bill moved out into the garage.

"Won't you come with me?" he asked, as if he hated to have me leave him. "I want you to take a spin in my whizzer, anyway."

In a far corner of the garage he pulled and twisted out the most dilapidated little

soap box of a motor car I had ever seen. The patches on the tires made them look like sections of a geological map. The wire spokes in the wheels were twisted and bent. The faded cushions were covered with grease spots and worn like a spavined horse. There was just room for two.

"Where did you get it?" I exclaimed.

Bill grinned.

"I put it together myself," he replied. "I picked up a little DeDion engine—the only original baby I guess imported into this country—and I got this body off a chap that failed. She's a beaut, ain't she? But she goes like a streak."

He twisted the crank. There was a rattlety bang and a noise like four men shaking down furnaces in a boiler factory and we were off on the way to Union Street at a fifteen-mile clip.

I was sorry for Bill when he faced her. She was mad clear through. And her red hair somehow didn't seem to make matters any better.

"Mr. Stavey," she said, ignoring me, "I've broken down, right here where *everybody* can see me. And I want you to understand it's all your fault. You're responsible, and I'll hold you for it."

Bill smiled as much as he could.

"They're uncertain things," he said, taking off the seat of the runabout.

"That's all right. But you haven't taken good care of it. Mr. Jenks told me, and he knows."

Bill stopped and turned suddenly. There was a new look in his eyes.

"What in thunder does he know about it?" he said. "Jenks! Ha! That's great."

"Well, I guess he knows a good deal more than you."

"That's good. I'm glad to hear that."

"You know who he is, of course."

"No."

She looked at him scornfully.

"Don't you know," she said, "that Mr. Jenks is one of the greatest drivers in the country? Didn't he win the great elimination races last year driving a 120 horse-power Darracq? Wasn't he second this year in the Continental races? You mean to say you've never heard of him?"

Jenks! Good heavens, I thought to myself, could this be the Jenks, the young dare-devil that we had been reading about in the papers? Her Jenks!

It was a hard blow, a sudden blow, but Bill took it quietly.

"Is that right?" he asked.

"Yes—of course. My brother used to go to school with him. I thought you knew it the other night. He's small and slender, but oh, my, he's got nerve! He says the garage men are all alike and he looked over my car the next day and said the mixture wasn't right—that you'd been doctoring the carburetor and giving her too much gas. And he knows! It's mean of you, Mr. Stavey, to cause me to break down like this. It's—humiliating."

Bill was busy.

"Well," he said quietly, "your coupling pins have sheared off on the crank shaft this time. I can back her, but what's the use? I guess, Miss Caston, I'll have to tow her home."

"All right, Mr. Stavey. I'll have to let you. Then I'll ride home in a trolley. Only—I wish Mr. Jenks was here!"

An hour later, when once more we stood in the cluttered garage, Bill, who had been silent all along, shook his head, half to himself, as he coiled up the rope that had been used to tow Miss Caston's runabout in.

"Game's up," he said sorrowfully. "I'm the dub. I swear I thought I knew the real thing. But I've got a lot to learn after all."

"But, look here! old man," I said, my gathering indignation getting the best of me, "why didn't you protest? Why did you let her stand there and abuse you? It was rank injustice!"

There was a quaver in Bill's voice.

"No, it wasn't," he said. "Of course I couldn't help those pins shearing off. *That* wasn't on me. But I *did* monkey with that car a little, just to keep her coming here, and I ought to have got it in the neck. You see I couldn't explain. She wouldn't have believed me, anyway. It pays to be honest, even with a girl you're gone on, don't it? If I'd been square I might stand a chance with Jenks. But now it's all off. She don't understand it, of course—she don't know the real reason why I did it."

Somehow I was silent. It was coming over me that herein was a great principle.

Bill pulled a stogy out of his pocket, and savagely bit it nearly in two.

"And what's more," he said, looking me straight in the eye, "I'll be damned if she ever will!"

SUSPENSE

(AFTER "SALOME")

BY KATE JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY SEWELL COLLINS

SCENE: *A row of orchestra seats, at a matinee, before the play.*

PERSONS

A WIFE
A HUSBAND
THEIR SON
A WOMAN IN FRONT OF THEM
A WOMAN BEHIND THEM.

Audience gradually fills theater during act.

WIFE: I feel afraid—oh, I feel so afraid!

HUSBAND: Why do you tremble so? Why do you feel afraid?

BOY (*to his father*): The curtain has not yet risen. The house is but half-filled. We have our box of chocolates. Why is my mother afraid?

WIFE: Oh, I am so cold! How cold I am! The seconds hang upon my heart like cold, heavy drops from some deep well that never felt the sun.

HUSBAND: Your eyes see something awful. Their light pierces me. What do you see?

BOY: She stares at one who waits upon the verge of the Styx. She will not touch my chocolates. Oh, my mother sees something!

HUSBAND: Tell us what you see.

WIFE: Why should I torture you?

HUSBAND: Give me raw pain and banish this suspense.

WIFE: I am not looking toward the stage. You see I am not looking toward the stage.

HUSBAND: No, you are looking at the seats just in front. They are empty seats, yet your hollow eyes stare at them. [*Aside*] Some doom approaches when she stares so.

BOY: Thrice she has refused my chocolates.

WIFE: The seats are empty, yet I see something there. It will come. I wait for it. I know it will come.

HUSBAND: I would I knew. Will you not speak? [*Aside*] How cold the air when the blood fears something!

WIFE: I feel that some one will sit in the seat before me—

HUSBAND: Of course some one will sit in the seat before you.

BOY: How strange a thing! Would she have no one sit in the seat?

WIFE: I feel some one will sit there—with a hat. A prophecy—mark well the words—a hat.

HUSBAND: You are right. (*To boy*) Your mother fears a hat. It is an awful fear.

BOY: If she would



"Tell us what you see."



"I should go mad."

eat my chocolates she would fear nothing. They are so wonderful. They are like dark pearls, but filled with honey. They are smooth as the body of a lizard. They are beautiful.

WIFE: A big hat! A wide hat!

BOY: See, I eat my chocolates, and I who am so little fear no hat.

HUSBAND: Hush. She is going to speak again. I am getting nervous too.

BOY: She is going to tell us more about the hat.

HUSBAND: My hands are growing cold.

WIFE: I seem to see it—wide, high—great feathers on it!

HUSBAND: No—no! Wide if you will and high, but I could not bear the feathers.

WIFE: Yet it will come. Something tells me so.

HUSBAND: *With feathers?*

WIFE: Even as I said—high feathers. And oh, how high feathers can be!

HUSBAND: I could not bear it. I should go mad. I could not bear the feathers. *I say I should go mad!*

BOY: I keep on eating my chocolates. No one else will touch them.

WIFE (*rousing herself as from a dream*): See how the house is filling. How wonderful to see so many people—

HUSBAND: And so few hats. Let us be happy. Let us forget hats. Let us try to believe there never was a hat.

BOY (*to his father*): Tell mother to take off hers. Has she forgotten hers? Perhaps the woman behind her hates hats too.

WIFE: Mine is a little hat.

HUSBAND: Every woman says that. I hear it always in the theaters. It is not true. Oh, take it off—take it off!

BOY: The woman behind is listening. She is bending forward. Her eyes are terrible. She is wondering if you are going to take it off.

HUSBAND: I wish I had not come. Oh, I wish I had not come! (*Covers his eyes with his hand.*)

WIFE: See—I take off my little hat. Do not shudder. See—the hat is off.

HUSBAND (*without looking*): Is it really off?

WIFE: Look at me. You will see that it is no more upon my head.

HUSBAND (*looking*): You have done this for me. You love me. I believe you love me.

WIFE: I love you very much.

BOY: Oh, it is not well for me to eat so many chocolates!

WIFE (*startling*): Look at that woman



"I love you very much."



"She of the bat with the forest of feathers."

coming through the door. Look, I say. You recall my vision of a hat? Is it not my vision?

HUSBAND: It is—it is. It is a terrible vision. But do not shake so. She may not come near us. Let us believe that she will not.

WIFE: Oh, she will come! I know it by the beating of my heart—and it is a terrible hat.

HUSBAND: I would I had not seen it. I would I had not seen it.

WIFE: There are six ostrich feathers on it.

HUSBAND: How high that white one is. It is like a sword waving in battle.

WIFE: It is like a pillar of smoke.

Boy: I have eaten forty chocolates—no one cares. They shudder together. They think only of the hat.

WIFE: See, she comes toward us. She is looking at the seat before us.

HUSBAND: She will not come. Oh, she must not come!

WIFE: She will. She comes. See, she is looking at the very spot. She smiles as she sees the number upon it. [Aside] An awful smile—there is no hope.

Boy: My brain is dizzy. Green mists unroll themselves before me. When the last chocolate is eaten I shall be very ill.

HUSBAND: See her sit down. How glad she seems to sit down!

WIFE: That white feather is higher even than we thought. It obscures the curtain. It is like a fall of snow.

HUSBAND: It is like a mountain of snow.

WIFE: It is like Mont Blanc. It is an awful feather.

HUSBAND: See how it shakes as she moves her head—see the other feathers shake. They are as a forest of palms.

WIFE: I am afraid of them. What shall we do?

Boy: No word of what they utter reaches me. I feel strange.

HUSBAND: Perhaps she will take the hat off. Do not clutch me so. Oh, she will be sure to take it off!

WIFE: I would I had your faith. But they never take *these* off—only the little ones like mine come off—my little, little hat.

HUSBAND (shudders): I cannot bear to think what would happen if she left it on.

WIFE: What would you do? Your hands grope. What do you seek?

HUSBAND: She must take it off. She shall take it off!

WIFE: Oh, hear that mocking laugh, as if she heard what you said and will not take it off!



"I shall be the new man."

HUSBAND: She shall! She shall!

WIFE: What do your hands so blindly seek? There is a red glare in your eyes. I fear—I know not what.

HUSBAND: You do well to fear.

WIFE: Do not speak like that. She is touching her hair. Perhaps she will take out the pins.

HUSBAND: She does not touch the pins. Oh, you do well to fear!

BOY: This last chocolate I do not seem to want. How ill I am!

HUSBAND: You do well to fear.

WIFE: Your face is as the dead. Still your hands grope. What is it you seek? Oh, tell me what you seek with those groping hands?

HUSBAND: I will tell you—I seek *my* hat—*my* hat.

WIFE: *Your* hat?

HUSBAND: Even mine. I will put it on. It is a tall hat—it is a brimmed hat—it is a terrible hat! I will put it on. It is meet I should put it on.

WIFE: They will not let you. They will cry shame upon you—

HUSBAND (*with faint, ghastly smile*): It is my heart's desire that they cry shame upon me.

WIFE: They will tear your hat to pieces. And for what end? Still she will wear her hat.

HUSBAND: Let them tear my hat to pieces. I will go mad—I will tear *her* hat to pieces. I will burn the feather. *I will even burn the hat.* I will go mad!

BOY: The last has gone. I have eaten sixty chocolates. I would I could go home.

WIFE (*to husband*): What do I see in your hand?

HUSBAND: *My* hat—my *own* hat—large, high! I shall wear it. Proudly I shall flaunt it. I shall be the *new* man. (*Puts on hat.*)

WIFE: Say farewell to me. It may be the last time. The air is full of terror. I hear the wings of Fate. Kiss me—once.

HUSBAND (*kisses her*): It is a Cause to die in. It is a great Cause. The Cause of The Hat.

Murmur is heard behind.

WIFE: What sound is that? Oh, it ascends like the moan of the rising sea! What agitation stirs the crowd? Is it what I fear? Is it what I darkly fear?

HUSBAND: Soon you will know. Soon all will know.

BOY: Centuries seem to have trodden me down. All is dark. I am very ill.

WIFE: A cry from the back—as if some wild and bleeding thing did battle for its life. Again—it grows—it grows. Too well I know its meaning now.

HUSBAND: And *she* shall soon know—even *she* of the hat with the forest of feathers that rise and fall like palms in a simoom—shall hear and heed that cry.

WIFE: Oh, this fear eats at the very nethermost root of life! I would the end would come. Death stalks in the shadow of such fear as this.

Cries from the back:

Look at that hat!

Take off that hat!

Knock that hat off!

Kick it off!

Husband hastily removes hat.

Woman in front hears cries and with a guilty and frightened air also removes her hat.

The wife and husband smile at each other.

The footlights flare.

The play begins.

The boy has fallen fast asleep, a dark brown stain around his lips.

WIFE: She has taken off the hat.

HUSBAND: The high hat with feathers.

BOY (*dreaming*): I would I had some chocolates.

WIFE: It is well.

HUSBAND: It is very well.

CURTAIN



MAY, 1907.

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APPLETON'S MAGAZINE





Our national character reflects
the wholesomeness, the goodness,
the excellence of our national
cereal food—appetizing, satisfying

Cream of Wheat

*A dainty breakfast A delightful luncheon
A delicious dessert*

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ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Fighting Chance" and of "The Younger Set," the new serial beginning in this number.



Drawn by G. C. Wilmshurst.

“Alixé.”

—“The Younger Set,” page 565.

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GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA.—DRAWING BY A. B. WARD.—[See Page 200.]

From Harper's Weekly, April 15, 1865.

GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT

WITH LINCOLN FROM WASHINGTON TO RICHMOND IN 1865

By JOHN S. BARNES

Late United States Navy

ILLUSTRATED BY WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A NOTABLE COLLECTION RECENTLY PURCHASED BY
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR THE LIBRARY OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT

I. THE PRESIDENT SEES A FIGHT AND A REVIEW

WHILE in command of the United States Ship *Bat* in the month of March, 1865, attached to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, Rear Admiral Porter commanding, I received orders to proceed without delay to Washington, and report in person to the Secretary of the Navy.

Fort Fisher had fallen and all accessible ports of the South were in our possession;

blockade running had ceased, and the *Bat* had been employed as a dispatch boat, and had made many trips to Washington and Baltimore on dispatch service, also to points South embraced by Admiral Porter's command.

On the arrival of the *Bat* at Washington on the 20th day of March, 1865, I reported to the Navy Department, and was received by Mr. G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, immediately upon my arrival. Mr. Fox, who had previously been my guest,

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CITY POINT IN 1865

The landing, showing terminus of the military railway by which President Lincoln reached the front and over which army supplies were transported.

and had made a trip to City Point in the *Bat*, discussed with me her interior arrangements, the unoccupied space below decks, and then informed me that the President desired to visit General Grant at City Point, and had applied to the Navy Department

for transportation, and that he thought the *Bat* was, or might be made, a suitable ship for him to go and return in, or perhaps to live on board of during his visit to General Grant's headquarters. I replied to Mr. Fox that if he would place the resources of the



VIEW FROM GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS

Showing transports and gunboats at anchor in the James River off City Point.

Washington Navy Yard at my disposal, I could in a few days make such arrangements as to insure the personal comfort of the President as long as he desired to make the *Bat* his home. Mr. Fox then took me over to the White House, and we were at once admitted to the President. After introducing me as the captain of the vessel detailed by the department to take him to City Point, Mr. Fox left us with the remark, "Now, Mr. President, you have only to give him your orders as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and

several other like vessels by Messrs. Jones, Quiggan & Co., of Liverpool. She was a sidewheel steamer, long and narrow, drawing about nine feet when loaded, and driven by four oscillating engines, turning huge-feathering paddle wheels; her hull was of steel plates three sixteenths of an inch in thickness; under full steam she had a speed of eighteen knots. On her maiden trip from Bermuda to Wilmington, in command of a captain in the English Naval Reserve, laden with army medicines and contraband goods, she was



LOOKING UP THE JAMES FROM CITY POINT

Showing train of army wagons returning from the front. Headquarters steamer lying at the pier.

Navy of the United States." Mr. Lincoln replied, "I'm only a fresh-water sailor and I guess I have to trust to you salt-water folks when afloat." After a few minutes' talk, mainly as to the size and accommodations of the *Bat*, during which the President said he wanted no luxuries but only plain, simple food and ordinary comfort—that what was good enough for me would be good enough for him—I left him, returned to the Navy Department, and secured orders to Captain Montgomery, commanding the Washington Navy Yard, to do all things needed to make the vessel ready to receive Mr. Lincoln and to finish the work as soon as possible. The *Bat* was the highly developed type of "blockade runner" built for the special purpose with

captured in attempting to run the blockade off Cape Fear River. Condemned as a prize, she was hastily converted into a gunboat for blockading duty.

The next morning early I received orders to report at the White House, and on my arrival there I was at once shown to the President's private room—not his office. Mr. Lincoln was there and received me with great cordiality, but with a certain kind of embarrassment and a look of sadness which struck me forcibly and rather embarrassed me. He appeared tired and worried, and after a few casual remarks said that Mrs. Lincoln had decided that she would accompany him to City Point, and could the *Bat* accommodate her and her maid servant. I was, in sailor's

phrase, taken "all aback." The *Bat* was in no respect adapted to the private life of womankind, nor could she be made so. I ventured to state some of the difficulties—as delicately as I could. "Well," said the President, "I understand, but you will have to see mother," and I was soon ushered into the presence of Mrs. Lincoln.

She received me very graciously, standing with arms folded, and at once opened the

to meet her wishes. In great consternation I went to the Navy Department, and explained to Mr. Fox the situation; how utterly impossible it was to make the *Bat* at all suitable for the reasonable requirements of the wife of the President. Mr. Fox at once recognized the impossibility, and again we went to the White House, where at once received by Mr. Lincoln, when in very funny terms the President translated our difficulties, and



LONG BRIDGE WHERE SHERIDAN'S ARMY CROSSED THE JAMES

The bridge is part pontoon and part piling. A boatload of Federal engineers employed on construction work.

conversation by saying that she had learned from one of her friends, Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Ira Harris, of New York, that I was an old acquaintance and relative. I expressed my great satisfaction at the recognition and remarked that Miss Clara Harris was one of my best friends also.

Mrs. Lincoln then said, "I am going with the President to City Point, and I want you to arrange your ship to take me, my maid, and my officer, as well as the President." There was some other desultory talk, the general result of which was that I would confer with Mr. Lincoln and see what I could do

Mr. Fox promised the President that he would provide another and more appropriate craft for the transportation of his family.

The alterations to the *Bat* were stopped and the steamer *River Queen* was chartered for Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln's accommodation. She was a river passenger side-wheel boat, with the ordinary civilian officers and crew, without armament.

By the orders of the Department, I was directed to accompany her, and keep her in convoy, and was placed under the immediate direction of the President and charged with his safe conduct to City Point and return.



PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE JAMES AT TURKEY BEND

Showing drawbridge open and flooded area on the opposite shore.

During the term of Mr. Lincoln he was constantly threatened with assassination. From the moment of his election before he left Springfield, during the journey to Washington, after his inauguration, and up to the time of the great disaster, threatening or warning letters were constantly received.

He was in constant danger of assault or abduction. This danger was very seriously impressed upon me both by Mr. Fox and Mr. Welles. Mr. Fox particularly felt that the President was incurring great risk in making the journey and living on board an unarmed, fragile river-boat, so easily assailed



NEAR AITKEN'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER

Where the exchange of prisoners between the Federal and Confederate lines was usually effected.

and so vulnerable. Plots and conspiracies were then known or believed to exist against the person of the President. The steamboat *Greyhound*, almost a sister vessel to the *River Queen*, employed by General Butler as his headquarters boat, had lately been destroyed by the explosion of an "infernal machine" while passing from Fortress Monroe to City Point, and General Butler and Admiral Porter, passengers, very narrowly escaped with their lives from the burning ship. The machine in this case—and there were several similar explosions on army transports—consisted of what was an innocent-appearing lump of coal, but was in reality a block of cast iron with a core containing ten or fifteen pounds of powder, or high explosive. Covered with a mixture of tar and coal dust, it was difficult to detect its character. The Confederates had an organized body of men who were charged with the placing of these machines in coal piles, or coal barges, from which our vessels took their supplies.

Mr. Fox laid great stress upon the care to be taken in coaling, and the protection against bombs and infernal machines, poisons, and treachery. It was plain that he was apprehensive, and expressed great regret that the determination of Mrs. Lincoln to accompany the President had made the *Bat* an impossible home for him and his family party. On board of the *Bat* he would have been comparatively secure, and I was confident that he could be surrounded by every possible protective care.

While probably not oblivious to the danger

of his position, President Lincoln was much less disturbed by it than many others. During the journey and upon several occasions after its accomplishment this was a matter of conversation between officers at headquarters, and among naval men. A tremendous and most destructive explosion of a mechanical bomb had just occurred at City Point, upon the dock, wrecking some of the shipping and ruining vast quantities of army stores.

The President expressed great contempt for cowardly assaults of such nature, and lived and moved about in utter disregard of them. Unlike the high officers of all governments to-day, there were no private detectives guarding his person. From time to time, so-called despots on foreign thrones had been threatened or attacked by anarchists and socialistic madmen, but such political crimes were not greatly or publicly apprehended in this country. But of course, owing to the condition of affairs, precautions were to be taken in Mr. Lincoln's journeys and were



LAST PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN BEFORE HIS
ASSASSINATION

Taken March 6, 1865, on the balcony of the White House.

provided by the escort of the *Bat*, and by his military surroundings at General Grant's headquarters at City Point. Whatever uneasiness existed in the minds of the Navy Department officials, however, found no reflection in Mr. Lincoln's mind, and I can assert most positively that during the period of my service in the character of guardian he never exhibited the slightest concern for his personal safety. He lived and moved about as freely and unconcernedly as the least conspicuous citizen, and as I reported to him for orders,

with the usual salute and compliments of the morning and evening, he would lay out his plans for daily excursions to scenes or places of interest with Mrs. Lincoln, his sons, and some invited guests or acquaintances, and waive with great gentleness but firmness all suggestions of escort which had even the appearance of personal protection.

The *River Queen*, closely followed by the *Bat*, left Washington on March 23, 1865, Mr. Lincoln embarking at the Sixth Street wharf at 1 P.M., and anchored off City Point very late on the evening of March 24. Communication was had with General Grant, and it was proposed to hold a general review of the troops before Petersburg the next day at about noon. I reported to Mr. Lincoln early in the morning on the 25th, was invited to breakfast with the family, and escorted Mrs. Lincoln to the breakfast room on the lower or main deck of the *Queen*. Mr. Lincoln, who was not looking well, had been indisposed the day before, and attributed it to the drinking water furnished the *Queen* at Washington; indeed we had stopped at Fortress Monroe the day before and taken on a supply of fresh water in demijohns, for Mr. Lincoln's special use. The only persons present at the breakfast were "Thad," the youngest son, and Captain Penrose, of the Commissary Department. Mr. Lincoln ate very little, but was very jolly and pleasant. While at breakfast, Captain Robert Lincoln came in from General Grant and said that there had been a fight that morning at the front and the action was then going on; that the reports at General Grant's headquarters were meager, but that our troops were successful in repelling an assault upon our lines, and that the proposed review would have to be postponed. Mr. Lincoln sent a dispatch to Mr. Stanton, which he wrote at the table and gave to Captain Lincoln to have sent. He spoke of the fight, made light of it, calling it a "rumpus at the front." After breakfast several officers, including Admiral Porter, called to pay their respects; there was a general conversation, and we all walked up to General Grant's headquarters. There it was learned that the fight at the front had been quite serious, but at that time was practically over, resulting in a decided victory for our men. After some discussion, Mr. Lincoln expressed a great desire to visit the scene of the action, the particulars of which were still wanting, nothing being known except the general result.

General Grant was rather opposed to such a trip for the President, as possibly being an exposure, but the reports from the front, coming in constantly, being reassuring, a special train was made up at about noontime, and with a large party we slowly proceeded over the Military Railroad, roughly constructed between City Point and the front, to General Meade's headquarters. On our arrival there, and indeed before we reached the scene, while we were passing through a portion of the field of battle, the very serious nature of the conflict of that morning was apparent. The Confederates under General Gordon, at early daylight, had made a swift and sudden assault upon our lines of investment of Petersburg, had captured Fort Stedman and several other batteries, with many persons, including a general officer, and driven our men back close to and over the railroad embankment upon which our train was then halted. The ground immediately about us was still strewn with dead and wounded men, Federal and Confederate. The whole army was under arms and moving to the left, where the fight was still going on, and a desultory firing of both musketry and artillery was seen and heard.

Mr. Lincoln was taken in charge by General Meade, and mounted on horseback rode to an eminence near by, from which a good view of the scene could be secured. Horses had been sent out on the train, and I was fortunate in securing one. We passed through the spot where the fight had been most severe, and where great numbers of dead were lying, with burial parties at their dreadful work. Many Confederate wounded were still lying on the ground, being attended to by surgeons and men of the Sanitary Commission, distributing water and bread. We passed by two thousand rebel prisoners of war, herded together, who had been captured within our lines only a few hours before. Mr. Lincoln remarked upon their sad and unhappy condition, and indeed they were as sorry and dirty a lot of humanity as can be imagined, but they had fought desperately, and no doubt were glad to be at rest. Mr. Lincoln was quiet and observant, making few comments, and listened to explanations in a cool, collected manner, betraying no excitement, but his whole face showing sympathetic feeling for the suffering about him. Before returning to the train a flag of truce was flying between the opposing lines, now each re-occupied, and ambulances were moving and

burial parties from the Confederate lines occupied in taking off the wounded and burying the dead lying between the lines where the slaughter of Confederates had been greatest. Once again on the train, to which cars filled with our wounded men had been attached, Mr. Lincoln looked worn and haggard. He remarked that he had seen enough of the horrors of war, that he hoped this was the beginning of the end, and that there would be no more bloodshed or ruin of homes. Indeed, then and many times after did he reiterate the same hope with grave earnestness.

I related to him an incident of that day when, having received a haversack of crackers and a canteen of water, I employed a half hour in going among the wounded lying on the ground, and came across a little red-headed boy in butternut clothes, moaning, and muttering over and over, "Mother! Mother!" I asked him where he was hurt, when he looked up at me and turned toward me the back of his head, where a bullet had plowed a ghastly furrow, and then with the effort expired. Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears and his voice was choked with emotion, and he repeated the well-known expression about "robbing the cradle and the grave."

We returned slowly by train to City Point. Mr. Lincoln, overcome by the excitement and events of the day, desired to rest on the *Queen* with his family, and, declining the invitation to take supper at General Grant's headquarters, saw no one again that evening. Briefly, what he had that morning telegraphed to Mr. Stanton and described as a "rumpus at the front" was a most sanguinary battle and almost the last of the war. The losses on the Confederate side were as reported the next day, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, nearly five thousand men, and on the Federal side over two thousand. On the following day, the 26th, many dead and some wounded still lay unburied and unattended between the lines of intrenchment only a few yards apart. On the 26th, on reporting to Mr. Lincoln, I found him quite recovered from the fatigue and excitement of the day before; reports from the front were wholly reassuring, our troops back in their original positions, with some material advantages gained along the lines. The President, while lamenting the great loss of life and the sufferings of the wounded, expressed the greatest confidence that the war was drawing to

an end. He read me several dispatches from Mr. Stanton, expressing anxiety as to his exposing himself, and drawing contrasts between the duty of a "general" and a "president"; also several dispatches from the front sent him by General Grant. He was greatly pleased to hear that General Sheridan had reached the bank of the river at Harrison's Landing, and that his cavalry would that day cross and join General Grant's army. After breakfast Mr. Lincoln went to Grant's headquarters and sent some dispatches to Mr. Stanton, saying that he would take care of himself.

General Sheridan and General Ord were there, also several other generals and Admiral Porter. It was suggested that, as the President had seen a "fight instead of a review" the day before, he should employ the day in an excursion to see Sheridan's troops crossing the river at Harrison's Landing, review the naval flotilla, and then review General Ord's division then encamped on the left bank of the James, near Malvern Hill, the scene of the bloody battle between Magruder's and General McClellan's armies.

Horses and ambulances for the ladies were placed on the *River Queen*, as Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant were to attend these ceremonies, and soon we were passing down the river to the point of the crossing of Sheridan's troops. General Sheridan was of the party, and the President very kindly insisted that I should "come along," as he expressed it.

The scene was a lively one, and the President enjoyed it hugely. A pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river, over which were passing, in a stream, Sheridan's cavalry, while the bank of the river was lined with them, some bathing and watering their horses, laughing and shouting to each other and having a fine time. They soon found out that the President was watching them and cheered vociferously. A few moments were given to this, and then the *River Queen* turned and passed through the naval flotilla, ranged in double line, dressed with flags, the crews on deck cheering as the *River Queen* passed by. Admiral Porter had sent his orders ahead before starting, and the ships made a brave show and the President was apparently delighted and the Admiral naturally very proud of his command. Mr. Lincoln as he passed each vessel waved his high hat as if saluting old friends in his native town, and

seemed as happy as a schoolboy. On reaching the *Malvern*, Admiral Porter's flagship, the *Queen* went alongside, and we found there spread out in her spacious cabin a grand luncheon. How the Admiral could have gotten up such a repast on so short a notice was a source of wonder and surprise to Mr. Lincoln, as it was to everyone who enjoyed it. It was the cause of funny comments and remarks by the President, contrasting army and naval life, as was witnessed by the laughter among the group immediately about him, of which he was the moving spirit. Luncheon over, we all reëmbarked on the *Queen*, and she proceeded to Aitken's Landing, where the horses and ambulances were put ashore. Many officers of General Ord's division were in waiting to accompany and escort the President to the field review, which was to be reached over a rough corduroy road leading to the pontoon bridge close by, connecting the right and left wings of the army.

The arrangements were that Mr. Lincoln should go on horseback, accompanied by General Grant and General Ord with their respective staffs (I am not certain that General Sheridan also was with the President), then Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant were to be conducted to the ground in an ambulance, under the special escort of Gen. Horace Porter and Colonel Badeau. General Porter very kindly but reluctantly, and with some misgivings as to my horsemanship, and jocular remarks about sailors on horseback, lent me his own favorite steed. There was some delay in starting, owing, it was said, to the unreadiness of the ladies, but at last the cavalcade got off, General Grant and General Ord, riding on each side of the President, leading. The ambulance with Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant was to follow. Just as we left, General Ord introduced me to his wife, who was also on horseback, saying, "Captain, I put Mrs. Ord in charge of the navy"; so Mrs. Ord and I closed up the rear. She was a remarkably handsome woman, and a most accomplished equestrienne, riding with extreme grace a spirited bay horse. General Ord also referred to the horsemanship of sailors, but added that Mrs. Ord would look out for me.

There were probably twenty or thirty officers and a few orderlies in the party, all in their best uniforms, and as brilliant a squadron as could be expected from an army in the field. The President was in high spirits,

laughing and chatting first to General Grant and then to General Ord as they rode forward through the woods and over the swamps on the rather intricate and tortuous approach to the pontoon bridge. The distance to General Ord's encampment was about three or four miles. The President was dressed in a long-tailed black frock coat, not buttoned, black vest, low cut, with a considerable expanse of a rather rumpled shirt front, a black carelessly tied necktie, black trousers without straps, which, as he ambled along, gradually worked up uncomfortably and displayed some inches of white socks. Upon his head he wore a high silk hat, rather out of fashion, and innocent of a brush for many days, if ever it had been smoothed by one. He rode with some ease, however, with very long stirrup leathers, lengthened to their extreme to suit his extraordinarily long limbs. His horse was gentle with an easy pacing, or single-foot, gait, and our progress was rapid; but owing to the luncheon and delay in starting we reached the parade ground at a late hour.

The division was under arms drawn up in a wide field at parade rest, and had been so for several hours. After hurried conferences with the commanding officer, General Ord reported to General Grant, who referred to the President, with the statement that the soldiers' mealtime was long past, and asked should the review be delayed to await the coming of Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant, not yet arrived—in fact, as it turned out, the ambulance under charge of Porter and Badeau had either missed the route or was entangled in the maze of the rough approaches to the pontoon. Mr. Lincoln exclaimed against any further postponement, and in a few minutes the review commenced; the President, with General Grant and General Ord leading, proceeded to the right of the line and passed in front, the bands playing, colors dipping, and the soldiers at present arms. Mrs. Ord asked me whether it was proper for her to accompany the cavalcade, now very numerous. I replied that I was ignorant of army usages and ceremonies, but a staff officer, to whom I referred the matter, said, "Of course! Come along!" and gladly enough we fell in the rear and followed the reviewing column. Halfway down the line the ambulance with the ladies drove in upon the field. Seeing it, Mrs. Ord exclaimed, "There come Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant. I think I had better join them." Reining out of the crowd, we galloped across the field and

drew up by the side of the wagon. Our reception was not cordial; it was evident that some unpleasantness had occurred. Porter and Badeau looked unhappy, and Mrs. Grant silent and embarrassed. It was a painful situation from which the only escape was to retire. The review was over, and Mrs. Ord and myself with a few officers rode back to headquarters at City Point.

After visiting the *River Queen* I retired early, rather tired with my unwonted horseback exercise; but about eleven o'clock I was awakened by the orderly, with a message from the President saying that he would like to see me on the *River Queen*. I dressed as quickly as possible, repaired on board, and found Mr. Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln awaiting me in the upper saloon. The President seemed weary and greatly distressed, with an expression of sadness that seemed the accentuation of the shadow of melancholy which at times so marked his features. He took little part in the conversation which ensued, which evidently followed some previous discussion with Mrs. Lincoln, who had objected very strenuously to the presence of other ladies at the review that day, and had thought that Mrs. Ord had been too prominent in it, that the troops were led to think that she was the wife of the President, who had distinguished her with too much attention. Mr. Lincoln very gently suggested that he had hardly remarked the presence of the lady, but Mrs. Lincoln was hardly to be pacified and appealed to me to support her views. Of course I could not umpire such a question, and could only state why Mrs. Ord and myself found ourselves in the reviewing column, and how immediately we withdrew from it upon the appearance of the ambulance with Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant.

It was a very unhappy experience, the particulars of which need not be gone into, nor would I here refer to it, but that it has been referred to by others in various publications and bears upon the cause of the vein of sadness which ran through the naturally cheerful disposition of the greatest and noblest man this country has produced. I extricated myself as well as I could, but with difficulty, and asked permission to retire, the President bidding me good night sadly and gently.

The following morning I reported as usual to the President, who received me with marked kindness, read to me, in the small stateroom converted into an office, his dispatches from Mr. Stanton and the news from the front, particularly the reports of the casualties of the battle on the 25th, which greatly increased the numbers previously reported on both sides. Thad was about, demonstrative as usual, clinging to his father and caressed affectionately by him. I inquired for Mrs. Lincoln, hoping that she had recovered from the fatigue of the previous day. Mr. Lincoln said that she was not at all well, and expressed the fear that the excitements of the surroundings were too great for her, or for any woman. After a few minutes thus passed, Mr. Lincoln said he was going to General Grant's headquarters and asked me to go there with him, which we proceeded to do afoot.

City Point was a busy place; the river crowded with gunboats, monitors, transports, and colliers; the quartermaster's docks lined with vessels of every description unloading stores and munitions for the Grand Army; large storehouses filled to repletion covered the docks and approaches; innumerable teams were going and coming to and from the front every hour of the day and night. For convenience in landing and returning, the *River Queen* had been placed alongside the dock and a gangplank connected her with the wharf. The *Martin*, a similar steamboat to the *Queen*, was also fastened to the dock. She was General Grant's headquarters boat, and upon her Mrs. Grant and her family were living. It was sometimes a question as to precedence as to which boat should lie inside—a question not raised by Mr. Lincoln. But Mrs. Lincoln thought that the President's boat should have place, and declined to go ashore if she had to do so over Mrs. Grant's boat, and several times the *Martin* was pushed out and the *Queen* in, requiring some work and creating confusion, despite Mr. Lincoln's expostulations. The boats came to be called "Mrs. Lincoln's boat" and "Mrs. Grant's boat" and the open discussions between their respective skippers were sometimes warm. Of course, neither Mr. Lincoln nor General Grant took any notice of such trivialities.

(To be continued.)

BY INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT

BY GEORGE BUCHANAN FIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



WIDE-SPACED, star-flanked line of brass letters spanned the *Resolution's* quarter-deck and bade the ship's company *STAND FAST.*

In the silence of sanded decks and a waiting crew or in dire stress of weather, these two words summed up everything expected of man and ship; now they seemed merely a succinct version of the Commodore's orders and an admonition in particular to the weedy buoy at which the sloop of war rode in Kai Fong harbor. For the flagship had run in that morning and the *Resolution's* wardroom mess had regretfully seen an end to dinners, teas, garden parties, and the allied pursuits, and resigned itself to the coming sailing orders. But the Commodore, far from dragging the *Resolution* from the peace and plenty of Kai Fong, instructed her to remain at her mooring until relieved by the *Suwanee*, then at Yokohama. This official business ended, and certain formalities attended to ashore and aboard, the flagship sailed for Nagasaki, having a diplomatic dignity to set down there. As she towered down the roadstead the relief of the *Resolution's* wardroom mess was immeasurable, for the engagements of the day are as much a part of the affairs of ships in Kai Fong harbor as the squaring of yards.

The hospitality of Kai Fong, which is proverbial, was not the sole basis of a wardroom prayer that the *Suwanee* might be long in coming; it arose also from the knowledge that the Fourth of July of the Year of the Independence of the United States the One Hundredth would arrive in three days and present to the *Resolution*, if she were alone in the harbor, the opportunity of a lifetime. The im-

portance of the opportunity had been discussed in the wardroom for several evenings, and, with the approval of Captain Waring, it was decided that on the Fourth the entire British colony should be entertained aboard at a luncheon and dance. Kai Fong should have a doughty rival in hospitality.

At the time this agreement was reached it possessed no very formidable elements, but on the afternoon of July 2d, into the harbor of Kai Fong came the British Flying Squadron, and, in its wake, two Frenchmen, an iron-clad cruiser and a gunboat; a Russian sloop of war, and a German corvette. They cast anchor, banged out their salutes, and an international complication glimmered on the horizon.

"Nice outlook for our little party, isn't it?" Kellott, the navigator, asked, unbuckling his sword belt, the visiting formalities ended.

"Couldn't be better," Cains replied. "They'll help fill up the corners."

"Who?" Kellott had, for the moment, forgotten the exhortation at the break of the poop.

"Why, those people," Cains said conclusively, indicating the assembled war ships. "We've got to have every mother's son aboard if we sink at our mooring. There's nothing else for it. Now, my advice to you is to go and brush up your languages."

After dinner that evening Cains spent at least an hour convincing the mess what a simple thing it was to entertain a few hundred persons at luncheon.

"All we have to do," he explained, "is to invite them. They'll come; they know what the Fourth of July is. And once we get them here I'll warrant you we send them off rejoicing. My, my, what an opportunity this is!"

Cains stopped at the sideboard on his way out of the wardroom and drummed a ringing note on the *Resolution's* historic punch bowl. "It will give me great pleasure," he said, "to undertake the responsibility of this feature of the entertainment."

Under the guidance of Clayton, two large batches of invitations were prepared, one for the ships, the other for the colony, and dispatched without delay. Five minutes after the launch had put off with them, a messenger brought to the ship a large, square card, whereon, beneath an elaborate cipher in gilt, it was set forth that the Kai Fong Club requested the honor of the presence of Captain Waring and the officers of the United States Ship *Resolution* at a naval ball in the City Hall on the evening of July 4th. Dancing at nine o'clock.

"I wonder what will come next," Clayton said when the news reached him.

"Perhaps an invitation to tea and fire-crackers from the Emperor," Cains suggested.

"Or the coroner to take ante-mortem statements." This from Wilbourne, with a side-long look at Cains, who, during the greater part of the afternoon, had appropriated the services of Tchisai, the Japanese wardroom boy, and been overheard drilling fundamental facts into him.

"Well, they say drowning is not altogether an unpleasant death," was Cains's only comment.

The Fourth fell on a fine day with not so much as a hint of the *Suwanee* on the horizon. Long before the sun was over the foreyard, the *Resolution* was bunting from truck to fife rail. To Clayton, who had the artistic eye, was intrusted the decoration of the quarter-deck. He covered everything with flags, had the bright work rubbed golden and the awnings stretched tight as drumheads. When the regulations had been complied with and the smoke had blown out of the harbor, the wardroom mess, with the exception of Cains, rested and waited. Cains and Tchisai were busy to the last.

Soon after two o'clock the boarding began, and it would have done credit to Malay pirates. The women bustled fluffily aboard, swept the ship with a smile, and took possession. The foreigners trooped over the side, clicked their heels together as they stepped from the gangway, and launched into the weather. Wilbourne and Clayton were the pilot detail, charged with the duty of steering the visitors into congenial havens. Kellott

and Blairham, who were mature of thought, had been told off to aid Pelham, the sky pilot, in making things pleasant for the elderly colonials. Cains took up a strategic position on the starboard beam of the bowl, which was enthroned under the star-flanked watchword, with Tchisai maneuvering in the middle distance. At the forward limit of the quarter-deck the luncheon table was set out with a tempting array of delicacies and a large receptacle containing a pinkish, undecided-looking liquid which had been conceived by Blairham, approved by Pelham, and was highly recommended by both. Cains said afterwards that from where he had stood it looked very nice indeed.

The pilot detail rendered distinguished service, and Cains was kept busy in five languages attending to the duties of his office. It was as much as he, aided by the ever-faithful Tchisai, could do to sustain the tradition of the bowl and keep the upper blue ring and the anchor submerged. He had been so mysterious about the brew that the wardroom regarded it with something of suspicion. To this day it is known as "That *Resolution* Fourth-of-July Mixture."

"It's after a very old recipe," Cains said confidently to Chevikoff of the *Vladimir Donskoi*. The Russian viewed his second glass critically for a moment and said:

"We have the son of this aboard the *Vladimir*. I make him of a hundred things, all different. Yes, the *son* to this—not the father."

One of the Englishmen at Cains's elbow declared it reminded him of a night he had spent with the officers of a Highland regiment at Gibraltar.

"Ah! I have heard," Chevikoff exclaimed. "One is entertained—in the morning he is—so, yes?" He laid his limp gloves across his palm. The Englishman nodded, and Chevikoff, raising his glass head-high with an impressive flourish, cried, "For the honor of the flag!" and drained it.

"You shall most certainly be mentioned in dispatches," Cains said, inclining his head gravely. Chevikoff brought his heels together sharply and flung his hand to the salute. After that he was appointed first assistant pilot.

Once, when the pilots were well away, Clayton edged up to Cains and asked in a subdued voice, "What is this?"

"What, this?" Cains took a thoughtful sip. "Why, it's—I'll give you my word I've

forgotten. Sh-h-h; here comes the Russian. Tchisai, another glass."

Several times in the course of the day this same question was put to Cains by Kellott, Blairham, and Wilbourne, but without successful answer. When Tchisai was asked he simply showed his white teeth and shook his head.

"It should satisfy you to know I'm in the ship," Cains said to Wilbourne. "When I'm detached I'll leave the recipe with you as a keepsake. Chinchin!"

It was close upon two bells when the visitors began to leave. The quiet of the Eastern afternoon had come down upon the harbor and with the passing of the breeze the *Resolution's* flags hung in idle folds as if all the merriment had been blown out of them. About the foot of the ladder and at the lower boom a varied brood of small boats crowded under the ship's side, the watermen pushing and hauling for vantage points, and the boat crews, stolidly indifferent to commercial rivalry, sitting patiently in their places. The descent into the boats was productive of much merry confusion and consumed a great deal of time, the foreigners vying with one another in escorting certain young and pretty persons to the water stairs. In several instances this disrupted families. Cains heard a bewildered

young woman say that her mother had gone ashore with one party in a Russian cutter and her sister with another in a German cutter, and that she really did not know what to do as there were three determined men at her side who swore by their gods never to leave the gallant ship without her. Cains promptly handed her in to the *Resolution's* launch, and, in excess at seeing her go, one of the Frenchmen clapped his hands to his heart, dropped her gloves into the water, and then nearly fell in after them.

The last boat to put off from the *Resolution* was a Russian cutter with Chevi-koff standing and waving eloquent farewells. And for the first time that day the upper blue ring and the anchor were high and dry.

In the glow of countless lanterns a jostling crowd

of 'rickshaw men, chair bearers, runners, coolie servants, and Sepoy policemen filled the Victoria Square before the City Hall when the dignitaries, dames, and daughters of the colony and their naval guests arrived for the ball. The Hall itself was ablaze with light, and long lines of lanterns spanned the lawns and flanked the wide driveway to the entrance. Over all swung the soft night breeze and the wavering music. Under the flag canopy in the ballroom the receiving



"The women bustled fluffily aboard."

party, supported by a very imposing array of colonial officials, welcomed the guests, and there Cains and Chevikoff met and underwent the ceremony together. As almost everyone in the room had been aboard the *Resolution* that afternoon, Cains heard a great deal concerning the ship's hospitality, especially from Chevikoff, who at least ten times during the evening entertained him with a dumb show, in which the Russian laid a glove across his palm and shook his head with triumphant vehemence.

"Never mind," Cains said to him. "We'll engage a chemist next time."

The ball progressed famously. Everyone danced, walked, and talked with everyone else. After midnight there was a respite during which the company, with due adherence to the rules of dignity and precedence, passed into an adjoining chamber where, like an inviting camp, innumerable small tables had been pitched in long snowy lines. The room was brilliant with lights and flags and flowers. Somewhere beyond the wide doorway the post and flagship bands played alternately. Cains with one of the beauties of the ball, the daughter of the commandant, and Chevikoff with another, the daughter's mother, shared a table with Maude, of the *Thunderation*, and the governor's niece.

Before supper was ended Chevikoff for the eleventh time indulged in the byplay with the glove. The commandant's wife looked up quickly.

"Mr. Chevikoff has told me you are quite

a—man-killer, Mr. Cains," she said.

"Yes? Well, it's one phase of the service, you know," Cains replied lightly.

"Aw, haw, haw! Good. Aw!" This was Maude, after an interval. "Now it's your turn, Chevikoff."

"Mine will come on the *Vladimir Donskoi*," the Russian said as they arose.

After supper there was another hour's dancing and then came the leave-takings, the bands ranging through the several national airs as a sort of obligato.

Cains was descending the steps with the commandant's fair daughter when one of the Englishmen of the



"Yes, the son to this—not the father."

garrison called to him an invitation to stop at the Hall on his way to the ship. "One of your Russian friends wants to see you," he said, by way of explanation. Cains convoyed his charge to the haven of her doorway and returned to the City Hall. Upon his arrival the two bands were playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" in a way to be heard a full nautical mile. Chevikoff was awaiting him in the lantern light at the entrance and, linking arms with him, led him into the supper room. There representatives of ships and shore, twenty or more of them, had already gathered. From behind a wide screen in a corner came a sound as of desultory target practice with small arms. After each discharge the gunners appeared with the pieces swathed in napkins, deposited them upon the nearest tables, and scurried behind the fortifications to make ready for the next round. Quite a volley was fired as a salute to Cains, who was

diligently but unsuccessfully urged by Chevikoff to make a speech.

"No?" the Russian said. "Then I make one!" Thereupon he mounted a chair amid much applause and proposed a toast embracing the nations, their rulers, the Kai Fong Club, the *Resolution*, Cains's mixture, the men behind the screen, the Fourth, and the world in general. This was followed by a song by one of the Englishmen who started out valiantly enough, but had to stop after a few bars and essay it in a lower key. When the chorus came everyone joined in, those not familiar with the tune taking tow one note behind. Then some one sang in German, another in Spanish, and another in French. After the songs there were more toasts and then more songs, the gunfire behind the screen never waning.

One of the Germans who happened to be leaning against Cains—and Cains said afterwards he was not sure it was a German, that it might have been a Spaniard—turned to him suddenly and asked in a stagy whisper if he had ever played the oboe. Cains replied that he did not think so as he was not at all sure he knew an oboe by sight. The Teuto-Spaniard indicated the general shape of the instrument and explained that the most one really had to do with it was to blow—a very simple matter. This made the oboe eminently alluring, but Cains ventured a preference for the bass drum as rather more distinguished and forceful.

For some time the Hispano-Teuton had been eyeing the musicians through the arched doorway at the other end of the long room. The baton of the leader could be seen above the wall of greenery, flourish-

ishing in the finale. As soon as the number ended Cains's companion clutched him by the sleeve. "Come!" he said. "I will show you, but say nothing—not now." He clutched the sleeve tighter and piloted Cains down the room. Presently they disappeared behind the green wall. When they reappeared the Teuto-Spaniard had an oboe and Cains was leaning far backward to counterbalance the weight of an immense drum.

A toast or a speech or something of the kind was being delivered in the vicinity of the screen, so Cains and his musical friend were not just then discovered. He drew Cains gently aside, snapping the keys of the oboe familiarly as several of the musicians were peering over the greenery, and explained that now they would rehearse a minute before the triumphal entry.

"You see," he said, adjusting his fingers, "I do him so, and then, and then—I blow—" The oboe responded with two sharp snorts and a quiver. "Good, good!" Cains cried, beating time with his drumstick. "Now a long one, take a deep breath—keep more holes open—now!" He inflated himself out of sheer sympathy and, to encourage the performer, struck his drum a resounding thump.

The oboe player jumped in alarm, and what was to have been a master note ended in a noise like the rending of a sail. Cains was filled with the confusion of guilt and stood as one with a millstone about his neck. "Forgot myself," he declared. "Forgot entirely—too much enthusiasm. Couldn't help it, just carried away, carried away."

"Ah, if you had only waited!" the other cried in almost tearful reproach. "I had him all fixed."

There was no



"I do him so."

time to try the thing over because the snorts and the boom of the drum had acted upon the screen party as a call to arms and in an instant Cains and the oboe player were surrounded.

"So, a duet!" Chevikkoff exclaimed and at once began crying "Encore! Encore!" at the top of his great voice, the assemblage applauding uproariously.

"Shall we?" Cains's companion asked, raising his instrument in added interrogation.

"Yes, let's give 'em 'The Battle of Prague,'" Cains replied, and immediately began a thunderous assault upon the drum. The determined man with the oboe was not to be outdone, and several times he blew notes which sounded high above the din Cains was making. Suddenly Chevikkoff burst through the crowd with a pair of cymbals and "The Battle of Prague" became terrific. Then some one pushed the Russian forward and pulled Cains and the oboe player into position behind him and the procession was formed.

Around and around the room went the brave company, stopping from time to time at the screen, where Cains changed the drumstick to his other hand and the oboe performer paused long enough in his labors to let the blood flow back from his face.

It was during one of these wayside haltings that a slim-waisted Russian became enamored of the fit of a Frenchman's coat. Something, he confessed, drew him irresistibly toward it, as only such a coat could, and he was sure, absolutely, perfectly, entirely sure that it would fit him, especially on the shoulders! And would the owner of such a perfect coat permit him to try it on? The Frenchman with a succession of bows modestly admitted the charm of his coat to be equaled only by the enchantment of the Russian's, but, he said, it was as nothing without the beautiful waistcoat. And, he added, what could more delight him than to exchange coats, if waistcoats were included, with his good friend; indeed he would even hold it, so, and direct the arm into the sleeve. Now, would the good friend help also—yes, of course the waistcoat must always go on first; it was one of the conventions.

The trying-on process was watched by a critical audience which indulged in all manner of needless suggestions, and finally saw to it that each of the coats was properly adjusted. As soon as the coats were on, the Frenchman announced his intention to sing, and forthwith started in on "Boje Tsarya

Hranie," to the joyous surprise of the Russian. He wagged his head in time with the anthem, and as a return salute threw out his chest and roared the "Marseillaise." As some one else was pounding the bass drum, Cains hollowed his hands about his mouth and called for Chevikkoff. The Russian came up with his coat in his hand. Behind him was the earnest man with the oboe in heavily laced Spanish regalia, which filled every requirement save that of fit. Somehow or other Chevikkoff managed to squeeze into Cains's coat, whereas Cains shared, Siamese-twin fashion, a sleeve and half of the back of the Russian's coat with Maude, of the *Thunderation*. When everyone had been equipped to his taste the procession formed again. Cains regained his drum, Chevikkoff his cymbals, and the other his oboe, and, with the music well in front, the column moved off.

The duration of the march does not appear in the record of that night which has been handed down in wardroom tradition, but Cains was always willing to swear that the last he saw of Chevikkoff, the Russian was telling a lean Hokkaido pony at the landing stairs, that while its face was perfectly familiar, its name had completely escaped his recollection.

The fifth of July was a blazing day. Kai Fong baked on its hillside in a swimming mist, its rows of yellowish houses like loaves in an oven. Not a breeze stirred across the oily glaze of the harbor. The ships were served up to the sun on a lacquered tray. Cains had the *Resolution's* deck and it was all he could do to breathe under the awnings. Aloft the rigging oozed; the wind sails hung like dead fishes with their mouths foolishly agape. Kellott and Cunningham were sprawling in wicker deck-chairs, fanning for dear life.

Presently a cutter from the French flagship was reported coming alongside.

"Some one after the recipe, probably," Kellott said, watching the gangway.

"No, most likely wants to enroll as a survivor," Cunningham suggested as a French lieutenant stepped down upon the deck.

In a few adroitly selected sentences the visitor presented to Cains his compliments and those of his ship and touched feelingly upon the heat of the day. Kellott and Cunningham came slowly forward and aided Cains in the greetings. It was indeed a supreme pleasure, the Frenchman declared,

to be aboard the *Resolution* so soon again, and it was quite impossible, yes, quite, for him to think of remaining for more than a brief time, although nothing could pain him more than to leave; but he had come aboard upon what he sorrowfully felt must be an

errand without fruit, save, of course, that he was altogether charmed to stand upon the *Resolution's* hospitable quarter-deck once more, but could there be, by any hazard, the least hazard — and it desolated him to mention it — could there be such a miserable thing as a French uniform coat aboard the *Resolution* that most disagreeable day? And, alas, if not that, was it not a possibility that there might be a waistcoat, a simple little waistcoat, or an epaulet or two? Would so strange an inquiry be understood and forgiven, and was it not one most terrible day for the heat?

With many engaging smiles Cains placed the visitor in Kellott's hands, assuring him that on United States vessels the navigator very properly had charge of such matters.

When Kellott and the Frenchman returned to the deck the result of the search was evident in the compactly wrapped package the navigator carried. "We did find a coat," he said jauntily to Cunningham. "It was in Cains's room—No, no," to the visitor, "I

beg that you'll not apologize. Mr. Cains had forgotten all about it."

No sooner had the Frenchman gone over the side than a Russian launch was reported. There was a brisk step on the ladder, and Chevikoff sprang aboard looking as if he had just popped out of a bandbox. His apologies and explanations were cut short by an invitation to the wardroom.

"And Mr. Cains?" he asked with fine regret.

"Cains? Oh, yes — this is his busy day," Kellott answered.

"Ah! A mark of special distinction; I understand," the Russian said, saluting the officer of the deck with pointed precision. As he moved away with Kellott he laid one of his gloves across his palm and shook his head.

"For the honor of the flag!" was all that Cains said.

In due season another carefully wrapped bundle was produced, and as it was carried down to the waiting launch Chevikoff followed, smiling.

They stood in the gangway and watched the launch dwindle across the water, Chevikoff again eloquently waving his farewells, and then Cains turned to Kellott.

"Isn't it high time we should send out a boat?" he asked.



"The Russian came up with his coat in his hand."

THE COURT OF A COMIC-OPERA MONARCH

BY W. G. FITZGERALD*



THROUGH dense myrtles and oleander I had crossed the River of Pearls and now looked down on Old Fez from the flanks of Gibel Nazala. And at the sight I forgot the sordid worries of a month's caravan travel. A hoary "Shrine of Twenty Thousand Saints," framed in scarlet bells of pomegranate and tamarisk slopes of golden brown; over her white brows and tufted palms rose a nimbus of violet hills; a fairy city of green and gold domes and minarets; vast crumbling walls and fighting towers, moated and turreted as in crusaders' days.

A tenuous wraith of the haughty seat of the Caliphate, shimmering in the haze, more lovely in decay than Damascus or Cairo, Bagdad or Shiraz, and with pitiful remains of her seven hundred mosques and universities, with vast classic libraries founded by pious princes who dictated terms to the Old World a thousand years ago. A forgotten stronghold, whose story goes back to Homeric Odysseus; to Carthaginian days and Roman; to Vandal and Byzantine and Visigoth. A civilization old, perhaps, as Egypt's own—yet for ages a Moslem Lhassa, closed, mysterious and fanatical, ringed in by jealous peaks, infolded in groves of orange and pomegranate, almond and fig, date palm, apricot and lemon, that dropped snowy stars on the vine-trellised roofs of mazy streets. "O Fas," sang old Abu-el-Fadhl, "thy waters

are sweeter than honey and whiter than silver. Thy freshness is the health of my soul!"

Morocco's heart, filled full with palaces gorgeous as the Alhambra, peopled by men and maids idle as the Lotophagi of Homer! But alas, my reverie ends with the return of El Glawi, with the Attaché, a bright boy just out from home, reveling in the fun.

"Tell you what," he says, "we ought to be mighty grateful for Morocco in a drear, ugly age like this. Why, look: Empire and Sultan are just a huge Eastern joke played on dull Western wits. You see the green towers of the Imperial Harem over there? Well, sir, silken strings are pulled behind those walls, and the Kaiser at Potsdam responds with capers that scare the world's peace. And more: at the Quai d'Orsay the Foreign Minister falls off his perch; while war ships are hauled this way and that, and the Powers are told the only decent man to negotiate with is the kidnaper and brigand Rais Uli! Biggest joke in history, I tell you; but it'll have a tragic end."

The lad was full of his subject. "To think," he went on, "of an International Conference sitting across the Straits there, whereasing and resoluting over piracy and slave auctions and things we all thought only existed to-day in musty history books and dime novels for boys! And say, before you leave you'll see the biggest of all—Diplomatic Missions. O Lord! first Sir Arthur Nicolson, British Envoy; lands from a cruiser at the Waterport (I was down by the sea for three

* EDITORIAL NOTE:—Mr. FitzGerald has just returned from the "Land of the Setting Sun," upon which he is an authority, having traversed it from Tetuan to the Great Atlas many times, in the past twelve years. His latest expedition, on which he was accompanied by his wife, fitted out last spring, at Es Souerah (or Mogador) on the Atlantic Coast, and proceeded over the Great Plain of Marrakush, skirting the snowy Atlas Chain, to the Southern Capital. Thence the Expedition returned to the coast at Mazagan, went up to the Holy City of Rabat, and on to immemorial Fez, which was a great seat of classic learning when our ancestors were little better than savages. The author has had many audiences of the Sultan, both at Fez and Marrakush, and was afforded unique privileges of taking notes and photographs.

days), grave as an owl; grand uniform crisscrossed with orders. City's walls saluted him with cracked guns three centuries old, let off by a dare-devil with a twenty-foot pole.

"And up to court comes the Mission, with letters of safe conduct like Nehemiah of old. A reception in the big square; a delivery of presents whose value is mercilessly assessed by the young viziers, and then away coastward leaving behind 'representations' in classic Arabic. Next Von Tattenbach, the pompous German; and after *him* René de Taillandier from Paris. Same grand entry; same appraisal of presents; same grand retreat.

"And now comes our man Gummere with an \$8,000 silver vase from President Roosevelt and a big following of sports. Well, friend, it amuses the court, but they'd rather have the biograph man. The women find him more amusing. And remember, behind the harem walls over there you'll find at least three hundred and fifty 'whips of Satan' (Koranic, this); so what *they* say goes. I tell you that fellow was more fun here than the zoo or the gold cameras, the toy railroads or fire balloons, motor car or circus, traction engines or bullfights, bikes or billiard tables.

"Of course the chap knew the Imperial Harem was sacrosanct. And so he worked his show in a kind of double room that glowed with deep old arabesques in scarlet and sapphire. He projected his pictures through a narrow doorway across which a guard of palace eunuchs lolled their monstrous bodies, shaking with shrill elfin glee. But come on; your house is ready."

So saying my bright Attaché put his foot in the stirrup and vaulted on his Arab. We filed slowly down the rocky trail, past the olive-shaded springs of Old Fez. The "New City," built in 1204, lies higher. It consists mainly of the colleges, government offices, and the far-stretching palace, with its great crenelated forts and vast squares, where receptions of tribal chiefs and Christian envoys are held with every circumstance of barbaric splendor.

My house was an Arab court; its hush was softly broken by rippling fountains whose waters ran away in marble runnels. And there were the low songs of strange birds in the thick lemon grove beyond. Open to the blazing stars, queer little rooms led from it. And on one side rose a superb Moorish arch giving access to a true "field of the slothful." Here great roses lay like crimson splashes on big banks of lilies; the whole all but smothered

in a tangle of blue borage and marigold, with rioting vines that ringed big acacias and mulberries in rapturous green embrace. There were hangings of old brocade, soft divans from Mequinez, and silk carpets from Rabat and Sallee—whence the Barbary pirates came forth to terrorize the sea when Shakespeare was writing "Hamlet."

The Attaché left me, bubbling with exuberance. And I dined on the floor from big dishes with high conical tops—mutton stewed with plums and dates, koos-koos of wheat meal and chicken, with sweetmeats and green tea, rare fruits and coffee—all served by silent, barefoot slaves carrying trays of hammered brass. I sat awhile soothed by the murmur of the water runnels. Then having turned my last sheep into the bedroom to collect the fleas I laid me down and slept.

"Next day to the palace," as old Pepys would say. A good day, too; a day when tribal princes from Soos and Tarudant, from the date oasis of Figuig and Tafilalt, would be received in state in the Great Square. I dressed with care and bade my men make a brave show, worthy of *tabib* or scribe from overseas. I was neither "bashador" nor "teja" (merchant), I reminded them. Nor had I any ax, political or commercial, to grind beneath the Scarlet Parasol. I came merely as one paying homage to the sway of the East.

At ten came the Attaché full of scandal and gossip. Young Gharnit was to be disgraced—might even leave his head above the vast arch of the Bab M'Baruk. Kaid Anfioos had arrived from Imantanoot with presents of horses and women, silver and young slaves from Timbuktu and Lake Tchad. And the Maghzen (Moorish Cabinet) were about to spring a surprise on the Powers—and much else. I fear I didn't heed him.

We pricked forth from city to city, one within another like an ivory treasure box from Mandalay; past the War Office, a damp and crumbling wreck; and the palaces of chamberlains and masters of keys, and saintly shereefs, powerful Germanic prince-bishops, ages ago; through the roaring bazars with their pergola trellis; past boxlike stores selling incense and rose leaves, gold dust and feathers, spices and sweetmeats. And here is the Great Square, trembling with color and life as its thousands await God's Regent on Earth.

Tribal princes caracole on superb stallions, checked by cruel double curbs; their accouterments and great shovel stirrups jingle harshly;

their gunstocks gleam with gems. Libyan slaves run on either side with skirts uplifted. There are wild fellows from the Anjerah Hills, from the unconquered Rahamna, from the Rif Coast and Algeria's shadowy borderline, and Berber kabyles from far Atlas snows.

Hundreds have dismounted and squat expectantly, sad-eyed and furtive, with big bags of silver dollars before them; for what man may seek the Lord of Lords with empty hands? Some of these chieftains have been "commanded" hither; and well they know what that means. True they *may* buy back their life and liberty, but if not—"Mashallah." "An enemy hath done this." Ex-cabinet ministers have been seen before now foraging for food amid the city's garbage, deeming themselves fortunate to have escaped torture that may not be named.

I hear the throb of drums, the scream of reed pipes, the clang of brazen gongs, such as went before David in his day of triumph. Every horseman in the multitude alights; some have trained their superb animals to kneel also. Dark eyes flash pathetically to presents; and a prayer goes up to the Most High that they may suffice. And lo! in the wake of his soldier rabble, lance bearers, hordes of slaves, with elder men and grand viziers rides young Moulai-Abd-el-Aziz XIV.

Beside him run two slaves flicking flies from the august one with white silk kerchiefs. But not yet is the hour of the Hadera or tribute-giving. This is the Month of Ramadan, and regal sacrifice must be offered for the common people; and so to the Nazala, or praying place of the vast mosque of Moulai-Idris, with guns firing, flags flying, and the sweet air full of strange cries. The tomb and temple of Fez's founder is this, which to enter means sanctuary whatever be the crime. Its wondrous carvings and inlaid ceilings, crystal chandeliers and rich brocades are among the most exquisite survivals of Arab art. And from its green minarets, ten moueddihins have been chanting God's praises since five hours before dawn.

The young Sultan, over six feet decidedly, but fat and lethargic, ascends the steps slowly. He has the complexion of a Neapolitan with big dark eyes full of bewilderment and boredom, as of a dog at fault, and yet lighting now and then with a sudden burst of capricious humor. There is a snow-white sheep by his side, and two priests in emerald green. One hands him a Koran, open at the proper Sura. Facing Mecca the Sultan reads in staccato

monotone, stops, and stoops suddenly to cut the sheep's throat with strange feline grace. Amazing the swiftness of it all! As majesty draws its white robes from the bright stream, two slaves hoist the sacrifice on a fleet mule and race with it over to the mosque of the Karoueen, whose fountains sprinkle 30,000 adorers on Friday. If the sheep be still living on arrival at the shrine, a great and prosperous harvest awaits Morocco. The aruspices of Old Rome over again, you see. And of course the court begin to deal in "futures" forthwith, and a grateful people respond in cash and kind.

Now back to the Great Square for the pleasing and critical ceremony of present-giving. Sidna, Lord of Lords, is preceded by eight led horses draped with cloth of gold and silver. A Nubian giant of seven feet holds over him a scarlet umbrella, with an arm like the limb of an oak. The imperial cortège takes up a position backed by the dwarf green turrets of the harem pavilion. A master of ceremonies, vastly versed in men and goods, receives the offerings.

Item, a scrap of script announcing a herd of goats and forty cows tethered beneath the palms outside the walls. A prostration to earth and a low pathetic "Llah ibaruk amar, Sidi"—"God preserve the life of our Lord." Moulai-Abd-el-Aziz places a fat hand on his breast, raises it to his lips, and signs dismissal.

Item, four bags of silver dollars on two milk-white mules, attended by two Soosi slaves, *tout compris*. "It is well."

Item, twelve bracelets of fine gold herewith; a fair lady back there in the fondak, and three score quintals of almonds. "Go, you are dismissed."

And now the term of Mohammed-Ras-el-Wad-el-Fadali, Kaid of Amzmiz. "Brother, stand aside under the Mausers of the Imperial Guard. We shall have words with thee hereafter concerning thy stewardship." And the brave soul goes to his doom dumb as the Harvest Sheep. "An enemy hath done this." I caught his eye and he smiled faintly, putting a great brown hand to lips and breast. When next I saw El-Fadali's face, it grinned at me diabolically from a nail over the Bab-el-Roum. Better that than to be blinded with red-hot irons and thrust into rat-haunted dungeons, far beneath the palace moat.

Who is this tyrant who embarrasses civilization to-day? There is bathos in my subject's background, so let me descend quickly. Irish blood flows in his veins! His grand-

mother on the father's side was the wife of plain "Dinnis" McCarthy of the 88th Regiment of Foot—the Connaught Rangers—and not exactly a lady, I grieve to say. She left her husband, and after a liaison with an officer of the Gibraltar Garrison drifted over to Tangier. How she reached Fez and glided into the Sultan's harem is beside this story. Certainly she was treated vastly above her deserts, became a woman of power and the mother of Moulai-Hassan, the late Sultan.

A strong man of the old Moorish school, this. Twenty-nine years ago he received a present of a lovely Circassian slave from one of the ulema or elders—to whom years had not spelled discretion. And she had sense besides beauty. So she became the mother of Abd-el-Aziz. But her Lord died suddenly near the Holy City of Rabat and plunged that grand old vizier, Si-Ahmed-ben-Musa, in dreadful straits.

The succession had not been settled. In truth One-Eyed Moulai-Mohammed, son of the late Sultan's legitimate first wife, was the rightful heir, but Bah-Ahmed would not have it so. The dead Emperor was carried in a mule litter for two days and nights before even the greatest around him knew of the tragic thing. Bah-Ahmed entered Rabat, closed the gates, announced the death of Moulai-Hassan, and essayed a *coup d'état* by putting sixteen-year-old Abd-el-Aziz on the golden throne beneath the Scarlet Parasol. How to get Fez and Marraksh to acknowledge him before the tribes rose, from Rif to Atlas, was a grave problem. For the Moors hold that a sultan's death dissolves all allegiance until it be enforced at the sword's point by his successor.

A general rising was averted by Bah-Ahmed, however. The Pasha of Fez was in the secret, and before the news got abroad the notables were summoned to the Bou-Jebel mosque to hear an imperial edict read as though nothing untoward had happened. Then came the thunderclap. With closed doors the Governor gave out the new Emperor's name, drew up an act of allegiance, and had it signed by statesmen and princes. The boy Sultan's uncle Ismail and his half-brother Omar were among his supporters. Ismail was considered dangerous; and so as he entered the mosque court an armed guard was placed in his house to be withdrawn only when he, too, had signed the act. Thus passed an episode that might have plunged Morocco in bloody civil war, and

would surely have embroiled Germany and France in a serious quarrel. As it was the parade of war ships from Tangier to Mogador excited the people with fear of invasion by the infidel. Happily it was harvest time, and plowshares were more in request than swords—which would have been turned first of all on the coast Christians.

But a flutter of trouble did arise from Hadj-Maati-Jamai, Ex-Grand Vizier, joined with his brother, Mohammed-es-Saghier, formerly Minister of War. The way with them was short but sure. Both were seized at Mequinez, thrown into subterranean dungeons to perish miserably, and all their immense properties reverted to the all-covering Parasol. Not a thought of trial or inquiry into innocence or guilt.

These trifles disposed of, Bah-Ahmed with his royal boy in tutelage, marched through the Beni-Hassan and Temmur regions to Tarhon, Mequinez, and Fez. And in the vast shrine of Moulai Idris he was installed with magnificence; with sacrifice and feasting; music and the dance, by day and night.

For five years Bah-Ahmed ruled the crumbling Empire. He put down the rebellious Rahamna with frightful but necessary atrocity. He protected the Christians and their trade; kept a tyrant hand on the scattered tribes. Grown old, he bowed low before the boy, saying, "O Lord, great riches have I gained, yet the Sultan is my only heir!" And when he died the Exalted Court at Marraksh shook to its Christian slave-built foundations. The boy's mother was growing old and watched his antics with anxiety. She could see little of him—might not even eat with him; such is tradition.

The young Sultan trusted Harry Maclean, his father's adviser on matters relating to the outside world. Maclean, like the Swiss Ilg at Menelik's court, impressed his King with the marvels of Christendom—social, material, mechanical. A penniless British lieutenant of the Gibraltar Garrison a generation ago, Maclean drifted to Tangier and thence to Fez, where the Sultan sent for him to drill his bodyguard. The experiment grew. So did the rag-tag "army" that is never paid, but lives on loot. The canny Scot bought rifles and quick-firers for old Moulai-Hassan, fell into native ways, and made his daughters veil their faces in the street. He grew in wealth and power. The boy turned to him naturally for amusement. Then came the preposterous era of motor cars and cameras of gold and

silver, of motor boats and toy railroads, with dancing marionettes, and the like heathen truck that scandalized the Ulema, or Learned Ones of the Most High Court.

Meheddi-el-Mennebhi was War Minister—all powerful, suave, smiling, and rich in gold and silver, slaves and women; with corn and oil enough to found a colony. Absence, too, often spells ruin at the Moorish Court, and it was a ticklish day when he and Maclean were sent to London on the first Moorish mission to an infidel court. No Christians remained in Fez or Marraksh, save a few clamorous drummers, trying to sell toys to the Sultan. Enter upon the scene El-Fedoul-Gharnit, most powerful of viziers, beholding the opportunity of his life to oust the favorite. "Oh, King of Kings," he murmured in the boy's ear, "thy Right Hand hath played thee false. I have seen Mennebhi's asses laden with gold and silver picking their steps over the hills to the sea. The traitor has deceived thee, keeping for himself one half of the jewels of Bah-Ahmed— May his soul be blessed!" There was something in it, too. Some of the dead tyrant's property *was* unquestionably offered for sale in Tangier. Thus, the poor war man was to face war enough when he returned! Orders were given to prepare for him dungeons and torture chambers, and the same was done with ingenious alacrity.

I was in Mogador when Mennebhi landed. My consul friend Johnston (he's still there) warned the Minister, got him relays of fleet horses, and packed him off over the dazzling sand hills and on to the Great Plain. He waved his silken haik-ends to us, as he dug his rowels in the screaming stallion, and sped off in a cloud for Marraksh.

Gharnit was on his way down from Fez. Which of the rivals should be first to throw himself at his master's feet with the "only correct version"? Mennebhi won; he was just in time. He "explained all," as they do in cheap novels. And the story ends well, for he was restored to favor, while Gharnit was sent North again retaining all power. A fellow-conspirator, Ben-Sliman, was given another high post. So you see the boy was developing true Oriental craft. Like Louis Seize he was satisfied to have his "Right Hands" at enmity that he might be sure of knowing every move.

The rise of a Pretender, Bu-Hamara, said to be "One-Eyed" Moulai-Mohammed, rightful heir to the throne, was a serious blow to the young Sultan's prestige. Abd-el-Aziz,

on the advice of one party, occupied Taza, but Bu-Hamara drove him out and forced him back on the forts of Fez. And yet this man is a mere impostor from Algeria, no doubt supported by French money; certainly his artillery and gunners are French. Gilali-el-Zarhouy, to give him his own name, is a poorly educated peasant, like the Mahdi who scourged the British in the Sudan for many years.

The Moorish Pretender is said to be bullet proof, with magic hands that turn stones into twenty-franc pieces! His conjuring tricks have gained him many adherents. A kaid told him one day one of his own men was about to kill him. Forthwith he had the suspect shot with blank cartridge and buried in a hollow grave in his own praying tent. A bamboo supplied air until the time came for a profitable resurrection. At a big séance of chiefs the buried Absalom Riffi spoke from the grave, adjured all men to follow Bu-Hamara, the elect of God, and was thereupon bidden to rise from the dead. He did, evincing gratitude not shown in the Bible under similar conditions. And those present took stones and built a saint house on the spot, for it was holy ground.

Bu-Hamara writes cleverly seditious letters, ill-spelled but telling to the discontented country folk. "Your Sultan is illegitimate," he says; "an infidel and the friend of infidels, such as Al Koran menaces with the fires of the lowest hell."

The venomous seed fell on ground prepared by years of extortion; and tribesmen flocked to the Pretender's green and gold standard to form a mock court on Shereefian lines. Some of his Zemoori followers attacked Mequinez last year while I was in Fez. Naturally I was invited to the comic-opera war. I would not have missed it for worlds. Villages about the city had been burned; cattle and property looted. Within the walls were 4,000 imperial troops besieged by one-fourth of their number of Zemoori. Months passed. Mequinez might have been leveled with the ground over and over again, yet things must move elaborately, by tradition and precedence. First of all it was decided to erect the imperial war-tent outside the walls at Fez. This equals an ultimatum. The impudent Zemooris should hear that the Lord of Lords was about to descend on them, as dread Sennacherib, the Assyrian, fell upon Israel's fold. And couriers were sent out, mainly for money and men. "One post ran



THE GREAT RED GATE OF MARRAKSH

to meet another" as in Jeremiah's day. Loyal tribes sent in their best horsemen to the vast mehalla, or imperial camp. Loyalty and loot were the lures held out to country kaid. Their contingents camped on the hills, until Gibel-Nazala's sun-baked sides became a sea of murky canvas. It was a great time for the Jews, who have been tent-makers here since Persian Omar wrote philosophic rubaiyat. They worked night and day sewing Manchester cotton and acres of canvas. Remember, we were 40,000 men with 75,000 horses, mules, camels, and asses. Men and beasts were "requisitioned," you understand. As to the former they came more or less willingly, hoping for the best when the plunder began. With the animals it was different, since they could look for nothing but their keep. And so men hid camels and horses in deep tortuous matoras, far underground, where they store grain and oil against lean years of locust and drought.

We had tents of wide range and infinite variety, from the Royal Kouher, with its huge gilt ball and vast interior, right down to the lowly "bells" of the common askari, or fighting men. Ten days went by. The beleaguered city sent urgent messages for help. These we regarded as an impertinence, pardonable under existing conditions, but not to be repeated. We set off at length, how-

ever. Our lord took with him two hundred women, and what warrior lives who shall hurry these?

Our first camp was at Ras el Wad, three hours from the huge eight-gated walls of Fez. Merely to halt and put up tents took one day. High ground had to be secured for the imperial inclosure—a canvas city in itself, surrounded by a wall of snow-white fabric, eight feet high. Within were tents for wives and concubines, for favorite slaves and trusted eunuchs, for cooking and lounging, and, above all, for praying. If you could but see that gorgeous marquee of scarlet and purple that looked to Mecca and was served by sweet-voiced criers of The Hour, worthy of the Kutubieh itself.

When I reflected on the dire straits of poor Mequinez I knew not whether to laugh or cry. Our progress was indeed magnificent, but it was not war. Before the royal tent was an open slope six hundred feet by three hundred feet. Bordered by sinister maxims, it formed a reception square for tribal deputations that came in daily with contributions in money, men, and horses. Poor chaps! They ran an awful gantlet of blackmail and were glad to get off with a whole skin. By the side of the royal tent were the belying canvas homes of viziers and ministers, with priests and shereefs; general staff, and executioners—for there is trouble *en route* for the obstrep-

erous. Tents radiated planet-wise, in regular orbits round the central sun, marked by its dazzling gilt ball.

When we *did* start, it was two hours after sunrise. We traveled till noon, pitched a vast city of canvas, and our lord retired in our midst to pray. At two-thirty he came forth for official business.



PUTTING UP THE OUTSIDE WALL OF
THE HAREM TENT



THE SULTAN AND HIS
PHYSICIAN IN THE
HAREM INCLOSURE

thousands of animals made the long night hideous; while in the tents pious cut-throats with voice and mirth told that "Prayer is better than sleep."

At sunrise a cannon boomed dully, and every tent had to be struck before the Sultan's own could be touched. His variegated "city" is first up and last down. An hour after sunrise the vast camp must have melted with the dew. But alas! our War Lord's movements depend on his women. The imperial harem must leave by ways secret and devious. Yash-maked from crown to toe, each lady mounts behind a trusty eunuch and rides half

Toward sunset he prayed before us with arms outstretched—a pathetic figure of patriarchal grandeur. Two hours later the imperial musicians struck up one of the three airs they know; and with this trial over a gun gave the signal for "rest." But there were guards who sang out all night in token of faithful vigil. And the champ and munch and movement of



TRANSPORTING OVERLAND SOME OF THE SULTAN'S
WEIRD PURCHASES

a mile off. Then and then only is the royal inclosure attacked by willing hundreds. In five minutes the huge fabric is packed on mules, while his Majesty reclines on a scarlet divan receiving such officials as have arrived during the night. "Horses for our lord," cries the Master of Ceremonies; and along prance ten for selection. Bands play and gimbris twang, and tomtoms beat with persistent rhythm. We shall get a mile or two nearer hapless Mequinez before night.

ropes, and as the shining ball goes up with a cry of "For the safety of our lord!" the signal is passed that other tents may rise also.

We *did* arrive under the walls of Mequinez. The famished town turned out with clamant uproar; the leading men all but carried their lord into the city. We pitched camp on the Zemoor side. Our enemy had abandoned their villages and taken to the hills. They felt sure the avenger would not venture into such



THE FAVORITE WIVES OF THE SULTAN LEAVING CAMP SECRETLY

In the van come "picked troops" led by Maclean, now a British Knight because of his influence with Sidna. Next come the artillery with its French officers, and behind the trailing guns our lord himself, with fly flickers and slaves; bodyguard and rank and file of horse and foot, laughing and loose. I have often watched the Sultan on these morning starts suddenly deviate alone in a westerly direction, and then rejoin the main body. This maneuver remains a mystery. Our progress is stately and full of stops. Country governors come to pay respects, and Sidna in reply wheels and thanks them. Soon we halt again. Little respite for the prince in charge of the royal tent, Kaid-Bel-Harty. He permits men of high degree to haul on the

unexplored and lawless parts of the Shereefian dominion. But they reckoned without austere Mennebhi. That Minister had no intention of upsetting his Lord with a vulgar row of this kind. Instead he summoned loyal tribes with long accounts against the Zemoori. "Brothers, go forth and eat the dogs who have troubled our master." They did and came back loot-laden, and with dripping heads stuck on their bayonet tips.

We advanced, a scattered and leisurely Nemesis, burning villages, driving in mules and cattle, laying bare great stores of hidden grain. And there were skirmishes, beautifully picturesque, such as Meissonier would have loved to paint. Long lines of horsemen wheeled at the gallop with rainbow flashes

of color, deafening volleys, and slow-rising masses of smoke.

This lasted a fortnight, when Mequinez was officially "relieved." Such is war in Morocco against pretender or common rebel. His task done, the Sultan turned to Fez and daily palace life; to dalliance in Moorish courts, a-dusk with red-gold orange trees, date palm, and mimosa; to reverie by clear marble tanks, full of racing water edged with trembling maiden-hair, and full of lazy fish; to obscure groves where pet monkeys played among the lemons, and gorgeous parrots nodded sagely from pink almond trees; to vast cool arched *patios*, faint with exotic bloom and cloudy fumes of precious gums; to hawking parties and polo; horse races and fireworks; cricket and tennis; motor runs over a switchback of rocks; to billiards and bullfights, powder plays, and battles between Bengal tigers. For heavy on his hands lie

the hours of the tyrant. He will gather about him men like Dr. Verdon and Sir Harry Maclean, with officers both French and Italian—all of them expected to suggest some new excitement. Is there a new European service rifle to be tried? Then here is a slave from Wadai, offered as living target. Photography was once the rage at court. Mr. J. H. Avery was summoned from London as instructor, and cameras of solid gold were ordered in Paris. A little palace eighty feet long, domed and cupolaed, was built by slaves as a temple to the new art. There were studio and dark rooms, with enlarging and printing rooms, all lined with costly oak fittings from far-off London. And the poor

slaves that labored on its walls had Arabs over them, with cruel whips that hissed and curled snakewise about their nude backs, when they stopped work outside of the regular hour.

His Majesty's billiard table, too, is of teak, wondrously carved; it cost \$5,000. He loves to bring hither envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary, supercilious and bored with a savage court. "You play?"

Abd-el-Aziz asks wonderingly. They do, and pick up a cue to show their cunning. A shock follows, as the Sultan joins in, revealing the subtle beauty of "drag" and "screw" and "side." He may well complete his hundred, sixty ahead of the amazed diplomat. "Oud, oud!" (Again!) the Monarch cries; but the incongruous match is too much for the envoy, who retires discomfited.

Poor Sultan! he means well. When Missionary Cooper was shot dead by a

fanatic in the market, and his murderer fled for sanctuary to the veiled shrine of Moula-Idris, the Emperor had him dragged forth and executed on the same spot. But the violation of the most Holy of Places all but cost him his throne, such was the scandal among the faithful. He was forced to offer a hecatomb of one hundred and fifty bullocks on the hallowed steps leading up into the mosque.

From this to the consideration of the Sultan as a henpecked husband is bathos indeed. One night his Majesty concluded he had had enough of the cinematograph. The ladies of the harem thought otherwise. "Avery," whispered his Majesty, "when you have run



THE SULTAN TAKING HIS FIRST BICYCLE LESSON



TRIBES IN THE GREAT SQUARE AWAITING THE SULTAN

the next spool off, I shall cry out as usual, 'More, more,' but I want you to reply in Arabic, 'No, no, O Great One; for to-night I have finished; to-morrow, if it be God's will.'" And thus comically was God's Regent on Earth relieved of tedium as he went through the pantomime with his photographic instructor. *La, la, Sidi. Dabba clâss Rudar, Inshallah*, the obedient Avery would

reply. And thereupon the Sultan would turn to a great vista of female faces, or rather glowing eyes, with the remark, "There, there, Teja Avery will show no more to-night, so off to bed with you all!"

The tyrant's daily life is unexpectedly simple. He rises with the sun, takes a bath, and dresses for court ceremonials. From seven till eleven he is busy with affairs of



PART OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY ON MARCH



THE MINISTER OF WAR GIVES THE
SULTAN EVIDENCE OF HIS
COURAGE

state, and thereafter grants audiences to men with grievances—which appears to include every Moor in the Empire. After a walk through the grounds to his private pavilion he breakfasts, and thereafter walks in company with Omar Tazze, Grand Chamberlain of the Royal Household.

The Sultan's superb zoo always yields sport. I shall never forget promenading in it with his Majesty and Mennebhi, the redoubtable War Minister. We halted before the cage of a superb tiger known to be untamably vicious. "Go and scratch his back, Mennebhi," the Sultan commanded. And when the Minister objected in pitiful terms, the Sultan turned to me, saying, "Think of a War Minister who pretends to be ready for a world in arms, yet will not scratch my tiger's back!"

A man of humor, you see. We had an Andalusian fighting bull up in Fez, with a ring in his nose.

One day the Sultan took it into his head to let the fierce brute loose in the courtyard. "Maclean," said he to his Scottish Commander-in-Chief gravely, "take that bull by the ring and lead him from our presence." Maclean declared there was not a man on earth who could do the thing; and to our horror Moulaï-Abd-el-Aziz himself shuffled up to the monster and led him out of the gate without a word. That night nearly fifty bicycles arrived from Coventry, England, and to their infinite disgust princesses of the harem were forced to ride crazy races round the tennis court while their master was contorted with mirth over their wild convolutions and headlong, helpless falls.

And yet his is a tragic personality. He knows his Empire will pass away soon, and often asks with tears brimming in his big eyes, "Is it not strange my country should be called the Land of the *Setting Sun*?"



KAÏD SIR HARRY MACLEAN, K.C.M.G.,
WITH HIS FAVORITE HOUND

THE YOUNGER SET

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Fighting Chance," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

CHAPTER I

HIS OWN PEOPLE



YOU never met Selwyn, did you?"

"No, sir."

"Never heard anything definite about his trouble?" insisted Gerard.

"Oh, yes, sir!" replied young Erroll, "I've heard a good deal about it. Everybody has, you know."

"Well, I *don't* know," retorted Austin Gerard irritably, "what 'everybody' has heard, but I suppose it's the usual garbled version made up of distorted fact and malicious gossip. That's why I sent for you. Sit down."

Gerald Erroll seated himself on the edge of the big, polished table in Austin's private office, one leg swinging, an unlighted cigarette between his lips.

Austin Gerard, his late guardian, big, florid, with that peculiar blue eye which seems to characterize hasty temper, stood by the window, tossing up and catching a glittering gold piece—souvenir of the directors' meeting which he had just left.

"What has happened," he said, "is this. Captain Selwyn is back in town—sent up his card to me, but they told him I was attending a directors' meeting. When the meeting was over I found his card and a message scribbled, saying he'd recently landed and was going uptown to call on Nina. She'll keep him there, of course, until I get home, so I shall see him this evening. Now, before you meet him, I want you plainly to understand the truth about this unfortunate affair; and that's

why I telephoned your gimlet-eyed friend Neergard just now to let you come around here for half an hour."

The boy nodded and, drawing a gold match box from his waistcoat pocket, lighted his cigarette.

"Why the devil don't you smoke cigars?" growled Austin, more to himself than to Gerald; then, pocketing the gold piece, seated himself heavily in his big leather desk chair.

"In the first place," he said, "Captain Selwyn is my brother-in-law—which wouldn't make an atom of difference to me in my judgment of what has happened if he had been at fault. But the facts of the case are these." He held up an impressive forefinger and laid it flat across the large, ruddy palm of the other hand.

"First of all, he married a cat! C-a-t, cat. Is that clear, Gerald?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! What sort of a dance she led him out there in Manila, I've heard. Never mind that, now. What I want you to know is how he behaved—with what quiet dignity, steady patience, and sweet temper under constant provocation and mortification he conducted himself. Then that fellow Ruthven turned up—and—Selwyn is above that sort of suspicion. Besides, his scouts took the field within a week."

He dropped a heavy, highly colored fist on his desk with a bang.

"After that hike, Selwyn came back, to find that Alixe had sailed with Jack Ruthven. And what did he do; take legal measures to free himself, as you or I or anybody with an ounce of temper in 'em would have done? No; he didn't. That infernal Selwyn con-



Drawn by G. C. Wilhelmshurst.

“‘Could you tell me how it began, Phil?’”

science began to get busy, making him believe that if a woman kicks over the traces it must be because of some occult shortcoming on his part. In some way or other that man persuaded himself of his responsibility for her misbehavior. He knew what it meant if he didn't ask the law to aid him to get rid of her; he knew perfectly well that his silence meant acknowledgment of culpability; that he couldn't remain in the service under such suspicion.

"And now, Gerald," continued Austin, striking his broad palm with extended forefinger and leaning heavily forward, "I'll tell you what sort of a man Philip Selwyn is. He permitted Alixe to sue him for absolute divorce—and, to give her every chance to marry Ruthven, he refused to defend the suit. That sort of chivalry is very picturesque, no doubt, but it cost him his career—set him adrift at thirty-five, a man branded as having been divorced from his wife for cause, with no profession left him, no business, not much money—a man in the prime of life and hope and ambition, clean in thought and deed; an upright, just, generous, sensitive man, whose whole career has been blasted because he was too merciful, too generous to throw the blame where it belonged. And it belongs on the shoulders of that Mrs. Jack Ruthven—Alixe Ruthven—whose name you may see in the columns of any paper that truckles to the sort of society she figures in."

Austin stood up, thrust his big hands into his pockets, paced the room for a few moments, and halted before Gerald.

"If any woman ever played me a dirty trick," he said, "I'd see that the public made no mistake in placing the blame. I'm that sort"—he shrugged—"Phil Selwyn isn't; that's the difference—and it may be in his favor from an ethical and sentimental point of view. All right; let it go at that. But all I meant you to understand is that he is every inch a man; and when you have the honor to meet him, keep that fact in the back of your head, among the few brains with which Providence has equipped you."

"Thanks!" said Gerald, coloring up. He cast his cigarette into the empty fireplace, slid off the edge of the table, and picked up his hat. Austin eyed him without approval.

"You buy too many clothes," he observed. "That's a new suit, isn't it?"

"Certainly," said Gerald; "I needed it."

"Oh, if you can afford it, all right. . . . How's the nimble Mr. Neergard?"

"Neergard is flourishing. We put through that Rose Valley deal. I tell you what, Austin, I wish you could see your way clear to finance one or two——"

Austin's frown cut him short.

"Oh, all right! You know your own business, of course," said the boy, a little resentfully. "Only as Fane, Harmon & Co. have thought it worth while——"

"I don't care what Fane, Harmon think," growled Austin, touching a button over his desk. His stenographer entered; he nodded a curt dismissal to Gerald, adding, as the boy reached the door:

"Your sister expects you to be on hand to-night—and so do we."

Gerald halted.

"I'd clean forgotten," he began; "I made another—a rather important engagement——"

But Austin was not listening; in fact, he had already begun to dictate to his demure stenographer, and Gerald stood a moment, hesitating, then turned on his heel and went away down the resounding marble corridor.

"They never let me alone," he muttered; "they're always at me—following me up as though I were a schoolboy. . . . Austin's the worst—never satisfied. . . . What do I care for all these functions—sitting around with the younger set and keeping the cradle of conversation rocking? I won't go to that infernal baby show!"

He entered the elevator and shot down to the great rotunda, still scowling over his grievance. For he had made arrangements to join a card party at Julius Neergard's rooms that night, and he had no intention of foregoing that pleasure just because his sister's first grown-up dinner party was fixed for the same date.

As for this man Selwyn, whom he had never met, he saw no reason why he should drop business and scuttle uptown in order to welcome him. He meant to be civil; he'd look up Selwyn when he had a chance, and ask him to dine at the club. But this afternoon he couldn't do it; and, as for the evening, he had made his arrangements, and he had no intention of disturbing them on Austin's account.

When he reached his office he picked up the telephone and called up his sister's house; but there was nobody there except the children and servants, and Captain Selwyn had not yet called. So he left no message, merely

saying that he'd call up again. Which he forgot to do.

Meanwhile Captain Selwyn was sauntering along Fifth Avenue under the leafless trees, scanning the houses of the rich and great across the way; and these new houses of the rich and great stared back at him out of a thousand casements as polished and expressionless as the monocles of the mighty.

And, strolling at leisure in the pleasant winter weather, he came presently to a street, stretching eastward in all the cold impressiveness of very new limestone and plate glass.

Could this be where his sister lived? As usual when perplexed he slowly raised his hand to his mustache; and his pleasant gray eyes, still slightly bloodshot from the glare of the tropics, narrowed as he inspected this unfamiliar house.

He had not been prepared for so much limestone and marquise magnificence, but the number was the number of his sister's house; and, as the street and the avenue corroborated the numbered information, he mounted the doorstep, rang, and leisurely examined four stiff box trees flanking the portal—meager vegetation compared to what he had been accustomed to for so many years.

The moment that the door opened he was aware of a distant and curious uproar—far-away echoes of cheering, and the faint barking of dogs. These seemed to cease as the man in waiting admitted him; but before he could make an inquiry or produce a card, bedlam itself apparently broke loose somewhere in the immediate upper landing—noise in its crudest elemental definition—through which the mortified man at the door strove to make himself heard: "Beg pardon, sir, it's the children broke loose an' runnin' wild-like——"

"The *what*?"

"Only the children, sir—fox huntin' the cat, sir——"

His voice was lost in the yelling dissonance descending crescendo from floor to floor. Then an avalanche of children and dogs poured down the hall stairs in pursuit of a rumped and bored cat, tumbling with yelps and cheers and thuds among the thick rugs on the floor.

Here the cat turned and soundly cuffed a pair of fat beagle puppies, who shrieked and fled, burrowing for safety into the yelling heap of children and dogs on the floor. Above this heap legs, arms, and the tails of

dogs waved wildly for a moment, then a small boy, blond hair in disorder, staggered to his knees, and, setting hollowed hand to cheek, shouted: "Hi! for'rard! Harkaway for'rard! Take him, Rags! Now, Tatters! After him, Owney! Get on, there, Schnitzel! Worry him, Stinger! Tally-ho-o!"

"Steady, there!" exclaimed Selwyn, bringing his walking stick to a brisk bayonet defense; "steady, men! Prepare to receive infantry—and doggery, too!" he added, backing away. "No quarter! Remember the Alamo!"

The man at the door had been too horrified to speak, but he found his voice now.

"Oh, you, hush up, Dawson!" said the boy; and to Selwyn he added tentatively, "Hello!"

"Hello yourself," replied Selwyn, keeping off the circling pups with the point of his stick. "What is this, anyway—a Walpurgis hunt?—or Eliza and the bloodhounds?"

The small boy with the blond hair stepped forward and dragged several dogs from the vicinity of Selwyn's shins.

"This is the Shallowbrook hunt," he explained; "I am Master of Hounds; my sister Drina, there, is one of the whips. Part of the game is to all fall down together and pretend we've come croppers."

"I see," nodded Selwyn; "it's a pretty stiff hunting country, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. There's wire, you know," volunteered the girl, Drina.

"Exactly," agreed Selwyn; "bad thing, wire. Your whips should warn you."

"All the same, we had a pretty good run," said Drina, taking the cat into her arms. "Kit-Ki makes a pretty good fox—only she isn't enough afraid of us to run away very fast. Won't you sit down? Our mother is not at home, but we are."

"Would you really like to have me stay?"

"Well," admitted Drina frankly, "of course we can't tell yet how interesting you are because we don't know you. We are trying to be polite—" and, in a fierce whisper, turning on the smaller of the boys—"Winthrop! take your finger out of your mouth and stop staring at guests!"

The infant culprit withdrew the sucked finger but not his fascinated gaze.

"I want to know who he is," he lisped in a loud aside.

"So do I," admitted a tiny maid in pinafore and stick-out skirts.

"Well," he said, "as a matter of fact and

record, I am a sort of relative of yours—a species of avuncular relation.”

“What is that?” asked Drina coldly.

“That,” said Selwyn, “means that I’m more or less of an uncle to you.”

“An uncle!” repeated Drina.

“Our uncle?” echoed Billy. “You are not our soldier uncle, are you? You are not our Uncle Philip, are you?”

“It amounts to that,” admitted Selwyn.

There was a dead silence, broken abruptly by Billy: “Where is your sword, then?”

“At the hotel. Would you like to see it?”

The five children drew a step nearer, inspecting him with merciless candor.

“Is it all right?” asked Selwyn, smilingly uneasy under the concentrated scrutiny. “How about it, Drina? Shall we shake hands?”

Drina spoke at last: “Ye-es,” she said slowly, “I think it is all right to shake hands.”

“I infer,” observed Selwyn blandly, “that your father and mother are not at home. Perhaps I’d better stop in later.”

“But you are going to stay here, aren’t you?” exclaimed Drina in dismay. “Don’t you expect to tell us stories? Don’t you expect to stay here and live with us and put on your uniform for us and show us your swords and pistols? *Don’t* you?”

“We have waited such a very long time for you to do this,” added Billy.

“If you’ll come up to the nursery we’ll have a drag hunt for you,” pleaded Drina. “Everybody is out of the house and we can make as much noise as we please!”

“Haven’t you any governesses or nurses or something?” asked Selwyn, finding himself already on the stairway, and still being dragged upward.

“Our governess is away,” said Billy triumphantly, “and our nurses can do nothing with us.”

“I don’t doubt it,” murmured Selwyn; “but where are they?”

“Somebody must have locked them in the schoolroom,” observed Billy carelessly. “Come on, Uncle Philip; we’ll have a first-class drag hunt before we unlock the schoolroom and let them out.”

“Anyway, they can brew tea there if they are lonely,” added Drina, ushering Selwyn into the big sunny nursery, where he stood irresolute, looking about him, aware that he was conniving at open mutiny.

“You ought to let them out,” he said. “You’ll surely be punished.”

“We will let them out after we’ve made noise enough,” said Billy calmly. “We’ll probably be punished anyway, so we may as well make a noise.”

“Yes,” added Drina, “we are going to make all the noise we can while we have the opportunity. Billy, is everything ready?”

And before Selwyn understood precisely what was happening he found himself the center of a circle of madly racing children and dogs. Round and round him they tore. Billy yelled for the hurdles and Josephine knocked over some chairs and dragged them across the course of the route; and over them leaped and scrambled children and puppies, splitting the air with that same quality of din which had greeted him upon his entrance to his sister’s house.

When there was no more breath left in the children, and when the dogs lay about, grinning and lolling, Drina approached him, bland and disheveled.

“That circus,” she explained, “was for your entertainment. Now will you please do something for ours?”

“Certainly,” said Selwyn, looking about him vaguely.

“In the first place,” Drina continued, “you are to lie down flat on the floor and creep about and show us how the Moros wriggle through the grass to bolo our sentinels.”

“I don’t want to get down on the floor,” he said feebly; “is it necessary?”

But they had already discovered that he could be bullied, and they had it their own way; and presently Selwyn lay prone upon the nursery floor, impersonating a ladrone while pleasant shivers chased themselves over Drina, whom he was stalking.

And it was while all were passionately intent upon the pleasing and snakelike progress of their uncle that a young girl in furs, ascending the stairs two at a time, peeped perfunctorily into the nursery as she passed the hallway—and halted amazed.

Selwyn, sitting up rumpled and crosslegged on the floor, after having boloed Drina to everybody’s exquisite satisfaction, looked around at the sudden rustle of skirts to catch a glimpse of a vanishing figure—a glimmer of ruddy hair and the white curve of a youthful face, half buried in a muff.

Mortified, he got to his feet, glanced out into the hallway, and began adjusting his attire.

“No, you don’t!” he said mildly; “I decline to perform again. If you want any

more wriggling you must accomplish it yourselves. Drina, has your governess—by any unfortunate chance—er—red hair?"

"No," said the child; "and won't you *please* crawl across the floor and bolo me—just *once* more?"

"Bolo me!" insisted Billy. "I haven't been mangled yet!"

"Let Billy assassinate somebody himself. And, by the way, Drina, are there any maids or nurses or servants in this remarkable house who occasionally wear copper-tinted hair and black fox furs?"

"No. Eileen does. Won't you please wriggle——"

"Who is Eileen?"

"Eileen? Why—don't you know who Eileen is?"

"No, I don't," began Captain Selwyn, when a delighted shout from the children swung him toward the door again. His sister, Mrs. Gerard, stood there in carriage gown and sables, radiant with surprise.

"Phil! *You!* Exactly like you, Philip, to come strolling in from the antipodes—dear fellow!" recovering from the fraternal embrace and holding both lapels of his coat in her gloved hands. "Six years!" she said again and again, tenderly reproachful; "Alexandrine was a baby of six—Drina, child, do you remember my brother—do you remember your Uncle Philip? She doesn't remember; you can't expect her to recollect; she is only twelve, Phil——"

"I remember *one* thing," observed Drina serenely.

Brother and sister turned toward her in pride and delight; and the child went on: "My Aunt Alixe; I remember her. She was *so* pretty," concluded Drina, nodding thoughtfully in the effort to remember more; "Uncle Philip, where is she now?"

But her uncle seemed to have lost his voice as well as his color, and Mrs. Gerard's gloved fingers tightened on the lapels of his coat.

"Drina—child——" she faltered; but Drina, immersed in reflection, smiled dreamily. "So pretty," she murmured; "I remember my Aunt Alixe——"

"Drina!" repeated her mother sharply, "go and find Bridget this minute!"

Selwyn's hesitating hand sought his mustache; he lifted his eyes—the steady gray eyes, slightly bloodshot—to his sister's distressed face.

"I never dreamed——" she began; "the child has never spoken of—of her from that

time to this! I never dreamed she could remember——"

"I don't understand what you are talking about, mother," said Drina; but her pretty mother caught her by the shoulders, striving to speak lightly. "Where in the world is Bridget, child? Where is Katie? And what is all this I hear from Dawson? It can't be possible that you have been fox-hunting all over the house again! Your nurses know perfectly well that you are not to hunt anywhere except in your own nursery."

"I know it," said Drina, "but Kit-Ki got out and ran downstairs. We had to follow her, you know, until she went to earth."

Selwyn quietly bent over toward Billy: "Ware wire, my friend," he said under his breath; "*you'd* better cut upstairs and unlock that schoolroom."

And while Mrs. Gerard turned her attention to the cluster of clamoring younger children, the boy vanished only to reappear a moment later, retreating before the vengeful exclamations of the lately imprisoned nurses.

"Billy!" exclaimed his mother, "*did* you do that? Bridget, Master William is to take supper by himself in the schoolroom—and *no* marmalade!—No, Billy, not one drop!"

"We all saw him lock the door," said Drina honestly.

"And you let him? Oh, Drina!—And Ellen! Katie! No marmalade for Miss Drina—none for any of the children. Josie, mother feels dreadfully because you all have been so naughty. Winthrop!—your finger! Instantly! Clemence, baby, where on earth did you acquire all that grime on your face and fists?" And to her brother: "Such a household, Phil! Everybody incompetent—including me; everything topsy-turvy; and all five dogs perfectly possessed to lie on that pink rug in the music room.—*Have* they been there to-day, Drina—while you were practicing?"

"Yes, and there are some new spots, mother. I'm *very* sorry."

"Take the children away!" said Mrs. Gerard. But she bent over, kissing each culprit as the file passed out, convoyed by the amply revenged nurses. "No marmalade, remember; and mother has a great mind *not* to come up at bedtime and lean over you. Mother has no desire to lean over her babies to-night."

To "lean over" the children was always expected of this mother; the direst punish-

ment on the rather brief list was to omit this intimate evening ceremony.

"M-mother," stammered the Master of Fox Hounds, "you *will* lean over us, won't you?"

"Mother hasn't decided——"

"Oh, muvver!" wailed Josie; and a howl of grief and dismay rose from Winthrop, modified to a gurgle by the forbidden finger.

"You *will*, won't you?" begged Drina. "We've been pretty bad, but not bad enough for that!"

"I—oh, yes, I will. Stop that noise, Winthrop! Josie, I'm going to lean over you—and you, too, Clemence, baby. Katie, take those dogs away immediately; and remember about the marmalade."

Reassured, smiling through tears, the children trooped off, it being the bathing hour; and Mrs. Gerard threw her fur stole over one shoulder and linked her slender arm in her brother's.

"You see, I'm not much of a mother," she said; "if I was I'd stay here all day and every day, week in and year out, and try to make these poor infants happy. I have no business to leave them for one second!"

"Wouldn't they get too much of you?" suggested Selwyn.

"Thanks. I suppose that even a mother had better practice an artistic absence occasionally. Are they not sweet? Tell me, Phil, have you seen Austin?"

"I went to the Trust Company, but he was attending a directors' confab. How is he? He's prosperous anyhow, I observe," with a humorous glance around the elaborate hallway which they were traversing.

"Don't dare laugh at us!" smiled his sister. "I wish we were back in Tenth Street. But so many children came—Billy, Josephine, Winthrop, and Tina—and the Tenth Street house wasn't half big enough; and a dreadful speculative builder built this house and persuaded Austin to buy it. Oh, dear, and here we are among the rich and great; and the steel kings and copper kings and oil kings and their heirs and dauphins. Anyway you're going to stay here."

"No, I'm at the Holland."

"You once promised Austin and me that you would stay with us."

"But, Nina——"

"No, no, no! Wait," pressing an electric button. "Watson, Captain Selwyn's luggage is to be brought here immediately from the Holland! Immediately!" And to Selwyn:

"Austin will not be at home before half past six. Come up with me now and see your quarters—a perfectly charming place for you, with your own smoking room and dressing closet and bath. Wait, we'll take the elevator—as long as we have one."

Smilingly protesting, yet touched by the undisguised sincerity of his welcome, he suffered himself to be led into the elevator—a dainty white and rose rococo affair. His sister adjusted a tiny lever; the car moved smoothly upward and presently stopped; and they emerged upon a wide landing.

"Here," said Nina, throwing open a door. "Isn't this comfortable? Is there anything you don't fancy about it?"

"Little sister," he said, imprisoning both her hands, "it is a paradise—but I don't intend to come here and squat on my relatives, and I won't!"

"Philip! You'll live here, that's what you'll do—though I suppose you are dreaming and scheming to have all sorts of secret caves and queer places to yourself—horrid, grimy, smoky bachelor quarters where you can behave *sans façon*."

"I've had enough of *sans façon*," he said grimly. "After shacks and bungalows and gunboats and troopships, do you suppose this doesn't look rather heavenly?"

"Dear fellow!" she said, looking tenderly at him; and then under her breath: "What a ghastly life you have led!"

Sauntering about, aware at moments that her troubled eyes were following him, he came back, presently, to where she sat perched upon his bed.

"It all looks most inviting, Nina," he said cheerfully, seating himself beside her. "I—well, you can scarcely be expected to understand how this idea of a home takes hold of a man who has none."

"Yes, I do," she said.

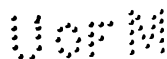
"You are very kind, Ninette." He sat partly turned from her, staring at the sunny window. Presently he slid his hand back along the bed covers until it touched and tightened over hers. And in silence she raised it to her lips.

"Before Austin comes," he said at length, "let's get the thing over—and buried—as long as it will stay buried."

"Yes, dear."

"Well, then—then—" but his throat closed tight with the effort.

"Alixé is here," she said gently; "did you know it?"



He nodded.

"You know, of course, that she's married Jack Ruthven?"

He nodded again.

"Are you on leave, Phil, or have you really resigned?"

"Resigned."

"I knew it," she sighed.

He said: "As I did not defend the suit I couldn't remain in the service. There's too much said about us, anyway—about us who are appointed from civil life. And then—to have *that* happen!"

"Do you still care for—her?"

"I am sorry for her."

After a painful silence his sister said: "Could you tell me how it began, Phil?"

"How it began? I don't know that, either. When Bannard's command took the field I went with the scouts. Alixe remained in Manila. Ruthven was there for Fane, Harmon & Co. That's how it began, I suppose; and it's a rotten climate for morals; and that's how it began."

"Only that?"

"We had had differences. It's been one misunderstanding after another. If you mean was I mixed up with another woman—no! She knew that."

"She was very young, Phil."

He nodded: "I don't blame her."

"Couldn't anything have been done?"

"If it could, neither she nor I did it—or knew how to do it, I suppose. It went wrong from the beginning; it was founded on froth—she had been engaged to Harmon, and she threw him over for 'Boots' Lansing. Then I came along—Boots behaved like a thoroughbred—that is all there is to it—inexperience, romance, trouble—a quick beginning, a quick parting, and two more fools to give the lie to civilization, and justify the West Pointers in their opinions of civil appointees."

"Try not to be so bitter, Phil; did you know she was going before she left Manila?"

"I hadn't the remotest idea of the affair. I thought that we were trying to learn something about life and about each other. . . . Then that climax came."

He turned and stared out of the window, dropping his sister's hand. "She couldn't stand me, she couldn't stand the life, the climate, the inconveniences, the absence of what she was accustomed to. She was dead tired of it all. I can understand that. And I—I didn't know what to do about it. . . . So we drifted; and the catastrophe came very

quickly. We went under; that's all—fighting each other heart and soul to the end. . . . Is she happy with Ruthven? I never knew him—and never cared to. I suppose they go about in town among the yellow set. Do they?"

"Yes. I've met Alixe once or twice. She was perfectly composed—formal but unembarrassed. She has shifted her *milieu* somewhat—it began with the influx of Ruthven's friends from the 'yellow' section of the younger married set—the Orchils, Fanes, Minsters, and Delmour-Carnes. Which is all right if she'd stay there. But in town you're likely to encounter anybody where the somebodys of one set merge into the somebodys of another. And we're always looking over our fences, you know. . . . By the way," she added cheerfully, "I'm dipping into the younger set myself to-night—on Eileen's account. I brought her out Thursday and I'm giving a dinner for her to-night."

"Who's Eileen?" he asked.

"Eileen? Why, don't you—why, of course, you don't know yet that I've taken Eileen for my own. I didn't want to write you; I wanted first to see how it would turn out; and when I saw that it was turning out perfectly, I thought it better to wait until you could return and hear all about it from me, because one can't write that sort of thing—"

"Who the dickens is Eileen?"

"Philip! You are precisely like Austin; you grow impatient of preliminary details when I'm doing my very best attempting to explain just as clearly as I can. Now I will go on and say that Eileen is Molly Erroll's daughter, and the courts appointed Austin and me guardians for her and for her brother Gerald. Now is it clear to you?"

"Yes," he said, thinking of the tragedy which had left the child so utterly alone in the world, save for her brother and a distant kinship by marriage with the Gerards.

For a while he sat brooding, arms loosely folded, immersed once more in his own troubles.

"It seems a shame," he said, "that a family like ours, whose name has always spelled decency, should find themselves entangled in the very things their race has always hated and managed to avoid. And through me, too."

"But no disgrace touches you, dear," she said tremulously.

"I've been all over that," he said with

quiet bitterness. "You are partly right; nobody cares in this town. Even though I did not defend the suit, nobody cares. And there's no disgrace, I suppose, if nobody cares enough even to condone. Divorce is no longer noticed; it is a matter of ordinary occurrence—a matter of routine in some sets. Who cares—except decent folk? And they only think it's a pity—and wouldn't do it themselves. The horrified clamor comes from outside the social registers and blue books; we know they're right, but it doesn't affect us. What does affect us is that we *were* the decent folk who permitted ourselves the luxury of being sorry for others who resorted to divorce as a remedy but wouldn't do it ourselves! . . . Now we've done it and——"

"Phil! I will not have you feel that way. We are older than we were—everybody is older—the world is, too. What we were brought up to consider impossible——"

"What we were brought up to consider impossible was what kept me up to the mark out there, Nina." He made a gesture toward the East. "Now, I come back here and learn that we've all outgrown those ideas——"

"Phil! I never meant that."

He said: "If Alixe found that she cared for Ruthven, I don't blame her. Laws and statutes can't govern such matters. If she found she no longer cared for me, I could not blame her. But two people, mismated, have only one chance in this world—to live their tragedy through with dignity. That is absolutely all life holds for them. Beyond that, outside of that dead line—treachery to self and race and civilization! That is my conclusion after a year's experience in hell." He rose and began to pace the floor, fingers worrying his mustache. "Law? Can a law, which I do not accept, let me loose to risk it all again with another woman?"

She said slowly, her hands folded in her lap: "It is well you've come to me at last. You've been turning round and round in that wheeled cage until you think you've made enormous progress; and you haven't. Dear, listen to me; what you honestly believe to be unselfish and high-minded adherence to principle, is nothing but the circling reasoning of a hurt mind—an intelligence still numbed from shock, a mental and physical life forced by sheer courage into mechanical routine."

He looked at her, incensed; but she sprang

to the floor, her face bright with color, her eyes clear, determined: "I thought, when you took the oath of military service, you swore to obey the laws of the land? And the very first law that interferes with your preconceived notions—crack!—you say it's not for you! Look at me—you great, big, wise brother of mine—who knows enough to march a hundred men into battle, but not enough to know where pride begins and conscience ends. You're badly hurt; you are deeply humiliated over your resignation; you believe that ambition for a career, for happiness, for marriage, and for children is ended for you. You need fresh air—and I'm going to see you have it. You need new duties, new faces, new scenes, new problems. You shall have them. Dear, believe me, few men as young as you—as attractive, as human, as lovable, as affectionate as you, will fully ruin their lives because of a hurt pride which they mistake for conscience. You will understand that when you become convalescent. Now kiss me and tell me you're much obliged—for I hear Austin's voice on the stairs."

"Well, we've buried it now," breathed Selwyn. "You're all right, Nina—from your own standpoint—and I'm not going to make a stalking nuisance of myself; no fear, little sister. Hello!"—turning swiftly—"here's that preposterous husband of yours."

They exchanged a firm hand clasp; Austin Gerard, big, smooth-shaven, humorously inclined toward the ruddy heaviness of successful middle age; Selwyn, lean, bronzed, erect, and direct in all the powerful symmetry and perfect health of a man within sight of maturity.

"Hail to the chief—et cetera," said Austin, in his large, bantering voice. "Glad to see you home, my bolo-punctured soldier boy. Welcome to our city! I suppose you've both pockets stuffed with loot, now haven't you?—pearls and sarongs and dattos—yes? Have you inspected the kids? What's your opinion of the Gerard battalion? Nina's commanding, so it's up to her if we don't pass dress parade. By the way, your enormous luggage is here—consisting of one dinky trunk and a sword done up in chamois skin."

"Nina's good enough to want me for a few days—" began Selwyn, but his big brother-in-law laughed scornfully:

"A few days! We've got you now!" And to his wife: "Nina, I suppose I'm due to lean over those infernal kids before I can have a

minute with your brother. Are they in bed yet? All right, Phil; we'll be down in a minute; there's tea and things in the library. Make Eileen give you some."

He turned, unaffectedly taking his pretty wife's hand in his large florid paw, and Selwyn, intensely amused, saw them making for the nursery absorbed in conjugal confab.

The library was large and comfortable, full of agreeably wadded corners and fat, helpless chairs—a big, inviting place, solidly satisfying in dull reds and mahogany. The porcelain of tea paraphernalia caught the glow of the fire; a reading lamp burned on a center table, shedding subdued luster over ceiling, walls, books, and over the floor where lay a few ancient rugs of Beloochistan, themselves full of mysterious, somber fire.

Hands clasped behind his back he stood in the center of the room, considering his environment with the grave, absent air habitual to him when brooding. And, as he stood there, a sound at the door aroused him, and he turned to confront a young girl in hat, veil, and furs, who was leisurely advancing toward him, stripping the gloves from a pair of very white hands.

"How do you do, Captain Selwyn?" she said. "I am Eileen Erroll and I am commissioned to give you some tea. Nina and Austin are in the nursery telling bedtime stories and hearing assorted prayers. The children seem to be quite crazy about you—" She unfastened her veil, threw back stole and coat, and, rolling up her gloves on her wrists, seated herself by the table. "—*Quite* crazy about you," she continued; "and you're to be included in bedtime prayers, I believe—No sugar? Lemon?—Drina's mad about you and threatens to give you her new puppy. I congratulate you on your popularity."

"Did you see me in the nursery on all fours?" inquired Selwyn, recognizing her bronze-red hair.

Unfeigned laughter was his answer. He laughed, too, not very heartily.

"My first glimpse of our legendary nursery warrior was certainly astonishing," she said, looking around at him with frank malice. Then, quickly: "But you don't mind, do you? It's all in the family, of course."

"Of course," he agreed with good grace; "no use to pretend dignity here; you all see through me in a few moments."

She had given him his tea. Now she sat upright in her chair, smiling, drait, her hat casting a luminous shadow across her

eyes; the fluffy furs, fallen from throat and shoulder, settled loosely around her waist.

Glancing up from her short reverie she encountered his curious gaze.

"To-night is to be my first dinner dance, you know," she said. Faint tints of excitement stained her white skin; the vivid scarlet contrast of her mouth was almost startling. "On Thursday I was introduced—" she explained, "and now I'm to have the gayest winter I ever dreamed of. . . . And I'm going to leave you in a moment if Nina doesn't hurry and come. Do you mind?"

"Of course I mind," he protested amiably, "but I suppose you wish to devote several hours to dressing."

She nodded. "Such a dream of a gown! Nina's present! You'll see it. I hope Gerald will be here to see it. He promised. You'll say you like it if you do, won't you?"

"I'll say it, anyway."

"Oh, well—if you are contented to be commonplace like other men—"

"I've no ambition to be different at my age."

"Your age?" she repeated, looking up quickly. "You are as young as Nina, aren't you? Half the men in the younger set are as old as you—and you know it," she concluded—"you are only trying to make me say so—and you've succeeded."

He certainly did seem young there in the firelight, his narrow, thoroughbred head turned toward the fire. Youth, too, sat lightly on his shoulders; and it was scarcely a noticeably mature hand that touched the short sunburnt mustache at intervals. From head to waist, from his loosely coupled, well-made limbs to his strong, slim foot, strength seemed to be the keynote to a physical harmony most agreeable to look at.

The idea entered her head that he might appear to advantage on horseback.

"We must ride together," she said, returning her teacup to the tray; "if you don't mind riding with me? Do you? Gerald never has time, so I go with a groom. But if you would care to go—" she laughed. "Oh, you see I am already beginning a selfish family claim on you. I foresee that you'll be very busy with us all persistently tugging at your coat sleeves. And—I hope you'll like my brother Gerald. Now I *must* go."

She stretched out one of her amazingly white hands across the table, nodding a friendly leave-taking and welcome all in one frank handshake; and left him standing there, the fresh contact still cool in his palm.

Nina came in presently to find him seated before the fire, one hand shading his eyes.

"So you've bewitched Eileen, too, have you?" she said tenderly. "Isn't she the sweetest little thing?"

"She's—ah—as tall as I am," he said, blinking at the fire.

"She's only nineteen; pathetically unspoiled—a perfect dear. Men are going to rave over her and *not* spoil her. Did you ever see such hair?—that thick, ruddy, lustrous, copper tint?—and sometimes it's like gold afire. And a skin like snow and peaches!—she's sound to the core. I've had her exercised and groomed and hardened and trained from the very beginning—every inch of her minutely cared for exactly like my own babies. I've done my best," she concluded with a satisfied sigh, and dropped into a chair beside her brother.

"Thoroughbred," commented Selwyn, "to be turned out to-night. Is she bridle-wise and intelligent?"

"More than sufficiently. That's one trouble—she's had, at times, a depressing sponge-like desire for absorbing all sorts of irrelevant things that no girl ought to concern herself with. I—to tell the truth—if I had not rigorously drilled her—she might have become a trifle tiresome; I don't mean precisely, frumpy—but one of those earnest young things whose intellectual conversation becomes a visitation; one of the wants-to-know-for-the-sake-of-knowledge sort—a dreadful human blotter! Oh, dear; show me a girl with her mind soaking up 'isms' and I'll show you a social failure with a wisp of hair on her cheek, who looks the dowdier the more expensively she's gowned."

"So you believe you've got that wisp of copper-tinted hair tucked up snugly?" asked Selwyn, amused.

"I—it's still a worry to me; at intervals she's inclined to let it slop. Thank Heaven, I've made her spine permanently straight and her head is screwed properly to her neck. There's not a slump to her from crown to heel—I know, you know. She's had specialists to forestall every blemish. I made up my mind to do it; I'm doing it for my own babies. That's what a mother is for—to turn out her offspring to the world as flawless and wholesome as when they came into it!—physically and mentally sound—or a woman betrays her stewardship. They must be as healthy of body and limb as they are innocent and wholesome-minded. The happiest

of all creatures are drilled thoroughbreds. Show me a young girl, unspoiled mentally and spiritually untroubled, with a superb physique, and I'll show you a girl equipped for the happiness of this world. And that is what Eileen is."

"I should say," observed Selwyn, "that she's equipped for the slaughter of man."

She continued to talk about Eileen until she noticed that his mind was on other matters—his preoccupied stare enlightened her. She said nothing for a while. But he woke up when Austin came in and settled his big body in a chair.

"Drina, the little minx, called me back on some flimsy pretext," he said, relighting his cigar; "I forgot that time was going—and she was wily enough to keep me talking until Miss Paisely caught me at it and showed me out. I tell you"—turning on Selwyn—"children are what make life worth wh—" He ceased abruptly at a gentle tap from his wife's foot, and Selwyn looked up.

Whether or not he divined the interference he said very quietly: "I'd rather have had children than anything in the world. They're about the best there is in life; I agree with you, Austin."

"Kids are the best," he repeated, smiling at her. "Failing them, for second choice, I've taken to the laboratory. Some day I'll invent something and astonish you, Nina."

"We'll fit you up a corking laboratory," began Austin cordially; "there is—"

"You're very good; perhaps you'll all be civil enough to move out of the house if I need more room for bottles and retorts—"

"Don't notice him, Austin," said Nina; "he only wishes to be implored. And, by the same token, you'd both better let me implore you to dress!" She rose and bent forward in the firelight to peer at the clock. "Goodness! Do you creatures think I'm going to give Eileen half an hour's start with her maid?—and I carrying my twelve years' handicap, too. No, indeed! I'm decrepit, but I'm going to die fighting."

"I used to think," said Gerard, "that the more kids you had the less anxiety per kid. The contrary is true; you're more nervous over half a dozen than you are over one, and your wife is always going to the nursery to see that the cat hasn't got in or the place isn't afire or spots haven't come out all over the children."

They laughed tolerantly, lingering on the sill of Selwyn's bedroom.

"Come in and smoke a cigarette," suggested the latter.

But Gerard said: "There seems to be a draught through this hallway; I'll just step upstairs to be sure that the nursery windows are not too wide open. If there's anything you need just dingle that bell."

And he went away upstairs, only to return in a few minutes, laughing under his breath: "I say, Phil, don't you want to see the kids asleep? Billy's flat on his back with a white 'Teddy bear' in either arm; and Drina and Josephine are rolled up like two kittens in pajamas; and you should see Winthrop's legs——"

"Certainly," said Selwyn gravely; "I'll be with you in a second."

And turning to his dresser he laid away the diary and the small photograph which he had been examining under the droplight, locking both securely in the worn dispatch box until he should have time to decide whether to burn them both or only the picture.

"Ah, about Winthrop's legs—" he repeated vaguely; "certainly, I should be very glad to examine them, Austin."

"I don't want you to examine them," retorted Gerard resentfully, "I want you to see them. There's nothing the matter with them, you understand."

"Exactly," nodded Selwyn, following his big brother-in-law into the hall, where, from beside a lamplit sewing table a trim maid rose smiling:

"Miss Erroll desires to know whether Captain Selwyn would care to see her gown when she is ready to go down?"

"By all means," said Selwyn, "I should like to see that, too. Will you let me know when Miss Erroll is ready? Thank you."

Austin said as they reached the nursery door: "Funny thing, feminine vanity—almost pathetic, isn't it? . . . Don't make too much noise! . . . What do you think of that pair of legs, Phil?—and he's not yet five. . . . And I want you to speak frankly; *did* you ever see anything to beat that bunch of infants? Not because they're ours and we happen to be your own people"—he checked himself and the smile faded as he laid his big ruddy hand on Selwyn's shoulder—"your own people, Phil. Do you understand? . . . And if I have not ventured to say anything about—what has happened—you understand that, too, don't you? You know I'm just as loyal to you as Nina is—as it is natural and fitting that your own people should be. Only

a man finds it difficult to convey his—his——"

"Don't say 'sympathies'!" cut in Selwyn nervously.

"I wasn't going to, confound you! I was going to say 'sentiments.' I'm sorry I said anything. Go to the deuce!"

Selwyn did not even deign to glance around at him. "You big red-pepper box," he muttered affectionately, "you'll wake up Drina. Look at her in her cunning pajamas! Oh, but she is a darling, Austin. And look at that boy with his two white bears! He's a corker! He's a wonder—honestly, Austin. As for that Josephine kid she can have me on demand; I'll answer to voice, whistle, or hand. . . . I say, ought we to go away and leave Winthrop's thumb in his mouth?"

In the hallway below they encountered a radiant and bewildering vision awaiting them: Eileen, in all her glory.

"Wonderful!" said Gerard, patting the vision's rounded bare arm as he hurried past—"fine gown! fine girl!—but I've got to dress and so has Philip——"

"Do you like it, Captain Selwyn?" asked the girl, turning to confront him, where he had halted. "Gerald isn't coming and—I thought perhaps you'd be interested——"

The formal, half-patronizing compliment on his tongue's tip remained there, unsaid. He stood silent, touched by the faint underling wistfulness in the laughing voice that challenged his opinion; and something within him responded in time:

"Your gown is a beauty; such wonderful lace. Of course, anybody would know it came straight from Paris——"

"But it didn't!" cried the girl, delighted. "It looks it, doesn't it? But it was made by Letellier! Is there anything you don't like about it, Captain Selwyn? *Anything?*"

"Nothing," he said solemnly; "it is as adorable as the girl inside it, who makes it look like a Parisian importation from Paradise!"

She colored enchantingly, and with pretty, frank impulse held out her hands to him:

"You *are* a dear, Captain Selwyn! It is my first real dinner gown and I'm quite mad about it; and—somehow I wanted the family to share my madness with me. Nina will—she gave it to me, the darling. Austin admires it, too, of course, but he doesn't notice such things very closely; and Gerald isn't here. . . . Thank you for letting me show it to you before I go down."

She gave both his hands a friendly little shake and, glancing down at her skirt in blissful consciousness of its perfection, stepped backward into her own room.

Later, while he stood at his dresser constructing an immaculate knot in his white tie, Nina knocked.

"Hurry, Phil! Oh, may I come in? . . . You ought to be downstairs with us, you know. . . . And it was very sweet of you to be so nice to Eileen. The child had tears in her eyes when I went in. Oh, just a single diamond drop in each eye; your sympathy and interest did it. Shall I fix that tie for you, dear? . . . Certainly I can; Austin won't let a man touch him. . . . There, Phil. . . . Wait! . . . Now if you are decently grateful you'll tell me I look well. Do I? Really? Nonsense, I *don't* look twenty; but—say it, Phil. Come, dear; and thank you for being kind to Eileen. One's own kin counts so much in this world. And when a girl has none, except a useless brother, little things like that mean a lot to her." She turned, her hand falling on his sleeve. "You are among your own people, anyhow!"

CHAPTER II

A DREAM ENDS

To pick up once more and tighten and knot together the loosened threads which represented the unfinished record that his race had woven into the social fabric of the metropolis was merely an automatic matter for Selwyn.

His own people had always been among the makers of that fabric. Into part of its vast and intricate pattern they had woven an inconspicuously honorable record—chronicles of births and deaths and marriages, a plain memorandum of plain living, and upright dealing with their fellow-men.

His forefathers had been, as a rule, professional men—physicians and lawyers; his grandfather died under the walls of Chapultepec while twisting a tourniquet for a cursing dragoon; an uncle remained indefinitely at Malvern Hill; an only brother at Montauk Point, having sickened in the trenches before Santiago.

His father's services as division medical officer in Sheridan's cavalry had been, perhaps, no more devoted, no more loyal than the services of thousands of officers and troop-

ers; and his reward was a pension offer, declined. He practiced until his wife died, then retired to his country home, from which house his daughter was married to Austin Gerard.

Mr. Selwyn, senior, continued to pay his taxes on his father's house in Tenth Street, voted in that district, spent a month every year with the Gerards, read a Republican morning newspaper, and judiciously enlarged the family reservation in Greenwood—whither he retired, in due time, without other ostentation than half a column in the *Evening Post*, which paper he had, in life, avoided.

The first gun off the Florida Keys sent Selwyn's only brother from his law office in hot haste to San Antonio—the first *étape* on his first and last campaign with Wood's cavalry.

That same gun interrupted Selwyn's connection with Neergard & Co., operators in Long Island real estate; and, a year later, the captaincy offered him in a Western volunteer regiment operating on the Island of Leyte, completed the rupture.

And now he was back again, a chance career ended, with option of picking up the severed threads.

There was nothing else to do; so he did it. Civil and certain social obligations were mechanically reassumed; he appeared in his sister's pew for worship, he reenrolled in his clubs as a resident member once more; the directors of such charities as he meddled with he notified of his return; he remitted his dues to the various museums and municipal or private organizations which had always expected support from his family; he subscribed to the *Sun*.

He was more conservative, however, in mending the purely social strands so long relaxed or severed. The various registers and blue books recorded his residence under "dilatory domiciles"; he did not subscribe to the opera, preferring to chance it in case harmony-hunger attacked him; pre-Yuletide functions he dodged, considering that his sister's days in January and attendance at other family formalities were sufficient.

Meanwhile he was looking for two things—an apartment and a job—the first energetically combated by his immediate family.

It was rather odd—the scarcity of jobs. Of course Austin offered him one which Selwyn declined at once, comfortably enraging his brother-in-law for nearly ten minutes.

"But what do I know about the investment of trust funds?" demanded Selwyn; "you

wouldn't take me if I were not your wife's brother—and that's nepotism."

Austin's harmless fury raged for nearly ten minutes, after which he cheered up, relighted his cigar, and resumed his discussion with Selwyn concerning the merits of various boys' schools—the prospective victim being Billy.

A little later, reverting to the subject of his own enforced idleness, Selwyn said: "I've been on the point of going to see Neergard—but somehow I can't quite bring myself to it—sinking into his office as a rank failure in one profession, to ask him if he has any use for me again."

"Stuff and fancy!" growled Gerard; "it's all stuff and fancy about your being any kind of a failure. If you want to resume with that Dutchman, go to him and say so. If you want to invest anything in his Long Island schemes he'll take you in fast enough. He took in Gerald and some twenty thousand."

"Isn't he very prosperous, Austin?"

"Very—on paper. Long Island farm lands and mortgages on Hampton hen-coops are not fragrant propositions to me. But there's always one more way of making a living after you've counted 'em all up on your fingers. If you've any capital to offer Neergard, he won't shriek for help."

"But isn't suburban property—"

"On the jump? Yes—both ways. Oh, I suppose that Neergard is all right—if he wasn't I wouldn't have permitted Gerald to go into it. Neergard sticks to his commissions and doesn't back his fancy in certified checks. I don't know exactly how he operates; I only know that we find nothing in that sort of thing for our own account. But Fane, Harmon & Co. do. It's all a matter of taste."

Selwyn reflected: "I believe I'd go and see Neergard if I were perfectly sure of my personal sentiments toward him. . . . He's been civil enough to me, of course, but I have always had a curious feeling about Neergard—that he's forever on the edge of doing something—doubtful—"

"His business reputation is all right. He shaves the dead line like a safety razor, but he's never yet cut through it. Personally my feeling is this: if I've got to play games with Julius Neergard, I'd prefer to be his partner. And so I told Gerald. By the way—"

Austin checked himself, looked down at his cigar, turned it over and over several times, then continued quietly:

"By the way, I suppose Gerald is like other young men of his age and times—immersed in

his own affairs—thoughtless perhaps, perhaps a trifle selfish in the cross-country gallop after pleasure. I was rather severe with him about his neglect of his sister. He ought to have come to pay his respects to you, too—"

"Oh, don't put such notions into his head—"

"Yes, I will!" insisted his brother-in-law, "and I'm going to have a thorough explanation with him and learn what he's up to. He's got to be decent to his sister; he ought to report to me occasionally; that's all there is to it. He has entirely too much liberty with his bachelor quarters and his junior whippersnapper club, and his house parties, and his cruises on Neergard's boat!"

He got up, casting his cigar from him, and moved about bulkily, muttering of matters to be regulated, and firmly, too. But Selwyn, looking out of the window across the park, knew perfectly well that young Erroll, now of age, with a small portion of his handsome income at his mercy, was past the regulating stage and beyond the authority of Austin.

That afternoon, riding with Eileen, he found a chance to speak of her brother.

"I've meant to look up Gerald," he said, as though the neglect were his own fault, "but every time something happens to switch me on to another track."

"I'm afraid that I do a great deal of the switching," she said. "But you've been so nice to me and to the children that—"

Miss Erroll's horse was behaving badly, and for a few moments she became too thoroughly occupied to finish her sentence.

Once or twice the excitement of solicitude sent the color flying into Selwyn's temples; the bridle path was narrow and stiff with freezing sand, and the trees were too near for such lively maneuvers; but Miss Erroll had made up her mind—and Selwyn already had a humorous idea that this was no light matter. The horse found it serious enough, too, and suddenly concluded to be good. And the pretty scene ended so abruptly that Selwyn laughed aloud as he rejoined her.

"There was a man—'Boots' Lansing—in Bannard's command. One night on Samar the bolomen rushed us, and Lansing got into the six-foot major's boots by mistake—seven-leaguers, you know—and his horse bucked him clean out of them."

"Hence his Christian name, I suppose," said the girl; "but why such a story, Captain Selwyn? I believe I stuck to my saddle?"

"With both hands," he said cordially, always alert to plague her. For she was adorable when teased—especially in the beginning of their acquaintance, before she had found out that it was a habit of his; and her bright confusion always delighted him.

Her pleasure in Selwyn's society had gradually become such genuine pleasure, her confidence in his kindness so unaffectedly sincere, that, insensibly, she had fallen into something of his manner of badinage—especially since she realized how much amusement he found in her own smiling confusion when unexpectedly assailed. Also, to her surprise, she found that he could be plagued very easily, though she did not quite dare to at first, in view of his impressive years and experience.

But once goaded to it, she was astonished to find how suddenly it seemed to readjust their personal relations—years and experience falling from his shoulders like a cloak which had concealed a man very nearly her own age; years and experience adding themselves to her, and at least an inch to her stature to redress the balance between them.

It had amused him immensely as he realized the subtle change; and it pleased him, too, because no man of thirty-five cares to be treated *en grandpère* by a girl of nineteen.

"It's astonishing," he said, "how little respect infirmity and age command in these days."

"I do respect you," she insisted, "especially your infirmity of purpose. A moment ago, you said you were going to ride by yourself. But do you know, I don't believe you are of a particularly solitary disposition; are you?"

He laughed at first, then his face fell.

"Not from choice," he said under his breath. Her quick ear heard, and she turned, semiserious, questioning him with raised eyebrows.

"Nothing; I was just muttering. I didn't mean to be rude."

"Then repeat what you said to yourself."

"Do you wish me to?" he asked, raising his eyes so gravely that the smile faded from lip and voice when she answered: "I beg your pardon, Captain Selwyn. I did not know you were serious."

"Oh, I'm not," he returned lightly; "I'm never serious. No man who soliloquizes can be taken seriously. Don't you know, Miss Erroll, that the crowning absurdity of all tragedy is the soliloquy?"

Her smile became delightfully uncertain; she did not quite understand him—though

her instinct warned her that, for a second, something had menaced their understanding.

Riding forward with him through the crisp sunshine of mid-December, the word "tragedy" still sounding in her ears, her thoughts reverted naturally to the only tragedy beside her own which had ever come very near to her—his own.

Could he have meant *that*? Did people mention such things after they had happened? Did they not rather conceal them, hide them deeper and deeper with the aid of time and the kindly years for a burial past all recollection? She was, of course, aware of the situation regarding Selwyn's domestic affairs; she could not very well have been kept long in ignorance of the facts; so Nina had told her carefully, leaving in the young girl's mind only a bewildered sympathy for man and wife whom a dreadful and incomprehensible catastrophe had overtaken.

Then in some way the news of Alixe's marriage to Ruthven filtered through the family silence. She had gone straight to Nina, horrified, unbelieving. And, when the long, tender, intimate interview was over, another unhappy truth, very gently revealed, was added to the growing list already learned by this young girl.

As for the man riding there at her side, his problem was simple enough as he summed it up—to face the world, however it might chance to spin; that small, ridiculous, haphazard world rattling like a rickety roulette ball among the numbered nights and days where he had no longer any vital stake at hazard—no longer any chance to win or lose.

Returning from their gallop, Miss Erroll had very little to say. Selwyn, too, was silent and absent-minded. The girl glanced furtively at him from time to time, not at all enlightened. Man, naturally, was to her an unknown quantity. In fact she had no reason to suspect him of being anything more intricate than the platitudinous dance or dinner partner in black and white, or any frock-coated entity in the afternoon, or any flannelled individual at the nets or on the links or cantering about the veranda of club, casino, or cottage in evident anxiety to be considerate and agreeable. This one, however, appeared to have individual peculiarities; he differed from his brother Mongolians.

"It's this particular specimen *per se*," she concluded; "it's himself, *sui generis*—just as I happen to have red hair. That is all."

And she rode on quite happily, content, confident of his interest and kindness. For she had never forgotten his warm response when she stood on the threshold of her first real dinner party, in her first real dinner gown.

Thinking of this now, she thought of her brother—and the old hurt at his absence on that night throbbled again.

"I wish you knew Gerald well," she said impulsively; "he is such a dear fellow; and I think you'd be good for him—and besides," she hastened to add, with instinctive loyalty, lest he misconstrue, "Gerald would be good for you. We were a great deal together—at one time."

He nodded, smilingly attentive.

"Of course when he went away to school it was different," she added. "And then he went to Yale; that was four more years, you see."

"I was a Yale man," remarked Selwyn; "did he—" but he broke off abruptly, for he knew quite well that young Erroll could have made no senior society without his hearing of it.

"What were you going to ask me, Captain Selwyn?"

"Did he row—your brother Gerald?"

"No," she said. She did not add that he had broken training; that was her own sorrow, to be concealed even from Gerald. "No; he played polo sometimes. He rides beautifully, Captain Selwyn, and he is so clever when he cares to be—at the traps, for example—and—oh—anything. I do wish you knew him well."

"I mean to," he said. "I must look him up at his rooms or his club or—perhaps—at Neergard & Co.'s."

"*Will* you do this?" she asked, so earnestly that he glanced up surprised.

"Yes," he said; and after a moment: "I'll do it to-day, I think; this afternoon."

She rode on beside him; they were walking their horses now; and as her satin-coated mount paced forward through the sunshine she sat at ease, straight as a slender Amazon in her habit, ruddy hair glistening at the nape of her neck, the scarlet of her lips always a vivid contrast to that wonderful unblemished skin of snow.

He thought to himself, quite impersonally: "She's a real beauty, that youngster. Men are likely enough to go quite mad about her as Nina predicts; probably some of 'em have already—that chuckle-headed youth who was there Tuesday, gulping up the tea—" And, "What was his name?" he asked aloud.

"Whose name?" she inquired, roused by his voice from smiling retrospection.

"That chuckle head—the young man who continued to haunt you so persistently when you poured tea for Nina on Tuesday. Of course they *all* haunted you," he explained politely, as she shook her head in sign of noncomprehension; "but there was one who—ah—gulped at his cup."

"Please—you are rather dreadful, aren't you?"

"Yes. So was he; I mean the infatuated chinless gentleman whose facial ensemble remotely resembled the features of a pleased and placid lizard of the Reptilian period."

"Oh, George Fane! That is particularly disagreeable of you, Captain Selwyn, because his wife has been very nice to me—Rosamund Fane—and she spoke most cordially of you—"

"Which one was she?"

"The Dresden china one. She looks—she simply cannot look as though she were married. It's most amusing—for people always take her for somebody's youngest sister who will be out next winter. . . . Don't you remember seeing her?"

"No, I don't. But there were dozens coming and going whom I didn't know. Still, I behaved well, didn't I?"

"Pretty badly—to Kathleen Lawn, whom you cornered so that she couldn't escape until her mother made her go without any tea."

"Was *that* the reason that old lady looked at me so queerly?"

"Probably. I did, too, but you were taking chances, not hints. . . . She *is* attractive, isn't she?"

"Very fetching," he said, leaning down to examine his stirrup leathers which he had already lengthened twice. "I've got to have Cummins punch these again," he muttered; "or am I growing queer-legged?"

As he straightened up, Miss Erroll said: "Here comes Mr. Fane now—with a strikingly pretty girl. How beautifully they are mounted"—smilingly returning Fane's salute—"and she—oh! so you *do* know her, Captain Selwyn? Who is she?"

Crop raised mechanically in dazed salute, Selwyn's light touch on the bridle had tightened to a nervous clutch which brought his horse up sharply.

"What is it?" she asked, drawing bridle in her turn and looking back into his white, stupefied face.

"Pain," he said, unconscious that he

spoke. At the same instant the stunned eyes found their focus—and found her beside his stirrup, leaning wide from her seat in sweet concern, one gloved hand resting on the pommel of his saddle.

"Are you ill?" she asked; "shall we dismount? If you feel dizzy, lean against me."

"I am all right," he said coolly; and as she recovered her seat he set his horse in motion. His face had become very red now; he looked at her, then beyond her, with all the deliberate concentration of aloof indifference.

Confused, conscious that something had happened which she did not comprehend, and sensitively aware of the preoccupation which, if it did not ignore her, accepted her presence as of no consequence, she permitted her horse to set his own pace.

Neither self-command nor self-control were lacking now in Selwyn; he simply was too self-absorbed to care what she thought—whether she thought at all. And into his consciousness, throbbing heavily under the rushing reaction from shock, crowded the crude fact that Alixe was no longer an apparition evoked in sleeplessness, in sunlit brooding; in the solitude of crowded avenues and swarming streets; she was an actual presence again in his life—she was here, bodily, unchanged—unchanged!—for he had conceived a strange idea that she must have changed physically, that her appearance had altered. He knew it was a grotesquely senseless idea, but it clung to him, and he had nursed it unconsciously.

He had, truly enough, expected to encounter her in life again—somewhere; though what he had been preparing to see, heaven alone knew; but certainly not the supple, laughing girl he had known—that smooth, slender, dark-eyed, dainty visitor who had played at marriage with him through a troubled and unreal dream.

Shrinking from the clamoring tumult of his thoughts he looked around, hard-eyed and drawn of mouth, to find Miss Erroll riding a length in advance, her gaze fixed resolutely between her horse's ears.

How much had she noticed? How much had she divined?—this straight, white-throated young girl, with her self-possession and her rounded, firm young figure, this child with the pure, curved cheek, the clear, fearless eyes, untainted, ignorant, incredulous of shame, of evil.

Severe, confident, untroubled in the freshness of adolescence, she rode on, straight be-

fore her, symbolic innocence leading the disillusioned. And he followed, hard, dry eyes narrowing, ever narrowing and flinching under the smiling gaze of the dark-eyed, red-mouthed ghost that sat there on his saddle bow, facing him, almost in his very arms.

Luncheon had not been served when they returned.

Without lingering on the landing as usual, they exchanged a formal word or two, then Eileen mounted to her own quarters and Selwyn walked nervously through the library, where he saw Nina evidently prepared for some midday festivity, for she wore hat and furs, and the brougham was outside.

"Oh, Phil," she said, "Eileen probably forgot that I was going out; it's a directors' luncheon at the exchange. Please tell Eileen that I can't wait for her; where is she?"

"Dressing, I suppose. Nina, I——"

"One moment, dear. I promised the children that you would lunch with them in the nursery. Do you mind? I did it to keep them quiet; I was weak enough to compromise between a fox hunt or fudge; so I said you'd lunch with them. Will you?"

"Certainly. . . . And, Nina—what sort of a man is this George Fane?"

"Fane?"

"Yes—the chinless gentleman with gentle brown and protruding eyes and the expression of a tame brontosaurus."

"Why—how do you mean, Phil? What sort of man? He's a banker. He isn't very pretty, but he's popular."

"Oh, popular!" he nodded, as close to a sneer as he could ever get.

"He has a very popular wife, too; haven't you met Rosamund? People like him; he's about everywhere—very useful, very devoted to pretty women; but I'm really in a hurry, Phil. Won't you please explain to Eileen that I couldn't wait? You and she were almost an hour late. . . . Good-by, dear. . . . And *don't* let the children eat too fast! Make Drina take thirty-six chews to every bite; and Winthrop is to

Have no bread if he has potatoes——"

Her voice dwindled and died away through the hall; the front door clanged.

He went to his quarters, drove out Austin's man, arranged his own fresh linen, took a sulky plunge; and, an unlighted cigarette between his teeth, completed his dressing in sullen introspection.

When he had tied his scarf and bitten his cigarette to pieces, he paced the room once or twice, squared his shoulders, breathed deeply, and, unbending his eyebrows, walked off to the nursery.

"Hello, you kids!" he said with an effort. "I've come to luncheon. Very nice of you to want me, Drina——"

"I wanted you, too!" said Billy; "I'm to sit beside you——"

"So am I," observed Drina, pushing Winthrop out of the chair, and sliding in close to Selwyn. She had the cat, Kit-Ki, in her arms. Kit-Ki, divining nourishment, was purring loudly.

Josephine and Clemence, in pinafores and stick-out skirts, sat wriggling, with Winthrop between them; the five dogs sat in a row behind; Katie and Bridget, in their best caps and aprons, assumed the functions of Hibernian Hebes; and luncheon began with a clatter of spoons.

It being also the children's dinner meat figured on the card, and Kit-Ki's purring increased to an ecstatic and wheezy squeal, and her rigid tail, as she stood up on Drina's lap, was constantly brushing Selwyn's features.

"The cat is shedding, too," he remarked, as he dodged her caudal appendage for the twentieth time; "it will go in with the next mouthful, Drina, if you're not careful about opening your mouth."

"I love Kit-Ki," said Drina placidly, cuddling against him, spoon in hand, and inadvertently decorating his sleeve with cranberry sauce.

Cat hairs and cranberry are a great deal for a man to endure, but he gave Drina a hug and leaned back to remove traces of the affectionate encounter just as Miss Erroll entered.

"Oh, Eileen! Eileen!" cried the children; "are you coming to luncheon with us?"

As Selwyn rose, she nodded, amused.

"I am rather hurt," she said. "I went down to luncheon, but as soon as I heard where you all were I marched straight up here to demand the reason of my ostracism."

"We thought you had gone with mother," exclaimed Drina, looking about for a chair.

Selwyn brought it. "I was commissioned to say that Nina couldn't wait. Won't you sit down? It's rather messy and the cat is the guest of honor."

"We have three guests of honor," said Drina; "you, Eileen, and Kit-Ki. Uncle Philip, mother has forbidden me to speak of it, so I shall tell her, and be punished—but

wouldn't it be splendid if Aunt Alixe were only here with us?"

Selwyn turned sharply, every atom of color gone; and the child smiled up at him. "Wouldn't it?" she pleaded.

"Yes," he said, so quietly that something silenced the child. And Eileen, giving ostentatious and undivided attention to the dogs, was now enveloped by snooping, eager muzzles and frantically wagging tails.

"My lap is full of paws!" she exclaimed; "take them away, Katie! And oh!—my gown, my gown!—Billy, stop waving your tumbler around my face! If you spill that milk on me I shall ask your Uncle Philip to put you in the guardhouse!"

"You're going to bolo us, aren't you, Uncle Philip?" inquired Billy. "It's my turn to be killed, you remember——"

"I have an idea," said Selwyn, "that Miss Erroll is going to play for you to sing."

"Why do you always call her 'Miss Erroll'?" asked Billy. "Why don't you say 'Eileen'?"

Selwyn laughed. "I don't know, Billy; ask her; perhaps she knows."

Eileen laughed too, delicately embarrassed and aware of his teasing smile. But Drina, always impressed by formality, said: "Uncle Philip isn't Eileen's uncle. People who are not relations say Miss and Mrs."

"Are faver and muvver relations?" asked Josephine timidly.

"Y-es—no!—I don't know," admitted Drina; "are they, Eileen?"

"Why, yes—that is—that is to say——" And turning to Selwyn: "What dreadful questions. Are they relations, Captain Selwyn? Of course they are!"

"They were not before they were married," he said, laughing.

"If you married Eileen," began Billy, "you'd call her Eileen, I suppose."

"Certainly," said Selwyn.

"Why don't you?"

"That is another thing you must ask her, my son."

"Well, then, Eileen——"

But Miss Erroll was already seated at the nursery piano, and his demands were drowned in a decisive chord which brought the children clustering around her. They sang like seraphs, grouped around the piano, fingers linked behind their backs. Miss Erroll sang too; her voice leading—a charmingly trained but childlike voice, of no pretensions, as fresh and unspoiled as the girl herself.

There was an interval after "Castles in the Air"; Eileen sat, with her white hands resting on the keys, awaiting further suggestion.

"Sing that funny song, Uncle Philip!" pleaded Billy; "you know—the one about:

"She hit him with a shingle
Which made his breeches tingle——"

"Billy!" gasped Miss Erroll.

Selwyn, mortified, said severely: "That is a very dreadful song, Billy——"

"But *you* taught it to me——"

Eileen swung around on the piano stool, but Selwyn had seized Billy and was promising to bolo him as soon as he wished.

And Eileen, surveying the scene from her perch, thought that Selwyn's years seemed to depend entirely upon his occupation, for he looked very boyish down there on his knees among the children; and she had not yet forgotten the sunken pallor of his features in the Park—no, nor her own question to him, still unanswered.

Selwyn and Miss Erroll, strolling together out of the nursery and down the stairs, fell unconsciously into the amiable exchange of badinage again; she taunting him with his undignified behavior, he retorting in kind.

"How about a jolly brisk walk?" he inquired; "unless you've something on. I suppose you have."

"Yes, I have; a tea at the Faness, a function at the Grays'. . . . Do you know Sudbury Gray? It's his mother."

They had strolled into the living room—a big, square, sunny place, in golden greens and browns.

Kneeling on the cushions of the deep window seat she flattened her delicate nose against the glass, peering out through the lace.

"Everybody and his family are driving," she said over her shoulder. "The rich and great are cornering the fresh-air supply."

For a while she knelt there, silently intent on the passing pageant with all the unconscious curiosity of a child. Presently, without turning: "They speak of the younger set—but what is its limit? So many, so many people! The hunting crowd—the silly crowd—the wealthy sets—the dreadful yellow set—then all those others made out of metals—copper and coal and iron and—" She shrugged her youthful shoulders, still intent on the passing show.

"Then there are the intellectuals—the artistic, the illuminated, the musical sorts. I

—I wish I knew more of them. They were my father's friends—some of them."

"You asked me," Selwyn said, "whether I know Sudbury Gray. I do, slightly. What about him?" And he waited, remembering Nina's suggestion as to that wealthy young man's eligibility.

"He's one of the nicest men I know," she replied frankly.

"Yes, but you don't know 'Boots' Lansing."

"The gentleman who was bucked out of his footwear? Is he attractive?"

"Rather. Shrieks rent the air when 'Boots' left Manila."

"Feminine shrieks?"

"Exclusively. The men were glad enough. He has three months' leave this winter, so you'll see him soon."

She thanked him mockingly for the promise, watching him from amused eyes. After a moment she said:

"I ought to arise and go forth with timbrels and with dances; but, do you know, I am not inclined to revels? There has been a little—just a very little bit too much festivity so far. . . . Not that I don't adore dinners and gossip and dances; not that I do not love to pervade bright and glittering places. Oh, no. Only—I——"

She looked shyly at Selwyn: "I sometimes feel a curious desire for other things. I have been feeling it all day."

"What things?"

"I—don't know—exactly; substantial things. I'd like to learn about things. My father was the head of the American School of Archaeology in Crete. My mother was his intellectual equal, I believe——"

Her voice had fallen as she spoke. "Do you wonder that physical pleasure palls a little at times? I inherit something besides a capacity for dancing."

He nodded, watching her with an interest and curiosity totally new.

"When I was ten years old I was taken abroad for the winter. I saw the excavations in Crete for the buried city which father discovered near Præsus. We lived for a while with Professor Flanders in the Fayum district; I saw the ruins of Kahun, built nearly three thousand years before the coming of Christ; I myself picked up a scarab as old as the ruins! . . . Captain Selwyn—I was only a child of ten; I could understand very little of what I saw and heard, but I have never, never forgotten the happiness of that winter.

... And that is why, at times, pleasures tire me a little; and a little discontent creeps in. It is ungrateful and ungracious of me to say so, but I did wish so much to go to college—to have something to care for—as mother cared for father's work. Why, do you know that my mother accidentally discovered the thirty-seventh sign in the Karian Signary?"

"No," said Selwyn, "I did not know that." He forbore to add that he did not know what a Signary resembled or where Karia might be.

"Do you know about my parents?" she asked. "They were lost in the *Argolis* off Cyprus. You have heard. I think they meant that I should go to college—as well as Gerald; I don't know. Perhaps after all it is better for me to do what other young girls do. Besides, I enjoy it; and my mother did, too, when she was my age, they say. She was very much gayer than I am; my mother was a beauty and a brilliant woman. . . . But there were other qualities. I—have her letters to father when Gerald and I were very little; and her letters to us from London. . . . I have missed her more, this winter, it seems to me, than even in that dreadful time—"

Her voice died; her clear eyes looked out into space while the silent seconds lengthened into minutes. One slender finger had slipped between her lips and teeth; the burnished strand of hair which Nina dreaded lay neglected against her cheek.

"I should like to know," she began, as though to herself, "something about everything. That being out of the question, I should like to know everything about something. That also being out of the question, for third choice I should like to know something about something."

She stood up, indifferent, absent-eyed, half turning toward the window; and, raising her hand, she carelessly brought the rebel strand of hair under discipline.

"You said you were going to look up Gerald," she observed.

"I am; now. What are you going to do?"

"I? Oh, dress, I suppose. Nina ought to be back now, and she expects me to go out with her."

She nodded a smiling termination of their duet, and moved toward the door. A maid stood there holding a note on a salver.

"For Captain Selwyn, please."

Miss Erroll passed out.

Selwyn took the note and broke the seal:

MY DEAR SELWYN: I'm in a beastly fix—an I. O. U. due to-night and *pas de quoi!* Obviously I don't want Neergard to know, being associated as I am with him in business. As for Austin, he's a peppery old boy, bless his heart, and I'm not very secure in his good graces at present. Fact is I got into a rather stiff game last night—and it's a matter of honor. So can you help me to tide it over? I'll square it on the first of the month.

Yours sincerely,
GERALD ERROLL.

P.S.—I've meant to look you up for ever so long, and will the first moment I have free.

Below this was penciled the amount due; and Selwyn's face grew very serious.

The letter he wrote in return ran:

DEAR GERALD: Check inclosed to your order. By the way, can't you lunch with me at the Lenox Club some day this week? Write, wire, or telephone when.
Yours, SELWYN.

When he had sent the note away by the messenger he walked back to the bay window, hands in his pockets, a worried expression in his gray eyes. This sort of thing must not be repeated; the boy must halt in his tracks and face sharply the other way. Besides, his own income was limited—much too limited to admit of many more loans of that sort.

He ought to see Gerald at once, but somehow he could not in decency appear personally on the heels of his loan. A certain interval must elapse between the loan and the lecture; in fact he didn't see very well how he could admonish and instruct until the loan had been canceled.

Pacing the floor, disturbed, uncertain as to the course he should pursue, he looked up presently to see Miss Erroll descending the stairs, fresh and sweet in her radiant plumage. As she caught his eye she waved a silvery chinchilla muff at him—a marching salute—and passed on, calling back to him: "Don't forget Gerald!"

"No," he said, "I won't forget Gerald." He stood a moment at the window watching the brougham below where Nina awaited Miss Erroll. Then, abruptly, he turned back into the room and picked up the telephone receiver, muttering: "This is no time to mince matters for the sake of appearances." And he called up Gerald at the offices of Neergard & Co.

"Is it you, Gerald?" he asked pleasantly. "It's all right about that matter; I've sent you a note by your messenger. But I want to talk to you about another matter—something concerning myself—I want to ask you

advice in a way. Can you be at the Lenox by six? . . . You have an engagement at eight? Oh, that's all right; I won't keep you. . . . It's understood, then; the Lenox at six. . . . Good-by."

There was the usual early evening influx of men at the Lenox who dropped in for a glance at the ticker, or for a cocktail or a game of billiards or a bit of gossip before going home to dress.

Selwyn sauntered over to the basket, inspected a yard or two of tape, then strolled toward the window, nodding to Bradley Harmon and Sandon Craig.

As he turned his face to the window and his back to the room, Harmon came up rather effusively, offering an unusually thin flat hand and further hospitality, pleasantly declined by Selwyn.

"Horrible thing, a cocktail," observed Harmon, after giving his own order and seating himself opposite Selwyn. "I don't usually do it. Here comes the man who persuades me!—my own partner——"

Selwyn looked up to see Fane approaching; and instantly a dark flush overspread his face.

"You know George Fane, don't you?" continued Harmon easily; "well, that's odd; I thought, of course—Captain Selwyn, Mr. Fane. It's not usual—but it's done."

They exchanged formalities—dry and brief on Selwyn's part, gracefully urbane on Fane's.

"I've heard so pleasantly of you from Gerald Erroll," he said, "and of course our people have always been on cordial terms. Neither Mrs. Fane nor I were fortunate enough to meet you last Tuesday at the Gerards'—such a crush, you know. Are you not joining us, Captain Selwyn?" as the servant appeared to take orders.

Selwyn declined again, glancing at Harmon—a large-framed, bony young man with blond, closely trimmed, and pointed beard, and the fair color of a Swede. He had the high, flat cheek bones of one, too; and a thicket of corn-tinted hair, which was usually damp at the ends, and curled flat against his forehead.

Sandon Craig and Billy Fleetwood came wandering up and joined them; one or two other men, drifting by, adhered to the group.

Selwyn, involved in small talk, glanced sideways at the great clock, and gathered himself together for departure.

Fleetwood was saying to Craig: "Certainly it was a stiff game—Bradley, myself, Gerald

Erroll, Mrs. Delmour-Carnes, and the Ruthvens."

"Were you hit?" asked Craig, interested.

"No; about even. Gerald got it good and plenty, though. The Ruthvens were ahead as usual——"

Selwyn, apparently hearing nothing, quietly rose and stepped out of the circle, paused to set fire to a cigarette, and then strolled off toward the visitors' room, where Gerald was now due.

Fane stretched his neck, looking curiously after him. Then he said to Fleetwood: "Why begin to talk about Mrs. Ruthven when our friend yonder is about? Rotten judgment you show, Billy."

"Well, I clean forgot," said Fleetwood; "what did I say, anyway? A man can't always remember who's divorced from who in this town."

Meanwhile Selwyn, perplexed and worried, found young Erroll just entering the visitors' room, and greeted him with cordiality.

"If you can't stay and dine with me," he said, "I won't put you down. You know, of course, I can only ask you once in a year, so we'll stay here and chat a bit."

"Right you are," said young Erroll, flinging off his very new and very fashionable overcoat—a wonderfully handsome boy, with all the attraction that a quick, warm, impulsive manner carries. "And I say, Selwyn, it was awfully decent of you to——"

"Bosh! Friends are for that sort of thing, Gerald. Sit here——" He looked at the young man hesitatingly; but Gerald calmly took the matter out of his jurisdiction by nodding his order to the club attendant.

"Lord, but I'm tired," he said, sinking back into a big armchair; "I was up till daylight, and then I had to be in the office by nine, and to-night Billy Fleetwood is giving—oh, something or other. By the way, the market isn't doing a thing to the shorts! You're not in, are you, Selwyn?"

"No, not that way. I hope you are not, either; are you, Gerald?"

"Oh, it's all right," replied the young fellow confidently; and raising his glass, he dodged at Selwyn with a smile.

"You were mighty nice to me, anyhow," he said, setting his glass aside and lighting a cigar. "You see, I went to a dance, and after a while some of us cleared out, and Jack Ruthven offered us trouble; so half a dozen of us went there. I had the worst cards a man ever drew to a kicker."

The boy was utterly unconscious that he was treading on delicate ground as he rattled on in his warm-hearted, frank, and generous way. Totally oblivious that the very name of Ruthven must be unwelcome if not offensive to his listener, he laughed through a description of the affair, its thrilling episodes, and Mrs. Jack Ruthven's blind luck.

"One moment," interrupted Selwyn, very gently; "do you mind saying whether you banked my check and drew against it?"

"Why, no; I just indorsed it over."

"To—to whom?—if I may venture——"

"Certainly," he said, with a laugh; "to Mrs. Jack—" Then, in a flash, for the first time the boy realized what he was saying, and stopped aghast, scarlet to his hair.

Selwyn's face had little color remaining in it, but he said very kindly: "It's all right, Gerald; don't worry——"

"I'm a beast!" broke out the boy; "I beg your pardon a thousand times."

"Granted, old chap. But, Gerald, may I say one thing—or perhaps two?"

"Go ahead! Give it to me good and plenty!"

"It's only this: couldn't you and I see one another a little oftener? Don't be afraid of me; I'm no wet blanket. I'm not so very aged; I know something of the world—I understand something of men. I'm pretty good company, Gerald. What do you say?"

"I say, *sure!*" cried the boy warmly.

"It's a go, then. And one thing more: couldn't you manage to come up to the house a little oftener? Everybody misses you, of course; I think your sister is a trifle sensitive——"

"I will!" said Gerald, blushing. "Somehow I've had such a lot on hand—all day at the office, and something on every evening. I know perfectly well I've neglected Eily—and everybody. But the first moment I can find free——"

Selwyn nodded. "And last of all, there's something about my own affairs that I thought you might advise me on."

Gerald, proud, enchanted, stood very straight; the older man continued gravely:

"I've a little capital to invest—not very much. Suppose—and this, I need not add, is in confidence between us—suppose I suggested to Mr. Neergard——"

"Oh," cried young Erroll, delighted, "that's fine! Neergard would be glad enough. Why, we've got that Valleydale tract in shape now, and there are scores of schemes in the

air—scores of them—important moves which may mean—anything!" he ended excitedly.

"Then you think it would be all right—in case Neergard likes the idea?"

Gerald was enthusiastic. After a while they shook hands, it being time to separate. And for a long time Selwyn sat there alone in the visitors' room, absent-eyed, facing the blazing fire of cannel coal.

How to be friends with this boy without openly playing the mentor; how to gain his confidence without appearing to seek it; how to influence him without alarming him! One thing was imperative—the boy must cut out his card-playing for stakes at once.

Who were these people, anyway, who would permit a boy of that age, and in a responsible position, to play for such stakes? Who were they to encourage such——

Selwyn's tightening grasp on his chair suddenly relaxed; he sank back, staring at the brilliant coals. He, too, had forgotten.

CHAPTER III

UNDER THE ASHES

Selwyn had added little to his diary during the month; he had neither burned nor returned the photograph. The prospect perplexed and depressed him.

He was sullenly aware that in a town where the divorced must ever be reckoned with when dance and dinner lists are made out, there is always some thoughtless hostess—and sometimes a mischievous one; and the chances were that he and Mrs. Jack Ruthven would collide, either through the forgetfulness or malice of somebody or, through sheer hazard, at some large affair where Destiny and Fate work together in criminal copartnership.

And he encountered her first at a mask and revel given by Mrs. Delmour-Carnes where Fate contrived that he should dance in the same set with his *ci-devant* wife before the unmasking, and where, unaware, they gayly exchanged salute and hand clasp before the jolly *mélée* of unmasking revealed how close together two people could come after parting forever and a night at the uttermost ends of the earth.

When masks at last were off there was neither necessity nor occasion for the two surprised and rather pallid young people to renew civilities; but later, Destiny, the saturnine partner in the business, interfered; and

some fool in the smoking room tried to introduce Selwyn to Ruthven. The slightest mistake would have rendered the incident ridiculous; and Ruthven made that mistake.

That was Selwyn's first encounter with the Ruthvens. A short time afterwards at the opera Gerald dragged him into a parterre to say something amiable to one of the débutante Craig girls—and Selwyn found himself again facing Alixe.

If there was any awkwardness it was not apparent, although they both knew that they were in full view of the house.

A cool bow and its cooler acknowledgment, a formal word and more formal reply; and Selwyn made his way to the corridor, hot with vexation, unaware of where he was going, and oblivious of the distressed and apologetic young man, who so contritely kept step with him through the brilliantly crowded promenade.

That was the second time—not counting distant glimpses in crowded avenues, in the Park, at Sherry's, or across the hazy glitter of thronged theaters. But the third encounter was different.

It was all a mistake, born of the haste of a heedless and elderly matron, celebrated for managing to do the wrong thing, but who had been excessively nice to him that winter, and whose position was not to be assailed.

"Dear Captain Selwyn," she wheezed over the telephone, "I'm short one man; and we dine at eight and it's that now. *Could* you help me? It's the rich and yellow, this time, but you won't mind, will you?"

Selwyn, standing at the lower telephone in the hall, asked her to hold the wire a moment, and glanced up at his sister who was descending the stairs with Eileen, dinner having at that instant been announced.

"Mrs. T. West Minster—flying signals of distress," he said, carefully covering the transmitter as he spoke; "man overboard, and will I kindly take a turn at the wheel?"

"What a shame!" said Eileen; "you are going to spoil the first home dinner we have had together in weeks!"

"Tell her to get some yellow pup!" growled Austin, from above.

"As though anybody could get a yellow pup when they whistle," said Nina hopelessly.

"That's true," nodded Selwyn; "I'm the original old dog Tray. Whistle, and I come padding up. Ever faithful, you see."

And he uncovered the transmitter and ex-

plained to Mrs. T. West Minster his absurd delight at being whistled at. Then he sauntered into the dining room, where he was received with undisguised hostility.

"She's been civil to me," he said; "*jeunesse oblige*, you know. And that's why I——"

"There'll be a lot of débutantes there! What do you want to go for, you cradle robber!" protested Austin—"a lot of water-bibbing, olive-eating, talcum-powdered débutantes——"

Eileen straightened up stiffly, and Selwyn's teasing smile and his offered hand in adieu completed her indignation.

"Oh, good-by! No, I won't shake hands. There's your cab, now. I wish you'd take Austin, too; Nina and I are tired of dining with the prematurely aged."

"Indeed, we are," said Mrs. Gerard; "go to your club, Austin, and give me a chance to telephone to somebody under the anæsthetic age."

Selwyn departed, laughing, but he yawned in his cab all the way to Fifty-third Street, where he entered in the wake of the usual laggards and, surrendering hat and coat in the cloak room, picked up the small slim envelope bearing his name.

The card within disclosed the information that he was to take in Mrs. Somebody-or-Other; he made his way through a great many people, found his hostess, backed off, stood on one leg for a moment like a reflective waterfowl, then found Mrs. Somebody-or-Other and was absently good to her through a great deal of noise and some Spanish music, which seemed to squirt through a thicket of palms and bespatter everybody.

"Wonderful music," observed his dinner partner, "so like 'Carmen.'"

"Is it?" he replied, and took her away at a nod from his hostess, whose daughter Dorothy leaned forward from her partner's arm at the same moment, and whispered: "I *must* speak to you, mamma! You *can't* put Captain Selwyn there because——"

But her mother was deaf and smilingly sensitive about it, so she merely guessed what reply her child expected: "It's all settled, dear; Captain Selwyn arrived a moment ago."

It was already too late, anyhow; and presently, turning to see who was seated on his left, Selwyn found himself gazing into the calm, flushed face of Alixe Ruthven.

To be continued.

THE DECADENCE OF AMERICA'S FIRST SEAPORT*

BY JOHN S. LOPEZ



THIS is the history of the shackling of a community; the blighting of the commerce of a city that helped to forge its own chains. And the facts will show how the centralizing clutch of railroad domination, whereby a handful of men have come to control our great highways of commerce, may prostrate even a State by means of power gained by debauching the politics of a commonwealth through the supineness of its people. It is a most illuminating example of the way in which the American policy of fostering private enterprises has given rise to unnatural industrial conditions detrimental in the long run to the welfare of the country at large.

Even casual observers know that Philadelphia, once the nation's capital reigning supreme as the foremost seaport of the New World, has declined to a position of such minor importance that her shipping is insignificant compared to that even of less important cities on the Atlantic seaboard.

That Philadelphia has progressed and grown to be our third largest city serves only to emphasize to what unbounded possibilities the city might have aspired under fair treatment. For the decline of Philadelphia's commercial leadership marked the decline of the real progress for which she was endowed; just as New York's tremendous gain in that direction was simultaneous with the prosperity which has lifted her to first place.

In 1682 the city of Philadelphia was settled and Pennsylvania was founded, the last but one of the English provinces in America. In that year New York was already a flourishing town of 5,000 inhabitants, but Pennsylvania

soon outstripped all the American colonies in prosperity, save the Old Dominion, and the City of Penn for nearly a century was regarded in Europe "not only as the great city but the focus of refinement and civilization of the Western World." In 1800 the population of New York was 33,131, of Philadelphia 54,391, and of Liverpool 70,000. At that time Liverpool compared to London was a less important seaport than Boston compared to New York to-day, and Philadelphia was the commercial metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. To-day Liverpool next to London is the greatest English port on the Atlantic, and Philadelphia stands fourth in the list of our Atlantic seaports, and is less important even than Galveston.

We are accustomed to think of New York as our chief seaport because of its superlative harbor, its mighty navigable rivers, and other natural advantages. Yet Liverpool has achieved her commercial eminence despite a dangerous bar at the mouth of the Mersey, and the fact that the river is subject to a thirty-foot rise of tide. The city has overcome this difficulty by the construction of the finest system of wet docks in the world, at a cost of \$106,000,000. Manchester, forty miles farther up the Mersey, and with high tides to contend with, by the construction and ultimate improvement of the first canal in Great Britain, has increased her commerce many fold. Glasgow, situated far up the shoal river Clyde, and with her commerce rapidly falling off in 1800, is now the greatest shipbuilding center and one of the largest ports in the world. Antwerp, Hamburg, Marseilles, and many other European ports with natural advantages vastly inferior to Philadelphia, have all outdistanced

* The illustrations with this article are printed by courtesy of the Philadelphia *North American*.

her in importance during the nineteenth century.

Obviously it has not been lack of natural advantages that has deposed Philadelphia. Her harbor affords a water frontage of thirty-three miles, giving a depth varying from eighteen to twenty-eight feet. The Dela-

ware River is the best buoyed and lighted channel in the world, save one, and presents a safe and direct waterway to the sea, below the city. At its mouth a stone breakwater, for which the Government has appropriated \$4,665,000, affords the only harbor of refuge between the capes of Virginia and Sandy Hook. Two of our greatest shipyards, and several minor ones, are situated in her harbor, and some of the largest vessels constructed in America are floated from them down the Delaware to the sea.



A PRIVATE WHARF
—THE TRACTION
COMPANY'S—FOOT
OF FAIRMOUNT
AVENUE

Philadelphia is also one of the greatest manufacturing cities in the world. Almost one half of all the carpets made in the United States are turned out by her mills. Nearly one third of all the sugar imported through Atlantic ports is landed in Philadelphia and refined there. More than one third of America's exports of petroleum is shipped from the Schuylkill River. Considering the State

of Pennsylvania alone, there is a greater volume of commercial enterprise behind Philadelphia than gives greatness to Antwerp, Hamburg, Rotterdam, or Liverpool. She is the second manufacturing State in the Union, having over a billion and a half dollars capital invested, only one sixteenth less than New York. She has over two thousand miles more railroads than New York, or more mileage than any other State east of the Great Lakes, and more than any other State in the Union except Illinois and Texas. Philadelphia is within seventy miles of the greatest anthracite coal fields in the world, and Pennsylvania mines about one half the entire production of coal of the country. Within her borders is mined or puddled more than one half the pig iron of the United States,

nearly as much as the entire output of Great Britain. She produces more than two thirds of the Bessemer steel of this country.

It might be hastily concluded that, since Philadelphia is a hundred miles from the



ABANDONED CITY
WHARF, FOOT OF
VINE STREET,
NEXT TO P. R. R.
FERRY



ABANDONED CITY WHARF, FOOT OF CALLOW-
HILL STREET

sea, it would not so readily attract maritime commerce. But when we remember that New Orleans is 107 miles from the sea, Baltimore 190, Hamburg 70, Antwerp 52, and Rotterdam 35, all of which ports have a greater volume of shipping than the Quaker City, we see that we must look elsewhere for



A CITY WHARF GONE TO RUIN IN THE MIDST OF PRIVATE PIERS, NEAR VINE STREET

the reason that the ocean carriers of the world have passed her by. Commerce invariably proceeds along the lines of least resistance, and the transfer point farthest inland, other things being equal, would naturally have the preference in order that shippers might take advantage of the greater cheapness of water transportation, which is about one tenth that by land. It seems pertinent to ask—since Philadelphia, with its 1,000 miles of trackage within the city limits connecting the railroads directly with its piers, enables the transfer of freight direct to vessels, presumably saving the lighterage charges necessary in New York harbor—why should not the Western shipper prefer to pay the cheaper rate from Philadelphia to the sea by water than to New York by rail? Furthermore, Pennsylvania being the only one of the Atlantic States that has direct access to both the Great Lakes and the waterways of the Mississippi Valley, her seaport might naturally be expected, by virtue of its geographical position, to hold the foreign commerce of the period of development of the Middle West as it did that of the East, up to 1830.

Lest anyone should jump to the conclusion that this is merely a local issue brought into prominence by a community smarting under the results of its own inertia and short-sightedness, let us remind ourselves that in any juggling of natural outlets of trade, it is the shipper and the consumer that pay in the end, and not the carrier. Superficially it may seem a matter of indifference to the Western shipper what Atlantic port offers him egress for his products intended for foreign markets. He has become accustomed to the railroad argument that there is no advantage for him in shipping from the near-

est point of transfer, without considering the *reason* why there is no such advantage. He has forgotten that the advantage exists potentially in nature and that the necessity to ignore it is purely an artificial one, for the clever building up of which he has for years had to pay, and for the maintenance and enlargement of which he is still paying.

Two facts will illustrate this pertinently: By an agreement among the railroads, the freight rates on merchandise billed to Atlantic ports for foreign shipment is always calculated on the rate to New York less a fixed differential. The rate to New York includes lighterage and laying down on the pier for transshipment. As between New York and Philadelphia, the differential is less than the prevailing lighterage charges in New York harbor despite the fact that at Philadelphia freight can be transferred directly from cars to the piers. In the nature of things it would seem that the actual cost of the longer haul plus the cost of lighterage and handling should determine the differential between the two cities. If the freight rate to Philadelphia is based on actual costs for haulage and handling, it would seem that the railroad is robbing its own pocket for the privilege of making the longer haul and the more costly transshipment at New York. Is it not more likely that freight rates to Philadelphia are falsely inflated to enable the railroad to do this at a profit?

Again, more than one fourth of all the imported merchandise transshipped from New York to interior ports prior to appraisalment goes to Philadelphia. This amounted to \$8,550,759 worth in 1905, more than to any other city of the Union. Why should not these imports (nearly one seventh of her total) reach the Philadelphia customs dis-

trict direct by water instead of over the more expensive rail route?

At the beginning of the nineteenth century our civilization had penetrated westward toward the Great Lakes and the head waters of our Western rivers, and the commercial centers along the Atlantic were bestirring themselves to aid in the development of this newly settled and richly endowed territory. From the beginning there existed a natural rivalry and competition between Philadelphia and New York to secure their respective shares of this business. The commercial supremacy of Great Britain has always been attributed to the rich natural deposits within the British Isles, and Pennsylvania, who had mined her first coal in 1792, was looking forward to an industrial development similar to that of the mother country. In 1818 appeared a small volume by Samuel Breck, one of the State senators from the county of Philadelphia, the purpose of which was "to show the superior situation of Philadelphia for attracting the great and increasing trade of the counties bordering on the Susquehanna, the Lakes, and the Western rivers," and is an argument for the construction of certain canals and for improvements of river navigation to establish communication with that Western trade for which New York was preparing to reach out with her Erie Canal. That Pennsylvania required an artificial channel of but sixty-five miles (as against New York's 327 miles) to connect her seaport with the Lakes, was pointed out by a commission appointed by Governor Snyder.

About this time the State of Pennsylvania, the rival of New York in wealth, with no pub-

lic debt, and unhampered by onerous taxes, was indefatigable in the extension and improvement of the avenues of traffic to and from her own interior. Perhaps a hundred millions of dollars of her capital were expended in canals, turnpikes, and other internal developments during the succeeding quarter of a century. And yet from 1830 onward the history of her seaport is a record of steady decline.

The secret was the failure of the State to establish an adequate trunk line of communication with the commerce at her western gates. With the completion of the Erie Canal by New York, it became apparent that her own route of through traffic could not compete with a route on which the transshipment and handling of freight was reduced to a minimum.

Then followed a series of commercial disasters which helped to cripple Philadelphia and to increase the lead New York had obtained over her. First came some severe losses in the China trade once so extensive at her wharves; then the failure of the Bank of the United States, reducing the banking capital of the city from fifty-one to eleven millions of dollars and practically bankrupting the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania so that she could not meet her obligations and was forced to offer for sale the vast public improvements in which she had locked up her capital for the development of her industries. Foreign shipping began to fall off and Philadelphia merchants began to remove their business to New York with the result that by 1850 between fifty and eighty millions of dollars capital had been lost to the Quaker City.



DOCK STREET CITY WHARF, LEASED TO THE P. R. R. AND BY THEM SUBLET AS
A MARKET

Philadelphia has never been without public-spirited citizens eager to do everything to enable the city to come back into her own, and it was through their efforts that the project of the Pennsylvania Railroad was conceived and hailed as the salvation of the port's declining commerce. By the middle of the nineteenth century we find the hopes of a great metropolis centered upon this great trunk line, then nearing completion to the Lakes and the Western waters, as the means of winning back her maritime activities. In 1852 Job R. Tyson, in a series of letters to William Peter, who had been for ten years British consul at the port of Philadelphia, pointed out the superior advantages that would be offered foreign carriers by the completion of this road. Its superiority over the Erie Railroad, also nearing completion in New York, was made apparent by such facts as that Cleveland is 175 miles nearer to Philadelphia, and Cincinnati 249 miles nearer, than to New York.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has not only repudiated every moral obligation to the commonwealth which gave it birth, but has debauched the State and city governments of that commonwealth in order to deprive it of the very advantages the prospect of which originally served as a reason for its franchise. During the first decade of the road's existence every advantage was made possible for it by the commonwealth that expected so much from it. It was encouraged and enabled to extend its lines westward, and given privileges which even in these corrupt days it would be impossible for any railroad to secure from our pliable legislators. Having obtained almost at a stroke this absolute hold in its own State, and finding it unnecessary to exert itself to secure the traffic of the port of Philadelphia, the corporation began early to reach out for a solid footing in

New York. There competition stared it in the face. The already completed Erie and the assured projection of the New York Central presented foemen worthy of its steel, and spurred it to secure its share of the commerce of New England and the port of New York.

This was a perfectly natural ambition, and the necessary steps to secure its fulfillment were backed eagerly by capital in the home city of the road. Too late it became apparent to the popular mind that the fatal flaw in the theory of the benefits to be derived from the aggrandizement of the Pennsylvania Railroad was the fact that it had at Philadelphia absolutely no competition. New York by virtue of her rapidly multiplying trunk systems, and when all else failed by means of

her State-owned Erie Canal, could demand from any railroad the most advantageous terms consistent with her situation and the facilities she could offer as a terminus. Philadelphia, having given away every advantage in her power, could only see her own gifts used for the benefit of her rival.

Perhaps nothing illustrates

more forcibly the policy of the railroad to neutralize competition at whatever cost, than the manner in which it has crippled the canals of the State. On July 1, 1870, the Schuylkill Navigation Company's canal was leased for 999 years by the Pennsylvania Railroad. In 1885-86 the railroad defaulted on its lease, offering the Navigation Company its property back, with no fear of competition, having accomplished its purpose of diverting the coal traffic to its own lines. Previous to the date of the lease, coal was carried by both canal and rail for ninety cents per ton. Soon after the rate was advanced to \$1.70 on both. And this despite the fact that the cost per ton-mile by canal was only 1.8 mills, about forty per cent of the cost by rail. Previous to the lease the



CITY WHARF, FAIRMOUNT AVENUE, LEASED TO
AN ICE COMPANY



CITY WHARF AT PALMER STREET, FALLEN IN FROM NEGLECT

canal had carried coal as low as forty cents per ton.

In exactly similar fashion the Delaware and Raritan Canal, connecting New York and Philadelphia, soon became a disused and dilapidated waterway because of the large shipments of coal diverted from it by the railroad and forced to make the wide detour *via* the Delaware capes in order to reach New York by water.

Showing that the corporation took steps to prevent even street railways from ever becoming competitors in freight carrying, is a Philadelphia ordinance of 1859, passed by its influence, which provides that "No passenger railway shall at any time be used for any other purpose than passenger travel." No exception has ever been made to this aside from that in a statute of 1895, which permits the street railways to carry the United States mails. This would seem a bar to the realization of the dreams of Philadelphians who hope the traffic problem will eventually be solved by the growing expansion of the trolley.

Let it be understood that Philadelphians have not always rested content under these conditions. From time to time for years past there have been popular agitations for betterment of the harbor and its facilities, but they always have come to naught because only by legislation could relief be had, and this rested solely in the hands of railroad-elected and controlled politicians. It has been the history of this machine-ridden State that the political leaders have gone hand in hand with "The Pennsy," each maintaining power through the other. And so strong

have been the machines that few but friendly politicians might find even minor office.

The treatment of Philadelphia by "The Pennsy" is an open book of evidence. Clearly shown is the policy of the railroad, which has been to gobble up the facilities of the port; not to utilize and extend them, but to monopolize and suppress them: first, that competition could find no foothold, and second, that foreign commerce could be diverted to where the railway willed.

This railroad control of facilities was epitomized in an official report made by Colonel Sheldon Potter to the Trades League Committee on Wharves and Docks, of which he was a member, during a recent agitation. Colonel Potter had been chosen to act as Director of Public Safety, and taking advantage of his official access to public documents and records, had uncovered the conditions surrounding the city wharves. Colonel Potter reported that his committee upon investigation had found:

1. That the maritime trade at this port is entirely *controlled* by the railroad companies, who own or occupy a large portion of the water front, including nearly every available wharf property belonging to the city of Philadelphia.

2. That the few city wharves not leased by the railroad companies have been so encroached on by adjoining wharves, for the building of which permits had been granted without regard for the future development of the city properties, as to be unsuitable for development for the accommodation of modern shipping.

And now let us see what use the Pennsylvania Railroad is making of the wharves over which it has control. A striking illustration,

from among the many, of the utter disregard of the terms under which leases are held is that of "Dock Street Wharf," one of the most valuable in the city. Colonel Potter reports:

It was granted to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company upon lease by ordinance passed in November, 1897, for a period of fifteen years from January 1, 1899, at a rental of \$5,000, and upon condition that it should be used for wharf purposes only, and that it should not be sublet . . . without permission of Councils.

This was an improvement lease by which the railroad bound itself to erect a modern pier. Instead of living up to its agreement, the railroad company has rented the property to a company which occupies it as a market house; and instead of improvement, the clear water between the piers north and south of Dock Street has been completely floored over. That "The Pennsy" accomplished a master stroke is evidenced by the fact that while it pays only \$5,000 a year to the city, it receives a rental of \$14,000 from the market company, thus securing to itself a profit of \$9,000 yearly and immunity from competition. No permission was secured from Councils to sublet, nor was any attempt made to enforce the terms of the lease.

It is interesting to note that for ten of the harbor properties thus controlled by "The Pennsy" "the total rental paid by that railroad for these most important of all the wharves in Philadelphia is \$10,443, as against \$22,000 paid for half the Race Street wharf and all of the Arch Street wharf."

Thus we have seen how the City Councils estimated values when renting to "The Pennsy." But what values does the railroad put upon its franchises? Read what occurred when an attempt was made to better shipping conditions by the widening of Delaware Avenue. Stephen Girard, the foremost shipowner and philanthropist of his time, realized, with prophetic foresight, that the time would come when the width of the street adjacent to the wharves would be inadequate. Therefore he willed \$50,000 to be used for widening Delaware Avenue, and by 1896, when the improvement was determined upon, the sum with accrued interest amounted to \$650,000. To this the city added \$1,500,000, which was more than adequate to pay for the widening between Vine and South streets, which thoroughfares marked the city's limits when Stephen Girard peered into the future.

At this time "The Pennsy" occupied the two Market Street wharves, unquestionably

the most valuable in Philadelphia, for ferry purposes. For this privilege the railroad paid the city \$3,600 yearly and, according to the lease then existing, had two years in which to retain the wharves, and the improvements which, according to agreement, were to revert to the city on the expiration of the lease. City Councils remained faithful to the railroad, and came to the front with an ordinance which provided for the payment of \$275,224 to the railway for damages its Market Street wharves would sustain in the widening of the street. And this, although the lease had but two years to run at a total rental of \$7,200, and it was the Market Street wharves that would most benefit by the improvement. And then, despite the valuation the road had set upon its two years' right to the property, Councils included in its ordinance the provision that the lease to the railroad should be extended for another twenty-five years at the same old rental of \$3,600.

With such a clutch as this upon the city and State, it is plain to see how the railroad could carry out its designs undisturbed by any outcry from the people. So keen was the concentration of effort on New York, and even on Baltimore, in answer to competition from other railroads, that the Quaker City was neglected and discriminated against. Not only were freight rates in and out of Philadelphia prohibitively unfair, but, even then, the railroad made no effort to properly handle such freight as offered. Cargoes, inward bound, lay on the wharves until such time as the railroad saw fit to carry them to their destination, meanwhile, in many cases, paying wharf charges. Importers the country over, and even in Philadelphia, came to realize that they could get their goods more quickly if they entered through New York, and so preferred to pay the additional freight charges rather than suffer delay. Grain and general freight for export, billed through Philadelphia, came in so slowly and erratically that vessels had unwonted waits for cargo, and in many instances had to clear without the freight for which they were engaged. Naturally these conditions drove vessels from Philadelphia to ports where cargoes could be expeditiously handled. And, to the complaints from shippers and importers, the railroads answered that the explanation lay in congestion of traffic and scarcity of cars. They did not advertise, however, that cars were scarce because they were being sent to New York and

Baltimore, and that much of the congestion was due to the volume of freight being hauled into those places. And the explanation lies in the existing competition in those ports. Baltimore's interests were being looked after by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; and, in addition, was the competing service promised by the entrance of the Gould system. New York was also well looked after by the several competing railroads. Yet the Pennsylvania did more for those ports, particularly New York, than it did for long-suffering Philadelphia.

But the explanation of the discrimination does not lie solely in the desire of the railroad to meet competition in the rival ports. If such had been the case, it would seem it might have divided its energies between the cities. But no; there was no rival carrier in Philadelphia, while there was keen competition to be met in New York; and this could best be done by concentrating all energies there. Philadelphians who have been agitating the question for years can show long lists of business houses that fought against conditions almost to failure, and then moved to New York or Baltimore.

"The Pennsy's" fight against competition did not stop with barring railroads. River and coastwise shipping have always been formidable rivals of the railroads, and the road did not propose to have the necessary freight out of Philadelphia fall to them. The Delaware River is thickly dotted with prosperous towns and cities between which and the metropolis there was heavy interchange of farm produce and general freight. As the clutch of the railway fastened on the available wharves, the river boats in this trade were squeezed for landings and their number decreased alarmingly. Coastwise shipping found the same difficulty, and activities in this direction were so discouraged that, in order to ship from Philadelphia to points south of Norfolk, Va., it was, until recently, necessary that freight first be sent to New York, that it might be loaded upon vessels.

An instance of how "The Pennsy" maneuvered in regard to competing river and coastwise carriers is found in the question of light-*erage* from vessels tied up at its wharves. The policy of the railroad has been conciliatory and evasive rather than openly defiant, and in answer to a general outcry that vessels belonging to independent shippers were forced to lie in the stream because they could find no wharves, the company came forth with

what seemed to be a generous offer. This was to throw open nine of its hitherto closed piers for such vessels from or to foreign ports. Further, when the vessels took or discharged cargo passing in whole or part over Pennsy lines, there was to be no charge for wharfage unless the vessels remained after discharging or docked *awaiting cargo*. Other vessels were to pay wharfage at the rate of one cent per ton per day on net registered tonnage. Shipping interests were in a congratulatory mood until the "joker" in the arrangement became apparent.

In several instances part cargoes came into the port billed to Baltimore *via* Philadelphia. These were to have been transferred to coastwise boats and thus delivered to their destination. But when the lighters and boats came to the "open" piers of the Pennsy to take the freight from the foreign vessels discharging there, they were positively refused the privilege of such transfers. It was clear that the railroad did not propose to see freight that it could gobble diverted to water carriers, although the added railroad charges would so swell the freight cost for transferred cargoes as to make it prohibitive.

Instances also arose in which local concerns tried to remove cargoes by lighter from railway wharves to their own wharves at different parts of the harbor. This also was refused, and the freight had to be removed in drays and wagons at a far greater cost than would have been necessary by lighter. Yet even when the railway got the freight, it did not concern itself with expeditious handling. An instance of how it imposed barriers is the experience of the Sterlingworth Railway Supply Company, of Easton, Pa., which complained that it was forced, in one case alone, to divert a thousand tons of steel products to New York because the shipment could be delivered to the wharves in Philadelphia by belt line during only certain hours daily, and subject to wharfage charges. Likewise the Sun Oil Company, at Marcus Hook, near Philadelphia, loads oil on barges to Baltimore for foreign shipment, on account of high railroad freights and lack of facilities for big ships.

From time to time grain men of the city have complained of the inadequacy of facilities for handling grain, and have entreated the railway to erect modern elevators at the port. They point out that grain men all over the country know that to ship any large quantity through Philadelphia means chok-

ing the elevators, whereas the facilities at Baltimore attract to that port an ever-increasing bulk of grain consignments. Tentative promises of an effort at relief have been the result of these complaints. Meanwhile the railway has announced that it will erect a new elevator at Baltimore, of from one to two million bushels capacity, as the grain trade of that city requires.

In the meantime, because of "congestion and shortage," Philadelphia has been unable even to get sufficient cars for transportation of grain from Buffalo, and the consequence has been that vessels have been forced to leave her port without cargoes. On September 13th last, the Philadelphia Transatlantic Line steamship *Eastpoint* was forced to clear for London without grain and with short cargo. She was to have taken 100,000 bushels of wheat. On September 15th the steamship *Haverford* sailed short 75,000 bushels of grain, and a few days later the *Massachusetts*, of the Red Star Line, was forced to clear with short cargo. About this time the Atlantic Transport Line steamship *Maryland* took on part cargo of general freight for London, and then was forced to proceed to Baltimore to load up with grain.

What the Pennsylvania has done to the shipping interests of Philadelphia, she has duplicated in the handling of the transatlantic passenger service of the port. On August 27th last, Frank P. Sargent, Commissioner General of Immigration, came to Philadelphia to investigate conditions at Washington Avenue wharf, where passengers are handled. His action was due to the continued publication in foreign journals of letters from emigrants who had passed through Philadelphia, and who wrote home warning other intending emigrants to avoid the port because of deplorable conditions at the dock and the unpleasant experiences they would have to undergo. Mr. Sargent found that the building for the reception of passengers and the management were as bad as they had been painted, and undoubtedly caused discrimination in favor of Baltimore and Boston.

Railroad interests declare that commerce at Philadelphia has declined because of harbor conditions; agitators for betterment answer that harbor conditions are the direct outcome of the driving away of shipping by the railroad through the crippling of the wharves. They point out that only in a minor degree are conditions faulty, so far as

the harbor is concerned, and these are of easy remedy if a return of shipping made it pay.

Since 1885 the national Government has authorized appropriations for the completion of a deep waterway from Philadelphia to the sea, having a depth at low water of twenty-six feet. In the River and Harbor Act of 1889 Congress adopted a new project providing for a channel 600 feet wide and thirty feet deep, from Christian Street, Philadelphia, to deep water in Delaware Bay. At the time of the adoption of this measure the twenty-six-foot channel had been completed except in three small areas where the depth was not less than twenty-three feet. The estimated cost of the thirty-foot project was \$5,810,000. Up to the end of 1906, of the appropriations made, \$5,132,000 had been expended on the work. There are still about \$700,000 available from the national Government. Since 1802 the appropriations by the national Government, the city of Philadelphia, and the State of Pennsylvania, for improvement of the harbor, the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, aggregates \$17,565,101. Clearly it is not the character or condition of the channel that has driven ocean carriers to other ports.

Such shortcomings as exist are in and about the wharves which have been neglected because of disuse. These conditions are being largely rectified because of agitation under way and due to the unremitting efforts of James Pollock, the new harbor master recently appointed. He is not a politician, as were his predecessors, but a business man with the interests of the port at heart, and he has gone at the problem with enthusiasm. On a recent inspection, the first made by a Philadelphia harbor master in years, he discovered that the Schuylkill River was filled with waterlogged barges which had gone to decay through lack of commerce, that the wharves, especially those owned by the city, were falling to pieces, and that the river must be dredged to be made available for shipping above Point Breeze, at which point the Standard Oil Company refines and loads its products for foreign shipment. Mr. Pollock proved that the Schuylkill could be made available for shipping, and thus relieve the strain on the Delaware River wharves.

Although it is a Government offense, he discovered that tugs were in the habit of dumping ashes into the channel of the Delaware because they could not land at the corporation-controlled wharves to unload. Due to this is the fact that at twenty piers it

is impossible for fireboats to land at low water, although, as Mr. Pollock points out, fires do not always occur at high tide.

For several months past there has been going on a strenuous agitation in which the prime movers have been about a score of the trade organizations which represent practically the commercial interests of the city. Much has been done, but more remains; and this, even the most sanguine admit, depends upon the political backing that can be enlisted. As Mr. Potter pointed out, there are no wharves in the possession of the city that can be developed. He argues then "that every effort should be put forth, therefore, to obtain for the city from the Legislature the right to condemn and take property for the purpose of wharves and public buildings."

That this might be a possible solution was hoped during the time Mr. Potter was Director of Public Safety. Philadelphia had undergone one of its sporadic waves of political regeneration, and the Republican machine had apparently been given its death-blow. Mayor John Weaver, elected by the machine, had "repented"; and to show that he was for clean politics, had ousted the various "machine" directors, and in their place had appointed representative Philadelphians. From this the wave of reform spread until it seemed that the gang-ridden State was about to enter into a political elysium. But discontent entered the ranks of the reformers, and after a season of bickering and charges and recriminations, hurled one at the other, the Mayor recanted, and returning to the fold of his political sponsors, brought about the "resignation" of his reform directors. The result was that at the warmly campaigned elections of last November, city and State administered a crushing defeat to the reformers and elevated the machine back to its old-time unquestioned prestige. To this political dynasty, then, must Philadelphia look for the legislation that will restore her commercial prosperity.

How much may be expected from such a source may be judged from the fact that while Sheldon Potter was in office he placed in the hands of Mayor Weaver full reports of the condition of the wharves, pointing out the necessity to take advantage of violation of present leases so that the city might abrogate them where possible for its own advantage. He pointed out several instances which offered opportunities of this kind, and urged the Mayor to send recommendations

to Councils to this effect. No such recommendations were made, however, and it transpired that the information, instead of being reserved for ammunition in case of a fight, had been transmitted to the attorneys of the railroad to see if they had any "explanation" to offer. Indications do not warrant the expectation that "The Pennsy" will do anything voluntarily for the port. Unless the railroad intended to concentrate its energies on New York for all time, would it be spending a matter of \$200,000,000 for terminal facilities in that city?

Whether Philadelphia will be able to throw off the yoke of railroad domination and win back a moiety of the maritime commerce that is her due, time alone will tell. It seems unlikely that the effectual, fervent prayers of her representative citizens will avail much till in the natural course of events an awakened public sentiment throughout the localities affected shall shame her legislators into some show of local patriotism. It now seems almost incredible that New York should ever reach the limit of her capacity, but we must remember that, because of the vast area of our country, it has taken us longer to reach the period when we are preëminently concerned with foreign markets. Hitherto we have been kept busy meeting the demands of interior commerce, and so long as railroads offered a ready means of doing this, we have not questioned the niceties of economic distribution. But already questions of transportation that were never dreamed of a decade ago are beginning to present themselves.

The day cannot be so very far distant when the slightest shading of freight rates will be a factor in our competition with our foreign rivals in trade, and then the transshipment port farthest inland is bound to have its day. Whether this will be Philadelphia or Baltimore, cannot be foretold, but with the general attention of shippers and consumers focused on the problem, it will be difficult for "The Pennsy" to secure the exclusion of competing lines as it has done in the past.

Should Philadelphia break the political shackles which now render her powerless, should she secure adequate control of her wharves, and grant to the Gould system the entrance into the city which it has been seeking in vain for years, the Quaker City would again be in a position to get her fair share of the great movements of foreign traffic that are bound to sweep across the country from the West in the near future.



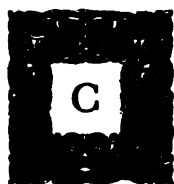
Drawn by C. D. Weldon.

"From his uplifted saber stood out, clear and sharp, the strangest flag that ever fluttered in the morning breeze."

THE YELLOW STREAK

BY GRANT WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WELDON



APTAIN HANK RUMBO, Indian fighter and war correspondent, sat on his heels on the safe side of a shell-shattered mud house beyond the Sha-Ho. I

busied myself blowing up a reluctant cane-stalk fire under our tea, using the jagged base of a twenty-centimeter shell as a brazier. It was near midnight of the fourth day of the battle, and as we devoured our pannikins of warmed-over rice curry and washed it down with steaming green tea, the long, ripping patter of rifle fire sounded faintly from the left, like tearing canvas. It was Oku's sleepless bloodhounds making another night attack.

Charge after charge had been made along the whole front, and time after time the brown men had been driven back. Twice the Russians had rushed the invaders out of positions taken hardly in night assaults. Forty thousand men were lost, and still the stubborn Slavs on the hills to the north, behind their miles of barbaric mantraps and barb-wire entanglements, held the Japanese.

By midnight the pathetic little tragedies from the firing line had ceased to drag their bleeding forms back to the dressing stations; so, having assisted in binding and splinting the last shattered leg and seen Surgeon Major Hirano, still in his bloody apron, fall exhausted and sleep among the silent wounded, we had turned to preparing our first meal since sunrise.

"Did you notice how the Siberian boys yelled and cried when they got theirs?" asked Captain Rumbo. "They are as emotional as German schoolgirls. But these wounded Japs! Holy smoke! as Calvin said when he burned the Reverend Mr. Servetus; did you

ever see anything like it? They lie here and chew a shrapnel bullet or grip a cane stalk till they rip it to pieces in their agony, while the surgeon dresses smashed legs and arms, but nary a groan nor a howl from one of the hundreds we have tied up. Talk about nerve!"

"If they had less nerve and more nerves," I said, "they wouldn't keep Mr. Kuropatkin making 'strategic movements to the rear.' As a matter of fact, I believe the Jap has only a rudimentary nervous system—like the jellyfish. He doesn't really feel pain."

"Well, then," said Rumbo, "it's no wonder they express no emotions of hate or love or patriotism. They have no such emotions. They are cold, polished pieces of machinery."

"But what better food does one want for powder in a modern long-range battle?" I asked. "Nowadays, when soldiers kill each other at a distance of five miles, thinking men, afire with dare-devil courage, aren't half so useful as brainless steam engines in breeches."

"I'll admit their nerve and obedience, but not their grit," said the captain, "and I'll tell you this: the Oriental, as an individual, has nothing comparable with our Western devil-may-care grit and that quiet, inherent courage which doesn't depend on outward stimulus, and what is worse, you'll find nary a one of 'em who hasn't a yellow streak in him; and the Jap is no exception. Not only that, but strip him of his fanaticism and get him into a corner where pluck and initiative and manhood are demanded, and your yellow-brown man is yellow clear through—all but his liver, and that's white."

I laughed. Recalling the two desperate charges in which Rumbo and I had participated that very day, when one fourth of a

whole division had been shot up and cut to pieces, the idea of the white liver in a setting of yellow streaks struck me as distinctly humorous. I reminded him of the fact that the Japanese had won seven desperate battles in succession without losing a trick, and that invariably they had fought in the open, while the enemy had been sheltered by trenches, redoubts, and every device known to modern engineering science.

"You've gone loco," I concluded. "Don't you remember how Colonel Watanabe Usa, of the Third Division, this afternoon, leading his men against Lone Pine Hill, chopped through the wire entanglements with his saber, and raced with those laughing devils of his up the hill? You saw him leap into the trench and with his own hand kill the two Russian officers at the machine gun. Where was the 'yellow streak' in that little imp o' darkness?"

Captain Rumbo smiled at me, easily, over the top of his tin of tea.

"'Imp o' darkness' is good," he agreed, "and it would be imp-o-lite-ness for me to deny that the Jap soldier generally arrives. The only way to lick him is to kill him. He doesn't fear death. He invites it, rather; and he is disappointed if he doesn't get it. But I don't call that bravery—not the good old American brand, anyway. This Colonel Watanabe is no better and no worse than the rest of the Emperor's chattels. He did what every American admires—he got there; and I took off my hat and yelled 'Banzai!' with the rest, when our crowd got the Roosky moujiks on the jump. All the same, I say that, at heart, Colonel Watanabe Usa is a coward!"

I crumpled up a handful of green makharka leaves taken from a dead Cossack's haversack, filled two pipes, and handed one to Rumbo before replying.

"Pardon the suggestion," I said, "but I think you need to smoke a new brand. Try this."

Over the tiny camp fires glowing in our pipe bowls we gazed through smoke rings across the night-shrouded battlefield, held long in confidential wakefulness by the double brother-bond of battle and nicotine. Occasional shells from the red-winking Russian guns whoomed overhead and searched the cane beyond, or, burrowing into our hillside, went skyward in fan-shaped sheets of flame and sparks, the deafening detonations provoking drowsy curses from the infantrymen sleeping among the rocks.

"So you don't think the average Jap is a

physical and moral coward?" he asked at last.

"Quien sabe?" I replied. "I admit that he is a bundle of contradictions, and that measured by American standards he is a bedlamite, straight from Topsy-Turvy Land. He may be a Chesterfield and a cheerful liar one minute, and a Red Indian the next—a sycophant and a welcher to-day, and a Napoleon to-morrow. Anyway, like Kansas dust, he is bound to be a good deal in the public eye, and he will bear watching. We Westerners have been taught to regard the little Jap as an amusing and precocious child, given to obstructing sidewalk traffic with his polite contests in kowtowing, to suspending from the branches of the cherry tree his dainty poems addressed to his friends, and to dawdling for hours over the ceremonial tea; and when we see him under the tent flap, bowing and laughing and playing checkers, he seems a velvet-pawed kitten in khaki; and yet you and I have seen him in battle a ramping, raging tiger, greedy of Slav bayonets, and afterwards dragging himself to the field hospital, shot to rags, unwhimpering, a mere bullhide wrapped round a will. We never know a character until we have seen it put to the test under stress—least of all the combination of Sphinx and Janus known as the Japanese. So studied, the embattled brown boy strikes me as a strange compound of Little Lord Fauntleroy, Peter the Hermit, and Sitting Bull—child, fanatic, and emotionless savage, all in one. The 'yellow streak' in him possibly may be more than skin deep. All the same, with two millions of such 'cowards,' the Mikado could clean out the whole Christian world."

Rumbo refilled his pipe thoughtfully.

"That's right," he said, "but if you want to continue to believe in your heroes, keep them always at telescopic distances—and let motives alone. To illustrate—and as a sample of a dwelling house to a buyer, one brick is as good as a hodful: This Colonel Usa who chopped his way to glory to-day before our admiring eyes used to be my cook and body servant; and I reckon it holds that no valet is ever a hero to his master. Well, from the time we went on board the transport at Tampa, bound for Santiago—I was then a lieutenant with the Rough Riders—this Watanabe Usa began accumulating a record as a quitter. Before we reached Cuba, he had picked a row with a fat darky pot-wrestler named Smoky Joe. After they had agreed to fight it out in

the messroom, jiu-jits' against catch-as-catch-can, Usa swelled up to the surgeon and cautioned him not to butt in with any attempts at resuscitating the negro after he had got done toying with him, for he knew how to revive vanquished opponents with some hocus-pocus twist of the wrist. But there seemed to be something wrong with the science of jiu-jits' that day, for after about three seconds the dust cleared away and we saw the Jap on his back yelling 'Enough!' with Smoky Joe sitting on his stomach. Usa complained that the darky's tactics had been unfair and not in accordance with the ancestral traditions and usages of jiu-jits'.

"In camp, Watanabe was frequently absent when needed, and I found him several times making notes and sketches of the artillery, infantry, and commissary equipment. Afterwards I discovered that he had sent to the General Staff in Tokyo a report of about four hundred and fifty pages, giving detailed descriptions and sketches of everything in Shafter's army down to a collapsible frying pan and our Arizona saddle bags. Great is the secret service of the Japanese army! Usa was one of its sponges, sent out to absorb things, and I judge he did it to the Emperor's taste. But I noticed that when we got into a scrimmage at Las Guasimas, Usa fairly burned the road getting to the rear; and at the San Juan Hill incident, his legs again ran away with him and he hid under a pile of bake ovens till a mule skinner dragged him out. He excused himself politely by saying that he was more valuable to me as a live cook than as a dead hero, which wasn't such very bad pidgin, after all.

"Well, after that little brown doughnut had been in my service in Cuba and New Mexico for two years, my regiment was stationed at the Presidio by the Golden Gate, and I put him into the University of California. I figured that by that time he must have imbibed the American spirit and slipped the leash of the Unchanging East—but listen: Crabapples don't change to sweet pippins in a year, and not even the college spirit can make a sieve of the armor-clad mentality of the Jap. He absorbed from books like a sponge in a well, but when it came to measuring up to the Anglo-Saxon standard of manhood, his three thousand years of tradition were against him. He had the modern mentality in mediæval swaddling clothes. This young Oriental, with two other Jap freshmen, got mixed up in the annual cane-

rush on the ball ground. Two hundred sophomores, carrying ropes for tying up the opposition, charged three hundred freshmen, similarly armed. The battle was one which called for all there is of inflexible Western grit. It lasted two hours and resulted in nearly all the freshmen being overpowered, bound hand and foot, rolled into the bushes among the live oaks, and left to languish in painful seclusion till morning. But long before this a few of the freshmen had shown the yellow streak; and the first to cut and run was Watanabe Usa. He hid behind the baseball backstop, where half a dozen soph girls, for the fun of the thing, rounded him up, roped him, and hauled him, hissing and clawing like a cat, to a tree, where they tied him fast. The other Jap boys paused on their way to the tall chaparral and untied him. Then all three climbed the tree, where the girls made caustic comments to them concerning the twine strings which they inferred did service for Japanese backbones, and referred to them impartially as 'Skippy Usa' and 'Timid Annie Benjomoto' and 'Little Skiddoo.' Then the California girls rounded up a speckled calf, tied it to the base of the tree, and dared the three Japs to come down and get butted to death. Well, those animated air pumps sat up in the treetop till morning, hissing and grinning and apologizing for being alive, while the fight went on, and giving an illustration of how to be polite though uncomfortable. The next day Usa went to the faculty and squealed on his classmates, not omitting even the girls.

"A month later this same Usa passed up the chance of his life to make good as a moral hero. One night after a 'beer bust,' half a dozen college boys, feeling in a mood for breaking the inglorious monotony which cursed their existence, corralled a long-eared burro, blindfolded it with the blue and gold varsity colors, and carried it up six flights of stairs to the belfry on top of North Hall. Post-eventual wisdom had taught Usa to make a bluff at concealing the saffron streak; so he became a willing satellite to Gaskey, the quarterback, and it was Usa who sketched a portrait of the president of the varsity, with extra long ears, and tied it to the burro's tail.

"The next morning, after old 'Jimmy de Bug,' the janitor, had strained his biceps vainly trying to induce the bell to clang, the burro was discovered tethered to the clapper. He had been choked to death by the bell rope. The faculty tumbled out and there was a

great howl, but none of the students could be induced to take the beast down again, for that they thought would be a confession of complicity; so it resulted in seven dignified professors assisting the janitor to carry the defunct jackass downstairs, to the admiring acclaim of fifteen hundred students. That morning the boys were all lined up on the parade ground—you remember there is no chapel for such gatherings—and the culprits were called on to step forth. Of course, nobody budged. Then the names of five suspects were read. They happened to be innocent men, but they kept mum. But Gaskey and his assistants in the burro episode, having too much manhood to permit the wrong men to be punished, promptly stepped forth and owned up, and were suspended on the spot. What did Usa-san do? Did he stand forth likewise and take his medicine? Not a bit of it. That isn't the Jap nature. Usa couldn't hide the yellow streak. He went white around the gills and stood tight, and nobody ever knew that he was one of the culprits. Do you call that American backbone?

"Just another instance, and the prosecution will rest the case. You remember when the excursion boat *Tamalpais*, crowded to the ropes with Christian Endeavorers, bound from San Francisco to Tiburon, ran aground in a fog on Red Rock, east of Fort Alcatraz? Eight people were drowned, and if it hadn't been for the grit of a dozen American soldiers and a few other white men who stood off the Japs and Frenchmen who were trampling the women and children to death, in a mad scramble for the boats, hundreds would have gone down. At that time Usa-san was a Christian Sunday-school boy—purely for diplomatic reasons, I suspect, because I notice now that he wears the ikon of Kwannon-sama, the Buddhist god image, for protection from bullets. What did that son of the Samurai do? Talk about the impassivity of the Japs! Why, he went plumb loco that day—he and a dozen other Jap students with him. They flung women and children aside, trampled on them on the companionway, and tore the life-preservers out of their hands. The mate knocked Usa down, and we rounded up the crazy foreigners long enough to get the women and children off first. Usa whimpered like a puppy, and in disgust the officers flung him into a lifeboat with the women. That's the last I saw of Mr. Usa until we ran into him last month at Oku's headquarters below

Kaiping, wearing the stars of a colonel of the Imperial Army."

It was now past midnight, and most of the Russian gunners, wearied by four days and nights of the insane fever of battle, had ceased to fire into the dark "on suspicion." Only now and then the red flare and stentorian voice of a fifteen-pound shrapnel breaking above the thatched roof caused the rats in the shell-torn mud house at our backs to scamper squealing up the dusty cross-beams. The Japanese artillerymen, having been taught in Europe never to fire on a mere landscape, slept in the cold rain.

Inside the Manchu hut the tired surgeons were dozing on the dirt floor among the uncomplaining wounded. Finding a vacant spot at the side of a native kadan, or mud divan, under a sputtering bean-oil lamp, we rolled ourselves in our blankets and were soon asleep.

Half an hour before dawn a boyish sub-lieutenant, shot through the shoulder, shook me gently and apologized for disturbing us.

"Pretty soon, on the Round-Top hill," he announced, "will be issun no jigoku—hell in the space of an inch. It might be so you like go take a look—see?"

We would. Taking a few long pulls at the canteens of cold tea pressed on us by half a dozen wounded and grinning boys lying near, we double-quickened out of the compound, munching compressed chocolate as we ran.

It was very dark. The stars had been extinguished by a fine drizzle. At the base of the hill we heard the many-footed tramp of little bronze sphinxes, shifting and winding through the aisles of the dripping cane, whole battalions invisible ten yards away. We fell in at the side of two subalterns.

"Ohayo!" said Rumbo, giving the morning salutation in a big, cheerful voice.

"S-s-sh-h!" whispered a lieutenant, slipping between us, adding under his breath: "To speak much big is not. It is one attack of surprise. The hill yonder failed to let us capture eet at midnight, as arranged previously. Eet ees the key to Ti Li pass. Oyama-gensui [the Field Marshal] much needs eet. So now we must not fail. Our scouts he are to crawl upon the Rokoku [Russian] outposts with bayonet in hand, and then—Sp-l-k!" He clucked and drew his hand suggestively across my throat.

We made no answer. For five minutes the column crept forward, churning the slush

with weary feet. We halted and for ten minutes more squatted in silence under the thick, wet boscage.

Suddenly a rifle spoke far in front. Then other shots ransacked the cane around us. The men sprang to their feet and each section of seventy, under the direction of a lieutenant, deployed to the left or right and sifted out of the cane. Wearing their long blue overcoats, with cowl-like hoods over their heads, and carrying their bayoneted guns at the trail, they swarmed into the swale between the hills, tramping toward Uncertainty and the Cimmerian night; and the fight for the pass was on again.

The two battalions of seisentai, or picked troops, run crouching across the dip, through the breaches in the barb-wire entanglements cut by the engineers the night before. At every step now we stumble over men stretched in stony paleness—victims of the repeated assaults of two days and nights. The hilltop, standing black against the sky, shows a line of yellow spots twinkling through the rain like swarms of fireflies. On all sides come the cold, steely whiffs of pencil-like bullets, faster and faster, with angry, humming “t-zee-ah!” The men of the Imperial Thirty-fourth Regiment, waited on by scarcity and rain and sleeplessness, enough to make cowards of Spartans, flood round the redoubt, multitudinous, without an answering shot. The night bristles with knife bayonets. The foremost men spring into relief against the skyline of the black summit. Other dark forms swarm behind them. The roar of rifle shots dwindles into sputters, while steel clinks against steel, and curses and wild screams fill the air. The giants from Riga and Cracow stand firm—cowed Necessity withstanding the shock of fatalistic Duty. Above the wire entanglements Captain Rumbo and I drop behind convenient boulders. For ten minutes the awful death dance of mutual assassination above us goes on. Louder grows the roar round that ring of outer limbo. The rain clouds drag their smudge away toward the Gobi Desert, and slowly the yellowing dawn reaches up out of the east. The ripping sound of shots, the thud of blows, and inarticulate cries as of madmen grow nearer. Suddenly Rumbo grips my arm.

“Good God! They are being driven back. The Russians are countering!” he cries.

Thrusting, grunting, falling in confused death grapple, the Japanese fighters are slowly forced down the hill—slowly, because

they come down backward. Masses of big fellows in tilted caps and huge overcoats swarm after them, thrusting, clubbing, firing into their faces. In a moment we shall be in the arena of death, swallowed up in the ruck of struggling men. But General Ogawa has another card up his sleeve.

With loud banzais, a fresh battalion of supports charges through the wires, past us. The new men plunge into the thick of the fight. At their head is a lean little officer, waving a saber. He turns at my side to yell the order, “Soin, mae e!” (At them, men!) “For the Emperor!”

“By all the gods, it’s Colonel Usa,” cries Rumbo. “Look at that! He’s got the Russians on the jump!”

In the growing light we could see the enemy swarming back up the hill, the Japanese bayonet men hard at their heels. In another minute loud banzais from the summit told that the hill was won. The Russians, running like sheep, dropped into trenches in the pass below the hill, prepared to dispute Oku’s further advance. The Japanese, sheltered in their hill redoubts, poured an incessant rifle fire into the enemy’s new position.

Lighting our pipes, Captain Rumbo and I hugged our knees behind our boulder and awaited developments. He seemed in the mood still to philosophize on his favorite theme. He pulled at his pipe in silence for a moment, listening to the volleys that swept, a devil’s besom, down the opposite side of the hill, and to the whiz of the answering shots of the Czar’s stubborn moujiks. Then, stretching himself, he waved his pipe in the direction of the mountain boys swarming in the death-choked trenches on the hilltop.

“Nothing,” he said, raising his voice so as to be heard above the rifle crashes, “is so invincible as Ignorance with a gun in its hands—unless it is Fanaticism similarly equipped, and yonder you see an ideal combination of the two. Of course they’ll win! Their generals ransacked all the military colleges and crack armies of Europe and America for modern war methods, and their recruiting sergeants blew their trumpets before the huts of poor backwoods yokels who permit their leaders to do their thinking for them, and yonder fatalistic members of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Ancestor Worshipers are the world beaters who responded.”

I acknowledged that in conducting the

affairs of Japan a few enlightened men are the Nation, and that God and the common people are not consulted, and called his attention to the fact that in riding into Liao Yang, after Kuroki's fluke, I found the members of the Emperor's pet division, the red-capped Imperial Guardsmen, being put on police duty as a punishment for their unsoldierly conduct in their disastrous flanking movement.

"Not only this," I continued, "but, do you know, those Red Caps were ruined by education? They were free-thinking Tokyo counter-jumpers and members of the shoji student class—men who had learned to ask why; and mark me, when an Oriental soldier begins to think, it is all off with him. Thought models the world like soft clay, and when all men think, scientific butchery for settling moral questions will become a lost art. It requires ceremony and tradition and religious fervor to wrench awe and unquestioning service from sons of the East. Would you have Oriental soldiers invincible as the spirits of the gods? Would you see miracles of enthusiastic heroism and self-sacrifice? Then put unlettered fatalists into uniforms, fill them with the belief that the Son of Heaven is their commander, and turn their noses toward the enemy's redoubts, and not till the last of the inspired blockheads lies a festering blood clot will they know defeat. Possibly this fact may throw some light on the contradictory elements in the character of the Jap soldier, including your friend Usa."

We listened awhile to the incessant staccato of rifles.

"I reckon you're nosing close to the right trail," Rumbo finally agreed. "When you come to think of it, there is a kind of bravery which is the result of cowardice and dread of the afterclap, when men fear their officers and are ashamed to run in the presence of their comrades. That's the Russian kind. There is another sort which arises from sheer grit and a desire to get there, regardless of orders. That's the American product. And then there's the other kind which is due to fatalism—religious fervor—fanaticism, as you please. That is the Jap variety. The brown man is by nature a coward until the Emperor, who is a god to him, lifts his finger. Then we find that his civilization is only a wrappage, through which the savage bursts, terrible as the Huns of Attila. He believes that those who die at the Mikado's command occupy

front seats in Paradise. He is a victim of obsession—of age-long hypnotic suggestion. His monomania arises from a blood clot on the brain, the size and shape of the Royal Seal. These brothers to bull calves are tethered to the superstitions of a barbarous past. The cobwebs and charnel dust of heredity and Bushido teaching cover their mental skylights. When these are swept clear, as they surely will be, mark me, the Mikado's footstools will be no more invincible than the South American muchachos. At present their fanaticism bridges the gulf of death. Their 'bravery' is not the calm, interior, self-reliant grit of our Western plainmen, but the madness of the Mahdi's Arab legions. The 'yellow peril'? There'll be no great yellow peril so long as the Orientals retain their saffron streak, and that will remain until their ancestor worship and Emperor worship and their national habit of lying politely to all the world, including themselves, are replaced by thought and individual initiative and moral perpendicularity."

We rose from our cramped position and gazed on the hillside above and below us, dotted with contorted forms lying thick as flies in November.

"Look at those hundreds of dead and wounded," he went on. "Ten to one, the survivors up there are fanning themselves and apologizing because they have not had the happiness to be punched full of holes. Japan's whole army looks to me like a huge suicide club. Nippon has one of two destinies: Either she will commit national hara-kiri, disemboweling herself, or she will become the drum major of Asiatic nations; for when a nation has been bitten by the basilisk Ambition, 'death or dominion' is her motto——"

A winding whine above our heads cut short his words; and immediately, plump down out of its cloud chariot, between us and the hilltop, landed a long steel tube, blowing heavenward in orange-colored fury. Five others followed in quick succession, some of them striking higher, among the Japanese soldiers, others blowing mud and gravel over us. Curved shell fragments came skittering and turning flip-flaps past us. Then the heavens were filled with the "schlee-e-oo-ah!" of projectiles, hissing like red-hot steel dropped in water, and our hilltop became a hundred-throated crater. Shrapnel shells, popping spitefully, high in the air, rained death on the summit. Captain Rumbo craned his neck back toward the gray patchwork of cane fields in the rear, where three hundred Arisaka

fieldpieces were masked behind piles of kaling cane. The Arisaka wolves, in groups of six, were howling and spitting jets of flame in our direction.

"Good God!" he cried, "the Japanese are shelling their own men!"

Faster and faster came the metallic screams and the splitting crashes. Up along the ring dial of the hill pandemonium reigned. Men hugged the bottoms of the gory sand pits, wedging themselves in between dead Russians, vainly seeking shelter from the iron blows of their blundering brothers.

The rising sun revealed a score of men leaping out of the trench and running wildly about the hillside. They zigzagged, crossed each other's paths, and bent over the dead as though searching distractedly for something. What could it mean? An officer and two men ran toward us, searching among the fallen. We could hear them crying out and panting. Shells howled overhead, like screaming hags of destruction. Then, almost at their feet, like a bolt out of the blue, dropped a man-devouring steel dragon. It blew up with a deafening roar, scattering mud over our sheltering rocks. When we looked again, the two men lay prone, flailing the ground with their heels. The officer was crawling toward us, coughing and gasping. He dropped at our sides, his red hands gripped at his throat convulsively. We turned him over. It was Colonel Usa!

Two small crimson jets were spurting from a jagged gash in his neck. Hastily Rumbo removed a first-aid bandage from Usa's food-sling. We pressed absorbent cotton into the wound and bound up the throat. For a moment he lay unconscious. Then the hell's chorus of blaring shells galvanized him into action. He sat up and flung a despairing hand toward the bellowing artillery.

"Hata! Hata, arimasen!" he gasped.

"What is it?" I asked.

"The flag!" he cried, through bloody lips. "Color bearer lost— We not have signal flag—to stop this red murder! The Russ—the Russ—! In five minutes they will be back—all will be lost!"

"Hui!" he cried, suddenly clutching his head. A strange light shone from his eyes. Feverishly rummaging in the net slung under his arm, he drew out a long roll of white linen. Unrolling it, he hastily spread on the sand a spotless towel, wide and long, and embroidered around the edges in silk with lavender wistaria blossoms.

He turned a swift gaze first toward the blundering cannon and then toward the hill-top which the swarms of steel whistling over our heads were churning into chaos. The flame of the martyr soul blazed from his eyes. Unhooking his blouse, he drew forth a bronze ikon bearing an image of Kwannon-sama, the Lord Buddha, and pressed it to his forehead. Then with a swift movement he wrenched the blood-empurpled bandage from his neck and pulled the compress loose. Two gouts of blood, gushing forth, splattered over my boots. He began dabbing his ragged wound with the absorbent cotton until it was soaked with the crimson flood. Rumbo gripped his arm.

"Man, do you want to bleed to death?" he shouted.

Usa seized his saber and pressed the point hard against the belt of the American. "Back!" he cried, "or I'll rip you in two!"

We drew back and gazed in awe at the ghastly spectacle of the dying Japanese officer kneeling over the sheet of linen. With the roll of cotton drenched in his life blood he began making strange marks, as with a brush, on the broad towel. In the center he painted a crimson disk the size of one's head. Again and again sopping up the arterial stream, he drew sixteen stripes radiating in all directions from the disk to the margin.

It was the Imperial banner of Japan, painted in his own blood!

He thrust his saber through two of the corners and lifted up the cloth. Rising with it and stumbling weakly, he charged up the hill. He leaped drunkenly over the heaps of dead. We heard him cry out, "For the Emperor—banzai!"

A moment more and he stood on the ramparts of the scarped hilltop, amid bursting shells, half hidden in the smother of saltpeter. His arms, extended above his head, were jerking and fugging in the air. From his uplifted saber stood out, clear and sharp, the strangest flag that ever fluttered in the morning breeze—the Rising Sun banner of Dai Nippon. Another moment—and his gory oriflamme had stilled the clangor of that long line of fratricidal guns. We saw the flag flutter to the ground. Usa fell forward, his mouth in the dirt. In the strange silence that followed, Captain Rumbo looked hard into my face, puffing with drawn lips at a cold pipe.

"The damned little cuss! White clear through!" he said.

EASY MONEY BY MAIL

BY ALBERT EDWARD ULLMAN



It would be futile to attempt to estimate the amount of money that is annually contributed to the "get-rich-quick" schemes, high and low, large and small, that are perpetually thrusting their allurements upon the confiding public. From farms and plantations, villages and cities, the pluckings are drawn into the swindlers' hands, thanks to cheap publicity and the United States mail. The bucket shop, the wildcat mine, the tropical plantation, and a multitude of other variants of investment charlatanry that maintain some of the forms of legitimacy are conspicuous enough, and well enough identified and exploited.

But in addition to the vast sums filched from the thrifty by uncaught scoundrels, there are other millions taken from the almost empty pockets of the poor. Some of the schemers use the same old offer of something for nothing, and their dupes yield to the cries of the barkers and are numbered among the sadder and wiser thousands. Again, they pose as philanthropic employers trying to induce you to do a little light work for a princely wage, and if you fail to become entangled in this variety of web you will receive more conservative offers of fairly good salaries for a fair amount of work. But always a dollar or two of the applicant's little fund is required as a measure of good faith.

Some of these schemes fall under the ban of the federal statutes prohibiting the use of the mails for purposes of fraud, while others preserve the forms of propriety and keep within the law. It is upon the former group that the penalty of the Post Office "fraud order" falls, when attention is drawn to a culprit. But the force of Post Office inspectors is inadequate and the punishments are light, so that the swindler feels a minimum risk of conviction and punishment.

The Post Office Department has the right to issue a "fraud order" at will when the fraudulent nature of an affair is proven, and the last report of Postmaster-General Cortelyou contains a remarkable *résumé* of the benefits conferred upon the public by the vigorous exercise of this power. In the two years ending with June 30, 1906, the Post Office Department issued 630 fraud orders, which was seventy-one more than were issued in the preceding four years.

During the last session of Congress, the fraud order became the subject of discussion, by virtue of an effort to reduce its potency as an executive measure, and substitute judicial proceedings for departmental action. The Department pointed out that the effect of this would be to throw out all the moral, but not technically legal, evidence gathered by the Post Office inspectors. Thus, a fraud asking for your money, and promising you extravagant results some years in the future, would have the liberty of conducting the swindle until that period had elapsed and the Department could prove that it had not lived up to its promises. The bill died with the end of the session.

The line between "fraud," "sharp practice," "smartness," "good business," and "legitimate business methods" is a difficult one for some to trace. It is to be presumed that the enterprises which do not bring down upon themselves the application of the fraud order are not frauds; but with this admitted, it is still not without interest to observe the intricate and astute methods utilized to draw money in small sums from a multitude of people.

Imagine that you are a hard-working man with a large family, earning a wage that barely supports your household. You would like to discover some means by which you could make a few dollars extra each week. Your regular employment occupies your day-

time, but the evenings might help to relieve your burdens. Your thought naturally drifts to the "want" columns, where "business opportunities" are arrayed in great variety.

Among the advertisements you observe the following:

\$7 per 100 collecting names. Book holding three hundred names and instructions 10c.

AMERICAN DIRECTORY CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This sounds reasonable, and a hundred names should not be difficult to collect in the unoccupied moments of the evenings. So you write, inclosing the ten cents, and in reply come the following instructions, accompanied by a small blank book with spaces for 300 names and addresses:

INSTRUCTIONS

FOR COLLECTING NAMES

\$7 per 100 made collecting names. Book and instructions 10c.

AMERICAN DIRECTORY CO., B'klyn, N. Y.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your reply to the above or a similar advertisement has been received by us. Our method of collecting these names is as follows: We publish a **MAIL LIST or AGENTS' DIRECTORY**. This list is used by the leading publishers and novelty dealers in the United States to mail agent's propositions, Catalogues, Papers, etc., thereto. Persons having their names inserted in this list will receive Papers, Catalogues, Circulars, and useful articles free of charge, and the cost is only 10c. Our collectors charge 10c. for each name to be published therein. In remitting to us they keep 7c. off for their pay.

Look around among your friends. You can find dozens who will invest a dime, and they will receive a large mail in return. Write your name on the slip below, cut it off and let your friend read it. We can furnish you a rubber stamp to print your name for 30c. postpaid, with pad and ink.

THREE PARTIES CONCERNED IN THIS BUSINESS

They are the collector, the subscriber, and the publisher, and this business is mutually beneficial to each party, thus: The collector receives a large commission for collecting, the subscriber receives an abundance of mail matter, and we, as publishers, gain the usual profit in the printing business. We send you herewith a blank book holding 300 names. You can return it any time, whether it contains 300 names or less, remitting us 3c. for each name collected. If you cannot collect names now, please preserve the blank book, and if you can find time in the future we will be glad to receive names from you at any time. Others are sending us names right along and report the work easy, and it is profitable. Many of our collectors employ sub-collectors, paying them 4c. for each name. Do not enter the name of any person free. Always collect 10c. for every name. Remember this. Every person whose name you send us with 3c. gets a big package of Circulars,

Catalogues, etc., by return mail and they keep on coming for months after their name has been published in our Directory. Go to work and see what you can do.

Yours for business,
AMERICAN DIRECTORY CO.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

You look at the empty blank book and begin to reflect. You have paid ten cents for an article worth half a cent. It is perfectly plain how this has proved beneficial to one of the parties. Next you are to collect names—a salable commodity—which you hand over to the publisher of this mailing list, with \$3 bonus. He promptly sells his list to various manufacturing, novelty, and cheap publishing concerns, thereby drawing down a third profit. In other words, you pay him \$3 a hundred for a commodity that he would be glad to buy from you. Whether you get ten cents a name from your subscribers or not is none of his concern.

Accompanying the directions comes a batch of samples—the sort of literature the subscriber may be expected to receive for the privilege of paying ten cents and surrendering his name. A book on health and disease, or rather a prospectus or leaflet of one, published by the American Book Agency, Brooklyn, N. Y., the price, \$1. The same agency in more colored leaflets offers to sell you "500 Successful Money-Making Formulas and Trade Secrets" for twenty-five cents; a "Reliable Coin and Stamp Value Book" for ten cents; and "5 Great Money-Making Schemes" for the same trifling sum. That is all the American Book Agency offers you, but now on a green paper slip the American Agency, also in Brooklyn, puts before you the "Name Dealer," a guide to the selling of lists of names—you can have this for a silver dime. It likewise offers you a packet of "Cupid's Sachet Perfume," the odor of which "it is almost impossible to wash away!" The name of the American Mailing Agency of Brooklyn is on another strip of paper. Thus you have received printed matter from the American Agency, the American Book Agency, and the American Mailing Agency—all in Brooklyn, from the American Directory Company, of the same place. In this same Brooklyn also the *Progressive Monthly* offers you a three months' subscription. It begins to look rather like a fourth profit—does it not?—and your share of the "mutual benefit" seems to grow smaller the nearer you get to it.

Perhaps you are still uncertain. Well, hold on. Down in one corner of the envelope is this, printed on a little pink slip:

YOU CAN EASILY MAKE \$50 per 1,000. Pasting up small gummed stickers. Positively no further work whatever. It's new and a sure winner. Send fifteen one-cent stamps to start at once. For name of company that furnishes stickers and full instructions. Address, American Novelty Co., Parkville, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This new offer may have something in it. So you send fifteen cents. Now you open the return mail to see how "you can easily make" that fifty.

You get no reply from the American Novelty Company, but in a few days a communication arrives from the Waverly Brown System, of Merrick, Mass., with a circular explaining the "gummed sticker" plan. It is headed with a statement that the Waverly Brown concern is the largest mail-order house of its kind in the world, with over two hundred coöperative companies, and possessing a cable address. Here is the "sticker" idea for getting money as set forth:

Attached to this circular you will find a Gummed Label, and on it you will see the nature of the article advertised and our attractive method of selling it. It is the only article of its kind on the market that is sold on this plan. It is estimated that more people are in actual need of this article than any other known to mankind. There is ALWAYS a demand for it. Now, all you need is some stickers like this with your firm name on them. Select any name you choose, such as the "Star Mfg. Co.," "Brown Mfg. Co.," "Home Mail Order Co.," or any name you may desire. All orders will come direct to YOU and you keep the money from the first order and send us the order to fill direct to your customer. **HALF OF ALL THE MONEY THAT COMES IN IS YOURS** and the other half is OURS. Now add your name and address (firm name) to attached sticker and address to the 20th Century Adv'g Agency, Springfield, Mass., and have them print you 1,000 stickers at \$1.50 per 1,000. When you get the stickers paste one in the closets of every Saloon, Hotel, Barber Shop, Depot and other public places.

1,000 STICKERS ARE THE SAME TO YOU AS 1,000 AGENTS WORKING FOR YOU AND THESE AGENTS NEVER SLEEP but keep pulling orders for you for years. They would bring you in many DOLLARS before they would have to be replaced. The number of orders you will get will depend ENTIRELY on the NUMBER of Stickers you paste up. Remember this also, that if 1,000 STICKERS WOULD BRING YOU IN \$500.00, THEN 20,000 WILL BRING YOU IN \$10,000. Not bad for the small amount you spend for stickers, is it???

MANY MEN AND FIRMS WOULD CHARGE YOU FROM \$5.00 to \$10.00 FOR THE ABOVE PLAN that we give you for a mere trifle. Try and

appreciate this by giving the business the trial it justly merits. It's NOW "UP TO YOU." Are you with us??? If so, SEND US \$1.50 AND LET US PLACE YOUR FIRST ORDER WITH THE LABEL COMPANY FOR 1,000 STICKERS.

WAVERLY BROWN SYSTEM,
Merrick, Mass.

The articles offered for sale by the sample "stickers" make it improper to quote them here.

Now is not this an easy way of making \$50? Surprising you never thought of it before. Thus far you have paid the American Directory Company ten cents for a half-cent blank book and an offer to accept names from you for a mailing list, accompanied by three cents each; fifteen cents to the American Novelty Company to discover how "you can easily make \$50 per thousand, pasting up small gummed stickers," which brings you an offer to sell you the "stickers" at \$1.50 per thousand, and if you receive any orders for the thing advertised to share the money with you. With this last advertising matter you find a slip of the Twentieth Century Advertising Agency, offering you the same inducement to secure names for a big mailing list that the American Directory Company took your ten cents for. Thus one circle is completed, and your effort to make some extra money has ended where it began.

WRITING POSTAL CARDS AT HOME

It would appear that a chance to earn money after work hours, in the comfort of your own room, merely by writing postal cards, would be a lucky opportunity, and you feel fortunate indeed when among a column of advertisements you happen upon this:

\$20 a week made by writing postals at home during spare hours. 10c. for particulars. Eastern Brokerage Company, P. O. Box 365, Montreal, Can.

You send ten cents and receive in reply the following information printed on cheap paper and addressed to you in lead pencil:

DEAR FRIEND:

Your remittance received for which we send you two of best formulas yet invented and each worth more than a dollar.

EXCELSIOR BEAUTY CREAM

Mix; 1 oz each, Borax, Glycerine, Tincture Benzoin, 10 oz Rose Water, with enough boiled water to make one quart. Directions: Apply to hands, face or body as often as desired, a very small quantity usually suffices, rubbing well until dry.

PEERLESS PAIN KILLER.

Mix; 2 oz Spirits of Camphor, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz Tincture Guaiacum, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz Tincture Myrrh, 4 oz Grain Alcohol, with enough boiled water to make one quart. Directions: External, Apply to part rubbing well in. Saturate flannel and tie over affected portion. Internal, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass water twice a day cures internal pain.

I also send you free, full details, copy of postal, etc., of the greatest money-making scheme ever invented netting anyone \$100.00 a month if properly coached. Here it is.

THE SCHEME POSTAL CARDS, THAT'S ALL.

Buy as many postal cards as you can afford, 25 will start you. On each write or have printed the following:—

DEAR FRIEND; One hundred dollars a month simply mailing postal cards from your own home in leisure hours, nothing to sell or buy: No Medical, Toilet, Book or Coupon Scheme. Perfectly honest and legitimate. I will send you full details if you will send me 25 cents for two formulas each worth a dollar for making preparations used every day in every home but in no way connected with above plan, which remember I send you free. Send today and address.

Sign your own name and address and mail to such people as you think would be interested in such a proposition. And to each who remit the 25 cents for formulas, send them "An exact copy of these Instructions" from "Dear Friend" to the Signature including every word.

This plan is perfectly honest and legitimate, as you sell the two formulas for 25 cents and give the scheme absolutely free. Send out only 200 postals a week costing but \$2.00 and as more than one-half usually respond you make \$25.00.

Sign your own name and address.

Here is a concern that not only wheedles you and thousands of others out of a small sum but suggests and tells you how to go into business and wheedle others by an endless chain. And very guileless and easily caught you would be if you followed this advice to the letter. First you are told to write to such persons as you think would be interested—naturally friends—and then sign your own name and address. Then you are told to use a postal system which is rather expensive. No hint is given of following the plan of advertising for "suckers" under a company name and thus saving money and keeping your identity under the surface.

MEN TO DISTRIBUTE SAMPLES

About fifteen years ago in Chicago a firm began advertising broadcast in the "Help Wanted" columns of the newspapers for men to distribute circulars and advertising matter

of one form and another and to tack signs. Since that time others have been born into the business until now some eight or ten concerns advertise for the same class of help in the same columns of the same newspapers.

The following want ads., clipped from a single advertising page, show the kind of appeal offered to those out of employment or seeking to better their lot:

WANTED—Men everywhere; distribute samples, circulars, etc., \$3 to \$5 thousand; permanent occupation. American Union, 12 State st., Chicago.

WANTED—MEN EVERYWHERE; good pay, to distribute circulars, advertising matter, tack signs, &c.; no canvassing. National Adv. Bureau, Chicago.

WANTED, EVERYWHERE—HUSTLERS to tack signs, distribute circulars, samples, &c.; no canvassing; good pay. Sun Advertising Bureau, Chicago.

A.—MEN EVERYWHERE—\$4 daily; pass circulars, tack signs; no canvassing; steady. CONTINENTAL DISTRIBUTING CO., Chicago.

A.—ANY person willing to distribute our samples; \$20 weekly. EMPIRE, 92 LaSalle st., Chicago, Ill. Steady position; no canvassing.

WANTED—Hustlers everywhere; \$25 to \$30 made weekly distributing circulars, packages, overseeing outdoor advertising; experience not needed; new plan; no canvassing. Add. Merchants' Outdoor Advertising Co., 79 Dearborn st., Chicago.

\$20 WEEKLY easily earned (position permanent) distributing circulars, samples, etc. For particulars, Commercial Advertising Association, Philadelphia, Pa.

GOOD PAY to men everywhere to tack signs, distribute circulars, samples, etc.; no canvassing. Universal Adv. Co., Chicago.

Now to the man in search of employment the similarity of the advertisements would prove puzzling, to say the least. They all offer the same work at the same business for about the same pay. Well, of course, some of them may have filled the position in your locality and the act of a Talleyrand would be to address postals to all of them and then accept the first offer of a position.

In response to your query there is a perfect avalanche of mail. The first to win the race to your mail box is the Commercial Advertising Association, of Philadelphia, with a small brochure from which some paragraphs are submitted:

Our object is to obtain a man in every district to distribute samples and advertising matter for over 800 of the largest and best advertisers in the United States and Canada who require the services of Distributors, Bill Posters, Sign Painters, etc. As you

have perhaps learned, the house-to-house system of distribution is fast taking the place of newspaper advertising, and it has been demonstrated to the larger advertisers that the former is less expensive and vastly more remunerative.

There is no business under the sun for any and all classes that will equal the distribution of samples, circulars, and general advertising matter; no business that can be gone into without capital or business training that promises such certain and rapid results. We can tell what's in a man by the way he distributes his first ten thousand circulars and samples. Some men after earning fifty or sixty dollars in ten days or two weeks, feel like loafing awhile and are apt to get careless. Getting so much money so easily is a new experience to them.

Our success has induced many other concerns in this and other cities to pattern after our literature, and to flood the country with advertisements and other printed matter containing allurements that are outrageous misrepresentations, to say the least.

We have, at a great expense, compiled and published a Directory, giving the names and full addresses of the firms in the United States that would employ the services of our representatives. The Directory, of itself, is worth many times the first payment of membership fee either to those who are in the business or contemplate engaging in it.

TO BECOME A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING ASSOCIATION you must use our Directory, as this is the key to success. The price of the Directory and blanks is \$2.00, which includes a life's membership in the Association. But in order to convince you that the business is solid and profitable you can avail yourself of the following offer: send us \$1.00 and we will send you (charges prepaid) the Directory, Full Instructions, Membership Certificate, Etc., Etc., and everything to start you in business.

You now turn your attention to one of the other letters. The first that reaches your hand is that of the Merchants' Outdoor Advertising Company, Chicago. This concern lays the same kind of a proposition before you that the philanthropic association in Philadelphia has made.

We demand membership fee in advance for several reasons. It takes money to conduct our business properly and it would be quite unfair to expect us to advance all the money to start a distributor in the Out-Door Advertising business; the membership fee of \$2.00, paid in advance, does not begin to cover this expense.

Like the Commercial Advertising Association the Merchants' Outdoor Advertising Company has a few words to say about its esteemed rivals in the same line of doing good for the out-of-work. It must edify the others to read this:

Several firms claiming to be engaged in the Out-Door advertising business have copied a portion of our circulars, and have attempted to imitate our methods, but we want it understood that we are in

no way connected with any firm, association, or league.

The next appeal for money in the shape of a collection of printed matter is that of the Continental Distributing Service, Douglas Arcade, also Chicago. Its literature seems to have been written by the same hand with the exception that in one paragraph it is more candid than the others so far.

Our Charges for all this—for establishing you in a pleasant and profitable business of your own, a business that may pay you thousands annually—is One Dollar. Do not imagine, however, that we desire you to suppose that we are conducting our business on purely philanthropic principles. What, therefore, do you care if ninety-five cents of the dollar invested with us, in exchange for the above advantages, was a net profit to us? You would be rather pleased than otherwise, hence to discuss the matter further is folly.

Following in close wake is the Sun Advertising Bureau, Chicago, with the same literature and an offer to take only \$1 of your money. The advertising brings you the information that they have been doing business at the same old stand since 1895. The Oakland National Bank is given as reference.

Comes another, the National Advertising and Distributing Bureau, established in 1885, with offices in the Oakland National Bank Building, to which financial institution the Sun Advertising Bureau refers, as also does the National. The National wants \$1 for putting you on the road to fortune, and tells you to make haste before the fee is raised to \$2.

The motto of the National is "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success." A second letter coming from them a day or two later has this significant statement from Mr. O. F. Griffin, the manager:

The moment I saw your letter I was impressed with the fact that we ought to have you with us. I can see an opportunity for you to build up a lucrative business. We want honest, hard-working men like you, and I feel absolute confidence in your success. We have had some difficulty in getting just the man we want in your town, and I wish to appeal to you to reconsider your decision if you have made up your mind not to join us.

All of this is laughable when you discover that this extremely flattering letter is printed in imitation of typewriting and that even Manager Griffin's signature is printed. The National also has a word to say about the others in the same business—in fact it shouts

a warning to "BEWARE OF FRAUDULENT BUREAUS."

Next to gain your attention is the Universal Advertising and Distributing Company, Drexel Bank Building, Chicago, which bank it gives as reference. Its printed matter is worded like that of the others except in the case of one leaflet, which, with the exception of a change of five or six words, is a duplicate of a similar leaflet put out by the National.

The Empire System, Chicago, now comes along with the same talk and the same proposition for \$1. It claims to be the oldest in the field.

It is refreshing to read the several ounces of circulars and leaflets sent by the American Distributors' Union, Chicago. The A. D. U. desires \$2 of your money, but it asks for the coin in a slightly different way. Namely, you do not join an association; you merely pay them to represent you. They seem almost original until you strike the "general information" circular which is simply a repetition of what the others have given you.

Now by this time you have discovered that all these concerns use "come-on" advertising; that is, they offer employment to you without mentioning that any of your money is wanted. Next you find they do not offer you employment—you are merely beseeched to join an association or hire them to represent you.

Next—no distinct promises of employment are given; only vague generalities, beating around the bush. They promise only to attempt to get you distributing, to send your name to some leading advertisers, and to send you a directory of advertisers to whom you can write. Therefore you are not given the immediate employment you seek which the little "want ads." would lead you to believe was offered.

Again you notice that all the printed stuff, with the exceptions of a few twists and changes, is identically alike, and all make similar propositions with similar objects in view. Then you have the word of the majority of them that the others have copied their literary efforts, have broken their promises, and are running fraudulent games.

Still to be absolutely convinced you may want more evidence. So you get a friend to write them and he receives the same choice assortment of the job printer's art. All of them say they need a representative or member, or want you to represent them in your particular county, locality, vicinity, or section. So

you sit down and write the Commercial Advertising Association of Philadelphia, inclosing a \$1 bill in the registered letter. You state carefully that as they want a representative in your county, you wish to be that representative, and that unless you are to have your county exclusively they can count you out and send you back the dollar.

Back comes a neat certificate of membership, dated and numbered, and setting forth your name; also a forty-eight-page booklet, containing a list of firms and companies that advertise largely, and several pages of old almanac stuff on hints to the injured, rates of postage, how to clean marble, and so on. When your friend, who has received a letter from the same association, writes to them for the same county exclusively, and sending \$1 receives a beautiful certificate like your own, you are finally convinced that another effort to earn some money in your spare time has gone astray.

FREE SETS OF SILVERWARE

Another enterprising business is the Rogers Silverware Company, of 608 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. A young lady in Wisconsin was the recipient of a letter from this concern that surprised and delighted her. The text of it is given here:

DEAR FRIEND:

The list has just been completed of the fortunate persons who are to get a present and you are one of them.

The present, which we hold subject to your order, is a beautiful four-piece set of silverware (full size for family use) which we will send prepaid in a 1m. Leatherette Case, silk finish lined, securely packed in a strong outside box, upon receipt of 97 cents, a charge which we make for packing, shipping and cost of prepaying charges to your door; and we guarantee safe delivery and against breakage.

We positively will not ship C. O. D. but will deliver the set unpacked, without charge, to anyone who calls at our office and presents this letter duly signed by you.

In sending charges of 97 cents, kindly do so in cash or 2 cent stamps, express order or registered letter; and this 97 cents covers all charges of every description, including prepayment to your door.

It is necessary that you reply within fifteen days or we will not hold present for you.

Yours very truly,
ROGERS SILVERWARE COMPANY.
Dict. G. M. R.

The letter head upon which this was printed in imitation of typewriting—despite the "Dict. G. M. R."—has a beautiful cut in red of a chased silver teapot, sugar bowl, cream

pitcher, and tray. Telephone and cable addresses are given and the name of the firm is printed in black with the information that they are "Wholesale & Retail Dealers, Distributors & Importers of Silverware Sets, Silver Services, etc."

It burst upon this "dear friend" as something of a surprise that a number of gentlemen associated as the Rogers Silverware Company—but totally unknown to her—had especially selected her among others as the fortunate recipient-to-be of the "beautiful four-piece set of silverware" shown in the letter head, no doubt. To be sure, admirable artistic self-restraint is evidenced in the text itself. No mention is made of the composition of this "beautiful set," but, surely, any seeing eye can count the four pieces in the engraving and read the "four" and "family size" in the letter. What need of further identification? And "silverware," too, is such a deliciously vague word; so full of undefined hopes—they might be solid!

This letter, of course, was sent to a distance from the office of the address. Probably the addressee would find it inconvenient to make a journey almost across the continent to inspect in person a "present" which, except for the ninety-seven cents shipping charges, would come free for the asking. In this instance, however, it aroused such avid curiosity that advantage was taken of a coincident visit to Philadelphia, to call in person for the gift. Telephone connection, "Walnut, 139," and cable address, "Silvo," looked very impressive on the letter head, but no Rogers Silverware Company appeared in the telephone book, the city directory, or in any financial rating list. In the building directory of 608 Chestnut Street, an office building, no Rogers Silverware Company either. The name of a Rogers appeared as having an office on the fourth floor, but apparently without connection with the silverware company, which inquiry of the elevator man developed had an office on the sixth floor.

Getting off at that floor, there indeed the visitor found "Rogers Silverware Company" showing black against the ground glass of a door. The "company" occupied several small offices filled with desks and typewriters and inhabited by a number of boys and girls.

Upon the caller's entrance, and before any word could be spoken, a somewhat noisy youngster called out loudly a name which brought a comely young girl from an adjoining room. She arranged a scattered wisp of hair deftly with her right hand, at the same time placing a lead pencil snugly into her Psyche knot as she came forward to greet the visitor. The letter of gift was presented to this amiable young woman, and she smiled sweetly and said: "We have had such a rush on the sets that we are all out, but we will have more in a few days, and if you leave seventy-five cents we will reserve one for you."

"What is the charge of seventy-five cents for?" she was asked.

"Why, sir, for the set," she said, smiling even more sweetly; "we charge twenty-two cents for packing and sending and seventy-five cents for the set. Er-r the letter—that must be a mistake. We don't give them away; no, sir."

Could the visitor see a sample set. "Oh, yes, here is one," she interrupted. A small box was handed over. The covering was not even leatherette but an imitation—or in other words, an imitation of an imitation of leather. Then the cover was removed, revealing, not the sumptuous silver service so seductively shown in the cut on the letter head, but a humble butter knife, a sugar spoon, a fork, and a gravy ladle. No stamp indicated the manufacturers, although the young woman said, "Yes, we make them."

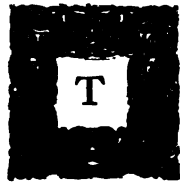
"We guarantee them for three years," she called as the visitor opened the door to take leave.

Although the letter expressly stated that the "set" is a "present," and will be given "unpacked, without charge" to anyone presenting the firm's letter, duly signed by the recipient, at the home office, seventy-five cents was asked, the other twenty-two cents covering packing and shipping charges—the letter set down the whole ninety-seven cents as against the same charges.

One more mystery to be cleared away: the benevolent solicitude shown the interests of an unknown addressee. The young woman volunteered quite frankly that all names were bought from a name broker!

THE FIRST SQUADRON CRUISE OF THE NAVAL MILITIA

BY JOSEPH L. STICKNEY



THE largest squadron of men-of-war assembled upon the waters of the Great Lakes since Perry's victory on Lake Erie, cruised last summer under the American flag, in naval maneuvers, in the northern part of Lake Michigan. It was the strongest fleet ever seen upon our inland waters, for Perry's vessels had neither steam nor hulls of iron nor quick-firing guns in their armament.

The reader who has been accustomed to suppose that the presence of such a fleet of United States cruisers would cause a serious disagreement between Great Britain and the United States may be surprised to learn that not a line of complaint from either Great Britain or Canada reached our State Department, notwithstanding the fact that each of at least three of these ships was greatly superior in fighting strength to the one man-of-war that our treaty with Great Britain permits the United States to maintain in our northern inland waters.

The amicable feelings existing between this country and Great Britain, and the absence of jealous distrust on the part of Canada, account for the lack of diplomatic interest in this cruise, and, therefore, it is not the failure to affect the international situation that is worthy of chief notice. The importance of these squadron evolutions lies in the light they throw upon the future of our navy.

Familiar as we are in every state with the organization and functions of the National Guard, as the militia has come to be called, there is a general absence of knowledge of the work and even of the existence of a naval militia, which bears the same essential relation to the United States Navy that the cavalry, infantry, and artillery forces on shore bear

to the United States Army. Of course, in part, this is due to the fact that only such states as border upon navigable waters can maintain an organization in this branch of the service. For the present it is sufficient to say that in the states upon the seaboard, and upon the Great Lakes, this naval militia is organized, and of late years it has been generously encouraged by the Navy Department, even to the extent of assigning vessels of the United States Navy to these local organizations, in order that cruising and practical training might be experienced under the closest approach possible to actual service.

Heretofore the annual cruise of each local body of the naval militia has been undertaken independently, and without regard to what their fellows in neighboring cities might be doing at the same time. Last summer, however, for the first time, came these squadron maneuvers.

The student of naval history cannot fail to see that much more was involved in the cruise of the six vessels than a mere summer outing for a few hundred men belonging to the militia of four states. It is probable, indeed, that this rendezvous not only marks a new departure for the naval militia of the country, but it may even shift the moorings of some very ancient naval traditions.

Having had the pleasure of taking part in this cruise as a guest of the Illinois Naval Reserve, in the converted cruiser *Dorothea*, I was enabled to study the quality of the men and the character of their work at short range; and, since the old navy saying, "You never know a man until you have sailed with him," is regarded as good navy doctrine, it is reasonable to claim that you do know something about him after having sailed with him. What I saw ought to please the American people, who keep a close watch upon every-

thing that may have an effect upon the efficiency of our navy, and I hope it may be not without interest to my former associates in the regular service.

The naval branch of the militia of the states is of comparatively recent origin. Until the federal Government was willing to lend vessels to the states, it was impracticable for any state to organize a part of its national guard for naval duties, because the federal constitution forbids any State to maintain a navy. In the late '80's the Navy Department let the naval militia of the state of New York have the old wooden sailing line-of-battle ship *New Hampshire* for training purposes; and, following that precedent, the demands of other states for similar loans have been granted.

In consequence, the following-named vessels have been assigned to naval militia duty on the Great Lakes: the converted yacht *Dorothea* to the State of Illinois; the gunboat *Yantic* to the State of Michigan; the gunboat *Fern* (subsequently rechristened the *Gopher*) to the State of Minnesota, and the old-style sloop-of-war *Essex* and the converted yacht *Hawk* to the State of Ohio.

Only the *Yantic* and the *Essex* were originally built for naval vessels, the *Dorothea* and the *Hawk* having been yachts, purchased by the Government in the hasty rush to buy almost any steamer that was for sale, in the first days of the war with Spain. The *Fern*, which was used in the navy for several years as a supply ship and general handy freight carrier between navy yards on the Atlantic coast, when loaned to the State of Minnesota had her name changed out of compliment to the Gopher State, just as the old craft that had done duty on the lakes for more than sixty years as the *Michigan* was rechristened the *Wolverine* when it became necessary to take its former name for one of the new battle ships.

Rather a romantic story came along with the *Dorothea*. It seems that many years ago, when it was the custom for the insurance underwriters to put up at auction vessels that had been long overdue and not heard from, a young apprentice in Philadelphia happened to attend one of these auctions at which a large ship named the *Dorothea* was put up for sale. The vessel had taken aboard a very valuable cargo, which would go with the ship to the successful bidder; but the very fact that the property was so valuable had kept the underwriters from selling the craft until long after it had become generally believed that she was

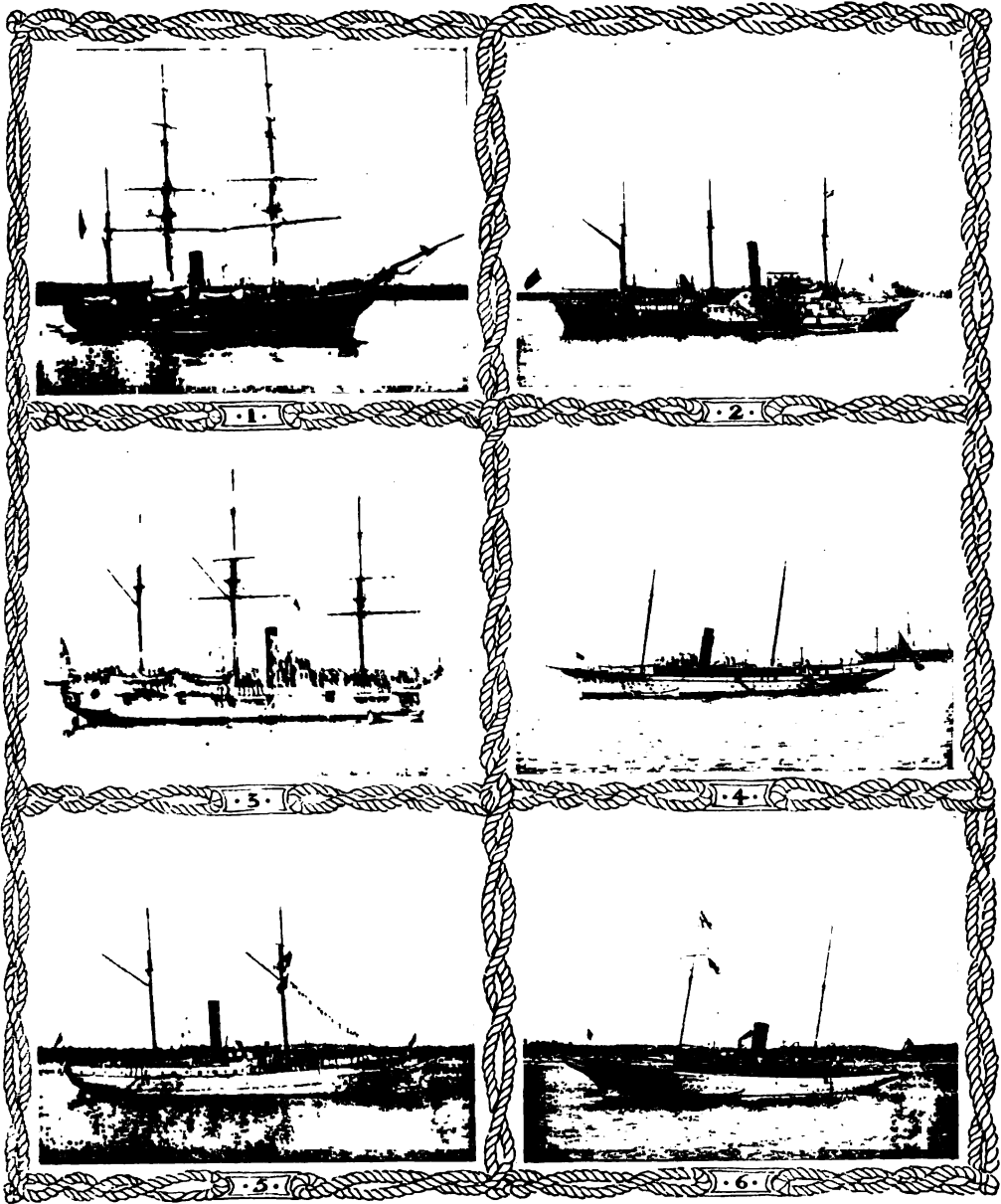
a total wreck. Consequently, the auctioneer cried the good ship *Dorothea* many times without getting a bid. Finally the young apprentice jokingly bid \$5, and, as nobody would bid higher, the vessel and her cargo were knocked down to him. Imagine the astonishment of the maritime world when the *Dorothea* was reported sailing into Delaware Bay. The apprentice sold his prize for enough to start him in business, and for years the house thus founded was one of the leaders in enterprise and resources in the Quaker City. But at all times the head of the firm and his family successors made a point of owning and operating a ship named the *Dorothea*—which name also was always given to the oldest daughter in each succeeding generation.

Shortly before the Spanish War, however, the then head of the house was in failing health, and the only hope of saving his life, he was advised, was to live at sea. Accordingly he gave an order to the Cramps for a large and luxuriously appointed yacht—to be called the *Dorothea*, of course—and no expense was spared in her construction and equipment. Unfortunately, death came to the owner before his yacht was quite finished, and the Government paid a fancy price for the *Dorothea* early in 1898.

With the close of the war there was no purely naval duty for which the *Dorothea* was fitted, and yet the Government did not wish to sell her, because there was no possibility of getting a price for her anything like what she had cost. She was accordingly laid up at the League Island Navy Yard until the Illinois Naval Reserves succeeded in convincing the Navy Department that they were entitled to a craft certainly as good as the *Dorothea*.

The *Hawk* was another war-bought yacht, somewhat smaller than the *Dorothea* and still more unsuited to navy needs. Neither of these vessels should have been loaned to the naval militia, because neither one has the space or conveniences for the proper accommodation and training of a man-of-war crew. Similar objections render the *Gopher* unsatisfactory for the duty to which she has been assigned. The *Yantic* and the *Essex*, however, are excellently adapted for use as naval militia training ships, and the Government ought to substitute similar vessels for the *Dorothea*, the *Hawk*, and the *Gopher*, as soon as possible.

The ships that met in South Manitou Island harbor on August 5th found there



VESSELS OF THE SQUADRON

1, *Essex*. 2, *Wolverine*. 3, *Tantic*. 4, *Hawk*. 5, *Gopher*. 6, *Dorothea*.

awaiting them the only vessel on the Great Lakes officered and manned by the regular navy, the patriarch of all navy ships, the *Wolverine*, formerly known as the *Michigan*. This vessel, the first iron man-of-war ever built, was constructed at Pittsburg in 1843, and was transported, piece by piece, to Erie, where she was put together, launched, and

equipped. The honest old wrought iron composing her hull is as good to-day as it ever was, and the vessel has not changed in looks since I first saw her in 1859, except that she no longer carries the "Long-Tom" 64-pounder smooth-bore pivot gun that she mounted in those days, half a dozen rapid-fire 6-pounders having been installed as her battery.



THE SQUADRON LYING IN

Dorothea.

Essex.

Gopher.

Yantic.

The absurdity of an antiquated side-wheeler acting as flagship of a squadron composed of two swift yachts, an exaggerated tug-boat, a bark-rigged gunboat, and a full-rigged sloop-of-war can be appreciated only by people who have seen the difficulty that even homogeneous vessels have in maintaining distances and bearings in fleet formation.

Also it must be remembered that not one of the commanding officers of the naval militia had ever handled his ship in squadron cruising. Whatever practical service any of the naval militiamen had seen, was confined to their experience as blue jackets in the regular navy during the Spanish War. It should be borne in mind further that the deck and engine-room forces of the state vessels were composed of young fellows who were taking the vacations that most men spend in summer-resort lounging, and that they were obliged to undergo many inconveniences and discomforts in their quarters and in their messing arrangements. I speak with full knowledge when I say that there is not a man-of-war crew in the regular navy whose discipline and performance of duty would not have been the worse for the disagreeable conditions imposed upon the volunteer militia. It is also important to remember that the duties required of these civilian seamen are such as are impressed upon regular man-o'-war's men by continuous routine performance until they become almost like second nature. Yet the militia crews were composed of men from offices, stores, and machine shops, who had

been able to spare only one week a year to acquaint themselves with their duties at sea.

In November, 1905, a rendezvous of the naval militia of the lake states was suggested to the Navy Department by Captain W. F. Purdy, commanding the Illinois Naval Reserve, after he had obtained the approval of the commanding officers of the naval militia of the other states interested. Commander Henry Morrell, U. S. N., commanding the U.S.S. *Wolverine*, heartily approved the scheme, and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Truman H. Newberry, also showed a cordial interest in the proposed maneuvers, Mr. Newberry's service as an officer of the naval militia of Michigan having given him an intimate knowledge of the benefits that such a squadron cruise would confer upon the forces participating. Finally the Navy Department detailed two lieutenants and an ensign to assist Commander Morrell and his other officers in the squadron work, and these officers spared no pains in giving information and advice to the officers of the state cruisers.

By Sunday night, August 5th, all of the vessels had arrived at the crescent-shaped harbor of South Manitou Island. The ships anchored in berths designated by Commander Morrell and marked by buoys in the following order:

U.S.S. *Dorothea*, Captain W. F. Purdy, from Chicago, Ill.

U.S.S. *Essex*, Lieutenant Commander A. T. Nicklett commanding, manned by officers and men from Toledo, Ohio.



SOUTH MANITOU ISLAND HARBOR

Hawk.

Wolverine.

U.S.S. *Gopher*, Commander G. A. Eaton, from Duluth, Minn.

U.S.S. *Yantic*, Commander F. D. Standish, from Detroit, Mich.

U.S.S. *Hawk*, Lieutenant Commander F. R. Seamon, from Cleveland, Ohio.

U.S.S. *Wolverine*, Commander Henry Morrell, U. S. N., flagship.

During the stay of the squadron at South Manitou Island the vessels returned to these moorings every night after their evolutions in fleet tactics in the open sea. The harbor was an ideal place for boat and torpedo drills, being landlocked, with deep water and no shoals or reefs. The island, about three miles long by two wide, rose gradually from the harbor to an altitude of about four hundred feet on the west side. It contained plenty of wooded land, broken by broad savannas, and a pretty little lake near the center. Having a mere handful of residents, no saloons and no bad characters, South Manitou makes an unusually desirable place for a rendezvous.

It is true, an enterprising barkeeper from the mainland came over in a schooner and tried to sell liquor aboard his floating rum shop; but, since shore leave was not granted to the men, it is highly probable that he found his venture such a losing speculation as will deter anybody else from making a similar attempt next year. The only man who was the worse for this piece of gin-selling impudence was one of the crew of the *Wolverine's* steam launch, who, having had a drink or two aboard the schooner while the launch was

getting a load of ice from the shore, became violently, almost insanely, drunk. While his coxswain was subduing his frenzy by holding his head in a bucket of water, one of the onlookers said:

"Why, the man's crazy!"

"Oh! that's nothing," said Captain Purdy; "he won't be lonesome. If all the rest of us weren't crazy do you suppose we'd be here?"

The genial captain's little joke will be appreciated when one remembers that all of the militiamen were giving up their summer vacations for hard work and serious discomfort.

The routine laid out for the squadron by Commander Morrell comprised boat drill under oars and under sails, first each vessel's boats alone and then all of the boats together receiving signals from the flagship and executing evolutions; signal drill with the navy code and with the international code; cruising evolutions in sections of two and three ships; fleet maneuvers with six ships; night signal exercises, using the Ardois system, the Very pistol, and the torch; landing drills, followed by a sham battle on shore, and torpedo attack at night. Drills at fire quarters, abandoning ship, and picking up a man overboard were part of the work done while the ships were under way at sea.

In all of these exercises the militiamen showed a very creditable understanding of their duties and a highly commendable desire to perform them satisfactorily. It cannot be said that all of the vessels were as proficient



HEAVING THE LEAD

as would have been the case with similar ships manned by officers and men of the regular navy, but the *Dorothea*, the *Gopher*, and the *Yantic* were especially efficient. In the matter of signaling—in which, of course, the amount of practice had been less than in other ship's duties, because of the isolated service performed by each ship prior to the South Manitou rendezvous—the alertness of the *Gopher* and the *Dorothea* was worthy of the highest praise. I have seen many a ship in the regular service in which the signal work was not as good as that performed in these two vessels. The Ohio representatives were badly handicapped by the fact that their State had been somewhat niggardly in equipping their ships; by a lack of crews large enough to handle their vessels properly; and, in the case of the *Essex*, by the serious illness of her commanding officer.

The sham fight was one of the most interesting events of the week, though its practical value to the participants may be doubted. I have witnessed sham battles all over the world, and I have yet to see one that seemed worth the wear and tear upon the men's footwear—let alone the expenditure of ammunition. In this case, however, the sham fight afforded an outlet for a considerable amount of restless energy, that might have been productive of mischief if not otherwise worked off. And also it gave the men a run on shore that was greatly appreciated after the uncomfortable confinement on ship-board.

The torpedo attack in the evening of Wednesday, August 8th, was even more unreal than the sham battle, for the only craft available to simulate torpedo boats were three slow steam



BOAT PRACTICE



SHORE DUTY



THE COMMISSARY



NAVAL MILITIA MAKING A LANDING



CHARGING THE ENEMY'S GATLING GUNS

launches, and three of the ships had no searchlights.

An amusing incident of the torpedo attack occurred on board the *Yantic*, which was crowded with as many visitors from the other ships as could find room on the upper deck, where an illustrated lecture and moving-picture display had been provided for the entertainment of the ships' companies. Just as the lecturer was describing how Commodore Dewey's fleet entered Manila Bay, the torpedo boats were "picked up" by the *Yantic's* searchlight. Consequently, at the words, "Suddenly from the blackness where lay the rock, El Fraile, came the flash of a heavy gun, followed by the shrill scream of a shell passing between the *Olympia* and the *Baltimore*," there was heard the roar of a six-pounder in the *Yantic's* battery opening fire on the torpedo boats; and, for the next two or three minutes, the crash of guns was nearly as loud and fully as frequent as it had been in the battle of Manila Bay, which the lecturer was describing. It was a realistic accompaniment to the story of a naval battle, such as made the battle pictures seem unusually true to life.

On Thursday the squadron sailed for a full day of fleet evolutions at sea, coming to anchor in the beautiful bay off Harbor Springs, Michigan; and here on Friday the ships were inspected by Commander Morrell and his staff, and the boat races were pulled. That evening the naval militia vessels sailed for their respective home ports.

Concerning the technical result of this rendezvous, Commander Morrell reported to the Secretary of the Navy as follows:

"Every regular officer that had anything to do with these maneuvers was impressed with the earnest desire of every officer and man of the State forces to learn all he possibly could during the limited time allowed. The general smartness, zeal, and rapidity of movement were most noticeable. What the lake forces are most in need of, is proper equipment."

And this brings me to one of the serious obstacles encountered by the officers of the naval militia in their efforts to produce the same quality of work as that done by the officers and men of the regular navy. The former have such a brief opportunity for sea practice that they ought not to be handicapped by obsolete, inconvenient, and defective material. But each state has to provide the bulk of the supplies used aboard its own

militia training ship or ships, and the legislatures are not often disposed to show even as great liberality toward the naval militia as they show to their land force—although naval equipment is notoriously more expensive than that of the shore fighter. The legislator of the inland states is prone to compare the cost of things by the unit rule—taking each man in the ranks as the unit. He does not stop to figure out the reason for the difference in the cost of putting an infantry soldier on a fighting basis and the cost of preparing a blue jacket for service. Thence results a meager outfit for the latter, inadequate for his proper training.

The federal Government does something to help the naval militia, rightly recognizing the value of the work done by these men in the war with Spain, and the certainty that in any future war with a great power the navy will profit by having a great number of trained seamen scattered through all of the states; but the federal Government does not care to do too much for the state naval forces for the reason that the states would soon fall into the practice of letting Congress do everything. What Congress might wisely do is to appropriate a liberal sum to be apportioned among the states that maintain a naval militia, in proportion to the sums provided by the states themselves. Such incidents as these recent interstate naval evolutions in Lake Michigan will surely rouse a genuine and spontaneous rivalry in the ranks of each state's militia, to turn out a smarter and more efficient force than that of any other state. The result will be better equipment appropriations by the states, an increased allotment by the federal Government, and a great advance in the knowledge and training of the state naval forces.

And the national good will be thereby advanced. It is useless for us to go on building huge engines of sea warfare unless we simultaneously provide ourselves with the right kind of men to fight them, and give those men the right kind of training. And it is in the naval militia that this training may be given at less expense and with better results than can be attained in any other way.

The average regular navy officer may regard my estimate of the value of the naval militia as altogether too high. The trouble with the average navy officer is that he is too much a specialist in certain things to be able to take into consideration all of the forces that must be reckoned with. He is generally



RAPID-FIRE TARGET PRACTICE

unacquainted with or indifferent to the effect of public opinion. Ask him what he thinks of the influence of public sentiment and he will readily admit that it is of great consequence in the affairs of the nation; yet he will rarely try to learn what it is, even on matters affecting himself and his profession—and most probably he would refuse to yield to it as long as he could combat it if he found it running counter to his own hypotheses and practice.

This peculiarity of the navy officer is the more unfortunate when one observes the tendency of the average civilian to regard himself as entitled to some consideration in the direction of all the affairs of the nation, inasmuch as he pays the bills. The average navy officer actually resents the suggestion that anybody not holding a navy commission should express opinions and advocate ideas relating to the navy. It is unfortunate that such shortsightedness should prevail among men who are as capable and as loyal to their ideals of their duty as is the average navy officer; but that it does prevail and that it works to the detriment of the navy I feel sure. There is hardly an important newspaper office in the country in which there are not several writers strongly prejudiced against

navy officers. It is not my intention to explain why this is so, but I feel certain that the press of the country will readily admit the fact.

Now, the naval militia are in close touch with those who may be of great help to the regular navy. They may be made to act as a leaven that will bring the mass of the people up to a proper appreciation of the navy's work and of the navy's needs. They are—so far as my observation goes—free from any desire to be regarded as coördinate with the navy in importance in the scheme of national defense. They look to the regular service for progress, for instruction, and for example. Wherever the naval militia are well disciplined and efficient, a healthy public sentiment in favor of the navy will be found. With some few exceptions, naval militia officers do not imagine that the tide goes down the instant they step out of their boats.

It is greatly to the interest of the regular navy, therefore, to do all in its power to instruct and encourage the naval militia. The work so well done by Commander Morrell and his officers on Lake Michigan recently should commend itself to all other officers in the regular service.



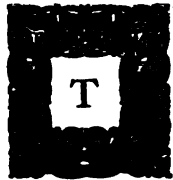
Drawn by G. C. Hilmhurst.

"...Did I say she was the girl?" asked Bouscaren."

A CAPTIVE OF THE WHEELS

By LEO CRANE

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST



THESE things happened when Bouscaren was painting in Naples. The boys all called Bouscaren familiarly by his family name—even strangers caught themselves doing this—for it is not a name to lend itself properly to a title. There is about the name of Bouscaren a solemnity, a dignity, a—well, you can see for yourself—J. Lattimer Bouscaren. The first of it had enough in all sense, and this when combined with the last of it, concentrated the whole as a most stupendous affair, wholly inconsistent with the nature of one of the best fellows in the world. J. Lattimer Bouscaren—he was rather sensitive about it.

Bouscaren was not half a bad artist. He had enough money to follow his bent without grumbling at the universe. It pleased him to paint things, and he saw to it diligently that he was always well pleased. So much for his being in Naples when these things happened. No, this has nothing to do with his painting. As for Bruno, he was a young countryman, and Bouscaren had met up with him one sunny afternoon in a side street where Bruno was peddling fruit. Always on the lookout for good material, the artist noted a fine head and shoulders, and they entered into negotiations whereby he was again pleased, and Bruno abandoned the fruit business to serve as a reflection of the arts. Sitings had gone on for some time, and Bruno was on more than one canvas. He was happy, in the light, smiling happiness of the pleased Italian, until that day when a portentous grumbling of the earth began and the first signs of awakening trembled from the bosom of the mountain. Bruno would stand at the window of the studio, moodily

staring off at the column of smoke, as though inviting questions from an oracle. Bouscaren noted this, and he could find nothing idealistic in the pose.

"What is wrong with you, Bruno?" he asked finally. "You look as a man who has lost a grandmother or something equally precious."

Bruno started nervously.

"It is Mariagrazia, signore," he replied, turning and speaking with hesitation.

"Mariagrazia—where is that?"

"She is a girl, signore."

"Ah! Bruno, your sweetheart," cried Bouscaren, smiling.

"Yes, signore."

"Why worry about her?"

"It is the mountain that worries me, signore. Do you think there will be much trouble with this mountain? Mariagrazia lives there with her people. Sometimes it is all gray with the ashes, and I want her to come into the city, but Mariagrazia loves her people. Now the whole mountain trembles, and——"

"The papers are rather despondent, Bruno. Why not go and ask the girl once more. I shouldn't care to live up there."

"You will not mind, signore, if—if I take one, two days, and go?"

"Be off," ordered Bouscaren lightly. "And when you are married I must dance at your wedding."

On looking at this Bouscaren, one might have thought he possessed little of the sentimental. As a matter of plain fact he was a man deeply desiring love, and he had been seeking patiently for the ideal of his mind and heart, a thing which he had erected and now thought he had built almost too preciously. The happiness of one who had found

the thing for which he sought in vain, interested the man and the artist, and this had caused him to throw down the brushes, naming a day for the renewal of the work.

When Bruno had departed, which he did quickly, Bouscaren roamed about the city until luncheon, after which he settled himself in the studio with a book. He had picked it idly from his case, scarcely noting its title, for his books were always in a hopeless jumble. When comfortably stretched on a couch, he opened the book and smiled, glancing immediately from the page to the window and out to where the faint bulk of Nature's prophet loomed as a sulky giant in the thin distance, throwing into the skies a ribbon-like vapor from its brazier. Bouscaren glanced again at the page.

"I wonder if a man will ever write such an epitaph for Naples," he muttered. Then he commenced reading, drifting away into the ancient streets and sunshine of that once gay Pompeian city. There was a peculiar fascination in this for him. Only a few days before he had walked through the ruined streets of this same city, noting all the evidences of its one-time grandeur. Now it was an easy thing to imagine oneself threading the same lanes fresh in their youth; not ruined and deserted, but alive with fashion and the multitude, feeling the springtime of its glory. Beneath his feet were the smooth surfaces of its tiling; he saw all the brilliancy of its coloring, the purity of its marbles, the majesty of its palaces. Bouscaren allowed himself to mingle with a Roman crowd, to hear them, to feel them, as he might hear and feel the life of a Neapolitan-thronged thoroughfare, brushing shoulders with a gentleman of the court, touching a street boy in tattered dress, noting the delicious wares of a fruiterer beneath a crimson awning, and the curious bronze ornamentation of a soldier's armor as the man went clanking past, staring now at the splendidly molded shoulders of a gladiator, a blond Northman, and at the heavy, oxlike stature of a hideous negro slave. Then he paused by the rim of a rose-tinted fountain to smile as a child dipped its little hands into the water. A black woman dipped another child close down to the surface, and Bouscaren heard the pleased ripple of childish laughter. A low rumble of wheels, and he halted to view the passing of a heavy chariot, iron-bound and riveted, drawn by sturdy horses, and driven by a captain of the guard whose shoulder plates were inlaid with

gold, giving back the tinsel of the sun. All these things passed in the gentle haze of imagination lured by the printed pages of a book. But Bouscaren's fingers had slipped from the leaves and the book had dropped away to the floor. Another, a fainter rumbling, came to him, and a more beautiful chariot—the spokes of its wheels plated with thin pieces of ivory and its cushions of the richest velvets—wheeled the corner of the street and drew near. The horses were pure white, clean-limbed beauties, the trappings were of the finest leathers embossed and traced with silver wiring. A handsome slave boy drove carefully, sitting at one side of a gilded seat. Bouscaren took all this in, momentarily, dreamily. Then the gauds of it were lost in the simple beauty of a young woman who lounged in the car. Her hair waved back beneath a fillet of gems, framing a face of perfection marked by glorious violet eyes which regarded him in an austere manner. There was wafted the perfume of sweet flowers. She passed. So enthralled had Bouscaren been by this vision that he had not noticed the gathering of a crowd. The people pressed close to him, and he heard a voice saying:

"It is the Princess Flavia."

Then there was a surge and a shout. Heavier noises, rude, rumbling, sounded. The captain's chariot, returning, hurled its iron-bound wheels through the tiled street, clattering, scattering the people, who cried out, and—

Bouscaren found himself rubbing his eyes. There was a perfect babel of noise. Bruno was at his side, and the room was in semi-darkness.

"Signore! Signore!" Bouscaren got to his feet, kicking the book across the room.

"By George! I must have been asleep," he said.

"Look, signore, look!" Bruno dragged him to the window. Gray twilight in the streets. The roofs were fading in their purple lines, touched here and there with the greens of evening. But away off where the mountain had usually inwrapped itself with the somber clouds of night, there lived a glow, more than the rose tint of a sunset, a dull lurid shade, almost evil in tone and quite intense. As Bouscaren looked, his eyes widened in surprise and fear, for there came a dull booming sound; a livid splotch showed momentarily in the even shade of color, as if a clot of blood had hotly jetted from

some old wound. The room was filled with a dim light now, as the soft reflection of a fire.

"What has happened, Bruno?" called Bouscaren.

"The mountain—it is burning, shaking. People are fleeing for their lives. O signore! now feel the trembling. Already one village has been destroyed. Houses buried in the ashes. O signore! The world is coming to an end! Sancta Maria dolorosa!"

Bruno was terribly excited. He clasped and twisted his hands in the manner of hysterical helplessness. Now Bouscaren could understand that there was an intense feeling of subdued excitement everywhere. In the streets sounded a low irregular humming, broken at intervals by the quick staccato shrilling of lamentation. A thin grayish dust was rapidly sifting down from the darkening sky, and this filtered in at the window to get at his throat.

"Signore, it is terrible," whispered Bruno, at his side. "What will become of Mariagrazia now?"

"But you—why are you here? Why did you not go to the village?" demanded Bouscaren.

"Signore, the people were coming in. They were wild, weeping. They told me that the village—it is gone, buried—" and Bruno began sobbing.

"Bosh!" muttered Bouscaren, the uselessness of tears making him angry. "And you took the word of a lot of bumpkins that your sweetheart was dead. You're a fine fat sort of Romeo!"

"There is no way I can go, signore. The trains—they are blocked. I came to you."

Bouscaren considered the situation.

"Where is this village?" he asked finally.

"Sant' Agata—near Torre Annunziata, signore."

"Well, shut off the waterworks, and we'll see what is doing," snorted Bouscaren, getting into his coat.

In the street, rumors proved the situation a remarkable one. The fall of ashes had threatened the burial of several villages. Streams of lava had issued from rifts in the mountain and were rapidly flowing away into the lower levels. Rocks had fallen at great distances. Some said the greater part of the cone had disappeared. Of course these things had been heralded, but Bouscaren, as everyone else, had thought little of grave danger. Naples had long rested in security at the mountain's footstool. The seeming

endless flow of days laughs at eternity, and only time itself shudders at its unregarded youth. Bulletins told of renewed terror in the hills. People were fleeing from the fiery dragon. It was quite possible that Torre Annunziata had been consumed.

"Bruno, this is serious," admitted Bouscaren.

"Signore!"

"But don't cry. Whatever you do, don't cry. You can't buck a mountain like that with tears. Get yourself together while I try to find some one."

Dejected, stifling his tears, Bruno followed his master. Bouscaren sought the lodgings of one Phillips, a chap notable principally for all that which he did not understand in art and for a monster motor car to which he sacrificed the precious hours necessary to study. After many vicissitudes they discovered Phillips on his stomach beneath this same machine. He explained that he would have the something or other fixed in a jiffy.

"I know where you're off to, Phillips," said Bouscaren; "and I want to go along; also this weeping Italian wants to go."

Phillips poked his grimy face into the light of a lantern.

"Well! I didn't know there was another man in Naples so foolish," he exclaimed with a grin of satisfaction. "Fact is, Bouscaren, I asked Martin and Thomas—requested it of 'em—but they said they'd see me damned first. Doubly damned, said Thomas, assuring me that he had no desire to investigate Hades prematurely. Said he was sure of it in good time, and that satisfied his longing. I'm going up there, if that's what you mean."

"Exactly! And we want to get somewhere near Annunziata."

Phillips regarded him silently for a moment.

"Well, you have your nerve sparking," he said. "That place is supposed to have been wiped out. I bet it's a girl you're after. Own up now, Bouscaren, isn't it?"

"Sure," said Bouscaren.

"Hooaonk! Hooaaaonk!"

The voice of the horn accompanied them as the car swung swiftly toward the upper levels. The road was good into the rising country. The light on the front of Phillips's machine threw a powerful beam ahead. Half an hour's speeding and they touched the advance guard of the fugitives. Occasionally the beam would glimmer over little groups of people, men and women, sometimes little

children dragging after them as they hurried. The light touched their white faces strangely. The car shot past them, seemingly urged by the hoarse utterance of its horn. This machine was as some newly born monster rushing to combat, rasping its peculiar cries.

"Hooaonk! Hooaaaaonk!"

So quickly were these faces of the night overtaken, and so swiftly did they vanish, that they sometimes seemed to be without bodies, and floating in air. Phillips was a careful driver, and but for turning aside now and then to pass a cart overlaid with household goods, creaking its way all too slowly for the anxious peasant owner, the road was empty. The wheels whirled and the horn cried continually. Bouscaren felt a queer sensation of wonder as they passed each new group of peasants fleeing. Sometimes these people had paused by the roadside, seeming to crouch in the shadow, to view with an absolute awe this machine driven by heretics without the fear of that from which they had fled. Instant as were the passings—a woman's face painted one moment by the light and then smudged away into the intense blackness of the road—Bouscaren could catch in that instant a picture of intent feature, sometimes grave, sometimes sorrowing, never gay, always wide-eyed and wondering. Bruno occupied the tonneau, holding on to the sides, for Bruno was not happy in his confidence. And this was no pleasant ride for any of them. More than the fact of their approaching a great natural danger, more than the possibility of that happening which might at any time convulse the earth, were the nasty little distresses of the journey. Ashes were falling in a continual rain, griming the hands and the car, flying into eyes and noses and mouths until Bouscaren felt as if he had been eating a dry sort of glue. More than once the car stopped, Phillips imploring that they blow into his eyes that particles might be blown out of them. But always he proceeded, knowing his road as he knew the township at home. The glare in the sky was of a pale rose color, deepened to a dangerous hue of blood now and then at the detonations of the heaviest eruptions, which were as the discharge of artillery, reverberating over the country in an awesome manner, dull, like sinister imprecations.

"Something like that last might bowl us over," cried Bouscaren into Phillips's ear, as they rounded a curve of the road. The wheels of the car wheezed in their padded

way over the pebbles. "Hooaonk!" moaned the horn dismally. Phillips bent over the steering wheel, his hands gripping it as two clutches of steel. He answered by nods. "Hooaaaaonk!" warned the horn.

"Only the possibility of saving some one is taking me into this," cried Phillips once, as he slowed the car to thread a larger crowd of people. The peasants swarmed up to the car, one man calling out in an excited manner as the wheels whirled again: "It is the King!"

"Not so, my friend," softly replied Phillips mockingly, for Phillips was a socialist, and kings were to him objects of a hated derision.

The fall of ashes was now thick. Often a heavy smashing of things into the thickest spoke of heavier and more dangerous things. Bruno uttered a cry of fear when a piece of stone struck the right-hand lamp of the car, sounding it as a Chinese gong.

"Close, that," gritted Phillips. "We're getting somewhere though. There's a villa of some sort—deserted no doubt." He threw on the higher speed, saying:

"Where do you want to go——"

Bouscaren, who was watching the road, gave a short cry, not in answer to this question. He had seen something white. It seemed to rush on the car—under it. Almost instantly the car had crushed down this thing. The disappearance of that white object, shining in the glare of the lamps as it passed from sight beneath the dip of the auto's front, caused Bouscaren to grab wildly for the seat back. There came a crash, a sudden lifting of the car, a rending of steel as if a shell had exploded beneath them. Bouscaren in this instant of reflection, which seemed to him quite a minute in length, felt the violent crushing of the car against a firmer, dead, unliftable thing. He saw Phillips—with arms flung wide apart as if swimming—projected into the black. Somehow, Bouscaren realized that he, too, was no longer on the seat of the car, but was blindly groping about in the air, the lights of the car in his eyes like glowing yellow irons. A strange feeling as if he wanted to laugh at the predicament of Phillips came to him, followed immediately by a blank rush of things, like the swift soft whirl of giant wings, crushing him down to the hard earth. He was without pain, without feeling, bereft of everything save thought; and that thought that he had gone out of the car, that in another minute it would be on him—heavy, iron-bound,

driven by its powerful engine—and that he would be horribly injured. Bouscaren thought he was scrambling out of the path of it quickly. He seemed to fight aside those soft wings which sought to infold him. Now he was on his feet, staggering, his one hand numb and dangling. The lights of the car were again in his eyes, and mechanically he drew aside. The car did not move. He went up to it. The big auto had settled down on one side. Bouscaren saw that one wheel had struck a large piece of granite in the road, and that the steel frame of the car was crushed inward. He was only vaguely interested in this, though. He looked around for Bruno—Phillips. They were nowhere to be seen. Then he called huskily, "Phillips! Phillips!" and he was surprised at the peculiar tones of his own voice. He wondered if it really was his voice—that thick, unnatural, rasping thing. There was a violent pain now plunging through his head, and he saw the yellow lights waver curiously. Bouscaren put up his hand to his head, and his fingers came down all thick with something gummy. He was cut, hurt, bleeding, and he could not use the other hand at all. He felt very weak. Bouscaren thought he would seek some one immediately, and started up the road. He stumbled over something and bent down to see the white face of Phillips.

"My God! Phillips is dead," he muttered. He went staggering off to find some one who might lend them that aid they themselves had set out to extend. Then hazily came the thought of the villa Phillips had remarked a few moments before the crash. Bouscaren stumbled in search of it. He came to a low wall. In a sort of way he supposed that this wall encircled a garden. With painful precision he clambered over it, hurting his arm not a little. Much to his joy he now found that this arm could be used slightly, and he began working it up and down to restore feeling. Something was dripping down and smudging his clothes, and being a neat sort of man he wondered if the smudge could ever be cleaned away, whatever it was. It went on dripping and exasperating him.

Now Bouscaren saw looming before him a ghostly arbor. He had gotten into an Italian garden. Next he encountered a marble seat, and saw immediately before him a small flight of stone steps ascending to a terrace. Catching the balustrade he went up this stairway. The terrace was pale rose in the splendor of the sky. Bouscaren saw

darkly a wide marble basin supporting a fountain, toward which he stumbled, his head feeling very whirly and foolish, wondering if he was ever to get anywhere and find people. Just as his hands touched the rim of the stone basin, he heard little, lightly falling footsteps from the other side.

"Hello!" he called in his thick voice, and he began a movement about the fountain, feeling his way with hands now filled with sharp pains. His head was throbbing terribly, and it was heavy. Noises on the road seemed to batter the walls of his poor head. He vaguely imagined these to be the sound of armed men, and he could certainly hear the wheels of heavy, iron-bound chariots, like that of the captain of the guard in the old Pompeian street. Then, close to him he heard footsteps on the terrace. A low, vast, roaring sound came to him, and a brilliant lighting of red gleamed in the sky, showing up a vague huddle of black far away, as if a huge mountain had been decapitated. He could feel the very earth trembling. Bouscaren, bewildered, misty-eyed, half insensible, called out:

"Who is there? What is it? Help me!"

And he came face to face with a woman. She was startled and drew back. Her gown was of white and he caught almost immediately the subtle scent of flowers, an old familiar and yet a strange perfume, as the jasmine flowers of a dream. A perfect whirl, almost maddening, possessed his brain. He gasped out: "*The Princess Flavia!*" He staggered back, seeing her plainly, behind her the fervid glowing of the mountain which had looked with its baleful eye on all things since the beginning. Something had gone wrong with the universe. What was he and what right had he to be here? He was—he was not J. Lattimer Bouscaren. He was some barbarian blundering about in a Pompeian garden. He uttered a low protest and fell backward. Again the fluttering wings of forgetfulness infolded him.

When Bouscaren came to himself he found that he was under shelter of the fountain's rim, the overhang of which was dark above him, cutting a sharp circle in the rose sky. He got to his feet again, moving as though made of rusty iron. His muscles ached and his head throbbed. No one was to be seen. The terrace was a small place. It was deserted. Had he been dreaming, he asked himself, trying to get his head in perfect

working order. A peculiar fancy, no doubt—that which had so startled him. Physical pain gripped all his tendons, making walking so many little agonies. A sensation as if old age had come over him made the groans arise to his lips. Then he saw the house, dark against a paling sky.

"If I can get into that villa until dawn, then to the road—no use attempting the road in the dark. Wonder if they have found Phillips? By gad! this is a fearsome adventure—" He crept his way toward the dark masses of the house.

Then he saw a light, gleaming through some sort of shutter. He had thought the place deserted, but here was a long narrow bar of dully shining hope. Help was at hand for himself and Phillips. Could it be possible—had he really encountered a woman on the terrace? A princess! But these were not the days of princesses who lived in old Roman villas and who went abroad in chariots drawn by white steeds. These were the days of autos and crashes and broken heads and smudges on one's clothes. Since he had approached the house from one side, he must go about it. Half blinded by the pains of his head he made this effort. Again a little terrace taxed his strength and he found himself under another arbor. Through this he passed to the front of the villa. A little cry escaped him as he came from under the vine-covered columns. There on the level lawn, dim, blurred in the ghostly light, was a chariot. A white chariot! Bouscaren stared, bewildered, helpless. He went closer to it. It was a fact, a reality, a chariot! The rude, heavily tired wheels, the metal-cased body of the car, roughly ornamented, the thick pole from the ends of which dropped chains just as if the horses had a moment before been loosed. Bouscaren quivered in his momentary excitement. He felt that he would see white horses next, led possibly by a handsome boy with garlands on his head. Feverishly he knocked at the house door. He heard the rattle of a chain. He thought he could distinguish a face, dimly white, as the door opened a trifle. What must he say.

"Does—does the Princess Flavia live here?" he asked, conscious that he was saying something absurd.

"Be off with you," came promptly.

The door was slammed shut.

"They think that I am crazy," he mumbled; "and who wouldn't?"

Then a particularly violent pain through his head caused him to act queerly. A feeling of terror came over him. Would he die out here, alone, unaided? He beat frantically at the panels with his fists, feeling the hard surface bruise him.

"Help! Help!" he called despairingly.

When the door was again opened, a limp heap was at the foot of it.

Some hours later, when the sun was vainly trying to pierce the yellow-gray veil of the volcano's new creation, Bouscaren found himself in a strange apartment, half ancient, half modern. The casement of the room looked as though it had been planned by some architect of a long-gone time. When he unlatched the panels of it, Bouscaren saw the dull glow of morning through thick settling dust. The light showed up the room and Bouscaren stared around him in some amazement. There were old tapestries on the walls, faded, discolored, threadbare. The floor was of some hard wood. The furniture consisted of several remarkable chairs of old Roman design and a bed such as Cæsar might have sought for the ease of his limbs. As the counterpanes of this were tumbled, Bouscaren considered that he must have spent some little time there. Then he discovered that he was clean to a degree, that his head was neatly bandaged, and that he was wearing a garment which at first sight resembled a toga, but which afterwards resolved itself into an ordinary bath robe of lightish color. Bouscaren sat down in one of the chairs, wondering what new sensation he must now experience. Certainly the house was occupied. Then came a bewildering question—Occupied—yes—but by what sort of folk? Was he J. Lattimer Bouscaren, or was he the centurion Marcus Petronius? Had he been tossed from a mile-a-minute auto, or had he been kicked from a chariot? What year was this? Could there be a Princess Flavia? Heavens! he might be a captive for the arena. Was he a Christian? Of course he was a Christian—the son of an eminent Presbyterian divine preaching in New York City—Was there a New York City?

A knock at the door caused him to cease idle speculation to plunge into definite inquiry.

"Come!" he said.

The entrance of a negro added an immediate nothing to Bouscaren's mental excite-

ment. There had been negroes aplenty in old Rome. Speech! Speech would betray everything! Would he say "Ave—" or—

"How does yo' feel dis mawnin', sahl!"

"Thank God! it is indeed the twentieth century!" and Bouscaren threw himself back in the chair with a sigh of relief.

"Where am I?" he asked immediately after.

"Dis am Mistah Kenniston's house, yaas, sahl!"

"Mr. Kenniston—and——"

"Yaas, sahl we done found yo' at de doah last night, or rathah, sah, dis moahnin', yaas, sahl an' Missey Dora Kenniston wouldn't have nothin' but to fetch yo' in. I tole huh, sah——"

"Yes, yes, of course—but I don't remember Miss Dora Kenniston."

"Jus' 'zactly what I tole huh, myse'f, sah——"

"But I mean I have never heard of her—nor of Mr. Kenniston."

"She nevah hear of yo', sahl! Seems like yo' was lookin' fo' a princess, or som'thin'—and——" A broad grin was slowly spreading over the servant's face.

Bouscaren grinned in turn, a sickly, peevish sort of grin.

"What an ass I've made of myself, to be sure," he said silently. If he could only get out of the window and away, he thought, how quickly he would make a disappearance act. His confusion only increased when the servant said his clothes had been cleansed and prepared for him, and that Miss Dora would serve breakfast as soon as he felt able to get down to the breakfast room. Bouscaren felt that he must do something like a man. He had been an ass long enough. He must go down to that breakfast room and face Miss Dora Kenniston, or feign illness and possibly have her come to him. Both unpleasant matters. He made another effort:

"Did—did Miss Dora Kenniston—was she frightened last night by some one on the terrace?"

"Deed she was, sahl!"

Bouscaren felt his head swimming again. Then there was a Princess Flavia. She was awaiting him in the breakfast room. He tried to arise at the sound of a few hasty steps outside. Then a familiar voice called "Hello, old man!"

It was Phillips.

Bouscaren was speechless with amazement. He had quite forgotten poor Phillips in this whirl of coincidences. He weakly put out a hand without saying anything.

"Gad! you fell into good quarters, old fellow," said Phillips. "You must get yourself together and meet Miss Kenniston. Bully good sort of girl, you know. Met her in Rome last year. What luck, I say! Get a spill, and fall into the arms of friends."

Bouscaren gasped. "See here, Phillips, am I dreaming? Tell me, did I really see—is there—is there a chariot outside somewhere?"

Phillips stared at him for a moment. Then his face brightened.

"Oh, yes! Of course you mean a—just a chariot; out on the lawn. Yes, they grow flowers in it."

But the real romance of this story began when Bouscaren met Miss Dora Kenniston at breakfast that morning. She was perhaps not so mysteriously radiant as he had dreamed the Princess Flavia to be—but what of that? Her nose, too, tilted just a trifle, which made it charming, of course. And she was a bully good sort of girl, such a bully good sort that old Bouscaren fell in love with her immediately, and he would not listen to Phillips's attempted recital of his wonderful adventure with Bruno after the spill, when they tried to reach the village and found everyone, including their quest, Mariagrazia, had been saved.

"She was the girl you got me to go in search of, you know," said Phillips at length, a trifle sharply.

"Did I say *she* was the girl?" asked Bouscaren.

Bouscaren now paints pictures in a little studio just outside of New York, where there are no volcanic siftings. But they have an old chariot on the lawn filled with nasturtium and sweet fern. The chains drop down from the heavy pole of it, as if the horses have just been loosed. But Bouscaren has never seen the white horses. It is the one regret of his life.

"Who knows," he will say at times to a charming princess with a nose just a trifle *retroussé*, "a little longer on that terrace and I might have seen Cæsar himself."

"It was very nice of you to dream at least of me," she replies.

LADY CHILLINGBURGH'S LAST CARD PARTY*

BEING AN ADVENTURE OF VISCOUNT ROCKHURST, LORD CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER,
SOMETIME FRIEND OF CHARLES II, AND NICKNAMED BY HIS
MAJESTY "MERRY ROCKHURST"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "Rose of the World," "If Youth but Knew," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER



LIONEL RATCLIFFE closed behind him the gate of the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields where he had his lodging. He crossed the road, then paused to survey the desolate scene.

The day was drawing to a close, but sullen fires were still burning low under a leaden, cloudy sky. Beneath his feet the grass was parched, the ground everywhere leprous gray. Though it was only early July, the foliage of the trees hung limp and sick-hued; there was not a flicker of life among the branches—indeed, hardly a stir anywhere in the languid atmosphere. Sky seemed to brood over earth, earth to lie paralyzed awaiting some moment of catastrophe, and heavy vapors to be fusing them together. The heat was a palpable presence. An anguished expectation caught the throat as with an actual pressure—the plague held all London in its grip.

Men can walk with fortitude under the wings of the Angel of Destruction, when the death he brings is a clean one, honorable, seemly; but this horrible Demon of Corruption that now spread its shadow over the world made its victims loathsome in each other's eyes, and infected them with coward selfishness and panic fears.

The court had gone at last, though Charles was no poltroon. Half the population was in flight along country roads; blind terror

was upon most of those whom circumstances retained within the doomed circle. Among the well to do only three classes still lingered in the town: those whom a sense of duty kept at their post; those again who, with a strange but not unknown faculty of self-deception, chose to ignore the visitation rather than to face the appalling presence; and lastly those few strong natures who, for purposes of their own, found it worth while to set danger at defiance.

To these last belonged Lionel Ratcliffe. Fully aware of the peril, he challenged it deliberately. He knew that those yellow vapors were the very breath of the pestilence; that the smell everywhere meeting his nostrils was that of death; that among yonder prostrate figures reclining beneath the trees many were doubtless stricken, dying, or dead. He kept on, nevertheless, calm if wary, at a masterful gait, across the fields, westward toward Arch Row. And presently as he emerged from the shadow of the trees he sighted the mansion that was his goal, Chillingburgh House, with its coping balustrade and six urns rising in relief black against the orange of the sky.

A sedan chair had just deposited a woman, voluminously wrapped in a silk cloak, before the double flight of steps. He halted for a second to watch her begin the ascent on the right; she went slowly as one fatigued. Then he swiftly entered the flagged courtyard, took

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the opposite side of the stairs, and reached the landing before her.

"Madame de Mantes, your servant! Punctual to the moment!" cried he, bowed, and clapped the feathered hat against his breast.

She halted on the last step and raised her handsome head slowly toward him, ignoring his hand. The light was growing dim, and the rosy folds of her hood looked gray; but even under its shadows and in spite of the rouge on her cheek he had an uncomfortable impression of her pallor.

"*Oui*," she said tonelessly, "*me voici*." Then, with sudden petulance, "Ouf! but one suffocates in this air!"

She caught at the strings of her cloak and tore them apart; the light silken thing slipped from her shoulders, and she entered the house as one unseeing. Ratcliffe picked up the garment alertly, and followed, just in time to offer his hand again at the foot of the great staircase. The touch of her fingers struck chill. His first misgivings deepened; but he quickly dismissed the rising thoughts. Bah! a woman in love (what was there about this Rockhurst, curse him! that all the fair should thus run mad upon him?)—a woman hopelessly in love, and a Frenchwoman at that! There would sure be scenes with the faithless lover, and she was even now rehearsing them in her heart. Well might her hands be cold.

"Are you ill at ease?" he whispered, with a perfunctory show of solicitude as they passed a couple of anxious-looking servants and drew closer together on the stairs.

"*Mon Dieu!* but not at all!" she mocked him irritably. "Neither ill in my ease, nor my heart, nor—oh, tranquilize yourself—nor in my head! Besides, who could be but well and happy in this merry London of yours?"

They had reached the gallery. She snapped her hand from his and dropped him a courtesy. He wondered to have thought her pale; now she seemed to him flushed. Her heavy eyes shot fire. Appraising her critically, he approved. There were jewels at her ears and throat; her gown had the impress of French taste and became her every beauty.

The gray-haired butler who flung open the doors of the drawing-room at her approach looked after the swaying, shimmering figure with melancholy approval.

"'Tis almost like old times, Master Lionel," he whispered as Ratcliffe passed in, "to see a court lady about the place again."

"Aye, from court she is," said Lady Chillingburgh's grandson, halting on the threshold

to let his gaze roam thankfully over the great white and gold room, which had a sense of coolness and repose about it even on such a night. "But she had her reasons for not hasting off with the rest of them this morning."

"Eh—and they must be weighty reasons," murmured the man with a sigh.

"No doubt the lady thinks them so," said Lionel Ratcliffe with his detached laugh. "We are full early here, 'twould seem," he added in louder tones, advancing toward the card table before which the Frenchwoman had taken seat.

But she disdained to cast toward him even the flutter of an eyelid. Her fingers were moving restlessly among the cards and dice.

The man stood over her a second or two in silence; then, in his turn, sat down and faced her. His voice rang out with a kind of empty cheeriness:

"What! To the dice already? Nay," here he leaned across the narrow space and whispered, "remember it was to play another game that I brought you here."

She turned petulantly from him; then her eye became fixed, staring out through the unshuttered window.

"What a strange red moon!" she cried. "Would to God you had never come to me this morning, tempting, tempting! My boxes were packed. I should be now far from this pit of pestil—"

"Hush, hush!" he warned, finger on lip. "Not here! Remember my instructions." Then in his low, mock-gallant accents, "How now? Is the game, then, no longer worth the hazard?"

She caught up the dicebox, feverishly.

"Yes, yes; but I have no luck to-night. Naught again!"

"Expect you luck at gambling games," quoth he, catching the dicebox from her hand, "when you are so lucky at the game of love?"

"I lucky?"

"Yes," proceeded he; "and have you not had Cupid's best cards in your hands since the very hour of your landing with Madame de France? First the king—king of trumps himself, and eke the queen—gad! she'd have loved you, were it but to spite the Castlemaine! Then—"

"Tush!" she interrupted angrily. "Cards?—but one must play them! I hold them all, in truth—" she put her hand to her throat with a choking sob. "But—"

"You threw them all down," he laughed.

"Ah, *ciel!* When the heart begins to take a part in this game of love, then all goes astray."

"Aye," repeated the man steadily, his hard eyes upon her, "you threw your cards away, and all for Rockhurst, the greatest knave in the pack."

She turned with sudden anger. "Knave, sir? Bah! King of you all!" Then, with equally sudden change of mood, "Oh, he is a villain!" she moaned, and her lip trembled upon tears.

"And so you have not seen him," said he, changing his tone to that of sympathy, "since he returned to town, escorting to his house my fair cousin Diana Harcourt? Not once, after all you have given up for him? 'Tis ungallant of him!"

Her elbows on the table, her chin sunk in her hands, she was now fiercely staring into his eyes.

"Your promise, sir, that I meet him here to-night?"

"Nay, I can only tell you, my fair Jeanne, that he journeys hither from the Tower or Whitehall twice a day—when 'tis not thrice."

"*Mon Dieu!*" she breathed between her clenched teeth.

Satisfied with the temper he had aroused in her, the man withdrew his eyes, turned sidewise on his chair, and crossed his legs.

"I fear you've been too cool with him," he remarked airily. "Our Merry Rockhurst, as his Majesty calls him, is used to a vast deal of warmth."

"I too cool?" She laughed hysterically. "Oh, yes, it was that, of course, with this heart and brain of mine on fire?"

"Then I fear," said Ratcliffe on the edge of a yawn, "you've been too hot. The lord constable of his Majesty's Tower is a man of niceties."

"Monsieur Ratcliffe," cried Jeanne de Mantes, beating the table with her palm and darting her head toward him like a pretty serpent, "you are the devil!"

"And your very good friend, madame." He smiled with a charming bow. "Come, come! Smooth that fair brow. Do you doubt but you can hold your own against this dull country widow?"

She fixed him with suspicious eyes.

"Aye, and now it comes to me," she cried resentfully. "What is your motive in all this? Something more than pity for me?"

"Come. Be calm." There was authority

under his blandness. "Be calm," he repeated, "and let me whisper in your ear. I will even trust you with my innermost thought. Diana Harcourt shall not be for Rockhurst, but for your humble servant."

"Aye," she commented, a twist of scorn upon her lips, "the lady, I was told, is passing rich."

"Even so," returned he, unmoved. "T'would be impossible to conceal aught from your perspicacity. Now Mistress Harcourt, by an odd trick of fortune, has become affianced to Harry Rockhurst, the virtuous, most youthful, innocent country son of this most reprobate gentleman in the town; the which would be but a small matter (for she loves not the green lad, mark you, nor ever will) were it not the spur to other feelings."

"I fail to follow you, sir," said she wearily.

"Nay, a moment's patience, pretty huntress, then you will come full on the scent. My Lord Rockhurst has had the singular maggot of playing a game of parental virtue with his heir— But you are not listening—" She was pressing her temples with the tip of her fingers, as one who fights an atrocious lancing pain. At his words she looked up again and nodded. "He has pledged himself to guard the goddess for his lad in the maze of the town," Lionel went on. "Mistress Diana has seen naught of my lord constable but the high-souled knight, the Sir Galahad he would remain in her eyes, even as in those of his son; and he, whom the town has dubbed Rakehell Rockhurst, caught in his own springe, must go on playing this part, or else be dubbed prince of hypocrites. Aye, and the cream of the jest is that they have both fallen so mad in love with each other, aha! that each can scarce breathe in the other's presence for the weight of the secret."

He laughed, but she brooded darkly, nibbling at her little finger.

"And so," she said after a pause, "you count upon me to lure back my lord?"

"Aye," retorted he, with a great show of ease; "or else to pluck the mask of grave virtue from his face in Mistress Harcourt's presence. Was it not agreed? Why, I deemed you subtler, madame! Upon my lord constable's discomfiture, upon the opening of my fair prude's eyes, strikes my hour, I say, and zounds! I take it. Strikes your moment, also; do you not see that?"

She made no answer. A meaningless laugh was on her lips; it died in a sigh. A strange feeling as of soaring and undulation had come

upon her, and a splitting of her thoughts as though she were in two places at once. Her mind, just now, was wandering oddly, beyond her control, to the cool meadows of her childhood's home, to the days when she plucked daisies with her baby brother in the dew-wet grass. Lionel Ratcliffe was still speaking; she caught a word here and there. One phrase at last fixed her attention.

"'Twill go hard," he was saying, "if Lionel Ratcliffe comes not to his own tonight!"

"And Jeanne de Mantes to hers!" she cried in a kind of high-strained voice, rousing herself. Then, falling back into her abstraction, "What a wicked mist there rises from the garden. Aye, would I were far from here!"

"And let pious Mistress Harcourt convert my lord constable?"

"A plague on you!" she shrieked in a sudden frenzy.

"Hush, hush! That word—have you forgot?"

A shadow fell on them as they leaned together. She looked up in terror. It was only the old butler, with a whispered message from Lady Chillingburgh to her grandson.

He rose with ill humor.

"Some whimsy of my grandam about the tables, no doubt," he muttered as he sauntered from the room, pausing at the door to cast a last look of warning. And, truly—for Fate plays such tricks upon those who would guide her—scarce had his footsteps died away, when Lord Rockhurst himself entered unannounced upon the solitary woman, as the familiar of the house.

He reached the middle of the room before he caught sight of her. An angry frown suddenly overcast features which, in repose, were at once singularly dignified and melancholy.

"How now?" he said harshly. "How come you here?"

Whatever illusion Jeanne de Mantes might have cherished as to her power over the man she loved, that frown, the cutting tones, all too quickly dispelled. Quick upon the smart of pain, her fury rose. Squaring her elbows, she looked at him insolently.

"Why, in my sedan chair, milord."

"Who brought you, then?"

But she had not the strength for the fight. What had come to Jeanne de Mantes? She found herself faltering.

"Nay, say *what* brought me, Rockhurst,

and I will tell you. It was to see you." Her voice deepened, the tears she would not shed wept in it. "I was packing, if you would know, for country and safety even this morning. And when Mr. Ratcliffe told me——"

"Ha!" he interrupted, speaking half to himself, "I might have known who had baited this trap."

She went on with rising plaint:

"Oh! what have I done to thee, my friend——"

"This is no place for you, madame," he said, coming close to her and speaking very low. "A house you have no right to enter."

The color flamed up again to her face.

"Nay, if you are here, milord," she retorted, "why not I, then?"

He stood a few seconds, his dark eye upon her, deeply thinking; then, as though upon a sudden mood, a complete change came over him. The stateliness, the air of command, the something unapproachable as of one set apart, gave place to mockery, to languor. He let himself sink upon the chair that Ratcliffe had vacated; and, running his fingers through the black curls that lay on his shoulders, scrutinized her again insolently through half-closed lids.

"Lionel Ratcliffe," quoth he then, "is a gentleman of birth and parts. And if he hath not much of this world's goods, he hath wits, which is nigh as good. Mightest do worse, Jinny!"

"And is it for this," cried she, laughing loudly, "that I gave up a king?" But in the midst of her laughter tears welled and ran down her cheeks.

"By the Lord Harry!" he said, willfully hard, "but this becomes a wearisome refrain of thine! What now, old Rowley is forgiving. Finish that packing of thine, and hie thee to Salisbury. You might still——"

She caught her kerchief from her bosom and set her teeth in it.

"Might I indeed, my lord? Oh, you are gallant!" Then the tears came on that hysteric outburst: "You will break my heart!"

He glanced anxiously toward the door.

"Tush! Hearts?" he cried impatiently. "We are set with five senses in this world, and 'tis but common wisdom to take note of them. But hearts? What have you and I to do with hearts?"

"And, indeed," she sobbed—"and, indeed, I never knew I had one, till you had taken it from me!"

"Dry your eyes, Jinny," said he then, not unkindly. "When will ye women learn it?—tears are daggers with which ye slay your charms. I for one never could abide a salt cheek."

She thrust back the sob rising in her throat, and strove to smile upon him.

"Time was you thought me handsome," she murmured with catching breath.

"I think thee handsome still," he answered; stretched out a languid finger and touched her chin. Then a bitter laugh shook him. "A morsel fit for a king, as I said!"

With her snakelike movement she rose, and stood a second, glaring down at him. Then to her ears came a rustle along the oaken boards of the passage. Her rival! And she, *la belle* Jeanne de Mantes, tear-stained, a hideous thing to be mocked at! Like a hunted thing, she turned and dashed through the terrace down into the gloom of the garden.

No fresh air there to cool her fevered temples, to revive that heart so strangely laboring. But stronger than all physical discomfort was the galling interest of her jealousy. The mischief of it was that, with this hammering of her pulses, she could scarce catch a word of what passed within the room. But she could see! And the whole life power in her became concentrated in her burning eyes. Pshaw! it was but a pale thing when all was said and done. And the hair, positive red! Aye, and overlong in the limb—an English gawk! She would call herself slender no doubt—thin was the word for her. Not a jewel, not even a pearl, on the forehead! If Jeanne de Mantes knew milord—him so traveled, so fastidious, so *raffiné*—this dish of curds and whey would mighty soon pall upon his palate. Yet, through all this tale of her rival's disabilities, a relentless voice, far away in her soul, yet clear as judge's sentence, repeated that Diana was beautiful and held Rockhurst's love. In despair, something like a hectic gayety ran hot through her veins. Very well, at any rate, as Lionel Ratcliffe had it, her moment was at hand! A shuddering fit came over her that seemed to shake her ideas away, as an autumn wind the leaves.

In the yellow candlelight within, Lord Rockhurst had ceremoniously greeted his son's betrothed. In silence she courtied. Then, as they drew closer to each other, the man saw traces of tears on the fair cheek.

"What is this?" he exclaimed. "You have been weeping!"

"Truly, my lord," said she, smiling, yet with a little catch in her breath, "I should be ashamed to show you this disfigured countenance."

"Disfigured?" he echoed. "Transfigured!"

He took a quick step toward her as she spoke; but she drew back.

"I have a letter from Harry," she said constrainedly; and Rockhurst drew himself up, darkening.

"Aye," said he, and then approached her again, his whole manner delicately, indescribably altered. "Good news, I trust?"

"Oh, vastly," she answered, with a small, flustered laugh, drawing a folded sheet from her bosom. There was a deep pause. "I am glad to have heard from Harry," she declared of a sudden, bravely.

"So glad," he said, low-voiced, "that you wept."

"My lord!" There was fear and warning in her cry.

"Ah, Diana, do not grudge me your tears, since 'tis all I may ever have from you!" He took a musing turn about the room, and, when he came back to her, iron composure was once more upon him. "I, too, heard from my son. Harry clamors to be allowed to join us. That may not be. Less than ever now!" A church bell rang mournfully into his last words. "Why, hark! the very bells ring out the words: Plague, plague!"

"Oh, my good lord!" she cried, her finger on her lip.

"Aye, and is my Lady Chillingburgh still so mad?"

"Mad? No, but all London is gone mad, is laboring under a monstrous illusion. We, in this house, alone are sane. There never was such an ailment as the—" she dropped and formed the evil word only with a movement of the lips. "And if, as you see, our friends grow scarcer each Wednesday night, there are a thousand indifferent good reasons to explain their absence."

Something in the sweet assumed archness of her tone stirred him as could no outcry of feminine terror.

"Diana, child, I cannot permit this! You must not remain exposed to such peril. I will no longer be withheld from speaking to Lady Chillingburgh."

"Believe me, my lord," she prayed him earnestly, "you would but anger her; you would but be banished this house, and nothing gained indeed. Oh, do not speak!"

He took both her hands as she involuntarily flung them out.

"Then will I speak to you only. Diana, think of yourself, of Harry. The whole town is in flight. The departure of the court has given the final signal for panic——"

She smiled as she slowly withdrew her hands.

"And you, my lord, when do you join the fugitives?"

"I?" He started. "Why surely, madam, you know I have a post to keep. 'Tis one I would not desert if I might. My men, poor devils, look to me——"

"Ah," she interrupted, "and have I no post to hold against the same enemy? How many servants would my grandmother retain if I set the example?"

"Diana!" The word escaped him under a passionate impulse of tenderness. But he checked himself again on the very leap of passion. "Ah," he murmured, "I shall have a brave daughter!"

She smiled, as a woman smiles at the hurt inflicted by the best beloved.

There came from without the sound of voices, uplifted in the pleasant, artificial accents that mark the social meeting, and Lionel Ratcliffe ushered a couple of elderly visitors into the room with his elaborate, if ironic, courtesy.

"You are not the first, gentlemen, you perceive. Indeed, my worthy ancestress is somewhat behindhand in her usual punctilio. But she has been engaged (with my assistance) in the dismissal of a saucy footman who has had the insolence to remark to her upon these red crosses with which it hath become the rage to adorn the doors of certain houses these days."

Both the men laughed uneasily.

"Tut, tut!" cried the elder and stouter, and sniffed surreptitiously at his pomander box.

"Quite so," assented Lionel suavely.

Whereupon the other guest broke out, as in passion:

"A monstrous nuisance, 'pon honor! Gad, sirs, I am here straight from a crony's house—my Lord Vernon's and no other. What think you greets me from the doorstep—a nobleman's door, mark you! The cross, sir, the cross! and by my soul, the text, 'Lord have mercy on us!' writ beneath in chalk!"

"Lord o' mercy!" exclaimed the stout man, starting back involuntarily. "You did not cross the threshold?"

"No, Mr. Foulkes," returned the younger

severely. Then he burst forth again, a man mightily offended by the indelicacy of events: "Gad, sir, I'm not fond of the country, but I'm for it to-morrow!"

Foulkes again sniffed his spice box, this time openly.

"Why, so am I, Sir John! Ah, Mistress Harcourt, your humble devoted!"

Ratcliffe, who had anxiously looked round the room for Madame de Mantes, while the guests exchanged greetings, now saw her emerge from the window recess, and threw her a keen, inquiring glance. Without meeting his eyes, she came forward with a great rustle of ballooning silk so that all turned.

"Pray, Mr. Ratcliffe," said she as one in a dream, "you have not yet presented me to your kinswoman."

Ratcliffe shot swift scrutiny from beneath his drawn brows at Diana's surprised face, at Lord Rockhurst's dark, impassive countenance, imperceptibly shrugged his shoulders, and complied:

"Cousin Diana—Madame de Mantes, who is kind enough to add her charming presence to our dwindling company."

The Frenchwoman sank into the center of her amber and blue draperies; emerged languorous, extended with queenly grace a hand to Foulkes and another to Sir John, and from the very sweep of her courtesies flung a condescending phrase at her rival:

"Monsieur, your handsome cousin, has been so eloquent about you, madam, that 'tis almost as if I knew you already."

"He is very kind," faltered Diana, ill at ease, she scarce knew why. Then, mindful of her duty as hostess, "You know my Lord Rockhurst?"

The Frenchwoman looked beyond them into the night of the garden.

"We *have* met," she said in suave tones, and sailed into a third obeisance.

The two gentlemen of the court instinctively drew together.

"What has come to that pretty piece from France? She has sadly lost her looks, think you not? And her manner is somewhat singular to-night. What makes she in this prim circle? She should be at Salisbury," whispered Foulkes.

Sir John Farrington jerked his thumb knowingly toward the lord constable; both looked, laughed, and wagged their heads. Rockhurst stepped forward and unostentatiously drew Diana away from Madame de Mantes. Lionel seized his moment:

"What did you, from the room?" he whispered hurriedly in his ally's ear. "You had your chance, and let it slip! I had not brought you here—" He stopped suddenly, staring at her askance. The great enamel clasp, that held the artfully careless draperies at her breast, rose and fell with her over-quick breathing, yet her mood was strangely cheerful; nay, incomprehensible, for he marked that her eyes were red. She had wept and robbed herself well-nigh of all her beauty. "You've lost the trick for both of us," he muttered bitterly.

"Don't be too sure," she bade him, drawing closer to him. "Look at them!" she cried, tossing her curls in the direction of Rockhurst and Diana. "Ha! you'd have me believe Rockhurst in love—in love with that white, bloodless, fireless, country stock! Oh, sir, I have seen Rockhurst in love!"

A smile twisted his lips; he looked at her oddly.

She proceeded with a mixture of exultation and bitterness:

"I watched them; they thought themselves alone. I tell you he made no attempt to do more than kiss her finger tips! Ah, *mon Dieu!*" Her laughter was like a flame running through her. "With me— Ah, you men! do I not know you?"

"Pshaw!" said Ratcliffe brutally. "Something you may know of us, and know well. But you know not what a virtuous woman can make of us."

She wheeled on him, clinching her hands as if she would strike him.

"Indeed!" she panted. "And have I not had as much virtue as any woman—once?" Then, finding his gaze abstractedly fixed upon his cousin, she halted upon precipitate speech, watched him keenly for a second, and broke into loud laughter.

"Hush!" he cried, starting at the wanton sound.

"Excellent Lionel," she said, catching him with her small burning hand, "if friends are to help each other, they should be frank. But now I know your secret, I know where I am. As Heaven is good to me," her laugh rang out again, "'tis not for the money; you're in love with the widow!"

He looked at her for an instant as if he could have struck her, but the next fell back into his cynic mood.

"Congratulate yourself, then," he retorted dryly, "since I have all the more reason to

have my will. But, pray you, here comes my grandam. She cares not for such loud mirth."

"Trust me," she tittered. "I await but the ripe moment. The unmasking shall yet be played to your liking, and—" She faltered; into her eyes came the vagueness, into her voice the singular change that once or twice already had aroused Ratcliffe's attention. In a kind of toneless whisper, rapid and jerky, she added: "Unmask? Oh, yes, milord. No doubt—after supper!"

Lionel fell back, frowning.

The folding doors were thrown apart: two footmen entered, bearing candelabra which they deposited upon the center card table. There was an abrupt cessation of talk among the guests, and all turned in formal expectation of the venerable hostess's entry. Into which stillness Lady Chillingburgh, seated very upright in her chair, was wheeled by a negro boy. An extraordinary personality!

Paralyzed to the waist though she was, a fierce vitality, an indomitable will, looked out of the sunken black eyes, spoke in the cavernous voice, imposed itself in the gesture of the shriveled hand. Here was one, in spite of age and infirmity, strong enough to bid defiance to universal calamity, to look Pestilence in the face, and choose to ignore it; who, in the midst of a terror akin to that of the scriptural last day could still give her weekly card party and find guests to obey the summons.

As her chair was brought to a stand in the middle of the room, Lady Chillingburgh drew her eyebrows together and swept a slow severe glance over the circle:

"I was informed the company had assembled. How now! Are these all my guests?"

There was a kind of apologetic stir, as if each person felt responsible for the paucity of his fellow guests. Then Rockhurst and the other men advanced and gravely paid their devoirs. Diana drew her grandmother's chair to a more suitable position by the big card table, and then stood behind her, in attendance. Ratcliffe instantly proceeded to the introduction of the new guest. He was once more suave, to glibness:

"The court has left this morning, dear madam; hence this unwonted emptiness of your rooms. Nevertheless, here is a lady of the royal circle. Madame de Mantes, of the house of Madame Henriette de France and honored by their Majesties' particular regard—she still prefers the advantages of the town."

The aged face became wreathed in smiles. "I trust their Majesties were in good health, madame, when last you saw them," said my Lady Chillingburgh in stately condescension.

Jeanne courtesied mechanically. She felt of a sudden childishly afraid of the figure in the chair—old, old and nearly dead, yet so alive!

The faint, hollow voice went on, as from the recesses of a tomb:

"You play cards, of course, Madame de Mantes?" There was a courtly gesture with the clawlike hand, and Lady Chillingburgh turned with an unerring precision of politeness to her other guests: "Sir John, I rejoice to see you; you had failed us of late. Ah, Mr. Foulkes, you indeed are ever faithful! But where is your good lady?"

"She deemed it wiser—hem," Foulkes coughed, a-sweat with embarrassment, "I mean, she had accepted an invitation to the country, and left this morning with our family."

"Indeed!" commented the venerable hostess regally. "My Lord Rockhurst, you prefer basset, I know. So does Sir John. Will you be seated yonder? Grandson, to my left. Madame, will you face me, if you please? Mr. Foulkes, sir, to my right. Diana, child, shuffle the cards."

They fell into their places as she willed them; and for a little while round the greater table there was naught but the business of the moment, the necessary words of the game, the rattle of the dice, the whisper of sliding cards. Diana, her fresh young beauty drawn close in startling contrast to her grandmother's awe-inspiring face, held the cards for the trembling fingers, flung the dice.

In the window recess, the two men, under cover of a languid contest, conversed gravely in undertones. But ever and again the lord constable's gaze, charged with anxiety, sought Diana's radiant head. Jeanne had flung herself feverishly into the game:

"I marvel extremely," quoth Lady Chillingburgh, "that my Lord Marsham should be so late. You are acquaint with my Lord Marsham, madame? He is much at Whitehall. We are indeed a small party to-night. Let us hope my Lord will presently appear."

Foulkes, who had shown increasing agitation during this speech, now dropped his cards with a muffled, "Mercy be good to us!"

Ratcliffe kicked him under the table, while he spoke blandly:

"Do not expect his Lordship to-night,

madam. I hear he has convened a party of his own."

Sir John Farrington, straining startled ears and eyes from the other table, caught Ratcliffe's glance and mouthed at him with dumb lips, "Gone?" jerking heavenward with his thumb.

"Gone," asserted Ratcliffe's nod, while his thumb pointed grimly down.

Lady Chillingburgh turned her quick glance, her high pyramid of lace and white curls, in daunting inquiry in Sir John's direction. But her grandson, diabolically fluent, was once more ready with his irony:

"Sir John is offended at having received no invitation."

"'Tis very strange," said Lady Chillingburgh. "My Lord Marsham is not wont to be discourteous."

"'Twas such a sudden inspiration," soothed Lionel.

His grandmother fixed him with stern disapproval. Diana sometimes thought that, though it was the old woman's fancy to be humored, not a jot of their elaborate pretense escaped her; that she fiercely resented the mocking manner with which Lionel acted his rôle.

"And your cousin, sir? Where lurks he? Your brother Edward, I mean, Diana?" Diana had no answer but a look of dumb distress, and again the fiery eyes wandered, seeking. "And Mistress Hill? 'Tis the first time in seven years that Mistress Hill has failed me."

Sir John Farrington, who had been unaccountably nettled by Ratcliffe's mocking remark, here lifted his voice somewhat overloudly:

"I can give tidings of Mistress Hill, madam. I happen to know that this evening she was driven out in state. No doubt, Mr. Ratcliffe, 'twas to join that gathering of my Lord Marsham's to which you were good enough to inform us I was not asked."

Rockhurst rose frowning; and laughing, not pleasantly, at his own wit, Sir John gathered the neglected stakes and slipped them into his own pocket. Madame de Mantes echoed the laugh, shrilly, hysterically.

A dark flush crept to the old hostess's bleached cheek. Desultory talk or grim jest failed alike to relieve the tension. The game languished; scarce passed a card or rang a die; the ever-shadowing Horror hung, nightmare dark, ever closer, ever more palpable, over all.

"The game, madame! The game, gentlemen!"

But it was idle, even for the bravest spirit among her guests, to deny the invisible Presence in their midst. And when, following upon a confused rumor on the stairs, a great cry of anguish and terror was raised at the very door of the room; when, staggering and wringing his hands, a distraught youth rushed in, it was almost as if his voice was that of the unacknowledged Fear; his livid face its very countenance.

"For the Lord's sake, a cup of the plague water!"

"Brother!" cried Diana. She sprang toward him. But hastily, even roughly, Rockhurst thrust her on one side, and the boy collapsed into the nearest chair.

Whereupon Lionel, coming forward with his usual coolness, ran his fingers, with a movement the sinister significance of which most people had learned to interpret these days, under the fair curls of the bent head.

"Sheer poltroonery," cried he, and laughed loudly, and struck his cousin's hunched shoulders with no gentle hand.

"Curse it!" moaned the lad. "I have just knocked against two women carrying a coffin! They howled like sick cats." Sinking his head on his hands once more, he rocked himself backward and forward. "Oh, this wicked London! Oh, the judgment of God!"

"Edward!" cried Lady Chillingburgh imperiously. Her voice dominated the horrified whispers of Sir John and Foulkes, Madame de Mantes's hysterical cries, young Edward's obtrusive groans. But there was a force stronger than her in her house that night. Sir John Farringdon unceremoniously poured himself a bumper of wine, drank it hastily, his eye on the door toward which Foulkes was uneasily edging. Madame de Mantes, who had been sobbing out inarticulate words in her own tongue, broke into foolish laughter.

Edward sprang to his feet, thrusting aside his cousin's restraining hand.

"I will speak! Grandam shall hear the truth at last! 'Tis everywhere! Everyone is getting it! Lord Marsham, ill at noon, dead at four! Mistress Hill, well yesterday, buried to-night!"

"I command you to silence, Edward!"

The quavering voice rose high, catching painfully at lost authority; the palsied hand aimed a feeble blow at the table.

"Why must we stay, because of the old woman's whimsy?" continued the boy in

fury. "Zounds! I go to-night, and sister with me. D'ye hear, grandam! I'm here to get the travel money, and I'll have it. I'll go, and sister with me!"

But the aged queen was not yet dethroned. Her spirit asserted itself in a supreme effort. Life seemed to come back to her paralyzed limbs; she flung out one hand in a gesture of authority; it scarce trembled.

"Diana, your brother is drunk. I order him to be expelled. Mr. Foulkes, the game is not concluded; resume your seat!"

She broke off. Sir John Farringdon had made an unmannerly dash for the door. Foulkes stood at command with a sickly smile; but his friend's example, the open passage, were too much for him; stealthily the door closed upon his retreat.

Only by a rigid aversion of her head did Lady Chillingburgh betray her knowledge of this double defection.

"Grandson Lionel, your cousin Edward is drunk. Conduct him, I say, from this apartment and let him be physicked. Madame, I am surprised you find amusement in such an indecorous scene. Pshaw! It seems truly that we shall have no cards to-night. Diana, child, take your guitar and sing for us. Sing that old sweet song of Master Herick's. My Lord Rockhurst, have you yet heard this new instrument?"

But the lord constable had followed Diana as she moved across the room to seek the guitar. They stood together a second; he saw her hand tremble over the olive-wood case. "Nay, child, you can never sing to-night!"

"My lord, I must—anything to soothe her. Oh, the physicians have ever warned us of the danger of agitation for her!"

"Diana!" Lady Chillingburgh's voice was weak and strained; her face seemed to have suddenly shrunk; extinct was the fire in the eyes. Yet the will still struggled. "Sing!"

Lionel Ratcliffe had taken no pains to fulfill his grandmother's behest; and already she seemed to have forgotten it; but he had soothed Edward Hare after his own fashion—by a bumper of wine and a whispered promise to provide the travel money himself. Now in the lull he took a seat behind Madame de Mantes and, his eyes on Rockhurst and Diana, began in a fierce undertone:

"Do you not see how it is with them? Why, in this evening's folly everything conspires to give them to each other. You wait the ripe moment, say you? Gad! Look



Drawn by Arthur Reicher.

"Lady Chillingburgh, rising upon those feet that had been dead to motion so long, stood erect."

there, I say; there is that other woman with the man you love—claim him now! 'Tis your last chance!"

Madame de Mantes, who since Lady Chillingburgh's rebuke had been sitting, her chin propped up on her hands, her curls concealing her face, turned slowly toward him. He started. For all his fortitude a shudder ran through him. Through her mad eyes the Pestilence was looking upon him!

Diana's voice rose—faint but sweet:

Ask me why I send you here
This sweet infant of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This Primrose thus bepearled with dew?

Lady Chillingburgh, with closed lids, beat time vaguely on the arm of her chair; Edward Hare pondered over his last mouthful of wine; the Frenchwoman was muttering to herself and drawing, under the shadow of the curls, restless patterns on the table with her forefinger. Lionel sat beside her, his starting eyes upon her face.

I will whisper to your ears:
The sweets of Love are mixed with tears!

sang Diana in a voice that had grown firmer and clearer.

And now, so faintly at first as to be almost imperceptible, something began to mingle itself with the music. The clang of a bell struck at intervals, followed by a long monotonous call. The sounds drew ever nearer. Diana faltered, took up her song again bravely, failed once more, struck a broken note; then hand and voice fell mute. Stillness held them all within the great room, which seemed to wait doom the more inevitably for its bright lights, for its futile air of indifference and gayety. Through the open window, out of the darkness, gathered a heavy rumble of wheels; then again uprose the call of the bell, the cry of the hoarse voice:

"Bring out your dead!"

Into the breathless pause, Lady Chillingburgh, rising upon those feet that had been dead to motion so long, stood erect, and flung out her arm with an angry cry; and then it seemed there was naught in the big chair but a huddled heap of drapery. The Terror, petrified on young Hare's lip, broke out roaring:

"She's dead! Grandam's dead! The plague! She's dead of the plague!" He made one leap for the door, his screams awaking confusion in the house.

Within Lady Chillingburgh's drawing-room the drama was quickly played.

Diana bent in anguish over her grandmother, crying:

"She has swooned! For Heaven's sake, madame, as you are a woman, give me your assistance!"

But Lionel had sprung to her side:

"Back, Diana! Away out of this room. Our grandmother is dead."

"The—the sickness?" she faltered with white lips.

"The plague? Not here—" he answered her. "But there!" He flung his pointing finger toward the Frenchwoman, who turned her face with a crazy laugh toward them.

Diana recoiled a pace, threw out her hands as if seeking support, and Rockhurst, ever close to her, caught her in his arms. A sudden, blind, all encompassing fury fell upon Ratcliffe.

"Stay, my lord constable!" he cried fiercely, and made a spring to wrest the unconscious burden from the hated man's embrace. "Ah, Rakehell Rockhurst, not so fast!"

The table was between them. He was wrenching at his sword as he dashed round it, pushing Jeanne de Mantes aside; when, with her soft, bare arms, she clutched his throat from behind.

It was perhaps his horror of the embrace that robbed him of the power of resistance; perhaps the strength lent by the delirium rendered her burning clasp irresistible. He struggled, yet was powerless. His starting eyes beheld the lord constable pass out of the room to the garden, bearing Diana into the night. He gathered his energy for a last shout in the hope of raising the household to his help; but the hot arms were writhing closer about him, the scented curls beat softly against his cheek. The creature was laughing, pressing upward her disfigured face, devouring him with her mad, unseeing eyes, striving to reach his lips for the kiss of death, raving, "At last, O Rockhurst!"

He never knew how he loosed himself—that moment was blank, stamped with too deep a horror to be ever recalled. He found himself rushing blindly through the blackness of the fields, feeling as if he could never escape from that lingering touch of contamination, that no waters could ever lave him from the taint. The scourge had conquered his close set plans; aye, and conquered him. Lionel Ratcliffe was at last afraid of the plague!



Drawn by Arthur Recher.

"With her soft, bare arms, she clutched his throat from behind."





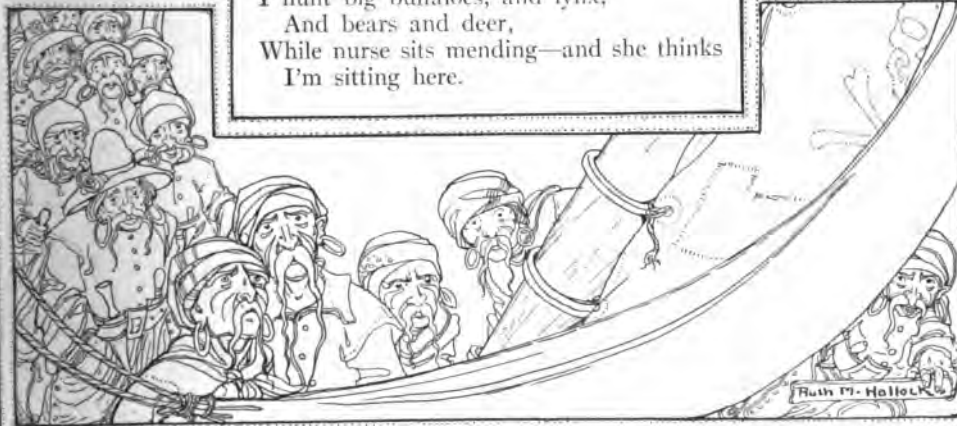
DREAMS

By ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

At last I know where they are kept,
My own, own dreams;
At night I found them when I slept,
But now it seems
As if I only have to go
A little way,
And I can find them all, I know,
By night or day.

I do not even shut my eyes.
I sit and wait,
And pretty soon, wide open flies
A little gate;
All things I want come through to me,
And I can go
A-sailing, sailing on the sea—
Heave ho! Heave ho!

With pirates and with Indian braves
And robber bands
I hunt, and ride, and live in caves,
In foreign lands;
I hunt big buffaloes, and lynx,
And bears and deer,
While nurse sits mending—and she thinks
I'm sitting here.



Ruth M. Hallen



Drawn by S. de Janowski.

"The men listened in silence fearing to cut the bright thread that bound them to the world."

MOTHER*

A NOVEL

BY MAXIM GORKY

ILLUSTRATED BY S. DE IVANOWSKI

CHAPTER XXI

THE MEN IN THE RANKS



“DON'T you get tired?” the mother asked.

“Do you think I haven't done much walking? All this is an old story to me.”

With a merry smile, as if speaking of some glorious childhood frolics, Sofya began to tell the mother of her revolutionary work. She had had to live under a changed name, use counterfeit documents, disguise herself in various costumes in order to hide from spies, carry hundreds and hundreds of pounds of illegal books through various cities, arrange escapes for comrades in exile, and escort them abroad. She had had a printing press fixed up in her quarters, and when on learning of it the gendarmes appeared to make a search, she succeeded in a minute's time before their arrival in dressing as a servant, and walking out of the house just as her guests were entering at the gate. She met them there. Without an outer wrap, a light kerchief on her head, a tin kerosene can in her hand, she traversed the city from one end to the other in the biting cold of a winter's day. Another time she had just arrived in a strange city to pay a visit to friends. When she was already on the stairs leading to their quarters, she noticed that a search was being conducted in their apartments. To turn back was too late. Without a second's hesitation she boldly rang the bell at the door of a lower floor, and walked in with her traveling bag to unknown people. She frankly explained the position she was in.

“You can hand me over to the gendarmes if you want to; but I don't think you will,” she said confidently.

The people were greatly frightened, and did not sleep the whole night. Every minute they expected the sound of the gendarmes knocking at the door. Nevertheless, they could not make up their minds to deliver her over to them, and the next morning they had a hearty laugh with her over the gendarmes.

And once, dressed as a nun, she traveled in the same railroad coach, in fact, sat on the very same seat, with a spy, then in search of her. He boasted of his skill, and told her how he was conducting his search. He was certain she was riding on the same train as himself, in a second-class coach; but at every stop, after walking out, he came back saying, “Not to be seen. She must have gone to bed. They, too, get tired. Their life is a hard one, just like ours.”

The mother, listening to her stories, laughed, and regarded her affectionately. Tall and dry, Sofya strode along the road lightly and firmly, at an even gait. In her walk, her words, and the very sound of her voice—although a bit dull, it was yet bold—in all her straight and stolid figure, there was much of robust strength, jovial daring, and thirst for space and freedom. Her eyes looked at everything with a youthful glance. She constantly spied something that gladdened her heart with childlike joy.

“See, what a splendid pine!” she exclaimed, pointing out a tree to the mother.

The mother looked and stopped. It was a pine neither higher nor thicker than others.

“Ye-es, ye-es, a good tree,” she said, smiling.

“Do you hear? A lark!” Sofya raised

her head, and looked into the blue expanse of the sky for the merry songster. Her gray eyes flashed with a fond glance, and her body seemed to rise from the ground to meet the music ringing from an unseen source in the far distant height. At times bending over, she plucked a field flower, and with light touches of her slender, agile fingers she fondly stroked the quivering petals and hummed quietly and prettily.

Over them burned the kindly spring sun. The blue depths flashed softly. At the sides of the road stretched a dark pine forest. The fields were verdant, birds sang, and the thick, resinous atmosphere stroked the face warmly and tenderly.

All this moved the mother's heart nearer to the woman with the bright eyes and the bright soul; and trying to keep even pace with her she involuntarily pressed close to Sofya, as if desiring to draw into herself her hearty boldness and freshness.

Filling their lungs with the aromatic air, they paced along, not swiftly, but at a good, round gait. The mother felt she was on a pilgrimage. She recollected her childhood—the fine joy with which she used to leave the village on holidays to go to a distant monastery, where there was a wonder-working ikon.

Sometimes Sofya would hum some new unfamiliar songs about the sky and about love, or suddenly she would begin to recite poems about the fields and forests and the Volga. The mother listened, a smile on her face, swinging her head to the measure of the tune or rhyme, involuntarily yielding to the music. Her breast was pervaded by a soft, melancholy warmth, like the atmosphere in a little old garden on a summer night.

On the third day they arrived at the village, and the mother inquired of a peasant, at work in the field, where the tar works were. Soon they were descending a steep woody path, on which the exposed roots of the trees formed steps through a small, round glade, which was choked up with coal and chips of wood caked with tar.

Outside a shack built of poles and branches, at a table formed simply of three unplanned boards laid on a trestle stuck firmly into the ground, sat Rybin, all blackened, his shirt open at his breast, Yefim, and two other young men. They were just dining. Rybin was the first to notice the women. Shading his eyes with his hand, he waited in silence.

"How do you do, brother Mikhail?" shouted the mother from afar.

He arose and leisurely walked to meet them. When he recognized the mother, he stopped and smiled and stroked his beard with his black hand.

"We are on a pilgrimage," said the mother, approaching him. "And so I thought I would stop in and see my brother. This is my friend Anna."

Proud of her resourcefulness, she looked askance at Sofya's serious, stern face.

"How are you?" said Rybin, smiling grimly. He shook her hand, bowed to Sofya, and continued: "Don't lie. This isn't the city. No need of lies. These are all our own people, good people."

Yefim, sitting at the table, looked sharply at the pilgrims, and whispered something to his comrades. When the women walked up to the table, he arose and silently bowed to them. His comrades didn't stir, seeming to take no notice of the guests.

"We live here like monks," said Rybin, tapping the mother lightly on the shoulder. "No one comes to us; our master is not in the village; the mistress was taken to the hospital. And now I'm a sort of superintendent. Sit down at the table. Maybe you're hungry. Yefim, bring some milk."

The pungent odor of the fresh tar blended with the stifling smell of decaying leaves dizzied the newcomers.

"This fellow is Yakob," said Rybin, pointing to the tall man, "and that one Ignaty. Well, how's your son?"

"He's in prison," the mother sighed.

"In prison again? He likes it, I suppose."

Ignaty stopped humming; Yakob took the staff from the mother's hand, and said: "Sit down, little mother."

"Yes, why don't you sit down?" Rybin extended the invitation to Sofya.

She sat down on the stump of a tree, scrutinizing Rybin seriously and attentively.

"When did they take him?" asked Rybin, sitting down opposite the mother, and shaking his head. "You've bad luck, Nilovna."

"I'm not used to it, but I see it's not to be helped."

"That's right. Well, tell us the story."

Yefim brought a pitcher of milk, took a cup from the table, rinsed it with water, and after filling it shoved it across the table to Sofya. He moved about noiselessly, listening to the mother's narrative. When the mother had concluded her short account, all were silent for a moment, looking at one another. Ignaty, sitting at the table, drew a pattern with

his nails on the boards. Yefim stood behind Rybin, resting his elbows on his shoulders. Yakob leaned against the trunk of a tree, his hands folded over his chest, his head inclined. Sofya observed the peasants from the corner of her eye.

"Yes," Rybin drawled sullenly. "That's the course of action they've decided on—to go out openly."

"If we were to arrange such a parade here," said Yefim, with a surly smile, "they'd hack the peasants to death."

"They certainly would," Ignaty assented, nodding his head. "No, I'll go to the factory. It's better there."

"You say Pavel's going to be tried?" asked Rybin.

"Yes. They've decided on a trial."

"Well, what'll he get? Have you heard?"

"Hard labor, or exile to Siberia for life," answered the mother softly. The three young men simultaneously turned their look on her, and Rybin, lowering his head, asked slowly: "And when he got this affair up, did he know what was in store for him?"

"I don't know. I suppose he did."

"He did," said Sofya aloud.

All were silent, motionless, as if congealed by one cold thought.

"So," continued Rybin slowly and gravely. "I, too, think he knew. A serious man looks before he leaps. There, boys, you see, the man knew that he might be struck with a bayonet, or exiled to hard labor; but he went. He felt it was necessary for him to go, and he went. If his mother had lain across his path, he would have stepped over her body and gone his way. Wouldn't he have stepped over you, Nilovna?"

"He would," said the mother shuddering and looking around. She heaved a heavy sigh. Sofya silently stroked her hand.

"There's a man for you!" said Rybin in a subdued voice, his dark eyes roving about the company. They all became silent again.

Suddenly Yakob moved forward from the tree, stepped to one side, stopped, and, shaking his head, observed dryly: "So, when we're in the army with Yefim, it's on such men as Pavel Mikhaylovich that they'll set us."

"Against whom did you think they'd make you go?" retorted Rybin glumly. "They choke us with our own hands."

"I'll join the army all the same," announced Yefim obstinately.

"Who's trying to dissuade you?" exclaimed Ignaty. "Go!" He looked Yefim straight

in the face, and said with a smile: "If you're going to shoot at me, aim at the head. Don't just wound me; kill me at once."

"Listen, boys," said Rybin, letting his glance stray about the little assembly with a deliberate, grave gesture of his raised hand. "Here's a woman"—pointing to the mother—"whose son is surely done for now."

"Why are you saying this?" the mother asked in a low, sorrowful voice.

"It's necessary," he answered sullenly.

"It's necessary that your hair shouldn't turn gray in vain, that your heart shouldn't ache for nothing. Behold, boys. She's lost her son, but what of it? Has it killed her? Nilovna, did you bring books?"

The mother looked at him, and after a pause said: "I did."

"That's it," said Rybin, striking the table with the palm of his hand. "I knew it at once when I saw you. Why need you have come here, if not for that?" He again measured the young men with his eyes, and continued solemnly, knitting his eyebrows: "Do you see? They thrust the son out of the ranks, and the mother drops into his place."

He suddenly struck the table with both hands, and straightening himself said with an air that seemed to augur ill: "Those ——" here he flung out a terrible oath—"those people don't know what their blind hands are sowing. They *will* know when our power is complete and we begin to mow down their cursed grass. They'll know it then!"

"The other day," continued Rybin, "a government official called me up, and, says he: 'You blackguard, what did you say to the priest?' 'Why am I a blackguard?' I say. 'I earn my bread in the sweat of my brow, and I don't do anything bad to people.' That's what I said. He bawled out at me, and hit me in the face. For three days and three nights I sat in the lockup. 'That's the way you speak to the people, is it?' I cried. 'Don't expect pardon, you devils. My wrong will be avenged, if not by me, then by another; if not on you, then on your children. Remember! You have sowed malice; don't expect mercy!'

"And what had I said to the priest?" he continued in a lighter tone. "After the village assembly he sits with the peasants in the street, and tells them something. 'The people are a flock,' says he, 'and they always need a shepherd.' And I joke. 'If,' I say, 'they make the fox the chief in the forest, there'll be lots of feathers but no birds.' He

looks at me sidewise and speaks about how the people ought to be patient and pray more to God to give them the power to be patient. And I say that the people pray, but evidently God has no time, because He doesn't listen to them. The priest begins to cavil with me as to what prayers I pray. I tell him I use one prayer, like all the people. 'O Lord, teach the masters to carry bricks, eat stones, and split wood.' He wouldn't even let me finish my sentence. —Are you a lady?" Rybin asked Sofya, suddenly breaking off his story.

"Why do you think I'm a lady?" she asked quickly, startled by the unexpectedness of his question.

"Why?" laughed Rybin. "That's the star under which you were born. That's why. You think that a chintz kerchief can conceal the blot of the nobleman from the eyes of the people? We'll recognize a priest even if he's wrapped in sackcloth. Here, for instance, you put your elbows on a wet table, and you started and frowned. Besides, your back is too straight for a working woman."

Fearing that he would insult Sofya with his heavy voice and his raillery, the mother said quickly and sternly: "She's my friend, Mikhail. She's a good woman. Working in this movement has turned her hair gray. You're not very——"

Rybin fetched a deep breath.

"Why, was what I said insulting?"

Sofya looked at him dryly and queried: "You wanted to say something to me?"

"I? Not long ago a new man came here, a cousin of Yakob. He's sick with consumption; but he's learned a thing or two. Shall we call him?"

"Call him! Why not?" answered Sofya.

Rybin looked at her, screwing up his eyes.

"Yefim," he said in a lowered voice, "you go over to him, and tell him to come here in the evening."

CHAPTER XXII

A NIGHT IN CAMP

YEFIM went into the shack to get his cap; then silently, without looking at anybody, he walked off at a leisurely pace and disappeared in the woods. Rybin nodded his head in the direction he was going, saying dully: "He's suffering torments. He's stubborn. He has to go into the army, he and Yakob, here. Yakob simply says: 'I can't.' And that fel-

low can't either; but he wants to; he has an object in view. He thinks he can stir the soldiers. My opinion is, you can't break through a wall with your forehead. Bayonets in their hands, off they go—where? They don't see—they're going against themselves. Yes, he's suffering. And Ignaty worries him uselessly."

"No, not at all!" said Ignaty. He knit his eyebrows, and kept his eyes turned away from Rybin. "They'll change him, and he'll become just like all the other soldiers."

"No, hardly," Rybin answered meditatively. "But, of course, it's better to run away from the army. Russia is large. Where will you find the fellow? He gets himself a passport, and goes from village to village."

"That's what I'm going to do, too," remarked Yakob, tapping his foot with a chip of wood. "Once you've made up your mind to go against the government, then go straight."

The conversation dropped off. The bees and wasps circled busily around humming in the stifling atmosphere. The birds chirped, and somewhere at a distance a song was heard straying through the fields. After a pause Rybin said: "Well, we've got to get to work. Do you want to rest? There are boards inside the shanty. Pick up some dry leaves for them, Yakob. And you, mother, give us the books. Where are they?"

The mother and Sofya began to untie their sacks. Rybin bent down over them, and said with satisfaction: "That's it! Well, well—not a few, I see. Have you been in this business a long time? What's your name?" He turned toward Sofya.

"Anna Ivanovna. Twelve years. Why?"

"Nothing."

"Have you been in prison?"

"I have."

He was silent, taking a pile of books in his hand, and said to her, showing his teeth: "Don't take offense at the way I speak. A peasant and a nobleman are like tar and water. It's hard for them to mix. They jump away from each other."

"I'm not a lady. I'm a human being," Sofya retorted with a quiet laugh.

"That may be. It's hard for me to believe it; but they say it happens. They say that a dog was once a wolf. Now I'll hide these books."

Ignaty and Yakob walked up to him, and both stretched out their hands.

"Give us some."

"Are they all the same?" Rybin asked of Sofya.

"No, they're different. There's a newspaper here, too."

"Oh!"

The three men quickly walked into the shack.

"The peasant is on fire," said the mother in a low voice, looking after Rybin thoughtfully.

"Yes," answered Sofya. "I've never seen such a face as his—such a martyrlike face. Let's go inside, too. I want to look at them."

When the women reached the door they found the men already engrossed in the newspapers. Ignaty was sitting on the board, the newspaper spread on his knees, and his fingers run through his hair. He raised his head, gave the women a rapid glance, and bent over his paper again. Rybin was standing to let the ray of sun that penetrated a chink in the roof fall on his paper. He moved his lips as he read. Yakob read kneeling, with his breast against the edge of the board.

Sofya felt the eagerness of the men for the word of truth. Her face brightened with a joyful smile. Walking carefully over to a corner, she sat down next to the mother, her arm on the mother's shoulder, and gazed about silently.

"Uncle Mikhail, they're rough on us peasants," muttered Yakob without turning.

Rybin looked around at him, and answered with a smile: "For love of us. He who loves does not insult, no matter what he says."

Ignaty drew a deep breath, raised his head, smiled satirically, and closing his eyes, said with a scowl: "Here it says, 'The peasant has ceased to be a human being.' Of course he has." Over his simple open face glided a shadow of offense. "Well, try to wear my skin for a day or so, and turn around in it, and then we'll see what you'll be like, you wiseacre, you!"

"I'm going to lie down," said the mother quietly. "I got tired, after all."

She stretched herself on the board and soon fell asleep. Sofya sat over her looking at the people reading. When the bees buzzed about the mother's face, she solicitously drove them away.

Rybin came up and asked: "Is she asleep?"

"Yes."

He was silent for a moment, looked fixedly at the calm sleeping face, and said softly: "She is probably the first mother who has

followed in the footsteps of her son—the first."

"Let's not disturb her; let's go away," suggested Sofya.

"Well, we have to work. I'd like to have a chat with you; but we'll put it off until the evening. Come, boys."

The three men walked away, leaving Sofya in the cabin. Then from a distance came the sound of the ax blows, the echo straying through the foliage. In a half-dreamy condition of repose, intoxicated with the spicy odor of the forest, Sofya sat just outside the door humming a song, and watching the approach of evening, which gradually enfolded the forest. Her gray eyes smiled softly at some one. The reddening rays of the sun fell more and more aslant. The busy chirping of the birds died away. The forest darkened and seemed to grow denser. The trees moved in more closely about the choked-up glade, and gave it a more friendly embrace, covering it with shadows. Cows were lowing in the distance. The tar men came, all four together, content that the work was ended.

Awakened by their voices the mother walked out from the cabin, yawning and smiling. Rybin was calmer and less gloomy.

"Ignaty," he said, "let's have our tea. We do housekeeping here by turns. To-day Ignaty provides us with food and drink."

"To-day I'd be glad to yield my turn," remarked Ignaty, gathering up pieces of wood and branches for an open-air fire.

"We're all interested in our guests," said Yefim, sitting down by Sofya's side.

"I'll help you," said Yakob softly.

He brought out a big loaf of bread baked in hot ashes, and began to cut it and place the pieces on the table.

"Listen!" exclaimed Yefim. "Do you hear that cough?"

Rybin listened, and nodded.

"Yes, he's coming," he said to Sofya. "The witness is coming. I would lead him through cities, put him in public squares, for the people to hear him. He always says the same thing. But everybody ought to hear it."

A tall, stooping man came out of the woods into the glade, and walked slowly, firmly supporting himself on a cane. His heavy, raucous breathing was audible.

"There is Savely!" exclaimed Yakob.

"Here I am," said the man hoarsely. He stopped, and began to cough.

A shabby coat hung over him down to his

very heels. From under his round, crumpled hat straggled thin, limp tufts of dry, straight, yellowish hair. His light, sparse beard grew unevenly upon his yellow, bony face; his mouth stood half-open; his eyes were sunk deep beneath his forehead, and glittered feverishly in their dark hollows.

When Rybin introduced him to Sofya he said to her, "I heard you brought books for the people."

"I did."

"Thank you in the name of the people. They themselves cannot yet understand the book of truth. They cannot yet thank; so I, who have learned to understand it, render you thanks in their behalf." He breathed quickly, with short, eager breaths, strangely drawing in the air through his dry lips. His voice broke. The bony fingers of his feeble hands crept along his breast trying to button his coat.

"It's bad for you to be in the woods so late; it's damp and close here," remarked Sofya.

"Nothing is good for me any more," he answered, out of breath. "Only death!"

It was painful to listen to him. His entire figure inspired a futile pity that recognized its own powerlessness, and gave way to a sullen feeling of discomfort.

The wood pile blazed up; everything round about trembled and shook; the scorched shadows flung themselves into the woods in fright. The round face of Ignaty, with its inflated cheeks, shone over the fire. The flames died down, and the air began to smell of smoke. Again the trees seemed to draw close and unite with the mist on the glade, listening in strained attention to the hoarse words of the sick man.

"But as a witness of the crime, I can still bring good to the people. Look at me! I'm twenty-eight years old, but I'm dying. About ten years ago I could lift five hundred pounds on my shoulders without an effort. With such strength I thought I could go on for seventy years without dropping into the grave, and I've lived for only ten years, and can't go on any more. The masters have robbed me; they've torn forty years of my life from me; they've stolen forty years from me."

"There, that's his song," said Rybin dully.

At the table the sick man began to speak again:

"They destroy lives with work. What for? They rob men of their lives. What for, I say? My master—I lost my life in the textile mill of Nefidov—my master presented one prima

donna with a golden wash basin. Every one of her toilet articles was gold. That basin holds my life-blood, my very life. That's for what my life went! A man killed me with work in order to comfort his mistress with my blood. He bought her a gold wash basin with my blood.

"It's cold," said the sick man. Yakob helped him to rise, and led him to the fire.

The wood pile burned evenly and glaringly, and the faceless shadows quivered around it. Savely sat down on a stump, and stretched his dry, transparent hands toward the fire, coughing. The mother listened, looked, and once again, before her in the darkness, stretched the bright streak of the road that Pavel was going, and all those with whom he walked.

Sofya began to tell about the universal struggle of the people for the right to life, about the conflicts of the German peasants in the olden times, about the misfortunes of the Irish, about the great exploits of the working men of France in their frequent battling for freedom.

In the forest clothed in the velvet of night, in the little glade bounded by the dumb trees, before the sportive face of the fire, the events that shook the world rose to life again; one nation of the earth after the other passed in review, drained of its blood, exhausted by combats; the names of the great soldiers for freedom and truth were recalled.

The voice of the woman seemed to echo softly from the remoteness of the past. It aroused hope, it carried conviction; and the company listened in silence to its music, to the great story of their brethren in spirit. They looked into her face, lean and pale, and smiled in response to the smile of her gray eyes. Before them the cause of all the people of the world—the endless war for freedom and equality—became more vivid and assumed a greater holiness. They saw their desires and thoughts in the distance, overhung with the dark, bloody curtain of the past, amid strangers unknown to them; and inwardly, both in mind and heart, they became united with the world, seeing in it friends even in olden times—friends who had resolved to obtain right upon the earth, and had consecrated their resolve with measureless suffering, shed rivers of their own blood.

The men listened in silence, fearing to cut the bright thread that bound them to the world. Only occasionally some one would carefully put a piece of wood in the fire, and when a stream of sparks and smoke rose from

the pile he would drive them away from the woman with a wave of his hand.

Once Yakob rose and said: "Wait a moment, please." He ran into the shack and brought out wraps. With Ignaty's help he folded them about the shoulders and feet of the women. And again Sofya spoke, picturing the day of victory.

At break of dawn, exhausted, she grew silent, and smiling she looked around at the thoughtful, illumined faces.

"It's time for us to go," said the mother.

"Yes, it's time," said Sofya wearily.

"I am sorry you're going," said Rybin.

"You offer goodness, and get the stake in return," said Yefim. "But they ought to go, Uncle Mikhail, before anybody sees them. We'll distribute the books among the people; the authorities will begin to hunt for where they came from; then some one will remember having seen the pilgrims here."

"Well, thank you, mother, for your trouble," said Rybin, interrupting Yefim. "I always think of Pavel when I look at you, and you've gone the right way."

He stood before the mother, softened, with a broad, good-natured smile on his face. The atmosphere was raw, but he wore only one shirt, his collar was unbuttoned, and his breast was bared low. The mother looked at his large figure, and smiling also, advised: "You'd better put on something; it's cold."

"There's a fire inside of me."

The three young men standing at the burning pile conversed in a low voice. At their feet the sick man lay as if dead, covered with the short fur coats. The sky paled, the shadows dissolved, the leaves shivered softly, awaiting the sun.

"Well, then, we must say good-by," said Rybin, pressing Sofya's hand. "How are you to be found in the city?"

"You must look for me," said the mother.

The young men in a close group walked up to Sofya, and silently pressed her hand with awkward kindness. The dull cough of the sick man was heard. The embers of the burning wood pile died out.

"Good-by," the peasants said in subdued tones; and the sad word rang in the women's ears a long time.

They walked without haste, in the twilight of the dawn, along the wood path. The mother striding behind Sofya said, "All this is good—just as in a dream—so good. People want to know the truth, my dear; yes, they want to know the truth. It's like in a

church on the morning of a great holiday, when the priest has not yet arrived, and it's dark and quiet; then it's raw, and the people are already gathering. Here the candles are lighted before the images, and there the lamps are lighted; and little by little, they drive away the darkness, illumining the house of God."

"True," answered Sofya. "Only here the house of God is the whole earth."

"The whole earth," the mother repeated, shaking her head thoughtfully. "It's so good that it's hard to believe."

They walked and talked about Rybin, about the sick man, about the young peasants who were so attentively silent, and who so awkwardly but eloquently expressed a feeling of grateful friendship by little attentions to the women. They came out into the open field; the sun rose to meet them. As yet invisible, he spread out over the sky a transparent fan of rosy rays, and the dewdrops in the grass glittered with the many-colored gems of brave spring joy. The birds awoke afresh from their slumber. Sofya began to hum a song bold as the morning.

CHAPTER XXIII

COMRADES AT WORK

THE life of Nilovna flowed on with strange placidity. Sofya soon went off somewhere, and reappeared in about five days, merry and vivacious. Then, in a few hours, she vanished again, and returned within a couple of weeks. Nikolay, always occupied, lived a monotonous, methodical existence. At eight o'clock in the morning he drank tea, read the newspapers, and recounted the news to the mother. At nine o'clock he went off to the office.

She tidied the rooms, prepared dinner, washed herself, put on a clean dress, and then sat in her room to examine the pictures and the books. She had already learned to read, but the effort of reading quickly exhausted her; and she ceased to understand the meaning of the words. But the pictures were a constant astonishment to her, as to a child. They opened up before her a clear, almost tangible world of new and marvelous things. Huge cities arose before her, beautiful structures, machines, ships, monuments, and infinite wealth, created by the people, overwhelming the mind by the variety of nature's products. Life widened endlessly; each day brought some new huge wonders. The awak-

ened hungry soul of the woman was more and more strongly aroused to the multitude of riches in the world, its countless beauties. She especially loved to look through the great folios of the zoological atlas, and although the text was written in a foreign language, it gave her the clearest conception of the beauty, wealth, and vastness of the earth.

"It's an immense world," she said to Nikolay at dinner.

"Yes, and yet the people are crowded for space."

The insects, particularly the butterflies, astonished her most.

"What beauty, Nikolay Ivanovich," she observed. "And how much of this fascinating beauty there is everywhere, but all covered up from us; it all flies by without our seeing it. People toss about, they know nothing, they are unable to take delight in anything. They have no inclination for it. How many could take happiness to themselves if they knew how rich the earth is, how many wonderful things live in it."

Nikolay listened to her raptures, smiled, and brought her new illustrated books.

In the evening visitors often gathered in his house. Sometimes other people were present who had come from various distant cities. The long conversations always turned on one and the same thing, on the working people of the world. She poured out tea for them, and wondered at the warmth with which they discussed life and the working people, the means whereby to sow truth among them the sooner and the better, and how to elevate their spirit. These problems were always agitating the comrades; their lives revolved about them.

The mother felt that she knew the life of the workingmen better than these people, and saw more clearly than they the enormity of the task they assumed. She could look upon them with the somewhat melancholy indulgence of a grown-up person toward children who play man and wife without understanding the drama of the relation.

Sometimes Sashenka came. She never stayed long, and always spoke in a businesslike way without smiling. She did not once fail to ask on leaving: "How is Pavel Mikhaylovich? Is he well?"

Sometimes the mother complained to Sashenka because Pavel was detained so long and no date was yet set for his trial. Sashenka looked gloomy, and maintained silence, her fingers twitching. Nilovna was tempted to say to her: "My dear girl, why, I know you

love him, I know." But Sashenka's austere face, her compressed lips, and her dry, businesslike manner, which seemed to betoken a desire for silence as soon as possible, forbade any demonstration of sentiment.

Once Natasha came. She showed great delight at seeing the mother, kissed her, and among other things, announced to her quietly, as if she had just thought of the thing: "My mother died. Poor woman, she's dead!" Shaking her hand she wiped her eyes with a rapid gesture of her hands, and continued: "I'm sorry for her. She was not yet fifty. She had a long life before her still. But when you look at it from the other side, you can't help thinking that death is easier than such a life—always alone, a stranger to everybody, needed by no one—can you call that living?"

Natasha was now a teacher in a little town where there was a textile mill, and Nilovna occasionally procured illegal books, proclamations, and newspapers for her. The distribution of literature, in fact, became the mother's occupation. Several times a month, dressed as a nun or as a peddler of laces or small linen articles, as a rich merchant's wife or a religious pilgrim, she rode or walked about through the government with a sack on her back, or a valise in her hand.

She liked to speak to people, liked to listen to their stories of life, their complaints, their perplexities, and lamentations. Before her the picture of human life unrolled itself ever wider and more vari-colored—that restless, anxious life passed in the struggle to fill the stomach. She realized that there was plenty of everything upon earth, but that the people were in want, and lived half starved, surrounded by inexhaustible wealth. In the cities stood churches filled with gold and silver, not needed by God, and at the entrance to the churches shivered the beggars vainly awaiting a little copper coin to be thrust into their hands.

From the pictures and stories of Christ, she knew also that He was a friend of the poor, that He dressed simply. But in the churches, where poverty came to Him for consolation, she saw Him nailed to the cross with insolent gold, she saw silks and satins flaunting in the face of want. Without being herself aware of it, she prayed less; yet, at the same time, she meditated more and more upon Christ and the people who, without mentioning His name, as if ignorant of Him, lived, it seemed to her, according to His will, and like Him regarded the earth as the kingdom of the poor, and

wanted to divide all the wealth of the earth among the poor.

The mother always returned to Nikolay from her travels delightfully exhilarated by what she had seen and heard on the road, bold and satisfied with the work she had accomplished.

"It's good to go everywhere, and to see much," she said to Nikolay in the evening. "You understand how life is arranged."

And in her leisure hours she sat down to the books, and again looked over the pictures, each time finding something new, ever widening the panorama of life before her eyes, unfolding the beauties of nature and the vigorous creative capacity of man. Nikolay often found her poring over the pictures. He would smile and always tell her something wonderful. Struck by man's daring, she would ask him incredulously: "Is it possible?"

Quietly, with unshakable confidence in the truth of his prophecies, Nikolay peered with his kind eyes through his glasses into the mother's face, and told her stories of the future.

"There is no measure to the desires of man, and his power is inexhaustible," he said. "But the world, after all, is still very slow in acquiring spiritual wealth. Because nowadays everyone desiring to free himself from dependence is compelled to hoard, not knowledge, but money. However, when the people will have exterminated greed and will have freed themselves from the bondage of enslaving labor—"

She listened to him with strained attention. Though she but rarely understood the meaning of his words, yet the calm faith animating them penetrated her more and more deeply.

Once Nikolay, usually so punctual, came from his work much later than was his wont, and said, excitedly rubbing his hands: "Do you know, Nilovna, to-day at the visiting hour one of our comrades disappeared from prison? But we have not succeeded in finding out who."

The mother's body swayed, overpowered by excitement. She sat down on a chair, and asked with forced quiet: "Maybe it's Pasha?"

"Possibly. But the question is how to find him, how to help him keep in concealment. I'm going out again."

"I'll go, too," said the mother, rising.

"You go to Yegor, and see if he doesn't know anything about it," Nikolay suggested, and quickly walked away.

She threw a kerchief on her head, and,

seized with hope, swiftly sped along the streets. Her eyes dimmed, and her heart beat faster. The mother lost breath, and when she reached the stairway leading to Yegor's quarters, she stopped, too faint to proceed farther. She turned around, and uttered an amazed, low cry, closing her eyes for a second. Nikolay Vyesovshchikov was standing at the gate, his hands thrust into his pockets, regarding her with a smile.

"Nikolay, Nikolay," she whispered, and ran down to meet him. Her heart, stung by disappointment, ached for her son.

Then she quickly ran up the stairs, walked into Yegor's room, and found him lying on the sofa. She gasped in a whisper:

"Nikolay is out of prison."

"Which Nikolay?" asked Yegor, raising his head from the pillow. "There are two there."

"Vyesovshchikov. He's coming here!"

"Fine! But I can't rise to meet him."

Vyesovshchikov had already come into the room. He locked the door after him, and taking off his hat laughed quietly, stroking his hair. Yegor raised himself on his elbows.

"Make yourself at home," he said with a nod.

Nikolay walked up to the mother and grasped her hand.

"If I had not seen you, I might as well have returned to prison. I know nobody in the city. If I had gone to the suburbs, they would have seized me at once. So I walked about, and thought what a fool I was—why did I escape? Suddenly I see Nilovna running; off I am, after you."

"How did you make your escape?"

Vyesovshchikov sat down awkwardly on the edge of the sofa, and pressed Yegor's hand.

"I don't know how," he said in an embarrassed manner. "Simply a chance. I was taking my airing, and the prisoners began to beat the overseer of the jail. There's one overseer there who was expelled from the gendarmerie for stealing. He's a spy, an informer, and tortures the life out of everybody. Well, they gave him a drubbing, there was a hubbub, the overseers got frightened, and blew their whistles. I noticed the gates open. I walked up, and saw an open square and the city. It drew me forward, and I went away without haste, as if in sleep. I walked a little, and bethought myself: 'Where am I to go?' I looked around, and the gates of the prison were already closed. I began to feel awk-

ward. I was sorry for the comrades in general. It was stupid somehow. I hadn't thought of going away."

"Hm!" said Yegor. "Why, sir, you should have turned back, respectfully knocked at the prison door, and begged for admission. 'Excuse me,' you should have said, 'I was tempted; but here I am.'"

"Yes," continued Nikolay, smiling. "That would have been stupid, too, I understand. But for all that, it's not nice to the other comrades—I walk away without saying anything to anybody. Well, I kept on going, and I came across a child's funeral. I followed the hearse with my head bent down, looking at nobody. I sat down in the cemetery, and enjoyed the fresh air.

"Then I went to a public museum. I walked about there, looked around, and kept thinking all the time: 'Where am I to go next?' I even began to get angry with myself. Besides, I got dreadfully hungry. I walked into the street, and kept on trotting. I felt very down in the mouth. And then I saw police officers looking at everybody closely. 'Well,' thinks I to myself, 'with my phiz I'll arrive at God's judgment seat pretty soon.' Suddenly Nilovna came running opposite me. I turn about and off I go after her. That's all."

"Aren't you sorry for the officials? I guess they're uneasy, too," teased Yegor. He moved heavily on the sofa and said seriously and solicitously: "However, jokes aside, we must hide you—by no means as easy as pleasant. If I could get up—" His breath gave out. He clapped his hand to his breast, and with a weak movement began to rub it.

"You're very sick, Yegor Ivanovich," said Nikolay gloomily, drooping his head. The mother sighed, and cast an anxious glance about the little, crowded room.

"That's my own affair. Granny, you ask about Pavel. No reason to feign indifference," said Yegor.

Vyesovshchikov smiled broadly. "Pavel's all right. He's strong. He's like an elder among us. He converses with the officials, and gives commands. He's respected. There's good reason for it."

Vlasova nodded her head.

"I wish you'd give me something to eat. I'm frightfully hungry," Nikolay cried out unexpectedly, and smiled sheepishly.

"Granny, there's bread on the shelf. Give it to him. Then go out in the corridor, to the second door on the left, and knock. A

woman will open it, and you'll tell her to snatch up everything she has to eat, and come here."

The mother went out and rapped at the door. She strained her ears for an answering sound, while thinking of Yegor with dread and grief: "He's dying."

"Who is it?" somebody asked on the other side of the door.

"It's from Yegor Ivanovich," the mother whispered. "He asked you to come to him."

"I'll come at once," the woman answered without opening the door. The mother waited a moment, and knocked again. This time the door opened quickly, and a tall woman wearing glasses stepped out into the hall, rapidly tidying her ruffled sleeves.

When they walked into Yegor's room, they were met by the words: "I'm preparing to join my forefathers, my friend. Liudmila Vasilyevna, this man walked away from prison without the permission of the authorities—a bit of shameless audacity. Before all, feed him, then hide him for a day or two."

The woman nodded her head, and looked carefully at the sick man's face.

"Stop your chattering, Yegor," she said sternly. "You know it's bad for you. You ought to have sent for me at once, as soon as they came. And I see you didn't take your medicine. What do you mean by such negligence? You yourself say it's easier for you to breathe after a dose. Comrade, come to my place. They'll soon call for Yegor from the hospital."

"So, I'm to go to the hospital, after all?" asked Yegor, puckering up his face.

"We are going away," she continued. "I'll return soon. Give Yegor a tablespoon of this medicine. And don't let him speak." She walked away, taking Nikolay with her.

"Admirable woman," said Yegor with a sigh. "Magnificent woman! It's she that does all the printing we need."

Liudmila entered, and carefully closing the door after her, said, turning to Vlasova: "Your friend ought to change his clothes without fail, and leave here as soon as possible. So go at once, get him some clothes, and bring them here. I'm sorry Sofya's not here. Hiding people is her specialty."

"Look out for the spies," whispered the woman.

"I know," the mother answered with some pride.

She stopped for a minute outside the gate to look around sharply under the pretext of

adjusting her kerchief. She was already able to distinguish spies in a street crowd almost immediately.

This time she did not notice any familiar faces, and walked along the street without hastening. She took a cab, and gave orders to be driven to the market place. When buying the clothes for Nikolay, she bargained vigorously with the salespeople, and in between scolded at her drunken husband, whom she had to dress anew every month. With such naïve precautions she returned to Yegor's quarters; then she had to escort Nikolay to the outskirts of the city. In one of the deserted streets Sashenka met them, and the mother, taking leave of Vyesovshchikov with a nod of her head, turned toward home with a sigh of relief.

CHAPTER XXIV

EVEN IN DEATH

BEFORE midnight Yegor died at the hospital, and the whole of the following day the mother was busy with preparations for the funeral. In the evening when she, Nikolay, and Sofya were drinking tea, quietly talking about Yegor, Sashenka appeared.

"I had a whole night's talk with Vyesovshchikov," she said. "I didn't use to like him. He seemed rude and dull. Undoubtedly that's what he was. A dark, immovable irritation at everybody lived in him. Now he says 'Comrades'—and you ought to hear how he says it, with what a stirring, tender love—I can't tell you. He has grown marvelously simple and open-hearted, and all possessed with a desire to work."

"He's entirely absorbed in thoughts of the comrades," continued Sasha. "And do you know of what he assures me? Of the necessity of arranging an escape for them. He says it's a very simple, easy matter."

"There can't be two opinions as to the escape, if it's possible to arrange it," said Nikolay, "but before everything we must know whether the comrades want it."

Sasha drooped her head.

"How is it possible they should not want it?" asked the mother with a sigh. Sofya nodded to her smiling, and walked over to the window. The mother could not understand the failure of the others to respond, and looked at them in perplexity. She wanted so much to hear more about the possibility of an escape.

Nikolay walked up to the mother, who was washing cups, and said to her: "You'll see Pasha day after to-morrow. Hand him a note when you're there. Do you understand? We must know."

"I understand. I understand," the mother answered quickly. "I'll deliver it to him all right. That's my business."

"I'm going," Sasha announced, and silently shook hands with everybody. She strode away straight and dry-eyed, with a peculiarly heavy tread.

"Poor girl!" said Sofya softly.

"Ye-es," Nikolay drawled. Sofya put her hand on the mother's shoulder, and gave her a gentle little shake, as she sat in the chair.

"Would you love such a daughter?" and Sofya looked into the mother's face.

"Oh! If I could see them together, if only for one day!" exclaimed Nilovna, ready to weep.

The next morning a number of men and women stood at the gate of the hospital waiting for the coffin of their comrade to be carried out to the street. Spies watchfully circled about, their ears alert to catch each sound, noting faces, manners, and words. From the other side of the street a group of policemen with revolvers at their belts looked on.

The gate opened, and the coffin, decorated with wreaths tied with red ribbons, was carried out. The people silently raised their hats. A tall officer of police jostled his way through the crowd, followed by the soldiers. They made a cordon around the coffin, and the officer said in a hoarse, commanding voice: "Remove the ribbons, please!"

The men and women pressed closely about him. They called to him, waving their hands excitedly and trying to push past one another. The mother caught the flash of pale, agitated countenances with quivering lips, and on one face she saw heavy tears rolling down.

The hubbub increased. The coffin rocked over the heads of the people. The mother was seized with a shuddering dread of the possible collision, and she quickly spoke in an undertone to her neighbors on the right and the left: "Why not let them have their way, if they're like that? The comrades ought to yield and remove the ribbons. What else can the comrades do?"

A loud, sharp voice subdued all the other noises:

"We demand not to be disturbed in accom-

panying on his last journey one whom you tortured to death."

"Remove the ribbons, please, Yakovlev! Cut them off!"

The people growled like wolves at bay; then silently drooping their heads, crushed by the consciousness of impotence, they moved forward, filling the street with the noise of their tramping.

Before them swayed the stripped cover of the coffin with the crumpled wreaths. Back of the crowd rose the gray figures of the mounted police; at their sides holding their hands on their sabers marched policemen on foot, and everywhere were the spies.

At the cemetery the police assumed an attitude of guard, their eyes on their captain. A tall, long-haired, black-browed, pale young man without a hat stood over the fresh grave. At the same time the hoarse voice of the captain was heard:

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

"Comrades!" began the black-browed man sonorously.

"Permit me!" shouted the police captain. "In pursuance of the order of the chief of police I announce to you that I cannot permit a speech!"

"I will say only a few words," the young man said calmly. "Comrades, over the grave of our teacher and friend, let us vow in silence never to forget his will; let each one of us continue without cease to dig the grave for the source of our country's misfortune, the evil power that crushes it, the autocracy."

"Arrest him!" shouted the police captain. But his voice was drowned in the confused outburst of shouts:

"Down with the autocracy!"

The police rushed through the crowd toward the orator, who, closely surrounded on all sides, shouted, waving his hand:

"Long live liberty! We will live and die for it!"

The mother shut her eyes in momentary fear. The boisterous tempest of confused sounds deafened her. The startling whistles of the policemen pierced the air; the women cried hysterically. The wooden fences cracked, and the heavy tread of many feet sounded dully on the dry ground. Not far from her on a narrow path between the graves the policemen were surrounding the long-haired man and repelling the crowd that fell upon them from all sides. The unsheathed bayonets flashed white and cold in

the air. Broken bits of the fence were brandished; the baleful shouts of the struggling people rose wildly.

The young man lifted his pale face, and his firm, calm voice sounded above the storm of irritated outcries:

"Comrades! Why do you spend your strength? Our task is to arm the heads."

He conquered. Throwing away their sticks, the people dropped out of the throng one after the other; and the mother pushed forward. She saw how Nikolay, with his hat fallen back on his neck, thrust aside the people, intoxicated with the commotion, and heard his reproachful voice:

"Have you lost your senses? Calm yourselves!"

She stopped. Seizing her by the shoulder, Sofya stood at her side, hatless, her jacket open, her other hand grasping a young, light-haired man, almost a boy. He held his hands to his bruised face, and he muttered with tremulous lips: "Let me go! It's nothing."

"Take care of him! Take him home to us! Here's a handkerchief. Bandage his face!" Sofya gave the rapid orders, and putting his hand into the mother's, ran away saying: "Get out of this place quickly, else they'll arrest you!"

The people scattered all over the cemetery. After them strode the policemen cursing, and brandishing their bayonets.

"Let's hurry!" said the mother, wiping the boy's face with the handkerchief. "What's your name?"

"Ivan." Blood spurted from his mouth. "Don't be worried; I don't feel hurt. He hit me over the head with the handle of his saber."

"Let me bandage your face."

"Never mind. I'm not ashamed to be seen with it as it is. The fight was honorable—he hit me—I hit him——"

Sofya was already at home when they reached the house. She was somewhat ruffled, but as usual bold and assured of manner. Putting the wounded man on the sofa, she deftly unbound his head.

"Ivan Danilovich!" she called out. "He's been brought here. You are tired, Nilovna. You've had enough fright, haven't you? Well, rest now."

From the next room entered Nikolay with a bandaged hand, and the doctor, Ivan Danilovich, all disheveled, his hair standing on end like the spines of a hedgehog. He

quickly attended to Ivan. The mother met Nikolay's fixed, sympathetic glance, and pressing his hand exclaimed with a groan she could not restrain:

"Oh, how fearful it was! They mowed the comrades down! They mowed them down!"

"I saw it!" said Nikolay, giving her a glass of wine, and nodding his head. "Both sides grew a little heated. But don't be uneasy. They used the flats of their swords, and it seems only one was seriously wounded."

That night the mother sank late into a heavy sleep, but rose early, her bones stiff, her head aching. At midday she was sitting in the prison office opposite Pavel, and looked through a mist in her eyes at his bearded, swarthy face. She was watching for a chance to deliver to him the note she held tightly.

"I am well, and all are well," said Pavel in a moderated voice. "And how are you?"

"So, so. Yegor Ivanovich died," she said mechanically.

"Yes?" exclaimed Pavel, and dropped his head.

"At the funeral the police got up a fight, and arrested one man," the mother continued in her simple-hearted way.

The thin-lipped assistant overseer of the prison jumped from his chair, and mumbled quickly:

"Cut that out! It's forbidden. Why don't you understand? You know politics are prohibited."

"I wasn't discussing politics. I was telling about a fight, and they did fight. That's true. They even broke one fellow's head."

"All the same! Please keep quiet—that is to say, keep quiet about everything that doesn't concern you personally, your family, in general your home."

The mother looked around and quickly thrust the note into Pavel's hand. She breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"I don't know what to speak about."

Pavel smiled.

"I don't know either."

"Then why pay visits?" said the overseer excitedly. "They have nothing to say, but they come here anyhow and bother me."

"Will the trial take place soon?" asked the mother after a pause.

"The procurator was here the other day, and he said it will come off soon."

"You've been in prison half a year."

The mother experienced a strong desire to do something pleasant for him, tell him about Vyesovshchikov, for instance. So

without changing her tone she continued, and in the same voice in which she spoke of the needless and uninteresting things:

"I saw your godchild." Pavel fixed a silent, questioning look on her eyes. She tapped her fingers on her cheeks to picture to him the pockmarked face of Vyesovshchikov.

"He's all right! The boy is alive and well. He'll soon get his position. You remember how he asked for hard work?"

Pavel understood and nodded his head.

At home she found Sasha. The girl usually came to Nilovna on the days Pavel had been visited.

"Well, how is he?"

"He's well."

"Did you hand him the note?"

"Of course! I stuck it into his hands very cleverly."

"Did he read it?"

"On the spot? How could he?"

"Oh, yes. I forgot. Let us wait another week, one week longer. Do you think he'll agree to it?"

"I don't know. I think he will," the mother deliberated. "Why shouldn't he if he can do so without danger?"

Sasha shook her head.

Her face paled, her eyes opened sadly, and her quivering lips whispered hotly with an effort:

"I want to beg you—I know he will not agree—try to persuade him. He's needed. Tell him he's essential, absolutely necessary for the cause—tell him I fear he'll get sick. You see the date of the trial hasn't been set yet, and six months have already passed—I beg of you!"

It was apparent that she spoke with difficulty.

"My dear, he will never listen to anybody except himself, never!"

For a short while they were both silent, in a close embrace. Then Sasha carefully removed the mother's hands from her shoulder.

"Yes, you're right," she said in a tremble. "It's all stupidity and nerves. One gets so tired."

In the evening at tea Sofya said to the mother:

"Nilovna, you have to go to the village again."

"Well, what of it? When?"

"It would be good if you could go tomorrow. Can you?"

"Yes."

"Ride there," advised Nikolay. "Hire post horses and please take a different road from before—across the district of Nikolsk. You see, I'm against this expedition in general. It's already begun to be unquiet there. Some arrests have been made, a teacher was taken. Rybin escaped, that's certain. But we must be more careful."

"It's important for us to keep spreading literature all the time. You're not afraid to go, are you, Nilovna?" inquired Sofya.

The mother felt offended: "When have I ever been afraid? I was without fear even the first time. And now all of a sudden—" She drooped her head. Each time she was asked whether she was afraid, whether the thing was convenient for her, whether she could do this or that, she detected an appeal which placed her apart from the comrades.

"There's no use for you to ask me whether or not I'm afraid and various other things," she sighed. "I've nothing to be afraid of. Those people are afraid who have something. What have I? Only a son. I used to be afraid for him, and I used to fear torture for his sake. And if there is no torture—well, then?"

"Are you offended?" exclaimed Sofya.

"No. Only you don't ask each other whether you're afraid."

"Forgive me! I won't do it any more."

The mother had to laugh, and in a few minutes all three were speaking busily and amicably about the trip to the village.

CHAPTER XXV

POLICE AND PEASANT

THE next day, early in the morning, the mother was seated in the post chaise jolting along the road washed by the autumn rain.

In the afternoon, shaken up by the ride and chilled, she reached the large village of Nikolsk. She went to a tavern and asked for tea. After placing her heavy valise under the bench she sat at a window, and looked out onto an open square, covered with yellow, trampled grass, and onto the townhall, a long old building with an overhanging roof. Swine were straggling about in the square, and on the steps of the townhall sat a bald, thin-bearded peasant smoking a pipe.

A girl came into the room. A short, yellow braid lay on her neck, her face was round, and her eyes kind. Putting plates and

dishes on the table, she announced with animation:

"They've just caught a thief. They're bringing him here."

"Indeed? What sort of a thief?"

"I don't know. I only heard that they caught him. The watchman of the townhall ran off for the police commissioner, and shouted: 'They've caught him. They're bringing him here.'"

The mother looked through the window. She pushed her valise farther under the bench, and throwing her shawl over her head, hurried to the door. There in the middle of the square walked Rybin. His hands were bound behind his back, and on each side of him a policeman. At the steps stood a crowd waiting in silence.

"Oh, thief! How horrible you look!" shouted a woman's voice.

The policemen stepped in front of the crowd, which increased in size. Rybin's voice sounded thick:

"Peasants, I'm not a thief; I don't steal; I don't set things on fire. I only fight against falsehood. That's why they seized me. Have you heard of the true books in which the truth is written about our peasant life? Well, it's because of these writings that I suffer. It's I who distributed them among the people."

The crowd surrounded Rybin more closely. His voice steadied the mother.

"Did you hear?" said a peasant in a low voice, nudging a blue-eyed neighbor, who did not answer.

"They're afraid," the mother involuntarily noted. Her attention grew keener. From the elevation of the stoop she clearly saw the dark face of Rybin, distinguished the hot gleam of his eyes. She wanted that he, too, should see her, and raised herself on tiptoe, and craned her neck.

The people looked at him sullenly, distrustfully, and were silent. Only in the rear of the crowd subdued conversation was heard.

"Peasants!" said Rybin aloud in a peculiar full voice. "Believe these papers! I shall now perhaps get death on account of them. The authorities beat me, they tortured me, they wanted to find out from where I got them, and they're going to beat me more. For in these writings is the truth."

The sergeant suddenly appeared on the steps of the townhall, roaring in a drunken voice:

"What is this crowd? Who's the fellow speaking?"

Suddenly precipitating himself down the steps, he seized Rybin by the hair, and pulled his head backward and forward. "Is it you speaking, you scoundrel? Is it you?"

The crowd giving way still maintained silence. The mother in impotent grief bowed her head. One of the peasants sighed. Rybin spoke again: "There, look, good people!"

"Silence!" and the sergeant struck his face. Rybin reeled.

"Don't beat him!" some one shouted.

"Don't!" a strong voice resounded in the crowd. "Boys! Don't permit it! They'll take him in there and beat him to death, and they'll say we killed him. Don't permit it."

"Peasants!" the powerful voice of Rybin roared, drowning the shouts of the sergeant. "Don't you understand your life? Don't you understand how they rob you, how they cheat you, how they drink your blood? You keep everything up, everything rests on you; you are the power that is at the bottom of everything on earth, its whole power. And what rights have you? You have the right to starve—it's your only right."

The noise increased as the crowd seethed like black foam about Rybin, and he rocked to and fro in their midst. Raising his hands over his head and shaking them, he called into the crowd, which responded now by loud shouts, now by silent, greedy attention to the unfamiliar, daring words.

"Thank you, good people! Thank you! I stood up for you, for your lives." He wiped his beard and again raised his blood-covered hand. "There's my blood. It flows for the sake of truth."

"Look out, boys!" a somewhat subdued cry was heard in warning.

The commissioner of police walked into the crowd, a tall, compact man, with a round, red face. The crowd gave way before him.

"What's the trouble?" asked the police commissioner, stopping in front of Rybin and measuring him with his eyes. "Why are his hands not bound? Officers, why? Bind them." His voice was high and resonant, but colorless.

"They were tied, but the people unbound them," answered one of the policemen.

"The people? What people?" The police commissioner looked at the crowd standing in a half circle before him. In the same monotonous, blank voice, neither elevating

nor lowering it, he continued: "Who are the people?"

With a back stroke he thrust the handle of his saber against the breast of the blue-eyed peasant.

"Are you the people, Chumakov? Well, who else? You, Mishin?" And he pulled somebody's beard with his right hand.

"Disperse, you curs!"

Neither his voice nor face displayed the least agitation or threat. He spoke mechanically, with a dead calm, and with even movements of his strong, long hands, pushed the people back. The semicircle before him widened. Heads drooped, faces were turned aside.

"Well," he addressed the policeman, "what's the matter with you? Bind him!" He uttered a cynical oath, and again looked at Rybin, and said nonchalantly: "Your hands behind your back, you!"

"I don't want my hands to be bound," said Rybin. "I'm not going to run away, and I'm not fighting. Why should my hands be bound?"

"What?" exclaimed the police commissioner, striding up to him.

"It's enough that you torture the people, you beasts!" continued Rybin in an elevated voice. "The red day will soon come for you, too. You'll be paid for everything."

The police commissioner suddenly dealt Rybin a quick, sharp blow in the face.

"You won't kill the truth with your fist," shouted Rybin. "And you have no right to beat me."

"Nikita!" the police commissioner called out, looking around. "Nikita, hey!" A squat peasant in a short fur overcoat emerged from the crowd.

"Nikita," the police commissioner said deliberately, twirling his mustache, "give him a box on the ear, a good one."

The peasant stepped in front of Rybin. Staring him straight in the face, Rybin hammered out heavily:

"Now, look, people, how the beasts choke you with your own hands. Look! Think! Why does he want to beat me?—why? I ask."

The peasant raised his hand and lazily struck Mikhail's face.

"Strike, I say!" shouted the police commissioner, pushing the peasant on the back of his neck.

The peasant stepped aside, and inclining his head said sullenly: "I won't do it again."

"What?" The face of the police com-

missioner quivered. He stamped his feet, and cursing, suddenly flung himself upon Rybin. The blow whizzed through the air. Rybin staggered and waved his arms; with the second blow the police commissioner felled him to the ground, and jumping around with a growl, he began to kick him on his breast, his side, and his head.

The crowd set up a hostile hum, rocked, and advanced upon the police commissioner. He noticed it and jumped away, snatching his saber from the scabbard.

"So that's what you're up to? You're rioting, are you?"

His voice trembled and broke. It had grown husky. He lost his composure along with his voice. He drew his shoulders up about his head, bent over, and turning his blank, bright eyes on all sides, he fell back, carefully feeling the ground behind him with his feet. As he withdrew he shouted hoarsely in great excitement:

"All right! Take him! I'm leaving! But, now, do you know, you cursed dogs, that he is a political criminal, that he is going against our Czar, that he stirs up riots—do you know it? Against the Emperor the Czar? And you protect him; you, too, are rebels. Aha—a——"

Without budging, without moving her eyes, the strength of reason gone from her, the mother stood as if in a heavy sleep, overwhelmed by fear and pity. The outraged, sullen, wrathful shouts of the people buzzed like bees in her head.

"If he has done something wrong, lead him to court."

"And don't beat him!"

"Forgive him, your Honor."

The people fell into two groups: the one surrounding the police commissioner shouted and exhorted him; the other, less numerous, remained about the beaten man. Several men lifted him from the ground. Rybin wiped the blood from his face and beard, and looked about in silence. His gaze glided by the face of the mother. She started, stretched herself out to him, and instinctively waved her hand. He turned away; but in a few minutes his eyes again rested on her face. It seemed to her that he strengthened himself and raised his head, that his blood-covered cheeks quivered.

"Did he recognize me? I wonder if he did?"

She nodded her head to him, and started with a sorrowful, painful joy. But the next

moment she saw that the blue-eyed peasant was standing near him and also looking at her. His gaze awakened her to the consciousness of the risk she was running.

"What am I doing? They'll take me, too."

The peasant said something to Rybin, who shook his head.

"Never mind!" he exclaimed, his voice tremulous, but clear and bold. "I'm not alone in the world! They'll not capture all the truth. In the place where I was the memory of me will remain. That's it. Even though they destroy the rest, aren't there more friends and comrades there?"

"He's saying this for me," the mother decided quickly.

The policemen led Rybin up the steps of the townhall and disappeared with him behind the doors. In a few moments, after the crowd had begun to disperse, Rybin appeared again on the steps of the townhall. His hands were bound. His head and face were wrapped up in a gray cloth, and he was pushed into a waiting wagon.

"Farewell, good people," his voice rang out in the cold, evening twilight. "Search for the truth. Guard it! Believe the man who will bring you the clean word; cherish him. Don't spare yourselves in the cause of truth."

"Silence, you dog!" shouted the voice of the police commissioner as the wagon clattered away.

At home Nikolay opened the door for the mother. He was disheveled and held a book in his hands.

"Already?" he exclaimed joyfully. "You've returned very quickly. Well, I'm glad. Very glad."

His eyes blinked kindly and briskly behind his glasses. He quickly helped her off with her wraps and said with an affectionate smile:

"And here, in my place, as you see, there was a search last night. And I wondered what the reason for it could possibly be—whether something hadn't happened to you. But you were not arrested. If they had arrested you, they wouldn't have let me go, either."

He led her into the dining room and continued with animation: "However, they suggested that I should be discharged from my position. That doesn't distress me. I was sick, anyway, of counting the number of horseless peasants; and ashamed to receive money for it, too; for the money actually comes from

them. It would have been awkward for me to leave the position of my own accord. I am under obligations to the comrades in regard to work. And now the matter has found its own solution, and I'm satisfied."

The mother sat down and looked around. One would have supposed that some powerful man in a stupid fit of insolence had knocked the walls of the house from the outside until everything inside had been jolted down. The portraits were scattered on the floor, the wall paper was torn away and stuck out in tufts. A board was pulled out of the flooring, a window sill was ripped away. The floor by the oven was strewn with ashes. The mother shook her head at the sight of this familiar picture.

"They wanted to show that they don't get money for nothing," remarked Nikolay.

On the table stood a cold samovar, unwashed dishes, sausages, and cheese on paper, along with plates, crumbs of bread, books, and coals from the samovar. The mother smiled. Nikolay also laughed in embarrassment following the look of her eyes.

"It was I who didn't waste time in completing the picture of the upset. But never mind, Nilovna, never mind. I think they're going to come again. That's the reason I didn't pick it all up. How was your trip?"

The mother started at the question. Rybin arose before her; she felt guilty at not having told of him immediately. Bending over a chair, she moved up to Nikolay and began her narrative. She tried to preserve her calm, in order not to omit something as a result of excitement. Nikolay threw himself back on his chair, grew pale, and listened, biting his lips. The mother had never seen him wear so austere an expression.

When she concluded he arose and for a minute paced the room in silence, his fists thrust deep into his pockets. Conquering his agitation, he looked almost calmly with a hard gleam in his eyes into the face of the mother, which was covered with silent tears.

"But, Nilovna, we mustn't waste time. Let us try, dear comrade, to take ourselves in hand." Smiling sadly, he walked up to her and bending over her asked, pressing her hand: "Where is your valise?"

"In the kitchen."

"A spy is standing at our gate—we must be able to get such a big mass of papers out of the way unnoticed. There's no place to hide them in and I think they'll come again to-night. I don't want you to be arrested. So, however sorry we may be for the lost labor, let's burn the papers."

"What?"

"Everything in the valise."

She finally understood, and, though sad, pride brought a complacent smile to her face.

"There's nothing in it—no leaflets." With gradually increasing animation she told how she had placed them in the hands of sympathetic peasants after Rybin's departure.

Nikolay listened, at first with an uneasy frown, then in surprise, and finally exclaimed, interrupting her story:

"Say, that's capital! Oh, Nilovna! Do you know—" He stammered, embarrassed, and pressing her hand exclaimed quietly: "You touch me so by your faith in people, by your faith in the cause of their emancipation. You have such a good soul. It's evident that the peasants, too, are beginning to stir. After all, it's natural. We ought to get special people for the villages. People! We haven't enough—nowhere. Life demands hundreds of hands."

"Now, if Pasha would be free, and Andriusha!" said the mother softly. Nikolay looked at her and drooped his head.

"You see, Nilovna, it'll be hard for you to hear, but I'll say it, anyway—I know Pavel well; he won't leave prison. He wants to be tried. He wants to rise in all his height. He won't give up a trial. And he needn't, either. He will escape from Siberia."

The mother sighed, and answered softly: "Well, he knows what's best for the cause."

(To be continued.)



THE HARD WINTER OF 10 B.C.

*"Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte. . . ."*—HORACE: ODE 9, BOOK I.

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

WHITE with the snows of the winter, Soracte stands in isolation.
Gaze on the laboring trees deep in the heart of the woods,
See how the ice and the snow conspire to stop navigation—
Some of that four-year-old booze, Thaliarchus, old chap—that's the goods!

Turn on the steam, O friend! My, but the weather is coolish!
Press thou the button divine, letting the gods do the rest.
Don't give a thought to to-morrow. Worry is terribly foolish
Where there is love to be made and where there are lips to be pressed.

The Campus of Mars resounds with words that are lovingly spoken,
Main Street is crowded with girls; hurry, before they are gone;
Now from the lips of a maid a ravishing youth steals a token—
Come, Thaliarchus, old chap. It sounds pretty good. Are you on?

MY LIFE IN PEONAGE BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1907.

PRICE 15 CENTS



Cream of Wheat





ALEXANDER IRVINE

*Author of "My Life in Peonage," beginning in
this number.*



Drawn by G. C. Wilmerhurst.

"Two pillows," said Drina sweetly."

—*"The Younger Set,"* page 678.

APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. IX

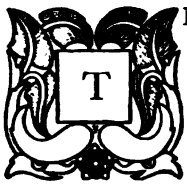
JUNE, 1907

NO. 6

MY LIFE IN PEONAGE

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

I.—THE SITUATION AS I FOUND IT



THE cry of "peonage" was in the air. Press dispatches from the South told of the coercion of men by whips and bloodhounds. It was said that a new slavery had arisen on the spot where the old had died. Arranged in a beard, a pair of overalls, and with a bright yellow bundle in my hand I went in quest of the facts. If slavery existed, the best way to find it was by being a slave—a wage slave.

It was in Greenwich Street, down by the margin of Manhattan, that I found the first footprints of a multitude that had penetrated the forests and mines from Virginia to the Gulf.

"100 MEN WANTED."

The notice was in a score of windows. It was in a dozen languages; it was red and black and green. There was a great demand for laborers—all kinds of laborers—but when I told an agent I was Irish he held up his hands, puckered his lips, and said "Nix!"

"Why not?" I asked.

"Agh!" he grunted. "Irishamaan no good. He kicka hella all timea everywhere!"

Then I became a Finn. I did this on the advice of an agent's understudy, who gave me a new name to suit my new nationality.

I went South with a band of bronzed proletarians—Greeks, Hungarians, Italians, Poles, and others. Like a herd of cattle we were shipped to various points of the South.

We were picturesque cattle, with our bright colors, and large placards pinned on our breasts to save porters and the public the trouble of asking us any questions. Mine read "Southern Railway." That at least indicated my direction.

We were inspected at every depot by a curious crowd of people on pleasure bent. Half a dozen times on the journey, labor agents tried to steal us from the agent in charge. They told us stories of small pay and ill treatment in the camps and offered larger pay, but our gang believed that things were all right where they were going.

"Johnny," said a man to me, "want a pull?"

It was a bottle of whisky, and he offered me a share as an evidence of his good-fellowship. Then he offered me \$1.50 a day and board in his camp, near which he said there were saloons and women. At every large railroad center the labor agents were busy; but intact we reached the mines of Alabama.

In the iron mines I was a miner's "mucker" and loaded ore at twenty cents a carload. I worked on the phosphate beds later in another State. Then I went farther South again and chipped trees in a turpentine camp at seventy-five cents a thousand. Next I punched logs around in the Gulf of Mexico for a dollar and "six bits" a day—the largest wage I got in the South.

I courted the danger points. I went where conditions were savage, where life was cheaper than lumber, where the physically fit survived. I came under the lash of a driver's tongue several times, but escaped the more



JUDGE CHARLES SWAYNE

Of the Federal Court, before whom the first cases were tried.



COMMISSIONER F. W. MARSH

Who instituted proceedings against violators of the anti-peonage laws.

painful experience of a peon. There were very good reasons for my escape. I looked like a man who when struck on one cheek turns the other fellow's. Besides, I could do more work than was required of me, and do it very easily.

After working at a variety of things in a number of places I secured a job in the logging camp of the Jackson Lumber Company of Lockhart, Ala. I had met men who escaped from that region, and a number of the officials of the company were under sentence of imprisonment for violation of the anti-peonage laws. It was commonly reported that conditions since the trial had become

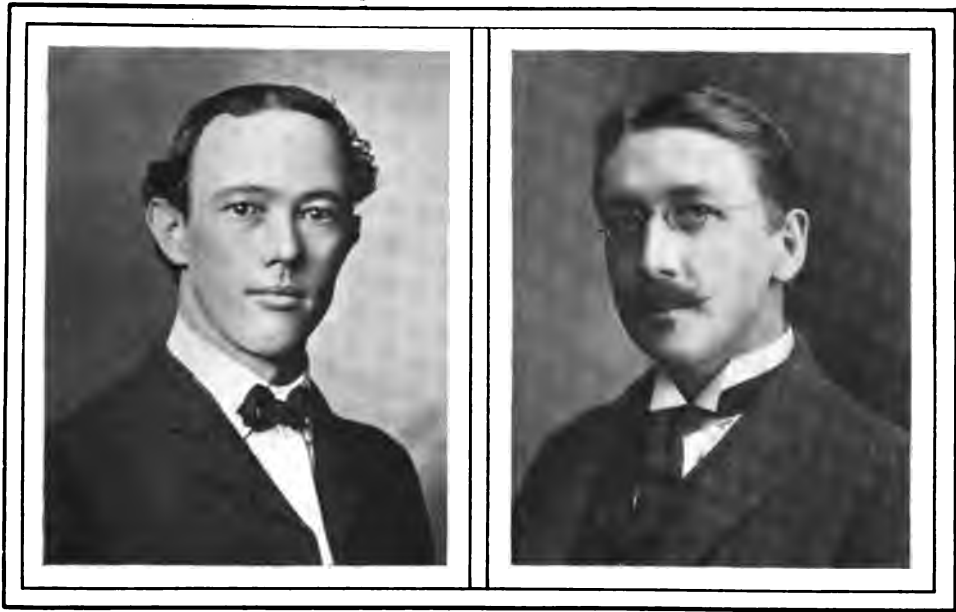
worse, and I determined to get a job under the man who was considered the most brutal woodsman in the South.

The company is named in honor of an ex-governor of Maryland who originally owned the pine forest where the industry is located. Around the saw and planing mills of the company they have built a little town called Lockhart. The railroad guide books give the population as 1,500. The company owns the town. It looks a made-to-order, checkerboard community. The company offices, stores, post office, and lodging house are in the center. The town is just a mile from Florala—a word



U. S. DIST. ATTORNEY W. B. SHEPPARD

Who prosecuted the peonage cases.



PERCY S. HAYES

BENJAMIN H. THOMAS

City Editor and Managing Editor of the *Pensacola Journal*, which gave first publicity to the intolerable conditions at the camp of the Jackson Lumber Company.

made up of the first three letters of the names of the States of Florida and Alabama. The town is on the line which divides them.

This company in its methods of handling unskilled labor in its camps and mills presents a characteristic phase of the labor problem of the South, with which the Department of Justice at Washington is now actively engaged.

In the spring of 1906 the company needed laborers—needed them much and needed many of them. The regular agencies were unable to supply the demand, and the company tried the experiment of employing an agent of its own.

Eugene P. New-

lander, a young Hungarian, a man of refinement and education, entered into a contract with the company to send 100 men a month

for a year. For this service he was to receive \$100 a month and expenses. He had scarcely sent 200 men when he was induced to go South to Lockhart and join the company's forces.

Experiments with cheap labor are expensive. A man who sells shoe laces on the Bowery is not easily transformed into a lumber jack. Attempts to effect such a transformation brought into play the cowhide and the bloodhounds. The use of these auxiliaries is likely to become known, and stories



OSCAR SANDOR

Now in the penitentiary for his share in the peonage evils.

of their use travel quickly and lose little as they travel.

A prominent citizen of Pensacola had been an eyewitness to the return to a state of peonage of a laborer, and had talked of the fact to others. Commissioner F. W. Marsh, of the Federal Court, heard of the incident, called on the gentleman, learned some of the facts, and on the following day, July 23, 1906, held an official hearing at which four peons and Mayor Von Axelson, of Laurel Hill, gave testimony.

"This man Marsh," said a turpentine boss to me, "is a monomaniac!"

"What is his mania?" I asked.

"Peonage!" he replied.

"You mean the suppression of peonage, don't you?"

"Yes."

About the same time the *Pensacola Journal* published a story of outrage as it was told by a peon who had escaped, and who was found in a dying condition on the streets. The *Journal's* story brought forth a peppery epistle from W. S. Harlan, the general manager of the company, and a newspaper controversy ensued.

The result of the hearing was a group of

indictments by the grand jury later, and a trial before Judge Swayne and a special jury on November 15, 1906.

The officials—the minor officials only of course—of the Jackson Lumber Company were tried in installments. These are the opening sentences of Judge Swayne's charge to the jury that tried the first cases:

"The defendants, W. S. Harlan, S. E. Huggins, and C. C. Hilton, are indicted and on trial before you for a violation of the statutes of the United States with reference to peonage. They are indicted for conspiracy to arrest one Rudolf Lanniger with the intent that he should be returned to a condition of peonage—that is to say, to compulsory service of the Jackson Lumber Company, a corporation, to work out an indebtedness alleged to be due by him to the company, and that in furtherance of said conspiracy, and for the purpose of effecting the same, the said C. C. Hilton did by threats and force, within the northern district of Florida and within the jurisdiction of this court, arrest the said Rudolf Lanniger and restrain him of his liberty."

Lanniger is a Hungarian. He came to New York in June, 1906, and in July was



W. G. GRACE

Camp veterinary of the Jackson Lumber Company, sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment and \$1,000 fine.



ROBERT GALLAGHER

Foreman of the camp, and called by his men "The Bull of the Woods," sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment and \$1,000 fine.

sent South by Frank & Miller, labor agents, to the Jackson Lumber Company. The party of which he was one went by water to Savannah, and from there by rail in charge of Dr. Grace, the veterinary of the company, to Lockhart, Ala.

On his arrival he was assigned to a turpentine camp. He had contracted for a different kind of work and a different wage, but was put to work chipping trees at \$1 a day and board. Work, wages, hours, and conditions were all different from the contract and the representations of the labor agents. Nevertheless he worked for three months. Then he determined to move, and in company with two others he made his escape. On the second day after they left the camp they were overtaken by one of the bosses, who covered him—Lanniger—with a revolver and ordered him to halt. His companions escaped, and he was ordered to walk in front of a horseman to the nearest town, where the boss gave him in charge of a blacksmith.

The boss was identified as C. C. Hilton. Hilton took off his belt and revolver and handed them to the blacksmith with instructions relating to the prisoner. After supper Hilton returned and took him to the railroad station where the prisoner was handed over to another boss, whom Lanniger identified as the defendant Huggins. Huggins took him to Lockhart. After an interview with the manager he was driven out to the logging camp, where he was locked up for the night. Next day he was returned to the turpentine camp, where he remained in dread for sixty-five days. He escaped a second time, but, unable to reach Pensacola, was forced to return. His third departure was in company with the Hungarian consul of Mobile.

This was the case for the Government, and on it the defendants' Hilton, Huggins, and Harlan were convicted. Little account could be taken of conditions. These men of Lan-

niger's type had no language to describe the vileness of it. They knew they had to drink ditch water, sleep in windowless shacks on sodden bedding, and march to and from work at the rifle muzzle, but these were small things to them and seldom emphasized.

Huggins is a typical frontiersman. He was probably born among the pines and inherited the knots. His face has the appearance of a turpentine tree newly chipped. It bears the marks of the "shack." He is tall, heavily built. He shambles—usually with a cloud on his face and a chip on his shoulder.

He understands the wild. He belongs there, and men who cannot easily adjust themselves to the life find little mercy or consideration at his hands.

Hilton is different. He is spare and has the washed-out appearance of the "cracker" rather than that of a lumber jack or a turpentine boss. His hair is gray. He wears a mustache on an expressionless face. His sickly grin is an index to a weak character.

These men are both turpentine bosses; they are both ignorant, illiterate men. They never heard of peonage. They didn't know what it was. In all their brutal dealings they violated no law known to them. They knew but one law—the law of beak and fang and claw—the law of forest and jungle.

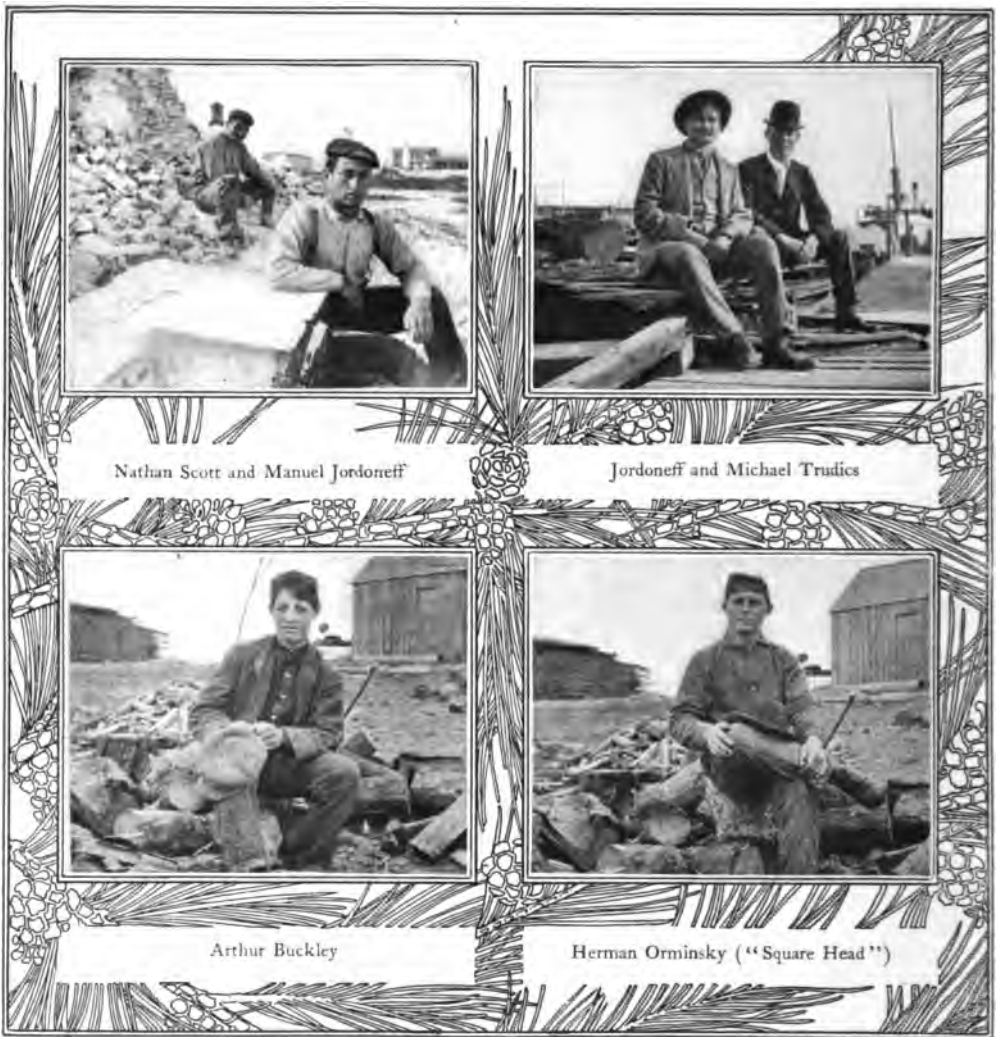
Harlan differs from both. To look at, he is the stockily built Broadway business man. At close range he is coarse. He has a talent for profanity, and to those who

have worked under him in the office he is vulgar and tricky. He differs from Hilton and Huggins in his grade of intelligence. He is efficient and in a way educated. In the art of extracting the greatest amount of labor for the smallest amount of pay he excels. He is the center and heart of the executive force of the company, and as I mingled with the men of the company—the employees—I heard differences of opinion expressed about all of the officials except Harlan. There was but



W. S. HARLAN

General Manager of the Jackson Lumber Company, sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment and \$5,000 fine.



TYPICAL PEONS WHO TESTIFIED IN THE FEDERAL COURT

one opinion of him—one opinion of his sentence. The employees were thankful to God for the prospect of a breathing spell during his sojourn in the federal penitentiary.

The second trial gave to the world a look into the heart of the problem. It revealed the real thing.

Robert Gallagher, woods foreman and called by the men of his camp "the bull of the woods"; W. G. Grace, and Oscar Sandor were the defendants. Grace is the veterinary of the company. Sandor came to Lockhart as a common laborer. He washed dishes the first day, but the day following he was in the office as a clerk and interpreter.

Newlander and Sandor were the only men of education and refinement in the employ of the company. They carried themselves with a dignity and a bearing utterly unknown to the brutal labor drivers of that region.

In the newspapers Michael Trudics's name appeared as "Trurich Mihaly." Michael came to Lockhart in the same gang with Rudolf Lanniger. He arrived at Lockhart July 18th, and on the following day he left the camp.

He was not as content as Lanniger to work in violation of his contract. He said he imagined he was on his way to Lockhart to appeal for fair play, but that is doubtful.

Anyway at noon time he was overtaken by three men in a buggy and three bloodhounds. They overtook him on the road near Laurel Hill. Grace held him with one hand while he covered him with a revolver in the other. Gallagher horsewhipped him, and Sandor sat in the buggy, contenting himself with tongue-thrashing his fellow-countryman in their mother tongue—telling him that if he ran away again he would surely get killed.

Around the incident of Michael's return by force waged the legal battle of the second trial. Two women described the whipping as they saw it from their doors. It so sickened one of them that she turned her head away and trembled. Dr. Craig and E. E. Reese saw the trio take Michael back to peonage. He was forced to walk to Lockhart at the muzzle of a revolver. When he arrived there he was whipped again and taken in a buggy to the camp. He is a devout Catholic, and when asked why he didn't attempt to escape again, he said he was afraid.

Folding his hands and with a reverent look toward heaven he said: "*In the woods they can do anything they want to and no one can see them but God!*"

"Manuel Jordomons" was Jordoneff's newspaper name during the trial. I found him with Michael Trudics and Nathan Scott cleaning brick on Fort Pickens in the Gulf of Mexico. He was very happy then, for his wounds were healed and the long trial was over.

An officer of the Jackson Lumber Company in explaining to me how a conviction was secured said: "One man's story swayed the jury. He told it in tears, and the tears convicted our men!"

It was interesting to know the importance they placed on old Jordoneff's story. A policeman found him exhausted on the streets of Pensacola, suffering from unhealed wounds and a high fever, alleged to be the results of his treatment at the hands of the "bull of the woods." Manuel is a Bulgarian, and throughout the city of Pensacola and the maritime city at anchor in the great harbor but one man could be found who was able to interpret his tale.

Lured by the glittering promise of \$2 a day in a brick yard, Jordoneff came to Lockhart. He was put to work in a pine drift at \$1 a day and board. The old man knew his physical limitations. Twelve hours a day in a burning sun he might stand for a little

while, but to stay long enough to pay his transportation would be the death of him. While he had enough energy left to make the attempt, he tried to escape and failed.

It was dinner time when Gallagher hauled him up the steps of the dining car, and forcing him into the little office, administered a brutal beating. He was hammered about the head with the butt end of a revolver, and when prostrate he was kicked about the head, abdomen, and shins until the men turned their heads away in loathing and fear.

"What did you do after that?" I asked him.

"Oh," he said, clasping his hands, "I just sat and cried, for I was alone in my language and no one could speak to me. I think to myself, 'My God, they will kill me next time!'"

Manuel was so weak at the trial that he had to be helped around. The fever had not wholly left him, nor were his wounds healed. Ben H. Thomas of the *Journal* passed the hat around the court room and the defendants contributed toward a cot in the hospital. Gallagher put in nearly \$2—all the small change he had.

I labored for days trying to worm out of the old man something of his philosophy of life. It was very simple. Work to the measure of his ability—constant work and fair pay, and occasionally some touch with religion, even in forms he little understood. Manuel is a devout man, and attributes his escape with his life as a special mark of God's favor to him.

Trudics and Jordoneff were very happy when I found them on Fort Pickens, and the commander said they were faithful and hard-working men.

Herman Orminsky is a bright young Russian Jew, who having successfully eluded the terrors of Kishenev and the "black hundred," fell among thieves in Alabama. Herman—who was called "Square Head" at the camp—had never done much manual work. His hands were soft and unaccustomed to tools.

He was lured, as others were, but took the situation more philosophically than most of them. When he ached with pain in the burning sun he leaned against a tree and rested. The bosses did not waste much breath on Herman. He was told that there was another job for him in the barn, and when he arrived they flogged him. They flogged him hard and almost daily. One boss told some of the men that he was

ashamed to flog "Square Head" because he was sick and the skin had peeled off his arms in the sun.

"I know not for what I be hurt," he said to me. "I vork hardt till blood is on my hands; then I get hurted with whip all same!"

He is a studious fellow, and discusses Tolstoi familiarly. It is not wholly his fault if our democratic institutions have not as yet seriously impressed him. He is good-natured and bears no malice to his previous employers. He hopes to return to Russia some time where suffering has purpose.

"There," he said in very broken English, "when we suffer we suffer all together for liberty and freedom; but here we suffer bad punishment only for chust our belly stomach."

Arthur Buckley was born in Brooklyn about eighteen years ago. Miller & Frank were the labor agents who sent him to Alabama, under promises of good pay and fair conditions. Stories of Lockhart met Arthur's contingent at Fort Valley, Ga., and four of them left the train and walked back along the tracks, in the night, toward Savannah. They were arrested next morning and given their choice between the chain gang and Lockhart. Arthur and his three companions chose the latter.

He was at first employed with "Square Head" sawing logs, but later he fired on one of the company engines. While sawing logs he had his first flogging in the barn, thirty lashes. He was not told what the flogging was for, but supposed it was for resting in the forest. Buckley and "Square Head" worked together part of the time and were whipped together—one at a time—in the "whipping barn." They were both under twenty, and were not overfond of work anyway, particularly man's work on boy's pay.

When consuls, investigators, deputy sheriffs, and others began to visit the camp, these boys were considered dangerous to be around,

and one night they were spirited away to a turpentine camp in the woods. There they were kept out of sight. Later they were taken by Huggins on a long journey.

At Lumber City they were deserted in the belief that they were beyond the reach of government officials. They were told how to lie if the necessity for it came. They were

"going to California," so Huggins said. The government officials were wide awake, however, and brought the boys back to Pensacola to tell their stories to the grand jury.

Just what Huggins hoped to accomplish by accusing Buckley of murdering a "nigger" never appeared at the trial. The attorneys for the defense made less of the murder story when they got Arthur on the stand than they did of the story of how he lost a toe nail by an accident.

It was attested by several and contradicted by none that one of Gallagher's methods of punishment was to force

men to their knees at the muzzle of a gun and make them beg for mercy. There were those, however, who preferred flogging to begging.

Harry Lyman and John Cox were chased with guns and bloodhounds, captured, and returned to camp. Lyman had an encounter with a bloodhound before he was overpowered. Gallagher tied them to pine trees, and "Big Harry" whipped them. They got twenty lashes each with a cowhide. Then they were asked to beg for mercy. Lyman refused and got a double dose—forty lashes—and was promised that if he ran away again the bloodhounds would finish him.

Charles Haas, like Buckley and "Square Head," got his daily portion. It varied. Sometimes it was a stick, at others a whip or a strap, and again the toe of a big boot.

The camp consisted of a train of box cars. Some of these were filled with bunks—one was a kitchen, another a dining room. These were guarded by armed men during this experiment with cheap labor. The most



"JUDGE" JAMES JOHNSON

The Justice of the Peace whose verdicts returned escaping peons to the custody of Jackson Lumber Company's camp.

conspicuous example of Gallagher's system of discipline was given in the form of a *tableau vivant* for the benefit of the neophytes.

Joe McGinnis on the first night of his arrival in camp refused to share a bunk with an odoriferous foreigner. There may have been other objections. I happened to succeed Joe in the occupancy of that bunk, and I know that my own personal objections went farther than that. Gallagher got Joe out of the box car and showed fight. Joe also had a Celtic bias and fought back, but a flash, a whiz of lead past his face brought him to his knees. Three shots in rapid succession past the face of the trembling Irishman, and he begged for mercy. This was a picture of the law as Gallagher understood it before his course of instruction under Judge Swayne of Pensacola.

Another tableau was arranged in the "whipping barn" when Gallagher put a man's neck in a noose and forced him to his knees to say his prayers as a preliminary to what the victim thought was to be his death by strangling. Gallagher's language in all

these labor lessons was unprintable; but in the case of the rope the victim only understood what was done—not what was said. An interpreter translated the man's promise to raise \$200 as a reparation, and Gallagher withdrew.

This list of witnesses has been selected from a great number of peons, not because they were more brutally treated than others, but because it was their testimony that sent to the penitentiary the underlings of the Jackson Lumber Company, who were scapegoats for the higher officials and stockholders.

C. H. Monecke, a deputy marshal of Florida, told under oath how he had been used by the Jackson Lumber Company and others in arresting laborers and returning them to a state of peonage. He arrested one Joseph Barsoda, who strangely enough had brought his wife with him into the lumber region. It was his wife, too, who came to his rescue when he was in trouble. Details of the attempted escape of Joseph are lacking, but it so happened—providentially happened, I should say—that when he was captured by



OSCAR SANDOR ON HIS WAY TO PRISON

On the extreme right is Michael Trudics, for whose wrongs Sandor is undergoing punishment; next to him is Eugene P. Newlander, contract labor agent for the Jackson Lumber Company; and on the left the deputy sheriff.

Monecke and haled into Judge Johnson's court, Mrs. Harlan needed a domestic! Mr. Harlan was by this time getting an idea as to what constituted peonage. But he had an idea also that, backed by the legal talent of Monecke and Judge Johnson, he could construct a document that would baffle and split up the Supreme Court of the United States itself.

Mrs. Barsoda—so the document said—volunteered to work out her husband's debt in Mrs. Harlan's kitchen. Joseph volunteered to help her in any way the document demanded. Out of such captures Mr. Monecke made from \$5,000 to \$8,000 a year. The use of guns and shackles was frequent and sometimes fatal, but the fatalities fell on the unfortunates and the unknown. Even after the prosecutions had begun, laborers leaving the Jackson Lumber Company carried officially signed passports to Monecke in order to get away.

James Johnson, a justice of the peace in Florala, on oath testified that Harlan and Gallagher used his court as an auxiliary to their business. The usual proceeding was to have the laborers arrested for "obtaining money under false pretenses." Mr. Johnson is a veteran cavalryman of Joe Wheeler's Brigade. He is not a lawyer, nor does he know anything about law—it wasn't necessary that he should. He had an idea that he was administering the law of Alabama, and Mr. Harlan helped to confirm him in that belief. Mr. Johnson wasn't lonely in his callow simplicity. The editor of the *Florala News*, in writing an inspired editorial, said:

The Pensacola papers doubtless thought they were springing a sensation this week when they printed so many columns about desperadoes, man-beaters, and six-shooters, bloodhounds and starva-

tion at the Alabama lumber camps around Florala and Lockhart. The Germans or whatever nationality they were, who were interviewed by the industrious reporters were under contract with the Jackson Lumber Company and were furnished them by labor agencies in the North. The wages received was from \$1 a day and board to \$2.50 per day. And we don't believe they had any kick coming about the kind of provisions either, or does any one else around here. In fact the whole matter came as a surprise to people in this section.

THE COMPANY KEEPS TRAINED DOGS TO RUN DOWN SUCH FELLOWS AS JUMP CONTRACTS AND VIOLATE THE LAWS.

The last paragraph illustrates the editor's ignorance of the law.

When asked on the witness stand what he meant by the reference to the bloodhounds, he said he didn't know. Nor was Mr. Harlan better informed. In his peppery correspondence with the *Pensacola Journal* in speaking of the laborers he said: "They kept trying to escape."

The Rev. W. F. Martin, of Laurel Hill, stated under oath that he was a minister; that he knew the location of the lumber camps and *had often visited them*. He stated that the accommodations and food at the camp were good. After he had heard stories about ill treatment of the men he made inquiries and

found but one man who claimed to have been mistreated in any manner.

On cross-examination Mr. Martin admitted that he had not visited the camps *often*. In fact he had been but once, and then on the invitation of the company's physician. The clerk who drove him around told me the story. It was a cooked inspection. He was taken at the right time to the right place, and as a jolly good fellow interviewed the right men—for the company.

The company's physician, Dr. Trammel, told the jury that the men in the camp were



SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S FRIENDS
AMONG THE PEONS

Mr. Irvine is standing at the rear of the group.

treated as well as a man would treat his own family. He volunteered the amazing information that when men were sick of typhoid fever the company expected nothing from them. He also said that the company got out of the men about \$450 per month for medical care, his share of that being \$150 per month. Typhoid fever and intestinal diseases, he said, were the most prevalent maladies in camp.

"Typhoid fever is caused by a germ," he said, "but its origin is difficult to trace." It may be difficult for Dr. Trammel to trace it, but the most stupid lumber jack in Gallagher's camp could trace it for him! He would trace it to the foul, stagnant swamp which is the only water supply. Any negro in the woods could tell him how to minimize the danger—boil the water.

A dozen or more men from the camp perjured themselves on the witness stand. I interviewed them all—separately. I talked as a lumber jack—a brother workingman—as I drove a team of horses with them on a pine drift. All of them, without a single exception, described the place in one word—"hell." Men who testified under oath to the comfort of the place begged me on the eve



EX-JUDGE L. J. REEVES

Counsel for the defense.

of my departure, as I revealed myself to them, to be sure to tell the truth. "That's fierce enough," they said. They seemed afraid I would tell less. Not a man in the camp expected to be there three months

hence. The sodden bunks, the vermin, the death-laden water, the long hours and small pay all combined to push the vilest men some place where conditions were less vile.

Outside of judge and jury, the active forces



W. W. FLOURNOY

Counsel for the defense.

were aligned in three divisions—the government, the defense, and the local press. It was a prominent official of the Jackson Lumber Company who told me that the conviction was secured by the story old Jordoneff told. It was the principals in the prosecution—the functionaries of the government—who told me that the most powerful force in the trial was the *Pensacola Journal*.

Percy S. Hayes, city editor and Associated Press correspondent, and Ben H. Thomas, managing editor, went into the fight against peonage heart and soul. They did this facing several disadvantages, one of which was the fact that Harlan had used his influence among the merchants of Pensacola to hold the *Journal* in check. Here, then, was the unofficial South—in the persons of Hayes and Thomas—fighting with heart and brain a condition brought to Florida by capital from the West! These men represented the real South—the South with a soul!

It took a jury but twelve minutes to return a verdict of acquittal in a famous peonage trial in Jacksonville recently. Indeed, it was a mere formality for them to retire at all, for the verdict was demanded by forces they were unable to disregard. Mr. Flagler's paper, the *Florida Times-Union*, poked fun at the trial. The government prosecutor was

lukewarm, and one of his assistants was at the same time an assistant in the office of the General Manager of Mr. Flagler's Florida East Coast Railway, and the "turpentine bunch" had made their position clear. Business interests demanded that these business men be allowed to do business without federal interference.

But it was different at Pensacola. Business men there and turpentine men, too, kept their hands off and let the law take its course. The usual battle of brains and oratory followed the evidence. Counsel for the defense left nothing undone or unsaid that might help their clients.

Pointing to the defendants, leading counsel in his summing up said—said to these men of unprintable language, men of whips and guns and bloodhounds, "*If God be for you, who can be against you?*"

The verdict was one of guilty, for Gallagher, Grace, and Sandor, and the six men were sentenced at the same time. To each of four of them Judge Swayne gave thirteen months in the federal prison at Atlanta and \$1,000 fine, but to Harlan, who was the heart of the peonage system at Lockhart, he gave eighteen months and a \$5,000 fine. To Gallagher he gave fifteen months and a fine of \$1,000.

Of course an appeal was taken to a higher court. The officials went out on bonds. Meantime Sandor was shouldered out of the company. He soon awakened to the fact that, having done the company's bidding and getting jailed for it, the company had no further use for him. Newlander, his friend and fellow-countryman, had been similarly dealt with. Sandor surrendered himself to the court and asked to be sent to prison to begin his sentence. When asked why he didn't await the result of the appeal, he said: "*I prefer the penitentiary to Lockhart!*"

Judge Swayne remitted the fine and shortened his term in prison by a month. Sandor was turned over to a deputy sheriff, and Newlander and I accompanied him from the court room. On the sidewalk we met Michael Trudics (Mihaly) and old Manuel Jordoneff. I had photographed both of these peons in Fort Pickens in the gulf, and here they were on a day's leave of absence, and by accident we all met.

At my suggestion we went into a café and over a cup of coffee we talked over the events of the past summer. It was for bringing

Michael back that Sandor was on his way to serve a year in prison, but they were as friendly now as though they had been comrades in arms. Jordoneff, no longer on the verge of death, was overjoyed. His face was red and his eyes sparkled. He had almost forgotten; so had Michael.

Jordoneff kept his eye on the clock. When it was time to go, he stood erect with hat in hand to say good-by. The boat which would convey the peons back to the fort was almost due, and being happy they were punctual and conscientious. We accompanied them to the boat.

That night in Escambia Hotel, Sandor and Newlander unburdened themselves, and I related my experience as a teamster in the camp.

They gave me the combination to a system in which all of us had been a part—a system not only of exploitation but of cruelty and inhuman conditions and theft—but that will be another story.

It was the Hon. Fred Cubberly, now United States commissioner at Cedar Keys, Fla., who discovered the peonage laws of 1867. He was the first man in the United States to prosecute under the statutes. He saw the coercive measures of the taskmasters, and he found a partial remedy in a law the nation had forgotten. That was five years ago. Peonage existed many years before that, and exists now in a variety of subtle forms, but in its more flagrant and brutal forms the Department of Justice has been able to mitigate the evil.

The first case on record is the case of S. M. Clyatt, of Lifton, Ga., who on May 24, 1902, in the United States Court at Tallahassee, was convicted of a violation of section 5,526 of the Revised Statutes. The defendant Clyatt came from Georgia into Florida, accompanied by armed men, and with the assistance of the sheriff of Levy County, Fla., arrested two negroes who had run away from his turpentine camp in Georgia while indebted to him.

The men were forcibly arrested, taken out of the State without legal process, and forced to work for defendant in his camp. There was no defense. Clyatt was sentenced to four years' imprisonment in the federal prison, but he never served a day.

The two negroes disappeared suddenly and forever! They vanished as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. The outcome of the present appeal is awaited with interest.

(To be continued.)

THEODORA, GIFT OF GOD

BY MYRA KELLY

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX



ND then," cried Mary breathlessly, "what did they do then?"

"And then," her father obediently continued, "the two doughty knights smote lustily with their swords. And each smote the other on the helmet and clove him to the middle. It was a fair battle and sightly."

But Mary's interest was unabated. "And then," she urged, "what did they do then?"

"Not much, I think. Even a knight of the Table Round stops fighting for a while when that happens to him."

"Didn't they do anything 't all?" the audience insisted. "You aren't leaving it out, are you? Didn't they bleed nor nothing?"

"Oh, yes, they bled."

"Then tell me that part."

"Well, they bled. They never stinteth bleeding for three days and three nights until they were pale as the very earth for bleeding. And they made great dole."

"And then, when they couldn't bleed any more nor make any more dole, what did they do?"

"They died."

"And then——"

"That's the end of the story," said the narrator definitely.

"Then tell me another," she pleaded, "and don't let them die so soon."

"There wouldn't be time for another long one," he pointed out as he encouraged his horse into an ambling trot. "We are nearly there now."

"After supper will you tell me one?"

"Yes," he promised.

"One about Lancelot and Elaine?"

"Yes," he repeated. "Anything you choose."

"I choose Lancelot," she declared.

"A great many ladies did," commented her father as the horse sedately stopped before the office of the *Arcady Herald-Journal*, of which he was day and night editor, sporting editor, proprietor, society editor, chief of the advertising department, and occasionally typesetter and printer and printer's devil.

Mary held the horse—which stood in need of no such restraint—while this composite of newspaper men secured his mail, and then they jogged off through the spring sunshine side by side in the ramshackle old buggy on a leisurely canvass of outlying districts in search of news or advertisements, or suggestions for the forthcoming issue.

In the wide-set, round, opened eyes of his small daughter, Herbert Buckley was the most wonderful person in the world. No stories were so intralling as his. No songs so tuneful, no invention so fertile, no temper so sweet, no companionship so precious. And her nine happy years of life had shown her no better way of spending summer days or winter evenings than in journeying, led by his hand and guided by his voice, through the pleasant ways of Camelot and the shining times of chivalry.

Upon a morning later in this ninth summer of her life Mary was perched high up in an apple tree enjoying the day, the green apples, and herself. The day was a glorious one in mid July, the apples were of a wondrous greenness and hardness, and Mary, for the first time in many weeks, was free to enjoy her own society. A month ago a grandmother and a maiden aunt had descended out of the land which had until then given forth only letters, birthday presents, and Christmas cards. And they had proved to be not at all the idyllic creatures which these

manifestations had seemed to prophesy, but a pair of very interfering old ladies with a manner of overruling Mary's gentle mother, browbeating her genial father, and cloistering herself.

This morning had contributed another female assuming airs of instant intimacy. She had gone up to the last remaining spare chamber, donned a costume all of crackling white linen, and had introduced herself, entirely uninvited, into the dim privacy of Mary's mother's room, whence Mary had been sternly banished.

"Another aunt!" was the outcast's instant inference as in a moment of accountable pre-occupation on the part of the elders she had escaped to her own happy and familiar country: the world of out of doors; where female relatives seldom intruded, and where the lovely things of life were waiting.

When she had consumed all the green apples her constitution would accept—and they seemed pitifully few to her more robust mind—she descended from the source of her refreshment and set out upon a comprehensive tour of her domain. She liked living upon the road to Camelot. It made life interesting to be within measurable distance of the knights and ladies who lived and played and loved in the many-towered city of which one could gain so clear a view from the topmost branches of the hickory tree in the upper pasture. She liked to crouch in the elder bushes where a lane, winding and green-arched, crossed a corner of the cornfield, and to wait, through the long, still, summer mornings, for Lancelot or Galahad or Tristram or some other of her friends to come pricking his way through the sunshine. She could hear the clinking of his golden armor, the whinnying of his steed, the soft brushing of the branches as they parted before his helmet or his spear, the rustling of the daisies against his great white charger's feet. And then there was the river "where the aspens dusk and quiver," and where barges laden with sweet ladies passed and left ripples of foam on the water and ripples of light laughter in the air as, brilliant and fair bedight, they went winding down to Camelot.

This morning she revisited all these halloved spots. She thrilled on the very verge of the river and quivered amid the waving corn. She scaled the sentinel hickory and turned her eyes upon the Southern city. It was nearly a week since she had been allowed to wander so far afield and Camelot seemed

more than ever wonderful as it lay in the shimmering distance gleaming and glistening beyond the hills. Trails of smoke waved above all the towers, showing where Sir Beaumanis still served his kitchen apprenticeship for his knighthood and his place at the Table Round. Thousands of windows flashed back the light.

"I could get there," pondered Mary, "if God would send me that goat and wagon. I guess there's quite a demand for goats and wagons. I could dress my goat all up in skirts like the ladies dressed their palfreys, an' I'd wear my hair loose on my shoulders—it's real goldy when it's loose—an' my best hat. I guess Queen Guinevere would be real glad to see me. "Oh, dear," she fretted as these visions came thronging back to her, "I wish Heaven would hurry up."

Between the pasture and the distant city she could distinguish the roofs of another of the havens of her dear desire: the house where the old ladies lived. Four old ladies there were, in the sweet autumn of their lives, and Mary's admiration of them was as passionate as were all her psychic states. She never could be quite sure as to which of the four she most adored. There was the gentle Miss Ann who taught her to recite verses of piercing and wilting sensibility, the brisk Miss Jane who explained and demonstrated the construction of many an old-time cake or pastry, the silent Miss Agnes who silently accepted assistance in her never-ending process of skeletonizing leaves and arranging them in prim designs upon cardboard, and the garrulous Miss Sabina who with a crochet needle, a hairpin, a spool with four pins driven into it, knitting needles, and other shining implements, could fashion, and teach Mary to fashion, weavings and spinings which might shame the most accomplished spider. Aided by her and by the reënforced spool above mentioned, Mary had already achieved five dirty inches of red woolen reins for the expected goat. But the house was distant just three fields, a barb-wire fence, a low stone wall, and a cross bull, and Mary knew that her unaccustomed leisure could not be expected to endure long enough for so perilous a pilgrimage.

Her dissatisfied gaze wandered back to her quiet home surrounded by its neatly laid out meadows, cornfield, orchard, barns, and garden. And a shadow fell upon her wistful little face.

"That old aunt," she grumbled, "she

makes me awful tired. She's always pokin' round an' callin' me."

Such, indeed, seemed the present habit and intent of the prim lady who was approaching, alternately clanging a dinner bell and calling in a tone of resolute sweetness:

here and I shall wait until you come to me."

"I ain't coming," announced the Dryad, and thereby disclosed her position, both actual and mental. "I suppose it's something I've done and I don't want to hear it, so



"'I ain't sorry I've been bad.'"

"Mary, O Mary, dear."

Mary parted the branches of her tree and watched, but made no sound.

"Mary," repeated the oncoming relative, "Mary, I want to tell you something." And added as she spied her niece's abandoned sunbonnet on the grass, "I know you're

there!" Then, her temper having been worn thin by much admonishing, she anticipated: "I *ain't* sorry I've been bad. I *ain't* ashamed to behave so when my mamma is sick in bed. And I don't care if you *do* tell my papa when he comes home to-night."

The intruding relative, discerning her,

stopped and smiled. And the smile was as a bandarilla to her niece's goaded spirit.

"Jiminy!" gasped that young person, "she's got a smile just like a teacher."

"Mary, dear," the intruder gushed, "God has sent you something."

The hickory flashed forth black and white and red. Mary stood upon the ground.

"Where are they?" she demanded.

"They?" repeated the lady. "There is only one."

"Why, I prayed for two. Which did He send?"

"Which do you think?" parried the lady.

"Which do you hope it is?"

Even Mary's scorn was unprepared for this weak-mindedness. "The goat of course," she responded curtly. "Is it the goat?"

"Goat!" gasped the scandalized aunt.

"Goat! Why, God has sent you a baby sister, dear."

"A sister! a baby!" gasped Mary in her turn. "I don't *need* no sister. I prayed for a goat just as plain as plain. 'Dear God,' I says, 'please bless everybody and make me a good girl an' send me a goat an' wagon.' And they went an' changed it to a baby sister! Why, I never s'posed they made mistakes like that."

Crestfallen and puzzled she allowed herself to be led back to the darkened house where her grandmother met her with the heavenly substitute wrapped in flannel. And as she held it against the square and unresponsive bosom of her apron she realized how the "Bible gentleman" must have felt when he asked for bread and was given a stone.

During the weeks that followed, the weight of the stone grew heavier and heavier while the hunger for bread grew daily more acute. Not even the departure of interfering relatives could bring freedom, for the baby's stumpy arms bound Mary to the house as inexorably as bolts and bars could have done. She passed weary hours in a hushed room watching the baby when outside the sun was shining, the birds calling, the apples waxing greener and larger, and the shining knights and ladies winding down to Camelot. She sat upon the porch—still beside the baby—while the river rippled, the wheatfields wimpled, and the cows came trailing down from the pasture—down from the upland pasture where the sentinel hickory stood and watched until the sun went down, and, one by one, the lights came out in distant Camelot. She listened for the light laughter of the ladies,

the jingling of the golden armor, the swishing of the branches and of the waves. Listened all in vain, for Theodora, that gift of God, had powerful lungs and a passion for exercising them so that minor sounds were overwhelmed and only yells remained.

But the deprivation against which she most passionately rebelled was that of her father's society. Before the advent of Theodora she had been his constant companion. They were perfectly happy together, for the poet who at nineteen had burned to challenge the princes of the past and to mold the destinies of the future was, at twenty-nine, very nearly content to busy himself about the occurrences of the present and to edit a weekly paper in the town which had known and honored his father and was proud of, if puzzled by, their well-informed *débonair* son. Even himself he sometimes puzzled. He knew that this was not to be his life's work: this chronicling of the very smallest beer, this gossip and friendliness and good cheer. But it served to fill his leisure and his modest exchequer until such time as he could finish his great tragedy and take his destined place among the writers of his time. Meanwhile he told himself, with somewhat rueful humor, there was always an editor ready to think well of his minor poems and an audience ready to marvel at them; "which is more, my dear," he pointed out to his admiring wife, "than Burns could have said for himself—or Coleridge."

And when his confidence and his hopes flickered, as the strongest of hopes and confidence sometimes will, when his tragedy seemed far from completion, his paper paltry, and his life narrow, he could always look into his daughter's eyes and there find faith in himself and strength and sunny patience.

Formerly these fountains of perpetual youth had been beside him all the long days through. From village to village, from store to farm, they had jogged side by side in a lazy old buggy; he smoking long, silent pipes, perhaps, or entertaining his companion with tales and poems of the days of chivalry when men were brave and women fair and all the world was young. And Mary, enthralled, enrapt, adoring her father, and seeing every picture conjured up by his sonorous rhythm or quaint phrase, was much more familiar with the deeds and gossip of King Arthur's court than with events of her own day and country.

So that while Mary, tied to the baby, yearned for the wide spaces of her freedom,

Mr. Buckley, lonely in a dusty buggy, jogging over the familiar roads, thought longingly of a little figure in an irresponsible sunbonnet, and found it difficult to bear patiently with matronly neighbors, who congratulated him upon this arrangement, and assured him that his little playfellow would now quickly outgrow her old-fashioned ways and become as other children, "which she would never have, Mr. Buckley, as long as you let her tag around

for whose existence she regarded herself as entirely to blame. Had she not—without consulting her parents—applied to high heaven for an increase in live stock, and was not the answer to this application, however inexact, manifestly her responsibility?

"They're awful good to me," she pondered. "They ain't scolded me a mite, an' I just know how they must feel about it. Mamma ain't had her health ever since that baby



"The perambulator balked at the first stone wall."

with you and filled her head with impossible nonsense."

It was not a desire for any such alteration which made him acquiesce in the separation. It was a very grave concern for his wife's health and a very sharp realization that, until he could devise some means of increasing his income, he could not afford to engage a more experienced nurse for the new arrival. He had no ideas of the suffering entailed upon his elder daughter. He was deceived, as was everyone else, by the gentle uncomplainingness with which she waited upon Theodora,

come, an' papa looks worried most to death. If they'd 'a'sent that goat an' wagon I could 'a' took mamma riding. Ain't prayers terrible when they go wrong!" And in gratitude for their forbearance she, erstwhile the companion—or at least the audience—of fealty knight and ladies, bowed her small head to the swathed and shapeless feet of heaven's error and became waiting woman to a flannel bundle.

Only her dreams remained to her. She could still look forward to the glorious time of "when I'm big." She could still unbind

her dun-colored hair and shake it in the sun. She could still quiver with anticipation as she surveyed her brilliant future. A beautiful prince was coming to woo her. He would ride to the door and kneel upon the front porch while all his shining retinue filled the front yard and overflowed into the road. Then she would appear and, since these things were to happen in the days of her maturity—perhaps when she was twelve years old—she would be radiantly beautiful and her hair would be all goldy gold and curly, and it would trail upon the ground a yard or two behind her as she walked. And the prince would be transfixed. And when he was all through being that—Mary often wondered what it was—he would arise and sing, "Nicholette, the bright of brow," or some other disguised personality, while all his shining retinue would unsling hautboys and lyres and—and—mouth organs and play ravishing music.

And when she rode away to be the prince's bride and to rule his fair lands, her father and her mother should ride with her, all in the sunshine of the days "when I'm big"—the wonderful days "when I'm big."

Meanwhile, being but little, she served the flannel bundle even as Sir Beaumanis had served a yet lowlier apprenticeship. But she still stormed high heaven to rectify its mistake.

"And please, dear God, if you are all out of goats and wagons, send rabbits. But anyway come and take away this baby. My mamma ain't well enough to take care of it an' I can't spare the time. We don't need babies, but we do need that goat and wagon."

And the powers above, with a mismanagement which struck their petitioner dumb, sent a wagon—only a wagon—and it was a gocat for the baby, and Mary was to be the goat.

With this millstone tied about her neck, she was allowed to look upon the scenes of her early freedom, and no inquisitor could have devised a more anguishing torture than that to which Mary's suffering and unsuspecting mother daily consigned her suffering and uncomplaining daughter.

"Walk slowly up and down the paths, dear, and don't leave your sister for a moment. Isn't it nice that you have somebody to play with now?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary. "But she ain't what I'd call playful."

"You used to be so much alone," Mrs.

Buckley continued. Mary breathed sharply and her mother kissed her sympathetically. "But now you always have your sister with you. Isn't it fine, dearie?"

"Yes, ma'am," repeated the victim, and bent her little energies to the treadmill task of wheeling the gocat to the orchard gate, where all wonders began, and then, with an effort as exhausting to the will as to the body, turning her back upon the lane, the river, and the sentinel tree, to trundle her juggernaut between serried rows of cabbages and carrots.

Then slowly she began to hate, with a deep, abiding hatred, the flannel bundle. She loathed the very smell of flannel before Theodora was six short weeks old, and the sight of the diminutive laundry which hung upon the line between the cherry trees almost drove her to arson.

The shy, quick-darting creature—half child and half humming bird—was forced to drag that monstrous perambulator on all her expeditions. After a month's confinement to the garden, where knights and ladies never penetrate, she managed to bump her responsibility out into the orchard. But the glory was all in the treetops, and Mary soon grew restless under her mother's explicit directions. "Up and down the walks" meant imprisonment—despair. Theodora should have tried to make her rôle of albatross as acceptable as it might be made to the long-suffering mariner about whose neck she hung, but she showed a callousness and a heartless selfishness which nothing could excuse. Mary would sometimes plead with all gentleness and courtesy for a few short moments' freedom.

"Theodora," she would begin, "Theodora, listen to me a minute," and the gift of God would make aimless pugilistic passes at her interlocutor.

"O Theodora, I'm awful tired of stayin' down here on the ground. Wouldn't you just as lieves play you was a mad bull an' I was a lady in a red dress?"

Theodora, after some space spent in apparent contemplation, would wave a cheerful acquiescence.

"An' then I'll be scared of you an' I'll run away an' climb as high as anything in the hickory tree up there on the hill. Let's play it right now, Theodora. There's something I want to see up there."

Taking her sister's bland smile for ratification and agreement, Mary would set about

her personification, shed her apron lest its damaged appearance convict her in older eyes, and speed toward her goal. But the mad bull's shrieks of protest and repudiation would startle every bit of chivalry for miles and miles around.

Several experiences of this nature taught Mary that, in dealing with infants of changeable and rudimentary mind, honesty was an impossible policy and candor a very boomerang, which returned and smote one with savage force. So she stooped to guile and detested the flannel all the more deeply because of the state to which it was debasing an upright conscience and a high sense of honor.

At first her lapses from the right were all negative. She neglected the gift of God. She would abandon it—always in a safe and shady spot and always with its covers smoothly tucked in, its wobbly parasol adjusted at the proper angle, and always with a large piece of wood tied to the perambulator's handle by a labyrinth of elastic strings. These Mary had drawn from abandoned garters, sling-shots, and other mysterious sources, and they allowed the wood to jerk unsteadily up and down, and to soothe the unsuspecting Theodora with a spasmodic rhythm very like the ministrations of her preoccupied nurse.

Meanwhile the nurse would be far afield upon her own concerns, and Theodora was never one of them. The river, the lane, the tall hickory knew her again and again. Camelot shone out across the miles of hill and

tree and valley. But the river was silent and the lane empty and Camelot seemed very far as autumn cleared the air. Perhaps this was because knights and ladies manifest themselves only to the pure of heart. Perhaps because Mary was always either consciously or subconsciously listening for the recalling shrieks of the abandoned and prized gift of God.

"Stop it, I tell you," she admonished her purple-faced and convulsive charge one afternoon when all the world was gold. "Stop it, or mamma will be coming after us, and making us stay on the back porch." But Theodora in the boastfulness of her new lungs yelled uninterruptedly on. Then did Mary try cajolery. She removed her sister from the perambulator and staggered back in a sitting posture with suddenness and force. The jar gave Theodora pause, and Mary crammed the silence full of promise.

"If you'll stop yellin' now I'll see that my prince husband lets you to be a goose girl on the hills behind our palace. Its awful nice being a goose girl," she hastened to add lest the prospect fail to charm. "If I didn't have to marry that prince an' be a queen I guess I'd been a goose girl myself. Yes, sir, it's lovely work on the hills behind a palace with all the knights ridin' by an' sayin', 'Fair maid, did'st see a boar pass by this way?' You don't have to be afraid—you'd never have to see one. In all the books the goose girls didn't never see no boars and the knights gave 'em a piece of gold an' smiled on 'em,



"'Mrs. Buckley's baby!'"

and the sunshine shined on 'em, an' they had a lovely time."

Having stumbled into the road to peace of conscience, Mary trod it bravely and joyously. Theodora's future rank increased with the decrease of her present comfort; but her posts, though lofty and remunerative, were never such as would bring her into intimate contact with the person of the queen.

She was betrothed to the son of a noble—and very distant—house after an afternoon when the perambulator, ill-trained to cross-country work, balked at the first stone wall on the way to the old ladies' house. It was then dragged backward for a judicious distance and faced at the obstacle at a mad gallop. Umbrella down, handle up, wheels madly whirring, it was forced to the jump. Again it refused, reared high into the air, stood for an instant upon its hind wheels and then fell supinely on its side, shedding its blankets, its pillows, and Theodora upon the cold, hard stones.

After that her rise was rapid and the distance separating her from her sister's elaborate court more perilous and more beset with seas and boars and mountains and robbers. She was allowed to wed her high-born betrothed when she had been forgotten for three hours while Mary learned a heart-rending poem commencing, "Oh, hath she then failed in her troth, the beautiful maid I adore?" until even Miss Susan could only weep in intense enjoyment and could suggest no improvement in the recitation.

On another occasion Mary was obliged to borrow the perambulator for the conveyance of leaves and branches with which to build a bower withal; and Theodora, having been established in unfortunate proximity to an ant-hill, was thoroughly explored by its inhabitants ere her ministering sister realized that her cries and agitation were anything more than her usual attitude of protest against whatever chanced to be going on. By the time the bower was finished and the perambulator ready for its customary occupant, that young person was in a position to claim heavy damages.

"Don't you care," said Mary cheerfully as she relieved Theodora from the excessive animation. "I can make it up to you when I'm big. My prince husband—I guess he'd better be a king by that time—will go over to your country an' kill your husband's father an' his grandfather an' all the kings an' princes until there's nobody only your

husband to be king. Then you'll be a queen you see, an' live in a palace. So now hush up." And one future majesty was rocked upside down by another until the royal face of the younger queen was purple and her voice was still.

Mary found it more difficult to quiet her new and painful agnosticism, and in her efforts to reconcile dogma with manifestation she evolved a series of theological and economical questions which surprised her father and made her mother's head reel. She further manifested a courteous attention when the minister came to call and she engaged him in spiritual converse until he writhed again. For a space her investigations led her no whither, and then, without warning, the man of peace solved her dilemma and shed light unto her path.

A neighbor ripe in years and good works had died. The funeral was over and the man of God had stopped to rest in the pleasant shade of Mrs. Buckley's trees and in the pleasant sound of Mrs. Buckley's voice. Mary, the gocart, and Theodora completed the group, and the minister spoke.

"A good man," he repeated. "Ah, Mrs. Buckley, he will be sadly missed! But the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be——"

"When?" demanded Mary breathlessly. "When does He take away?"

"In His own good time."

"When's that?"

"'Tis not for sinful man to say. He sends His message to the man in the pride of his youth or to the babe in its cradle. He reaches forth His hand and takes them."

"But when—" Mary was beginning when her mother, familiar with the Socratic nature of her daughter's conversation and its exhaustive effect upon the interlocutor, interposed a remark which guided the current of talk out of heavenly channels and back to the material plain.

But Mary had learned all that she cared to know. It was not necessary that she should suffer the exactions of the baby or subject her family to them. The Lord had given and would take away! The minister had said so, and the minister knew all about the Lord. And if the powers above were not ready to send for the baby, it would be easy enough to deposit it in the Lord's own house, which showed its white spire beyond the first turn in the road which led to Camelot. There the Lord would find it and take it



"There Herbert Buckley found her."

away. This would be, she reflected, the quiet, dignified, ladylike thing to do. And the morrow, she decided, would be an admirable day on which to do it.

Therefore on the morrow she carefully decked Theodora in small finery, hung garlands of red and yellow maple leaves upon the perambulator, twined chains of winter-green berries about its handle, tied a bunch of gorgeous golden rod to its parasol, and trundled it by devious and obscure ways to the sacred precincts of God's house.

"They look real well," she commented. "If I was sure about that goat I might keep the cart, but it really ain't the right kind for a goat. I guess I'd better take 'em back just like they are, an' when the Lord sees how I got 'em all fancied up, he'll know I ain't a careless child, an' maybe I'd get that goat after all."

So the disprized little gifts of God were bumped up the church steps, wheeled up the aisle, and bestowed in a prominent spot before the chancel rail. Some one was playing soft music at the unseen organ, but Mary accepted soft music as a phenomenon natural

to churches and failed to connect it with human agency. Sedately she set out Theodora's bows and ruffles to the best advantage. Carefully she rearranged the floral decorations of the perambulator and set her elastic understudy in erratic motion. Complacently she surveyed the whole and walked out into the sunshine—free. And presently the minister, the intricacies of a new hymn reconciled to the disabilities of a lack of ear and a lack of training, came out into the body of the church, where the gifts of God, bland in smiles and enwreathed in verdure, were waiting to be taken away.

"Mrs. Buckley's baby" was his first thought. "I wonder where that queer little Mary is" was his second. And his third—it came when he was tired of waiting for some solution of his second—was an embarrassed realization that he would be obliged to take his unexpected guest home to its mother. And the quiet town of Arcady rocked upon its foundations as he did it.

"In the church," marveled Mrs. Buckley. "How careless of Mary!" she apologized, and "How good of you!" she smiled. "No,

I'm not in the least worried. She always had a way of trotting off to her own diversions when she was not with her father. And lately she has been astonishingly patient about spending her time with baby. I have felt quite guilty about it. But after to-day she will be free, as Mr. Buckley has found a nurse to relieve her. He was beginning to grow desperate about Mary and me—said we neither of us had a moment to waste on him—and yet could not find a nurse whom we felt we could afford. And yesterday a young woman walked into his office to put an advertisement in his paper for just such a position as we had to offer. She is a German, wants to learn English, and she will be here this afternoon."

"Perhaps your little girl resented her coming," he suggested vaguely. "Perhaps that was the reason——"

"Mary resentful!" laughed Mrs. Buckley. "She doesn't, bless her gentle little heart, know the meaning of the word. Besides which we haven't told her about the girl, as we are rather looking forward to that first interview, and wondering how Mary will acquit herself in a conversational Waterloo. She can't, you know, make life miserable and information bitter to a German who speaks no English. 'Ja' or 'nein' alternately and interchangeably may baffle even her skill in questioning."

Mary, meanwhile, was hurrying along the way to Camelot. She had not planned the expedition in advance. Rather it was the inevitable reaction toward license which marks the success of any revolution. She had cast off the bonds of the baby carriage, her time and her life were her own, and the road stretched white and straight toward Camelot.

It was afternoon and the sun was near its setting when at last she reached the towered city and found it in all ways delightful but in some surprising. She was prepared for the moat and for the drawbridge across it, but not for the exceeding dirtiness of its water and the dinginess of its barges. She had expected it to be wider and perhaps cleaner, and the castles struck her as being ill adapted to resist siege and the shocks of war since nearly all their walls were windows. And through these windows she caught glimpses of the strangest interiors which ever palaces boasted. Miles and acres of bare wooden tables stood under the shade of straight iron trees. From the trees black ribbons de-

pended. In the treetops there were wheels and shining iron bars, and all about the tables there were other iron bars and bolts and bands of greasy leather.

"I don't see a round table anywhere," she reflected. "What do you s'pose they do with all those little square ones?" She sought the answer to this question through many a dirty pane and many a high-walled street. But the palaces and the streets were empty and the explorer discovered with a quick-sinking heart and confidence that she was alone and hungry and very far from home.

She was treading close upon the verge of tears when her path debouched upon the central square of Camelot. And straightway she forgot her doubts and puzzlements, her hunger and her increasing weariness—for she had found "The Court." Across a fair green plaisance, all seemingly beset with flower and shrub, the wide doors of a church stood open. Tall palaces were all about, and in every window, on every step, on the green benches which dotted the plaisance, on every possible elevation or post of observation, the good folk of Camelot stood or hung or even fought, to watch the procession of beauty and chivalry as it came foaming down the steps, broke into eddies, and disappeared among the thronging carriages. Mary found it quite easy to identify the illustrious personages in the procession when once she had realized that they would, of course, not be in armor on a summer's afternoon, and at what even, to her inexperienced eyes, was manifestly a wedding.

First to emerge was a group of the younger knights, frock-coated, silk-hatted, pale gray of waistcoat and gloves, white and effulgent of *boutonnière*. Excitement, almost riot resulted among the much-caparisoned horses, the much-favored coachmen, and the much-beribboned equipages of state. But the noise increased to clamor and eagerness to violence when an ethereal figure in floating tulle and clinging lace was led out into the afternoon light by a more resplendent edition of black-coated, gray-trousered knighthood.

The next wave was all of pink chiffon and nodding plumes. The first wave, after trickling about the carriages and the coachman, receded up the steps again to be lost and mingled in the third, and then both swept down to the carriages again and were absorbed. Then the steady tide of departing royalty set in. Then horses plunged, elderly knights fussed, court ladies commented upon

the heat, the bride, the presents, or their neighbors. Then the bride's father mopped his brow and the bridegroom's mother wept a little. Then there was much shaking or waving of hands or of handkerchiefs. Then the bridal carriage began to move, the bride began to smile, and rice and flowers and confetti and good wishes and slippers filled the air. Then other carriages followed, then the good folk of Camelot followed, an aged man closed the wide church doors, and the square was left to the sparrows, pink sunshine, confetti, rice, and Mary.

The little pilgrim's sunbonnet was hanging down her back, her hair was loose upon her shoulders, "an' real goldy" where it caught the sun, and her eyes were wide and deep with happiness and faith. She crossed the wide plaisance and stood upon the steps, she gathered up three white roses and a shred of lace, she sat down to rest upon the topmost step, she laid her cheek against the inhospitable doors, and, in the language of the stories she loved so well, "so fell she on sleep" with the tired flowers in her tired hands.

And there Herbert Buckley found her. He had traveled far afield on that autumn afternoon; but it is not every day that the daughter of the owner of one half the mills in a manufacturing town is married to the owner of the other half, and when such things do occur to the accompaniment of illustrious visitors, a half-holiday in all the mills, perfect weather, and unlimited hospitality, it behooves the progressive journalist and reporter for miles around to sing "haste to the wedding," and to draw largely upon his adjectives and his fountain pen. The editorial staff of the *Arcady Herald-Journal* turned homeward, and was evolving phrases in which to describe that gala day when his eye caught the color of a familiar little sunbonnet, the outline of a familiar little figure. But such a drooping little sunbonnet! Such a relaxed little figure! Such a weary little face! And such a wildly impossible place in

which to find a little daughter. Then he remembered having seen Miss Ann and Miss Amanda among the spectators and his wonder changed to indignation.

It was nearly dark when Mary opened her eyes again and found herself sheltered in her father's arm and rocked by the old familiar motion of the buggy.

"And then," she prompted sleepily as her old habit was, "what did they do then?"

"They were married," his quiet voice replied.

"And then?"

"Oh, then they went away together and lived happily ever after."

For some space there was silence and a star came out. Mary watched it drowsily and then drowsily began:

"When I was to Camelot——"

"Where?" demanded her father.

"When I was to Camelot," she repeated, cuddling close to him as if to show that there were dearer places than that gorgeous city, "I saw a knight and a lady getting married. And lots of other knights was there—they didn't wear their fighting clothes—and lots of other ladies—pink ones. An' Arthur wore a stovepipe hat an' Guinvere wore a white dress, an' she had white feathers in her crown. An' Lancelot, he was there—all getting married. Daddy, dear," she broke off to question, "were you ever to Camelot?"

"Oh, yes, I was there," he answered, "but it was a great many years ago."

"Did you find roses?" she asked, exhibiting her wilted treasures.

"I found your mother there, my dear."

"And then, what did you do then?"

"Well, then we were married and lived happily ever after."

"And then——?"

"There was you and we lived happier ever after."

And Mary fell on sleep again in the shelter of her father's arm while the stars came out and the glow of joyant Camelot lit all the southern sky.

THE YOUNGER SET

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Fighting Chance," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

CHAPTER III (*continued*)



SELWYN and Mrs. Ruthven exchanged a dazed nod of recognition, a meaningless murmur, and turned again, apparently undisturbed, to their respective dinner partners.

A great many curious eyes, lingering on them, shifted elsewhere, in reluctant disappointment.

As for the hostess, she had for one instant come as near to passing heavenward as she could without doing it when she discovered the situation. Then she accepted it with true humor. She could afford to. But her daughters, Sheila and Dorothy, suffered acutely, being of this year's output and martyrs to responsibility.

Instead of two or three dozen small tables, scattered among the palms of the winter garden, their hostess had preferred to construct a great oval board around the aquarium. The arrangement made it a little easier for Selwyn and Mrs. Ruthven. He talked to his dinner partner until she began to respond in monosyllables, which closed each subject that he opened and wearied him as much as he was boring her. But Bradley Harmon, the man on her right, evidently had better fortune; and presently Selwyn found himself with nobody to talk to, which came as near to embarrassing him as anything could, and which so enraged his hostess that she struck his partner's name from her lists forever. People were already glancing at him askance in sly amusement or cold curiosity.

Then he did a thing which endeared him

to Mrs. T. West Minster and to her two disconsolate children.

"Mrs. Ruthven," he said, very naturally and pleasantly, "I think perhaps we had better talk for a moment or two—if you don't mind."

She said quietly, "I don't mind," and turned with charming composure. Every eye shifted to them, then obeyed decency or training; and the slightest break in the gay tumult was closed up with chatter and laughter.

"Plucky," said Sandon Craig to his fair neighbor; "but by what chance did our unfortunate hostess do it?"

"She's usually doing it, isn't she? What occupies me," returned his partner, "is how on earth Alixe could have thrown away that adorable man for Jack Ruthven; why, he is already trying to scramble into Rosamund Fane's lap—the horrid little poodle!—always curled up on the edge of your skirt!"

She stared at Mrs. Ruthven across the crystal reservoir brimming with rose and ivory-tinted water lilies.

"That girl is marked for destruction," she said slowly; "the gods have done their work already."

Selwyn, outwardly amiable and formal, was saying in a low voice: "My dinner partner is quite impossible, you see; and I happen to be here as a filler in—commanded to the presence only a few minutes ago. It's a pardonable error; I bear no malice. But I'm sorry for you."

There was a silence; Alixe straightened her slim figure, and turned; but young Innis, who had taken her in, had become confidential with Mrs. Fane. Alixe broke a tiny morsel from her bread, sensible of the tension.

"I suppose," she said, as though reciting to some new acquaintance an amusing bit of gossip, "that we are destined to this sort of thing occasionally and had better get used to it."

"I suppose so."

"Please," she added after a pause, "aid me a little."

"I will if I can. What am I to say?"

"Have you nothing to say?" she asked, smiling; "it need not be very civil, you know—as long as nobody hears you."

They exchanged a few meaningless phrases, then she resolutely took young Innis away from Rosamund Fane, leaving Selwyn to count the bubbles in his wineglass.

But in a few moments, whether by accident or deliberate design, Rosamund interfered again, and Mrs. Ruthven was confronted with the choice of a squabble for possession of young Innis, of conspicuous silence, or of resuming once more with Selwyn; and chose the last resort.

"You are living in town?" she asked pleasantly.

"Yes."

"Of course; I forgot. I met a man last night who said you had entered the firm of Neergard & Co."

"I have. Who was the man?"

"You can never guess, Captain Selwyn."

"I don't want to. Who was he?"

"Please don't terminate so abruptly the few subjects we have in reserve. We may be obliged to talk to each other for a number of minutes if Rosamund doesn't let us alone. The man was 'Boots' Lansing."

"'Boots!' Here!"

"Arrived from Manila Sunday. *Sans gêne* as usual he introduced you as the subject, and told me—oh, dozens of things about you. I suppose he began inquiring for you before he crossed the troopers' gangplank and somebody sent him to Neergard & Co. Haven't you seen him?"

"No," he said, staring at the brilliant fish, which glided along the crystal tank, goggling their eyes at the lights.

"'Boots' says that he is expecting to take an apartment with you somewhere."

"What! Has 'Boots' resigned?"

"So he says. He told me that you had resigned. I did not understand that; I imagined you were here on leave until I heard about Neergard & Co."

"Do you suppose I could have remained in the service?" he demanded. His voice was dry and almost accentless.

"Why not?" she returned, paling.

"You may answer that question more pleasantly than I can."

She usually avoided champagne; but she had to do something for herself now. As for him, he took what was offered without noticing what he took, and grew whiter and whiter; but a fixed glow gradually appeared and remained on her cheeks; courage, impatience, a sudden anger at the forced conditions steadied her nerves.

"Will you please prove equal to the situation?" she said under her breath, but with a charming smile. "Do you know you are scowling? These people here are ready to laugh; and I'd much prefer that they tear us to rags on suspicion of our overfriendliness."

"Who is that fool woman who is monopolizing your partner?"

"Rosamund Fane; she's doing it on purpose. You must try to smile now and then."

"My face is stiff with grinning," he said; "but I'll do what I can for you—"

"Please include yourself, too."

"Oh, I can stand their opinions," he said; "I only meet the yellow sort occasionally; I don't herd with them."

"I do, thank you."

"How do you like them? What is your opinion of the yellow set? Here they sit all about you—the Phoenix Mottlys, Mrs. Delmour-Carnes yonder, the Draymores, the Orchils, the Vendenning lady, the Lawns of Westlawn"—he paused, then deliberately—"and the 'Jack' Ruthvens. I forgot, Alixe, that you are now perfectly equipped to carry aloft the golden hod."

"Go on," she said, drawing a deep breath, but the fixed smile never altered.

"No," he said; "I can't talk. I thought I could, but I can't. Take that boy away from Mrs. Fane as soon as you can."

"I can't yet. You must go on. I ask your aid to carry this thing through. I—I am afraid of their ridicule. Could you try to help me a little?"

"If you put it that way, of course." And, after a silence: "What am I to say? What in God's name shall I say to you, Alixe?"

"Anything bitter—as long as you control your voice and features. Try to smile at me when you speak, Philip."

"All right. I have no reason to be bitter, anyway," he said; "and every reason to be otherwise."

"That is not true. You tell me that I have ruined your career in the army. I did

not dream you would have to resign. Do you believe me?"

"There is no choice," he said coldly. "Drop the subject!"

"That is brutal. I never thought—" She forced a smile and drew her glass toward her. The straw-tinted wine slopped over and frothed on the white skin of her arm.

"Well," she breathed, "this ghastly dinner is nearly ended."

He nodded pleasantly.

"And—Phil?"—a bit tremulous.

"What?"

"Was it all my fault? I mean in the beginning? I've wanted to ask you that—to know your view of it. Was it?"

"No. It was mine, most of it."

"Not all—not half! We did not know how; that is the wretched explanation of it all."

"And we could never have learned; that's the rest of the answer. But the fault is not there."

"I know; 'better to bear the ills we have.'"

"Yes, more respectable to bear them. Let us drop this, in decency's name, Alixe!"

After a silence she began: "One more thing—I must know it; and I am going to ask you if I may. Shall I?"

He smiled cordially, and she laughed as though confiding a delightful bit of news to him:

"Do you regard me as sufficiently important to dislike me?"

"I do not—dislike you."

"Is it stronger than dislike, Phil?"

"Y-es."

"Contempt?"

"No."

"What is it?"

"It is that—I have not yet—become—reconciled."

"To my—folly?"

"To mine."

She strove to laugh lightly, and failing, raised her glass to her lips again.

"Now you know," he said, pitching his tones still lower. "I am glad after all that we have had this plain understanding. I have never felt unkindly toward you. I can't. What you did I might have prevented had I known enough; but I cannot help it now; nor can you if you would."

"If I would," she repeated gayly—for the people opposite were staring.

"We are done for," he said, nodding carelessly to a servant to refill his glass; "and I

abide by conditions because I choose to; not," he added contemptuously, "because a complacent law has tethered you to—to the thing that has crawled up onto your knees to have its ears rubbed."

The level insult to her husband stunned her; she sat there, upright, the white smile stamped on her stiffened lips, fingers tightening about the stem of her wineglass.

He began to toss bread crumbs to the scarlet fish, laughing to himself in an ugly way. "I wish to punish you? Why, Alixe, only look at *him*! Look at his gold wristlets; listen to his simper, his lisp. Little girl—oh, little girl, what have you done to yourself?—for you have done nothing to me, child, that can match it in sheer atrocity!"

Her color was long in returning.

"Philip," she said unsteadily, "I don't think I can stand this——"

"Yes, you can."

"I am too close to the wall. I——"

"Talk to Scott Innis. Take him away from Rosamund Fane; that will tide you over. Or feed those fool fish; like this! Look how they rush and flap and spatter! That's amusing, isn't it—for people with the intellects of canaries. . . . Will you please try to say something? Mrs. T. West is exhibiting the restless symptoms of a hen turkey at sundown and we'll all go to roost in another minute. . . . Don't shiver that way!"

"I c-cant control it; I will in a moment. . . . Give me a chance; talk to me, Phil."

"Certainly. The season has been unusually gay and the opera most stupidly brilliant; stocks continue to fluctuate; another old woman was tossed and gored by a mad motor this morning. . . . More time, Alixe? . . . With pleasure; Mrs. Vendenning has bought a third-rate castle in Wales; a man was found dead with a copy of the *Tribune* in his pocket—the verdict being in accordance with fact; the Panama Canal——"

But it was over at last; a flurry of sweeping skirts; ranks of black and white in escort to the passage of the fluttering silken procession.

"Good-by," she said; "I am not staying for the dance."

"Good-by," he said pleasantly; "I wish you better fortune for the future. I'm sorry I was rough."

After a while he found himself in the ball-room. The younger set was arriving; he recognized several youthful people, friends of Eileen Erroll; and taking his bearings among these bright, fresh faces—amid this animated

throng, constantly increased by the arrival of others, he started to find his hostess, now lost to sight in the breezy circle of silk and lace setting in from the stairs.

He said to a girl, behind whose chair he was standing: "All the younger brothers and sisters are coming here to confound me; I hear a Miss Innis announced, but it turns out to be her younger sister——"

"By the way, do you know my name?" she asked.

"No," he said frankly; "do you know mine?"

"Of course, I do; I listened breathlessly when somebody presented you wholesale at your sister's the other day. I'm Rosamund Fane. You might as well be instructed because you're to take me in at the Orchils' next Thursday night, I believe."

"Rosamund Fane," he repeated coolly. "I wonder how we've avoided each other so consistently this winter? I never before had a good view of you, though I heard you talking to young Innis at dinner. And yet," he added, smiling, "if I had been instructed to look around and select somebody named Rosamund, I certainly should have decided on you."

"If a woman keeps at a man long enough she'll extract compliments or yawns," she said; and looking up at a chinless young man who had halted near her: "George, Captain Selwyn has acquired such a charmingly Oriental fluency during his residence in the East that I thought—if you ever desired to travel again——" She shrugged, and, glancing at Selwyn: "Have you met my husband? Oh, of course."

They exchanged a commonplace or two, then other people separated them without resistance on their part.

His sister, Selwyn had once thought, was certainly the most delightfully youthful matron in New York. But now he made an exception of Mrs. Fane; Rosamund Fane was much younger—must have been younger, for she still had something of that volatile freshness—that vague atmosphere of immaturity clinging to her like a perfume almost too delicate to detect. And under that the most profound capacity for mischief he had ever known of.

Mrs. T. West Minster disengaged herself from the throng as he approached.

No—and he was so sorry; and it was very amiable of his hostess to want him, but he was not remaining for the dance.

So much for the hostess, who stood there massive and gem-laden, her kindly and painted features tinted now with genuine emotion.

"*Je m'accuse, mon fils!*—but you acted like a perfect dear," she said. "*Mea culpa, mea culpa*; and can you forgive a very much mortified old lady who is really and truly fond of you?"

"Forgive you?" he repeated with a laugh of protest; "on the contrary, I thank you. Mrs. Ruthven is one of the most charming women I know, if that is what you mean?"

Looking after him as he made his way toward the cloak room: "The boy is thoroughbred," she reflected cynically; "and the only amusement anybody can get out of it will be at my expense! Rosamund is a perfect cat!"

He had sent for his cab, which, no doubt, was in line somewhere, wedged among the ranks of carriages stretching east and west along the snowy street; and he stood on the thick crimson carpet under the awning while it was being summoned.

The Cornelius Suydams, emerging from the house, offered Selwyn tonneau room, but he smilingly declined, having a mind for solitude and the Lenox Club; a phalanx of debutantes, opera bound, also left; then the tide set heavily the other way, and there seemed no end to the line of arriving vehicles and guests, until he heard a name pronounced; a policeman warned back an approaching Fiat; and Selwyn saw Mrs. Ruthven, enveloped in white furs, step from the portal.

She saw him as he moved back, nodded, passed directly to her brougham, and set foot on the step. Pausing here, she looked about her, right and left, then over her shoulder straight back at Selwyn; and as she stood in silence evidently awaiting him, it became impossible for him any longer to misunderstand without a public affront to her.

When he started toward her she spoke to her maid, and the latter moved aside with a word to the groom in waiting.

"My maid will dismiss your carriage," she said pleasantly when he halted beside her. "There is one thing more which I must say to you. Please hurry before people come out," she added, and entered the brougham.

"I can't do this," he muttered.

"I've sent away my maid," she said. "Nobody has noticed; those are servants out

there. Will you please come before anybody arriving or departing does notice?"

And, as he did not move: "Are you going to make me conspicuous by this humiliation before servants?"

He said something between his set teeth and entered the brougham.

"Do you know what you've done?" he demanded harshly.

"Yes; nothing yet. But you would have done enough to stir this borough if you had delayed another second."

He folded his arms, sullenly at bay; yet had no premonition of what to expect from her.

"You were very brutal to me," she said at length.

"I know it; and I did not intend to be. The words came."

"You had me at your mercy; and showed me little—a very little at first. Afterwards, none."

"The words came," he repeated; "I'm sick with self-contempt, I tell you."

"That—money," she said with an effort. "You set—some—aside for me."

"Half," he nodded calmly.

"Why? I did not ask for it. There was nothing in the—the legal proceedings to lead you to believe that I desired it; was there?"

"No."

"Well, then"—her breath came unsteadily—"what was there in *me* to make you think I would accept it?"

He did not reply.

"Answer me. This is the time to answer me."

"The answer is simple enough," he said in a low voice. "Together we had made a failure of partnership. When that partnership was dissolved, there remained the joint capital to be divided. And I divided it. Why not?"

"That capital was yours in the beginning; not mine. What I had of my own you never controlled; and I took it with me when I went."

"It was very little," he said.

"What of that? Did that concern you? Did you think I would have accepted anything from you? A thousand times I have been on the point of notifying you through attorney that the deposit now standing in my name is at your disposal."

"Why didn't you notify me then?" he asked, reddening to the temples.

"Because—I did not wish to hurt you—

by doing it that way. . . . And I had not the courage to say it kindly over my own signature. That is why, Captain Selwyn."

And, as he remained silent: "That is what I had to say; not all—because—I wish to— to thank you for offering it. . . . You did not have very much, either; and you divided what you had. So I thank you—and I return it." . . . The tension forced her to attempt a laugh. "So we stand once more on equal terms; unless you have anything of mine to return—"

"I have your photograph," he said.

The silence lasted until he straightened up and, rubbing the fog from the window glass, looked out.

"We are in the Park," he remarked, turning toward her.

"Yes; I did not know how long it might take to explain matters. You are free of me now whenever you wish."

He picked up the telephone, hesitated: "Home?" he inquired with an effort. And at the forgotten word they looked at one another in stricken silence.

"Y—yes; to *your* home first, if you will let me drop you there—"

"Thank you; that might be imprudent."

"No, I think not. You are living at the Gerards'?"

"Yes, temporarily. But I've already taken another place near Lexington and Sixty-sixth. I could go there; it's only partly furnished yet—"

"Then tell Hudson to drive there."

"You are very kind," he said; and gave the order.

Silence grew between them like a wall. She lay back in her corner, swathed to the eyes in her white furs; he in his corner sat upright, arms loosely folded, staring ahead at nothing. After a while he rubbed the moisture from the pane again.

"Still in the Park! He must have driven us nearly to Harlem Mere. It *is* the Mere! See the café lights yonder. It all looks rather gay through the snow."

"Very gay," she said, without moving.

And a moment later: "Will you tell me something? . . . You see"—with a forced laugh—"I can't keep my mind—from it."

"From what?" he asked.

"The—tragedy; ours."

"It has ceased to be that; hasn't it?"

"Has it? You said—you said that w—what I did to you was n—not as terrible as what I d—did to myself."

"That is true," he admitted grimly.
 "Well, then, may I ask my question?"
 "Ask it, child."

"Then—are you happy?"

He did not answer.

"Because I desire it, Philip. I want you to be. You will be, won't you? I did not dream that I was ruining your army career when I—went mad——"

"How did it happen, Alixe?" he asked, with a cold curiosity that chilled her. "How did it come about?—wretched as we seemed to be together—unhappy, incapable of understanding each other——"

"Phil! There *were* days——"

He raised his eyes.

"You speak only of the unhappy ones," she said; "but there were moments——"

"Yes, I know it. And so I ask you, *why*?"

"Phil, I don't know. There was that last bitter quarrel—the night you left for Leyte after the dance. . . . I—it all grew suddenly intolerable; *you* seemed so horribly unreal—everything seemed unreal in that ghastly city—you, I, our marriage of crazy impulse—the people, the sunlight, the deathly odors, the torturing, endless creak of the punka. . . . It was not a question of—of love, of anger, of hate. I tell you I was stunned—I had no emotions concerning you or myself—after that last scene—only a stupefied, blind necessity to get away; a groping instinct to move toward home—to make my way home and be rid forever of the dream that drugged me! . . . And then—and then——"

"*He* came," said Selwyn very quietly. "Go on."

But she had nothing more to say.

"Alixé!"

She shook her head, closing her eyes.

"Little girl!—O little girl!" he said softly, the old familiar phrase finding its own way to his lips—and she trembled slightly; "was there no other way but that? Had marriage made the world such a living hell for you that there was no other way but *that*?"

"Phil, I helped to make it a hell."

"Yes—because I was pitifully inadequate to design anything better for us. I didn't know how. I didn't understand. I, the architect of our future—failed."

"It was worse than that, Phil; we"—she looked blindly at him—"we had yet to learn what love might be. We did not know. . . . If we could have waited—only waited!—perhaps—because there *were* moments——" She flushed crimson.

"I could not make you love me," he repeated; "I did not know how."

"Because you yourself had not learned how. But—at times—now looking back to it—I think—I think we were very near to it—at moments. . . . And then that dreadful dream closed down on us again. . . . And then—the end."

"If you could have held out," he breathed; "if I could have helped! It was I who failed you after all!"

For a long while they sat in silence; Mrs. Ruthven's white furs now covered her face. At last the carriage stopped.

As he sprang to the curb he became aware of another vehicle standing in front of the house—a cab—from which Mrs. Ruthven's maid descended.

"What is she doing here?" he asked, turning in astonishment to Mrs. Ruthven.

"Phil," she said in a low voice, "I knew you had taken this place. Gerald told me. Forgive me—but when I saw you under the awning it came to me in a flash what to do. And I've done it. . . . Are you sorry?"

"No. . . . Did Gerald tell you that I had taken this place?"

"Yes; I asked him."

Selwyn looked at her gravely; and she looked him very steadily in the eyes.

"Before I go—may I say one more word?" he asked gently.

"Yes—if you please. Is it about Gerald?"

"Yes. Don't let him gamble. . . . You saw the signature on that check?"

"Yes, Phil."

"Then you understand. Don't let him do it again."

"No. And—Phil?"

"What?"

"That check is—is deposited to your credit—with the rest. I have never dreamed of using it." Her cheeks were afire again, but with shame this time.

"You will have to accept it, Alixe."

"I cannot."

"You must! Don't you see you will affront Gerald? He has repaid me; that check is not mine, nor is it his."

"I can't take it," she said with a shudder. "What shall I do with it?"

"There are ways—hospitals, if you care to. . . . Good night, child."

She stretched out her gloved arm to him; he took her hand very gently and retained it while he spoke.

"I wish you happiness," he said; "I ask your forgiveness."

"Give me mine, then."

"Yes—if there is anything to forgive. Good night."

"Good night—boy," she gasped.

He turned sharply, quivering under the familiar name. Her maid, standing in the snow, moved forward, and he motioned her to enter the brougham.

"Home," he said unsteadily; and stood there very still for a minute or two, even after the carriage had whirled away into the storm. Then, looking up at the house, he felt for his keys; but a sudden horror of being alone arrested him, and he stepped back, calling out to his cabman, who was already turning his horse's head: "Wait a moment; I think I'll drive back to Mrs. Gerard's . . . And take your time."

It was still early—lacking a quarter of an hour to midnight—when he arrived. Nina had retired, but Austin sat in the library, obstinately plodding through the last chapters of a brand-new novel.

"This is a wretched excuse for sitting up," he yawned, laying the book flat on the table, but still open. "I ought never to be trusted alone with any book." Then he removed his reading glasses, yawned again, and surveyed Selwyn from head to foot.

"Very pretty," he said. "Well, how are the yellow ones, Phil? Or was it all débütante and slop-twaddle?"

"Few from the cradle, but bunches were arriving for the dance as I left."

"Eileen went at half past eleven."

"I didn't know she was going," said Selwyn, surprised.

"She didn't want you to. The Playful Kitten business, you know—frisks apropos of nothing to frisk about. But we all fancied you'd stay for the dance." He yawned mightily, gazed at Selwyn with ruddy gravity, and:

"Whisk?" he inquired.

"No."

"Cigar?"—mildly urgent.

"No, thanks."

"Bed?"

"I think so. But don't wait for me, Austin. . . . Is that the evening paper? Where is St. Paul?"

Austin passed it across the table and sat for a moment, alternately yawning and skimming the last chapter of his novel.

"Stuff and rubbish, mush and piffle!" he muttered, closing the book and pushing it from him across the table; "love, as usual, grossly out of proportion to the ensemble. I'm going to bed."

Selwyn had lighted a cigar, and was unfolding his paper; so his brother-in-law moved ponderously away, yawning frightfully at every heavy stride; and the younger man settled back in his chair, a fragrant cigar balanced between his strong, slim fingers, one leg dropped loosely over the other. After a while the newspaper fell to the floor.

Long after his cigar burned bitter, he sat with eyes fixed on the blaze. When the flames at last began to flicker and subside, his lids fluttered, then drooped; but he had lost all reckoning of time when he opened them again to find Miss Erroll in furs and ball gown kneeling on the hearth and heaping kindling on the coals; and her maid beside her, laying a log across the andirons.

"Upon my word!" he murmured, confused; then rising quickly, "Is that you, Miss Erroll? What time is it?"

"Four o'clock in the morning, Captain Selwyn," she said, straightening up to her full height. "This room is icy; are you frozen?"

Chilled through, he stood looking about in a dazed way, incredulous of the hour and of his own slumber.

"I was conversing with the cat a moment ago," he protested, in such a tone of deep reproach that Eileen laughed while her maid relieved her of furs and scarf.

"Susanne, just unhook those two that I can't manage; light the fire in my bedroom; *et merci bien, ma petite!*"

"I don't know how I happened to do it," he muttered, still abashed by his plight.

"We rekindled the fire for your benefit," she said; "you had better use it before you retire." And she seated herself in the arm-chair, stretching out her ungloved hands to the blaze.

"Do you mean to say you are not sleepy?" he asked.

"I? No, not in the least. I will be tomorrow, though."

"Did you have a good time?"

"Yes—rather."

"Wasn't it gay?"

"Gay? Oh, very."

Her replies were unusually short—almost preoccupied. She was generally more communicative.

"You danced a lot, I dare say," he ventured.

"Yes—a lot," studying the floor.

"Decent partners?"

"Oh, yes."

"Who was there?"

She looked up at him. "*You* were not there," she said, smiling.

"No; I cut it. But I did not know you were going; you said nothing about it."

"Of course you would have stayed if you had known, Captain Selwyn?" She was still smiling.

"Of course," he replied.

"Would you really?"

"Why, yes."

There was something not perfectly familiar to him in the girl's bright brevity, in her direct personal inquiry; for between them, hitherto, the gayly impersonal had ruled except in moments of lightest badinage.

"Was it an amusing dinner?" she asked, in her turn.

"Rather." Then he looked up at her, but she had stretched her slim silk-shod feet to the fender, and her head was bent aside, so that he could see only the curve of the cheek and the little close-set ear under its ruddy mass of gold.

"Who was there?" she asked, too, carelessly.

For a moment he did not speak; under his bronzed cheek the flat muscles stirred. Had some meddling, malicious fool ventured to whisper an unfit jest to this young girl? Had a word—or a smile and a phrase cut in two—awakened her to a sorry wisdom at his expense? Something had happened; and the idea stirred him to wrath—as when a child is wantonly frightened or a dumb creature misused.

He recalled some names, and laughingly mentioned his dinner partner's preference for Harmon.

"Who led the cotillon?" he asked.

"Jack Ruthven—dancing with Rosamund Fane."

"What has gone wrong, Eileen?" he said quietly.

He had never before used her given name, and she flushed up.

"There is nothing the matter, Captain Selwyn. Why do you ask?"

"Yes, there is," he said.

"There is not, I tell you——"

"And, if it is something you cannot understand," he continued pleasantly, "perhaps

it might be well to ask Nina to explain it to you."

"There is nothing to explain."

"Because," he went on, very gently, "one is sometimes led by malicious suggestion to draw false and unpleasant inferences from harmless facts——"

"Captain Selwyn——"

"Yes, Eileen."

But she could not go on; speech and thought itself remained sealed; only a confused consciousness of being hurt remained—somehow to be remedied by something he might say—might deny. Yet how could it help her for him to deny what she herself refused to believe?—refused through sheer instinct while ignorant of its meaning.

Even if he had done what she heard Rosamund Fane say he had done, it had remained meaningless to her save for the manner of the telling. But now—but now! Why had they laughed—why had their attitudes and manner and the disconnected phrases in French left her flushed and rigid among the idle group at supper? Why had they suddenly seemed to remember her presence—and express their abrupt consciousness of it in such furtive signals and silence?

It was false, anyway—whatever it meant. And, anyway, it was false that he had driven away in Mrs. Ruthven's brougham. *Where* did he go after the dinner? As for what they said, it was absurd. And yet—and yet——

He sat savagely intent upon the waning fire; she turned restlessly again, elbows close together on her knees, face framed in her hands.

"You ask me if I am tired," she said. "I am—of the froth of life."

His face changed instantly. "What?" he exclaimed, laughing.

But she, very young and seriously intent, was now wrestling with the mighty platitudes of youth. First of all she desired to know what meaning life held for humanity. Then she expressed a doubt as to the necessity for human happiness; duty being her discovery as sufficient substitute.

But he heard in her childish babble the minor murmur of an undercurrent quickening for the first time; and he listened patiently and answered gravely, touched by her irremediable loneliness.

So when she said that she was tired of gayety, that she would like to study, he said that he would take up anything she chose with her. And when she spoke vaguely of a

life devoted to good works—of the wiser charity, of being morally equipped to aid those who required material aid—he was very serious, but ventured to suggest that she dance her first season through as a sort of flesh-mortifying penance preliminary to her spiritual novitiate.

"Yes," she admitted thoughtfully; "you are right. Nina would feel dreadfully if I did not go on—or if she imagined I cared so little for it all. But one season is enough to waste. Don't you think so?"

"Quite enough," he assured her.

"And—why should I ever marry?" she demanded, lifting her clear, sweet eyes to his.

"Why indeed?" he repeated with conviction. "I can see no reason."

"I am glad you understand me," she said.

"I am not a marrying woman."

"Not at all," he assured her.

"No, I am not; and Nina—the darling—doesn't understand. Why—what do you suppose!—but *would* it be a breach of confidence to anybody if I told you?"

"I doubt it," he said; "what is it you have to tell me?"

"Only—it's very, very silly—only several men—and one nice enough to know better—Sudbury Gray—"

"Asked you to marry them?" he finished, nodding his head at the cat.

"Yes," she admitted, frankly astonished; "but how did you know?"

"Inferred it. Go on."

"There is nothing more," she said, without embarrassment. "I told Nina each time; but she confused me by asking for details; and the details were too foolish and too annoying to repeat. . . . I do not wish to marry anybody. There are so many serious things in life to learn and to think of, and that is the very last thing I should ever consider. . . . I am very, very glad I had this talk with you. Now I am rested and I shall retire for a good long sleep."

With which paradox she stood up, stifling a tiny yawn, and looked smilingly at him, all the old sweet confidence in her eyes. Then, suddenly mocking:

"Who suggested that you call me by my first name?" she asked.

"Some good angel or other. May I?"

"If you please; I rather like it. But I couldn't very well call you anything except 'Captain Selwyn.'"

"Try it—unless you're afraid."

"I'm not afraid!"

"Yes, you are, if you don't take a dare."

"You dare me?"

"I do."

"Phillip," she said, hesitating, adorable in her embarrassment. "No! No! No! I can't do it that way in cold blood. It's got to be 'Captain Selwyn' . . . for a while, anyway. . . . Good night."

He took her outstretched hand, laughing; the usual little friendly shake followed; then she turned gayly away, leaving him standing before the whitening ashes.

He thought the fire was dead; but when he turned out the lamp an hour later, under the ashes embers glowed in the darkness of the winter morning.

CHAPTER IV

MID-LENT

"MID-LENT; and the Enemy grins," he wrote in his carefully kept diary. "So to church with Nina and the children. Austin, knee deep in a dozen Sunday supplements, refused to stir; poor little Eileen convalescent, but still unsteady on her legs; her maid has taken the grip now, and moans all day: '*Mon dieu! Mon dieu! Che j'ai mourir!*'"

"Boots Lansing called to see Eileen, but she wouldn't come down, saying her nose was too pink. Drina entertained Boots, and then I talked army talk with him until tea was served. Drina poured tea very prettily. Nina drove Austin to vespers.

"Dined with the family at seven so Drina could sit up; special treat on account of Boots's presence at table. Gerald was expected but did not come.

"Back to my rooms after coffee; appointment with Gerald to talk over Neergard's new Siowitha scheme. Gerald didn't turn up; went over scheme alone; doubtful of it; it's Neergard all over and doesn't appeal to me.

"Lenten party in Boots's rooms across the hall. Heard a knock on my door and, as it opened, solemn voice of Boots:

"The melancholy Lenten days have come,
The gayest of the Year."
Then join our melancholy Lenten game,
And quaff the joyless beer!"

So I went across to see what they were about.

"Gerald came in later, overflushed, aromatic, and very apologetic; and they made

him drink lithia and sit on the mantel and repeat doggerel.

"Gerald has a nice voice, but Boots is bad at the piano. Scott Innis came in—*cut* in—and I out. And so to bed.

"Mem: There's something more important for Gerald to 'cut' into (in two)—and *his* share of it is the siphon."

A few mornings after Selwyn had written these mild witticisms he went downtown at the usual hour and found Gerald, pale and shaky, hanging over his desk and trying to dictate letters to an uncomfortable stenographer.

So he dismissed the abashed girl for the moment, closed the door, and sat down beside the young man.

"Go home, Gerald," he said with decision; "when Neergard comes in I'll tell him you are not well. And, old fellow, don't ever come near the office again when you're in this condition."

"I'm a perfect fool," faltered the boy, his voice trembling; "I don't really care for that sort of thing, either; but you know how it is in that set—"

"What set?"

"Oh, the Fanes—the Ruthv—" He stammered himself into silence.

"I see. What happened last night?"

"The usual; two tables full of it. There was a wheel, too. . . . I had no intention—but you know yourself how it parches your throat—the jollyng and laughing and excitement. . . . I forgot all about what you—what we talked over. . . . I'm ashamed and sorry; but I can stay here and attend to things, of course—"

"You don't think I'm one of those long-faced, blue-nosed butters-in, do you? You have confidence in me, haven't you? You know I'm an average and normally sinful man who has made plenty of mistakes and who understands how others make them—you know that, don't you, old chap?"

"Y-es."

"Then you *will* listen, won't you, Gerald?"

The boy laid his arms on the desk and hid his face in them. Then he nodded.

For ten minutes Selwyn talked to him with all the terse and colloquial confidence of a comradeship founded upon respect for mutual fallibility. No instruction, no admonition, no blame, no reproach—only an affectionately logical review of matters as they stood—and as they threatened to stand.

The boy, fortunately, was still pliable and

susceptible, still unalarmed and frank. It seemed that he had lost money again—this time to Jack Ruthven; and Selwyn's teeth remained sternly interlocked as, bit by bit, the story came out. But in the telling the boy was not quite so frank as he might have been; and Selwyn supposed he was able to stand his loss without seeking aid.

"Anyway," said Gerald in a muffled voice, "I've learned one lesson—that a business man can't acquire the habits and keep the infernal hours that suit people who can take all day to sleep it off."

"Right," said Selwyn.

"Besides, my income can't stand it," added Gerald naively.

"Neither could mine, old fellow. And, Gerald, cut out this card business; it's the final refuge of the feeble-minded. . . . You like it? Oh, well, if you've got to play—if you've no better resource for leisure, and if nonparticipation isolates you too completely from other idiots—play the imbecile gentleman's game; which means a game where nobody need worry over the stakes."

"But—they'd laugh at me!"

"I know; but Boots Lansing wouldn't—and you have considerable respect for him."

Gerald nodded; he had immediately succumbed to Lansing like everybody else.

"And one thing more," said Selwyn; "don't play for stakes—no matter how insignificant—where women sit in the game. Fashionable or not, it is rotten sport—whatever the ethics may be. And, Gerald, tainted sport and a clean record can't take the same fence together."

The boy looked up, flushed and perplexed.

"Why, every woman in town—"

"Oh, no. How about your sister and mine?"

"Of course not; they are different."

A little later he started for home at Selwyn's advice. But the memory of his card losses frightened him, and he stopped on his way to see what money Austin would advance him.

Julius Neergard came up from Long Island, arriving at the office about noon. The weather was evidently cold on Long Island; he had the complexion of a raw ham, but the thick, fat hand, with its bitten nails, which he offered Selwyn as he entered his office, was unpleasantly hot, and on the thin nose which split the broad expanse of face a bead or two of sweat usually glistened, winter and summer.

"Where's Gerald?" he asked as an office boy relieved him of his heavy box coat and brought his mail to him.

"I advised Gerald to go home," observed Selwyn carelessly; "he is not perfectly well."

Neergard's tiny mouselike eyes, set close together, stole brightly in Selwyn's direction; but they usually looked just a little past a man, seldom at him.

"Grippe?" he asked.

"I don't think so," said Selwyn.

"Lots of grippe round town," observed Neergard, as though satisfied that Gerald had it. Then he sat down and rubbed his large, membranous ears.

"Captain Selwyn," he began, "I'm satisfied that it's a devilish good thing."

"Are you?"

"Emphatically. I've mastered the details—virtually all of 'em. Here's the situation in a grain of wheat: The Siowitha Club owns a thousand or so acres of oak scrub, pine scrub, sand, and weeds; and controls 4,000 more; that is to say, the club pays the farmers' rents and fixes their fences and awards them odd jobs and prizes for the farm sustaining the biggest number of beevies. Also the club pays them to maintain the millet and buckwheat patches and to act as wardens. In return the farmers post their 4,000 acres for the exclusive benefit of the club. Is that plain?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well, then. Now, the Siowitha is largely composed of very rich men—among them Bradley Harmon, Jack Ruthven, George Fane, Sanxon Orchil, the Hon. Delmour-Carnes—that crowd—rich and stingy. That's why they are contented with a yearly agreement with the farmers instead of buying the 4,000 acres. Why put a lot of good money out of commission when they can draw interest on it and toss an insignificant fraction of that interest as a sop to the farmers? Do you see? That's your millionaire method—and it's what makes 'em in the first place."

He drew a large fancy handkerchief from his pistol pocket and wiped the beads from the bridge of his limber nose. But they reappeared again.

"Now," he said, "I am satisfied that, working very carefully, we can secure options on every acre of the 4,000. There is money in it either way and any way we work it; we get it coming and going. First of all, if the Siowitha people find that they really cannot

get on without controlling these acres—why"—and he snickered so that his nose curved into a thin, ruddy beak—"why, Captain, I suppose we *could* let them have the land. Eh? Oh, yes—if they *must* have it!"

Selwyn frowned slightly.

"But the point is," continued Neergard, "that it borders the railroad on the north; and where the land is not wavy it's flat as a pancake, and"—he sank his husky voice—"it's fairly riddled with water. I paid \$1,000 for six tests."

"Water!" repeated Selwyn wonderingly; "why, it's dry as a desert!"

"*Underground water!*—only about forty feet on the average. Why, man, I can hit a well flowing 3,000 gallons almost anywhere. It's a gold mine. I don't care what you do with the acreage—split it up into lots and advertise, or club the Siowitha people into submission—it's all the same; it's a gold mine—to be swiped and developed. Now there remains the title searching and the damnable job of financing it—because we've got to move cautiously, and knock softly at the doors of the money vaults, or we'll be waking up some Wall Street relatives or secret business associates of the yellow crowd; and if anybody bawls for help we'll be up in the air next New Year's, and still hiking skyward."

He stood up, gathering together the mail matter which his secretary had already opened for his attention. "There's plenty of time yet; their leases were renewed the first of this year, and they'll run the year out. But it's something to think about. Will you talk to Gerald, or shall I?"

"You," said Selwyn. "I'll think the matter over and give you my opinion. May I speak to my brother-in-law about it?"

"Do you think there's any chance of his financing the thing?"

"I haven't the slightest idea of what he might do. Especially"—he hesitated—"as you never have had any loans from his people—I understand—"

"No," said Neergard; "I haven't."

"It's rather out of their usual, I believe—"

"So they say. But Long Island acreage needn't beg favors now. That's all over, Captain Selwyn. Fane, Harmon & Co. know that; Mr. Gerard ought to know it, too."

Selwyn looked troubled. "Shall I consult Mr. Gerard?" he repeated. "I should like to if you have no objection."

Neergard's small, close-set eyes were focused on a spot just beyond Selwyn's left shoulder.

"Suppose you sound him," he suggested, "in strictest——"

"Naturally," cut in Selwyn dryly; and turning to his littered desk, opened the first letter his hand encountered. Now that his head was turned, Neergard looked full at the back of his neck for a full minute, then went out silently.

That night Selwyn stopped at his sister's house before going to his own rooms, and, finding Austin alone in the library, laid the matter before him exactly as Neergard had put it.

"You see," he added, "that I'm a sort of an ass about business methods. What I like—what I understand, is to use good judgment, go in and boldly buy a piece of property, wait until it becomes more valuable, either through improvements or the natural enhancement of good value, then take a legitimate profit, and repeat the process. That, in outline, is what I understand. But, Austin, this furtive pouncing on a thing and clubbing other people's money out of them with it—this slyly acquiring land that is necessary to an unsuspecting neighbor and then holding him up—I don't like. There's always something of this sort that prevents my cordial coöperation with Neergard—always something in the schemes which hints of—of squeezing—of something underground——"

"Like the water which he's going to squeeze out of the wells?"

Selwyn laughed.

"Phil," said his brother-in-law, "if you think anybody can do a profitable business except at other people's expense, you are an ass."

"Am I?" asked Selwyn, still laughing frankly.

"Certainly. The land is there, plain enough for anybody to see. It's always been there; it's likely to remain for a few cons, I fancy.

"Now, along comes Meynheer Julius Neergard—the only man who seems to have brains enough to see the present value of that parcel to the Siowitha people. Everybody else had the same chance; nobody except Neergard knew enough to take it. Why shouldn't he profit by it?"

"Yes—but if he'd be satisfied to cut it up into lots and do what is fair——"

"Cut it up into nothing! Man alive, do you suppose the Siowitha people would let him? They've only a few thousand acres; they've *got* to control that land. What good is their club without it? Do you imagine they'd let a town grow up on three sides of their precious game preserve? And, besides, I'll bet you that half of their streams and lakes take rise on other people's property—and that Neergard knows it—the Dutch fox!"

"That sort of—of business—that kind of coercion, does not appeal to me," said Selwyn gravely.

"Then you'd better go into something besides business in this town," observed Austin, turning red. "Good Lord, man, where would my Loan and Trust Company be if we never foreclosed, never swallowed a good thing when we see it?"

They discussed Neergard's scheme for a little while longer; Austin, shrewd and cautious, declined any personal part in the financing of the deal, although he admitted the probability of prospective profits.

"Our investments and our loans are of a different character," he explained, "but I have no doubt that Fane, Harmon & Co.——"

"Why, both Fane and Harmon are members of the club!" laughed Selwyn. "You don't expect Neergard to go to them?"

A peculiar expression flickered in Gerard's heavy features; perhaps he thought that Fane and Harmon and Jack Ruthven were not above exploiting their own club under certain circumstances. But whatever his opinion, he said nothing further; and, suggesting that Selwyn remain to dine, went off to dress.

A few moments later he returned, crestfallen and conciliatory:

"I forgot, Nina and I are dining at the Orchils'. Come up a moment; she wants to speak to you."

So they took the rose-tinted rococo elevator; Austin went away to his own quarters, and Selwyn tapped at Nina's boudoir.

"Is that you, Phil? One minute; Watson is finishing my hair. . . . Come in, now; and kindly keep your distance, my friend. Do you suppose I want Rosamund to know what brand of war paint I use?"

"Rosamund," he repeated, with a good-humored shrug; "it's likely— isn't it?"

"Certainly it's likely. You'd never know you were telling her anything—but she'd extract every detail in ten seconds. . . . I un-

derstand she adores you, Phil. What have you done to her?"

"That's likely, too."

"Well, she does; you've probably piqued her; that's the sort of man she likes. . . . Look at my hair—how bright and wavy it is, Phil. Tell me, *do* I appear fairly pretty to-night?"

"You're all right, Nina; I mean it," he said. "How are the kids? How is Eileen?"

"That's why I sent for you. Eileen is furious at being left here all alone; she's practically well and she's to dine with Drina in the library. Would you be good enough to dine there with them? Eileen, poor child, is heartily sick of her imprisonment; it would be a mercy, Phil."

"Why, yes, I'll do it, of course; only I've some matters at home——"

"Home! You call those stuffy, smoky, impossible, half-furnished rooms *home*! Phil, when are you ever going to get some pretty furniture and art things? Eileen and I have been talking it over, and we've decided to go there and see what you need and then order it, whether you like it or not."

"Thanks," he said, laughing; "it's just what I've tried to avoid. I've got things where I want them now—but I knew it was too comfortable to last. Boots said that some woman would be sure to be good to me with an art-nouveau rocking chair."

"A perfect sample of man's gratitude," said Nina, exasperated; "for I've ordered two beautiful art-nouveau rocking chairs, one for you and one for Mr. Lansing. Now you can go and humiliate poor little Eileen, who took so much pleasure in planning with me for your comfort. As for your friend Boots, he's unspeakable—with my compliments."

Selwyn stayed until he made peace with his sister, then he mounted to the nursery to "lean over" the younger children and preside at prayers. This being accomplished, he descended to the library, where Eileen Erroll in a filmy, lace-clouded gown, full of turquoise tints, reclined with her arm around Drina amid heaps of cushions, watching the waitress prepare a table for two.

He took the fresh, cool hand she extended and sat down on the edge of her couch.

"All O. K. again?" he inquired, retaining Eileen's hand in his.

"Thank you—quite. Are you really going to dine with us? Are you sure you want to? Oh, I know you've given up some very gay dinner somewhere——"

"I was going to dine with Boots when Nina rescued me. Poor Boots!—I think I'll telephone——"

"Telephone him to come here!" begged Drina. "Would he come? Oh, please—I'd love to have him."

"I wish you would ask him," said Eileen; "it's been so lonely and stupid to lie in bed with a red nose and fishy eyes and pains in one's back and limbs. Please do let us have a party."

So Selwyn went to the telephone, and presently returned, saying that Boots was overwhelmed and would be present at the festivities; and Drina, enraptured, ordered flowers to be brought from the dining room and a large table set for four, with particular pomp and circumstance.

Mr. Archibald Lansing arrived very promptly—a short, stocky young man of clean and powerful build, with dark, keen eyes always alert, and humorous lips ever on the edge of laughter under his dark mustache.

His manner with Drina was always delightful—a mixture of self-repressed idolatry and busily naïve belief in a thorough understanding between them to exclude Selwyn from their company.

"This Selwyn fellow here!" he exclaimed. "I warned him over the 'phone we'd not tolerate him, Drina. I explained to him very carefully that you and I were dining together in strictest privacy——"

"He begged so hard," said Eileen. "Will somebody place an extra pillow for Drina?"

They seized the same pillow fiercely, confronting each other; massacre appeared imminent.

"Two pillows," said Drina sweetly; and extermination was averted. The child laughed happily, covering one of Boots's hands with both of hers.

"So you've left the service, Mr. Lansing?" began Eileen, lying back and looking smilingly at Boots.

"Had to, Miss Erroll. Seven millionaires ran into my quarters and chased me out and down Broadway into the offices of the Westchester Air Line Company. Then these nine merciless multimillionaires in buckram bound and gagged me, stuffed my pockets full of salary, and forced me to typewrite a fearful and secret oath to serve them for five long, weary years. That's a sample of how the wealthy grind the noses of the poor; isn't it, Drina?"

"Have you really done it?" asked Selwyn as the first course was served.

"*I? No. They?* Yes. We'll probably lose the Philippines now," he added gloomily; "but it's my thankless country's fault; you all had a chance to make me dictator, you know. Miss Erroll, do you want a second-hand sword? Of course there are great dents in it—"

"I'd rather have those celebrated boots," she replied demurely; and Mr. Lansing groaned.

"How tall you're growing, Drina," remarked Selwyn.

"Probably the early spring weather," added Boots. "You're twelve, aren't you?"

"Thirteen," said Drina gravely.

"Almost time to elope with me," nodded Boots.

"I'll do it now," she said—"as soon as my new gowns are made—if you'll take me to Manila. Will you? I believe my Aunt Alix is there—"

She caught Eileen's eye and stopped short. "I forgot," she murmured; "I beg your pardon, Uncle Philip—"

Boots was talking very fast and laughing a great deal; Eileen's plate claimed her undivided attention; Selwyn quietly finished his claret; the child looked at them all.

"By the way," said Boots abruptly, "what's the matter with Gerald? He came in before noon looking very seedy—" Selwyn glanced up quietly.

"He was here," observed Drina composedly, "and father was angry with him."

"What?" exclaimed Eileen. "When?"

"This morning, before father went downtown."

Both Selwyn and Lansing cut in coolly, dismissing the matter with a careless word or two; and coffee was served—cambric tea in Drina's case.

"Come on," said Boots, slipping a bride rose into Drina's curls; "I'm ready for confidences."

"Confidences" had become an established custom with Drina and Boots; it meant that every time they saw one another they were pledged to tell each other everything that had occurred in their lives since their last meeting. So Drina, excitedly requesting to be excused, jumped up and, taking Lansing's hand in hers, led him to a sofa in a distant corner, where they immediately installed themselves.

Eileen settled deeper among her pillows as

the table was removed, and Selwyn drew his chair forward.

"Suppose," she said, looking thoughtfully at him, "that you and I make a vow to exchange confidences? Shall we, Captain Selwyn?"

"Good heavens!" he protested; "I—confess to *you*! You'd faint dead away, Eileen."

"Perhaps. . . . But will you?"

He gayly evaded an answer, and after a while he fancied she had forgotten. They spoke of other things, of her convalescence, of the engagements she had been obliged to cancel, of the stupid hours in her room—doubly stupid, as the doctor had not permitted her to read or sew.

"And every day violets from you," she said; "it was certainly nice of you. And—do you know that somehow—just because you have never yet failed me—I thought perhaps—when I asked your confidence a moment ago—"

He looked up quickly.

"*What* is the matter with Gerald?" she asked. "Could you tell me?"

"Nothing serious is the matter, Eileen."

"Is he not ill?"

"Not very."

"Tell me," she demanded. And, as he remained silent: "Once," she said, "I came suddenly into the library. Austin and Gerald were there; Austin seemed to be very angry with my brother. I heard him say something that worried me; and I slipped out before they saw me."

"What did you hear Austin say?" he demanded.

"I heard—something about dissipation. He was very angry with Gerald. It is not the best way, I think, to become angry with either of us—either me or Gerald—because then we are usually inclined to do it again—whatever it is. . . . I do not mean for one moment to be disloyal to Austin; you know that. . . . But I am so thankful that Gerald is fond of you. . . . You like him, too, don't you?"

"I am very fond of him."

"Well, then," she said, "you will talk to him pleasantly—won't you? He is *such* a boy; and he adores you. It is easy to influence a boy like that, you know—easy to shame him out of the silly things he does. . . . That is all the confidence I wanted, Captain Selwyn. And you haven't told me a word, you see—and I have not fainted—have I?"

They laughed a little, and she straightened

up, sitting Turk fashion, and smoothing her hair, which contact with the pillows had disarranged so that it threatened to come tumbling over eyes and cheeks.

"Oh, hair, hair!" she murmured, "you're Nina's despair and my endless punishment. I'd twist and pin you tight if I dared—some day I will, too. . . . What are you looking at so curiously, Captain Selwyn? My mop?"

"It's about the most stunningly beautiful thing I ever saw," he said, still curious.

She nodded gayly, both hands still busy with the lustrous strands. "It is nice; but I never supposed you noticed it. It falls to my waist; I'll show it to you some time. . . . But I had no idea *you* noticed such things," she repeated, as though to herself.

"Oh, I'm apt to notice all sorts of things," he said, looking so provokingly wise that she dropped her hair and clapped both hands over her eyes.

"Now," she said, "if you are so observing, you'll know the color of my eyes. What are they?"

"Blue—with a sort of violet tint," he said promptly.

She laughed and lowered her hands.

"All that personal attention paid to me!" she exclaimed. "You are turning my head, Captain Selwyn. Besides, you are astonishing me, because you never seem to know what women wear or what they resemble when I ask you to describe the girls with whom you have been dining or dancing."

For some time, now, she had cherished this tiny grudge in her heart—that he had never seemed to notice anything in particular about her except when he tried to be agreeable concerning some new gown. The contrast had become the sharper, too, since she had awakened to the admiration of other men. And the awakening was only a half-convinced happiness mingled with shy surprise that the wise world should really deem her so lovely. Delicate luminous shadow banded her eyes; her hair, partly in shadow, too, became a somber mystery in rose gold.

"Whatever *are* you staring at?" she laughed. "Me? I don't believe it! Never have you so honored me with your fixed attention, Captain Selwyn. You really glare at me as though I were interesting. And I know you don't consider me that; do you?"

"How old are you, anyway?" he asked curiously.

"Thank you, I'll be delighted to inform you when I'm twenty."

"You look like a mixture of fifteen and twenty-five to-night," he said deliberately; "and the answer is more and less than nineteen."

"And you," she said, "talk like a frivolous sage, and your wisdom is as weighty as the years you carry. And what is the answer to that? Do you know, Captain Selwyn, that when you talk to me this way you look about as inexperienced as Gerald?"

"And *do you* know," he said, "that I feel as inexperienced—when I talk to you this way?"

She nodded. "It's probably good for us both; I age, you renew the frivolous days of youth when you were young enough to notice the color of a girl's hair and eyes."

A perfect gale of laughter from the sofa cut her short.

"Drina!" she exclaimed; "it's after eight!—and I completely forgot."

"Oh, dear!" protested the child, "he's being so funny about the war in Samar. Couldn't I stay up—just five more minutes, Eileen? Besides, I haven't told him about Jessie Orchil's party—"

"Drina, dear, you *know* I can't let you. Say good night, now—if you want Mr. Lansing and your Uncle Philip to come to another party."

When the child had taken leave of all, Boots also took his leave; and Selwyn rose, too, a troubled, careworn expression replacing the careless gayety which had made him seem so young in Miss Erroll's youthful eyes.

"Wait, Boots," he said; "I'm going home with you." And, to Eileen, almost absently: "Good night; I'm so very glad you are well again."

"Good night," she said, looking up at him. The faintest sense of disappointment came over her—at what, she did not know. Was it because in his completely altered face she realized the instant and easy detachment from herself and what concerned her?—was it because other people, like Mr. Lansing—other interests—like those which so plainly, in his face, betrayed his preoccupation—had so easily replaced an intimacy which had seemed to grow newer and more delightful with every meeting?

Now he went away, utterly detached from her and what concerned her—to seek other interests of which she knew nothing; absorbed in them to her utter exclusion, leaving her here with the long evening before her and nothing to do—because her eyes were not yet strong enough to use for reading.

Lansing was saying: "I'll drive as far as the club with you, and then you can drop me and come back later."

"Right, my son; I'll finish a letter and then come back——"

"Can't you write it at the club?"

"Not that letter," he replied in a low voice; and, turning to Eileen, smiled his absent, detached smile, offering his hand.

But she lay back, looking straight up at him.

"Are you going?"

"Yes; I have several——"

"Stay with me," she said in a low voice.

For a moment the words meant nothing; then blank surprise silenced him, followed by curiosity.

"Is there something you wished to tell me?" he asked.

"N-no."

His perplexity and surprise grew. "Wait a second, Boots," he said; and Mr. Lansing, being a fairly intelligent young man, went out and down the stairway.

"Now," he said, too kindly, too soothingly, "what is it, Eileen?"

"Why, it is nothing; truly it is nothing. . . . Only I was—it is so early—only a quarter past eight——"

He stood there looking down at her, striving to understand.

"That is all," she said, flushing a trifle; "I can't read and I can't sew and there's nobody here. . . . I don't mean to bother you——"

He walked swiftly to the landing outside and looked down.

"Boots!" he called in a low voice, "I'm not going home yet. Don't wait for me at the Lenox."

"All right," returned Mr. Lansing cheerfully. A moment later the front door closed below. Then Selwyn came back into the library.

For an hour he sat there telling her the gayest stories and talking the most delightful nonsense, alternating with interesting incursions into serious subjects which it enchanted her to dissect under his confident guidance.

Alert, intelligent, all aquiver between laughter and absorption, she had sat up among her silken pillows, resting her weight on one rounded arm, her splendid young eyes fixed on him to detect and follow and interpret every change in his expression personal to the subject and to her share in it.

They discussed, or laughed at, or men-

tioned and dismissed with a gesture a thousand matters of common interest in that swift hour—incredibly swift, unless the hall clock's deadened chimes were mocking Time itself with mischievous effrontery.

She heard them, the enchantment still in her eyes; he nodded, listening, meeting her gaze with his smile undisturbed. When the last chime had sounded she lay back among her cushions.

"Thank you for staying," she said quite happily.

"Am I to go?"

Smilingly thoughtful she considered him from her pillows:

"Where were you going when I—spoiled it all? For you were going somewhere—out there"—with a gesture toward the darkness outside—"somewhere where men go to have the good times they always seem to have. . . . Was it to your club? What do men do there? Is it very gay at men's clubs? . . . It must be interesting to go where men have such jolly times—where men gather to talk that mysterious man-talk which we so often wonder at—and pretend we are indifferent. But we are very curious, nevertheless—even about the boys of Gerald's age—whom we laugh at and torment; and we can't help wondering how they talk to each other—what they say that is so interesting; for they somehow manage to convey that impression to us—even against our will."

"I am happier here," he said, watching her.

"Then—then—am I, also, one of the 'good times' a man can have?—when he is at liberty to reflect and choose as he idles over his coffee?"

"A man is fortunate if you permit that choice."

"Are you serious? I mean a man, not a boy—not a dance or dinner partner, or one of the men one meets about—everywhere from pillar to post. Do you think me interesting to real men?—like you and Boots?"

"Yes," he said deliberately, "I do. I don't know how interesting, because—I never quite realized how—how you had matured. . . . That was my stupidity."

"Captain Selwyn!" in confused triumph; "you never gave me a chance; I mean, you always were nice in—in the same way you are to Drina. . . . I liked it—don't please misunderstand—only I knew there was something else to me—something more nearly your own age. It was jolly to know you were

really fond of me—but youthful sisters grow faster than you imagine. . . . And now, when you come, I shall venture to believe it is not wholly to do me a kindness—but—a little—to do yourself one, too. Is that not the basis of friendship?”

“Yes.”

“Community and equality of interests— isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“And—in which the—the charity of superior experience and the inattention of intellectual preoccupation and the amused concession to ignorance must steadily, if gradually, disappear? Is that it, too?”

Astonishment and chagrin at his misconception of her gave place to outright laughter at his own expense.

She sat huddled up like a schoolgirl, lovely head thrown back, her white hands clasping her knees; he, both feet squarely on the floor, leaned forward, his laughter echoing hers.

“What blessed nonsense you and I are talking!” she said; “but it has made me quite happy. Now you may go to your club and your mysterious man-talk——”

“I don’t want to——”

“Oh, but you must!”—*she* was now dismissing *him*—“because, although I am convalescent, I am a little tired, and Nina’s maid is waiting to tuck me in.”

“So you send me away?”

“Yes,” she said, “I must send you away.”

And her heart beat a little faster in her uncertainty as to his obedience—then leaped in triumph as he rose with a reluctance perfectly visible.

“To-morrow,” she said, “I am to drive for the first time. In the evening I may be permitted to go to the Grays’ mid-Lent dance—but not to dance much. Will you be there? Didn’t they ask you? I shall tell Suddy Gray what I think of him—I don’t care whether it’s for the younger set or not! Goodness me, aren’t you as young as anybody! . . . Well, then! . . . So we won’t see each other to-morrow. And the day after that—oh, I wish I had my engagement list. Never mind, I will telephone you when I’m to be at home—or wherever I’m going to be. . . . Good night, Captain Selwyn; you’ve been very sweet to me, and I’ve enjoyed every single instant.”

When he had gone, an innocent instinct led her to the mirror, where she stood a moment looking back into the lovely reflected face with its disordered hair.

“After all,” she said, “I’m not as aged as I pretended. . . . I wonder if he is laughing at me now. What a curiously interesting man he is. I shall telephone him that I am not going to that *mi-carême* dance. . . . Besides, Suddy Gray is a bore with the martyred smile he’s been cultivating. . . . As though a happy girl would dream of marrying anybody with all life before her to learn important things in! . . . And that dreadful, downy Scott Innis—trying to make me listen to *him*! . . . until I was ashamed to be alive! And Bradley Harmon—ugh!—and oh, that dreadful mushy widower, Percy Draymore, who got hold of my arm before I dreamed——”

She shuddered and turned back into the room, frowning and counting her slow steps across the floor.

“After all,” she said, “their silliness may be their greatest mystery—but I don’t include Captain Selwyn,” she added loyally; “he is far too intelligent to be like other men.”

Yet, like other men, at that very moment Captain Selwyn was playing the fizzing contents of a siphon upon the iced ingredients of a tall, thin glass which stood on a table in the Lenox Club.

The governors’ room being deserted except by himself and Mr. Lansing, he continued the animated explanation of his delay in arriving.

“So I stayed,” he said to Boots with an enthusiasm quite boyish, “and I had a perfectly bully time. She’s just as clever as she can be—startling at moments. I never half appreciated her—she formerly appealed to me in a different way—a young girl knocking at the door of the world, and no mother or father to open for her and show her the gimcracks and the freaks and the side shows. Do you know, Boots, that some day that girl is going to marry somebody, and it worries me, knowing men as I do—unless you should think of——”

“Great James!” faltered Mr. Lansing, “are you turning into a *schatzchen*? Are you planning to waddle through the world making matches for your friends? If you are I’m quitting you right here.”

“It’s only because you are the decentest man I happen to know,” said Selwyn resentfully. “Probably she’d turn you down, anyway. But”—and he brightened up—“I dare say she’ll choose the best to be had; it’s a pity though——”

"What's a pity?"

"That a charming, intellectual, sensitive, innocent girl like that should be turned over to a plain lump of a man."

"When you've finished your eulogy on our sex," said Lansing, "I'll walk home with you."

"Come on, then; I can talk while I walk; did you think I couldn't?"

And as they struck through the first cross street toward Lexington Avenue: "It's a privilege for a fellow to know that sort of a girl. If you think you have the simple feminine on your hands—forget it, Boots!—for she's as evanescent as a helio flash and as stunningly luminous as a searchlight. . . . And here I've been doing the benevolent prig, bestowing society upon her as a man doles out indigestible stuff to a kid, using a sort of guilty discrimination in the distribution——"

"What on earth is all this?" demanded Lansing; "are you perhaps *non compos*, dear friend?"

"I'm trying to tell you and explain to myself that little Miss Erroll is a rare and profoundly interesting specimen of a genus not usually too amusing," he replied with growing enthusiasm. "Of course, Holly Erroll was her father, and that accounts for something; and her mother seems to have been a wit as well as a beauty—which helps you to understand; but the brilliancy of the result—aged nineteen, mind you—is out of all proportion; cause and effect do not balance."

"Help!" said Boots feebly, attempting to bolt; but Selwyn hooked arms with him, laughing excitedly. Arm in arm they swung into the dark avenue, singing "Barney Riley" in resonant undertones, while the wind in the gaslit avenue grew keener on the street corners.

"Cooler followed by clearing," observed Boots in disgust. "Ugh; it's the limit, this nipping, howling hemisphere."

"I prefer it to a hemisphere that smells like a cheap joss stick," said Selwyn.

"After all, they're about alike," retorted Boots—"even to the ladrones of Broad Street and the dattos of Wall. . . . And here's our bally bungalow now," he added, fumbling for his keys and whistling "taps" under his breath.

As the two men entered and started to ascend the stairs, a door on the parlor floor opened and their landlady appeared, enveloped in a soiled crimson kimono and a false front which had slipped sideways.

"There's the Sultana," whispered Lansing, "and she's making sign language at you. Wigwag her, Phil. Oh! . . . good evening, Mrs. Greeve; did you wish to speak to me? Oh!—to Captain Selwyn. Of course."

"If *you* please," said Mrs. Greeve ominously, so Lansing continued upward; Selwyn descended; Mrs. Greeve waved him into the icy parlor, where he presently found her straightening her "front" with work-worn fingers.

"Captain Selwyn, I deemed it my duty to set up in order to inform you of certain special doin's," she said haughtily.

"What 'doings'?" he inquired.

"Mr. Erroll's, sir. Last night he evidently found difficulty with the stairs and I seen him asleep on the parlor sofa when I come down to answer the milkman, a-smokin' a cigar that wasn't lit, with his feet on the angelus."

"I'm very, very sorry, Mrs. Greeve," he said—"and so is Mr. Erroll. He and I had a little talk to-day, and I am sure that he will be more careful hereafter."

"There is cigar holes burned into the carpet," insisted Mrs. Greeve, "and a mercy we wasn't all insinuated in our beds, one windowpane broken and the gas a blue an' whistlin' streak with the curtains blowin' into it an' a strange cat onto that satin dozy-do; the proof being the repugnant perfume."

"All of which," said Selwyn, "Mr. Erroll will make every possible amends for. He is very young, Mrs. Greeve, and very much ashamed, I am sure. So please don't make it too hard for him."

"I ain't agoin' to be mean to nobody," she said; "my gentlemen is always refined, even if they do sometimes forget themselves when young and sporty. Mr. Erroll is now abed, sir, and asleep like a cherub, ice havin' been served three times with towels, extra. Would you be good enough to mention the bill to him in the morning—the grocer bein' sniffy." And she handed the wadded and inky memorandum of damages to Selwyn, who pocketed it with a nod of assurance.

"There was," she added, following him to the door, "a lady here to see you twice, leavin' no name or intentions otherwise than business affairs of a pressin' nature."

"A—lady?" he repeated, halting short on the stairs.

"Young an' refined, allowin' for a automobile veil."

"She—she asked for me?" he repeated, astonished.

"Yes, sir. She wanted to see your rooms. But havin' no orders, Captain Selwyn—although I must say she was that polite and ladylike and," added Mrs. Greeve irrelevantly, "a art rocker come for you, too, and another for Mr. Lansing, which I placed in your respective settin' rooms."

"Oh," said Selwyn, laughing in relief, "it's all right, Mrs. Greeve. The lady who came is my sister, Mrs. Gerard; and whenever she comes you are to admit her whether or not I am here."

"She said she might come again," nodded Mrs. Greeve as he mounted the stairs; "am I to show her up any time she comes?"

"Certainly—thank you," he called back—"and Mr. Gerard, too, if he calls."

He looked into Boots's room as he passed. "Come in, Phil," Boots called out, "and look at the dinky chair somebody sent me!" But Selwyn shook his head.

"Come into my rooms when you're ready," he said, turning away toward his own quarters.

Before he entered, however, he walked the length of the hall and cautiously tried the handle of Gerald's door. It yielded; he lighted a match and gazed at the sleeping boy where he lay very peacefully among his pillows. Then, without a sound, he reclosed the door and withdrew to his apartment.

As he emerged from the bedroom in his dressing gown he heard the front door bell below peal twice, but paid no heed, his attention being concentrated on the chair which Nina had sent him. First he walked gingerly all around it, then he ventured nearer to examine it in detail, and presently he tried it.

"Of course," he sighed—"bless her heart!—it's a perfectly impossible chair. It squeaks, too." But he was mistaken; the creak came from the old stairway outside his door, weighted with the tread of Mrs. Greeve. The tread and the creaking ceased; there came a knock, then heavy descending footsteps on the aged stairway, every separate step protesting until the incubus had sunk once more into the depths from which it had emerged.

As this happened to be the night for his laundry, he merely called out, "All right!" and remained incurious, seated in the new chair and striving to adjust its stiff and narrow architecture to his own broad shoulders.

As he lighted his pipe there came a hesitating knock at the door; he jerked his head sharply; the knock was repeated.

Something—a faintest premonition—the vaguest stirring of foreboding committed him to silence—and left him there motionless. The match burned close to his fingers; he dropped it and set his heel upon the sparks.

Then he walked swiftly to the door, flung it open full width—and stood stock-still.

And Mrs. Ruthven entered the room, partly closing the door behind, her gloved hand still resting on the knob.

For a moment they confronted each other, he tall, rigid, astounded; she pale, supple, relaxing a trifle against the half-closed door behind her, which yielded and closed with a low click.

At the sound of the closing door he found his voice; it did not resemble his own voice either to himself or to her; but she answered his bewildered question:

"I don't know why I came. Is it so very dreadful? Have I offended you? . . . I did not suppose that the men cared about conventions."

"But—why on earth—did you come?" he repeated. "Are you in trouble?"

"I seem to be now," she said with a tremulous laugh; "you are frightening me to death, Captain Selwyn."

Still dazed, he found the first chair at hand and dragged it toward her.

She hesitated at the offer; then, "Thank you," she said, passing before him. She laid her hand on the chair, looked a moment at him, and sank into it.

Resting there, her pale cheek against her muff, she smiled at him, and every nerve in him quivered with pity.

"World without end; amen," she said. "Let the judgment of man pass."

"The judgment of this man passes very gently," he said, looking down at her. "What brings you here, Mrs. Ruthven?"

"Will you believe me?"

"Yes."

"Then—it is simply the desire of the friendless for a friend. Nothing else—nothing more subtle, nothing of effrontery; n—nothing worse. Do you believe me?"

"Do you mean that you have differed with—"

"Him?" She laughed. "Oh, no; I was talking of real people, not of myths. And real people are not very friendly to me, always—not that they are disagreeable, you

understand, only a trifle overcordial; and my most intimate friend kisses me a little too frequently. By the way, she has quite succumbed to you, I hear."

"Who do you mean?"

"Why, Rosamund."

He said something under his breath and looked at her impatiently.

"Didn't you know it?" she asked, smiling.

"Know what?"

"That Rosamund is quite crazy about you?"

"Good Lord! Do you suppose that any of the monkey set are interested in me or I in them?" he said, disgusted. "Do I ever go near them or meet them at all except by accident?"

"But Rosamund," she said, laughing, "is now cultivating Mrs. Gerard."

"What of it?" he demanded.

"Because," she replied, still laughing, "I tell you, she is perfectly mad about you. There's no use scowling and squaring your chin. The fact is that the handsomest and smartest woman in town is forever dinning your perfections into my ears—"

"I know," he said, "that this sort of stuff passes in your set for wit; but let me tell you that any man who cares for that brand of humor can have it any time he chooses. However, he goes outside the residence district to find it."

She flushed scarlet at his brutality; he drew up a chair, seated himself very deliberately, and spoke, his unlighted pipe in his left hand:

"The girl I left—the girl who left me—was a modest, clean-thinking, clean-minded girl, who also had a brain to use, and employed it. Whatever conclusion that girl arrived at concerning the importance of marriage vows is no longer my business; but the moment she confronts me again, offering friendship, then I may use a friend's privilege, as I do. And so I tell you that loosely fashionable badinage bores me. And another matter—privileged by the friendship you acknowledge—forces me to ask you a question, and I ask it, point-blank: Why have you again permitted Gerald to play cards for stakes at your house, after promising you would not do so?"

The color receded from her face and her gloved fingers tightened on the arms of her chair.

"That is one reason I came," she said; "to explain—"

"You could have written."

"I say it was *one* reason; the other I have already given you—because I—I felt that you were friendly."

"I am. Go on."

"I don't know whether you are friendly to me; I thought you were—that night. . . . I did not sleep a wink after it . . . because I was quite happy. . . . But now—I don't know—"

"Whether I am still friendly? Well, I am. So please explain about Gerald."

"You are a little rough with me; a-almost insolent—"

"I—I have to be. Good God! Alixe, do you think this is nothing to me?—this wretched mess we have made of life! Do you think my roughness and abruptness comes from anything but pity?—pity for us both, I tell you. Do you think I can remain unmoved looking on the atrocious punishment you have inflicted on yourself?—tethered to—to *that*!—for life!—the poison of the contact showing in your altered voice and manner!—in the things you laugh at, in the things you live for—in the twisted, misshapen ideals that your friends set up on a heap of nuggets for you to worship? Even if we've passed through the sea of mire, can't we at least clear the filth from our eyes and see straight and steer straight to the anchorage?"

She had covered her pallid face with her muff; he bent forward, his hand on the arm of her chair.

"Alixe, was there nothing to you, after all? Was it only a tinted ghost that was blown into my bungalow that night—only a twist of shredded marsh mist without substance, without being, without soul—to be blown away into the shadows with the next and stronger wind—and again to drift out across the waste places of the world? I thought I knew a sweet, impulsive comrade of flesh and blood; warm, quick, generous, intelligent—and very, very young—too young and spirited, perhaps, to endure the harness which coupled her with a man who failed her—and failed himself.

"That she has made another, and perhaps more heart-breaking, mistake is bitter for me, too—because—because—I have not yet forgotten. And even if I ceased to remember, the sadness of it must touch me. But I have not forgotten, and because I have not, I say to you, anchor! and hold fast. Whatever *he* does, whatever you suffer, whatever happens, steer straight on to the anchorage. Little girl, do you understand me?"

Her gloved hand, moving at random, encountered his and closed on it convulsively.

"Do you understand?" he repeated.

"Y-es, Phil."

Head still sinking, face covered with the silvery fur, the tremors from her body set her hand quivering on his.

Heartsick, he forbore to ask for the explanation; he knew the real answer, anyway—whatever she might say—and he understood that any game in that house was Ruthven's game, and the guests his guests; and that Gerald was only one of the younger men who had been wrung dry in that house.

No doubt at all that Ruthven needed the money; he was only a male geisha for the set that harbored him, anyway. What had she expected when she married him? Only innocent ignorance of the set he ornamented could account for the horror of her disillusion. What splendors had she dreamed of from the outside? What flashing and infernal signal had beckoned her to enter? What mute eyes had promised? What silent smile invited? All skulls seem to grin; but the world has yet to hear them laugh:

"Philip?"

"Yes, Alixe."

"I did my best, w-without offending Gerald. Can you believe me?"

"I know you did. . . . Don't mind what I said——"

"N-no, not now. . . . You do believe me, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Thank you. . . . And, Phil, I will try to s-steer straight—because you ask me."

"You must."

"I will. . . . It is good to be here. . . . I must not come again, must I?"

"Not again, Alixe."

"On your account?"

"On your own. . . . What do I care?"

"I didn't know. They say—that—that you might marry again——"

"Well, you can nail that lie," he said hotly.

"Do you think I'd take that chance again even if I felt free to do it?"

"Free?" she faltered; "but you *are* free, Phil!"

"I am not," he said fiercely; "no man is free to marry twice under such conditions. It's a jest at decency and a slap in the face of civilization! I'm done for—finished; I had my chance and I failed. Do you think I consider myself free to try again with the chance of further bespattering my family?"

"Wait until you really love," she said tremulously.

He laughed incredulously.

"I am glad that it is not true. . . . I am glad," she said. "O Phil! Phil!—for a single one of the chances we had again and again and again!—and we did not know—we did not know! And yet, there were moments——"

Dry-lipped he looked at her, and dry of eye and lip she raised her head and stared at him—through him—far beyond at the twin ghosts floating under the tropic stars locked fast in their first embrace.

Then she rose, blindly, covering her face with her hands, and he stumbled to his feet, shrinking back from her—because dead fires were flickering again, and the ashes of dead roses stirred above the scented embers—and the magic of all the East was descending like a veil upon them, and the Phantom of the Past drew nearer, smiling, wide-armed, crowned with living blossoms.

The tide rose, swaying her where she stood; her hands fell from her face. Between them the grave they had dug seemed almost filled with flowers now—was filling fast. And across it they looked at each other as though stunned. Then his face paled and he stepped back, staring at her from stern eyes.

"Phil," she faltered, bewildered by the mirage, "is it only a bad dream, after all!" And as the false magic glowed into blinding splendor to engulf them:

"O boy! boy!—is it hell or heaven where we've fallen——?"

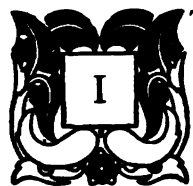
There came a loud rapping at the door.

(To be continued.)

BEARS AND HOLY WRIT

BY ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK VERBECK



It was Sunday evening. But, to tell the truth, we might very easily have forgotten it had not our host, somewhat to our astonishment, reached down a huge old calf-bound Bible from the shelf above his bed, and, with finger guiding eye, begun in slow-muttering solemnity to peruse it.

A few minutes later Captain Jimmy, getting us outside the door, whispered some warning enlightenment. Grandfather "Baldy" McCollum, it appeared, did not merely hold a commanding place among Great Smoky bear-hunters; he was almost equally famous for his powers of controversy upon the Scriptures. Indeed, he did not yield therein even to preachers. And some years before, at the Turkey Cove Sunday school, he had had "a terrible scandalous contention with the Reverend Callander himself." It was a "contention" which had begun in the senior class room—the preacher having "ketched the old feller up in his argyment"—and it had continued with violence, our informant was compelled to confess, over most of the Sunday-school floor.

Except for this most regrettable of incidents, however, "Baldy" had always been an example to the mountains. He had neither "blockaded" (made illicit whisky), nor "mixed into feuds," nor even taken part in any of the "reg'lar cuttin's and shootin's at New Year's." Throughout his eighty years he had lived a life of earnest and philosophic tranquillity, devoting himself entirely to the study of Holy Writ and the slaughter of bears. In a final aside, Captain Jimmy hinted that, although we had made our pilgrimage to hear the old man talk

about the latter, while he was thus piously giving his mind to the former, we might save ourselves humiliation by not attempting to lead him into the subject of bears at all.

And, in common justice, let it be recorded that it was "Baldy" himself who began it. He had been for some time—and manifestly with the greatest relish—rereading the story of Samson. And suddenly lifting his head, and catching the eye of the Camera Crack upon him, he announced that 'more now than ever it did make him think of that slick-brained Kennedy feller that used to live over on the Carolina side.'

"Who was Kennedy? Ain't ever heerd about Kennedy? Why, that there happened back before the war! I didn't reckon there was anybody east of the Rockies hadn't heerd that story by now!

"Well, Kennedy, he came from up North, and he was all for raisin' taters. Said there wasn't any land on yurth to beat this for taters. And so it might be, too, so it might be! But across the spur he had a neighbor, Gorman his name was, who was all for hogs. And this Gorman's hogs, they calculated from the start that they'd lard up on Kennedy's taters; and nothin' Kennedy could do would keep them over in their own bottom. He could 'a' lit into Gorman about it; but no man wants to be unneighborly, that-a-way, and, what's more, Gorman was a powerful great big nasty-tempered feller. So Kennedy, he tried this, and he tried that, but nothin' would do! And soon he reckoned he didn't have more'n enough taters left to *throw* at them hogs. And then one day, when he'd chucked out an old bit of b'ar pelt that he'd been usin' for a hearth rug, he noticed that when them hogs stumbled on it, they ran like blue snakes. And that there,

it give Kennedy an idear. It ain't b'ar-shootin' time, but he takes down his old Harper's Ferry and hits the trail for the back notches, and there he gets a varmint—not a very big one, but one just sizable for his purpose. And next day when Gorman's hogs come down, he ketches one of them in his corncrib, and brings out that fresh b'ar's hide, and sews him up in it, and lets him go again.

"Well, now, hogs they like their own kind nigh as much as sheep does. So this feller, as soon as he gets the use of the eyeholes he starts to join his brothers and sisters. But, by Hickory Gee, with one uplifted, twenty-shoat-power holler, they let him know he wasn't *goin'* to join them—not in *this* world, anyhow!

"Kennedy, he was able to watch them for near an hour. They'd run a mile or two, and then, all turnin' round to face that b'ar, they'd lay down and just glare and pant. And that b'ar, he couldn't do anything to show his friendly feelin's but lay an' pant, too. Then, and all about the same time, they'd stagger onto the hoof again, and again run to a gasp, and lay down and glare at each other, thirty or forty rod apart, some more. They had headed straightaway from Gorman's. And in that direction they kept a-goin'. If they ever come finall' to a stop, nobody ever heerd of it. And, as Gorman said, maybe two or three times every day till he died—he could bear the *loss* of them there hogs, but what he did feel was just a shortenin' his life, was tryin' to puzzle out what anunder the Dome had *got away* with them!

"Nor Kennedy, he never told about it till Gorman did go up. And ever afterwards his neighbors called him Samson. Why did they call him Samson? Why, shorely because he used that b'ar hide exactly like Samson used the foxes when he was gettin' in his work on the Philistines. And I'll tell ye more, too"—"Baldy" sat forward with finger crooked and eyes agleam—"if every-thing was knowed about old Samson, I'll just bet ye he *did* play that b'ar jig on them, too! Don't you reckon his father-in-law would have a drove of hogs, and wouldn't he be livin' right nigh to him? Didn't Samson turn every sort of crittur to his purpose, too, that he met up with? The more I've put thought on it, the sartiner it's come home to me that he'd never let any no-account, up-cove, Northern incomer get ahead of him on

a trick like that! I'll just go ye a ten-dollar note on it!"

"Baldy" had, I say, begun it himself. We therefore felt justified in encouraging him, to a certain extent, to continue. There were, moreover, various details of natural history which we had always wanted to set ourselves right upon. For example, certain authorities declare that in spring a bear comes out fat, and others declare that he comes out lean. As a final authority, what had Mr. McCollum to pronounce upon the point?

Grandfather McCollum was not as prompt as might have been in answering. And, when he did make answer, in his first words there was a certain shortness.

"A b'ar goes in full fat," he said, "and full fat he comes out again in springtime. In the fall his innards get so lined and padded with suet from the autumn gorge on nuts and mast that there ain't any place to *put* any more food! And that suet, it stays in him all winter. But come warm weather, the fat sort of turns into drippin'. And in the first four or five days he's out it just *runs* away from him! It seems like it's a race whether the fat or the hair can go the quickest! And then with that b'ar, it's as if all his three months' fast swoops down on him for famine in one ravenin' hour! Lord, he don't know what's got him, and he just roars and bellers with it! He gnaws the bark off trees an' eats young willer shoots, an' grass, an' gravel—anything that'll go to fill him! If he's within scent of *meat*, he's *got* to have it! It ain't any matter of bein' merely hungry. And if he smells *pig* he'll go against all the guns in the mountains to get it! Why, one time Drill Brose, he had a big old boar pig runnin' loose. He wasn't a razorback, but a *sawback*. If there'd been a bottom rail anywheres that he couldn't 'a' got anunder, I reckon he'd just 'a' turned in and *cut* it through! And now he was winter lean at that. You'd 'a' sworn there wasn't enough meat on him to smell. He was all bristles and tushes an' bone. I'd 'a' feared him a heap sight more'n any b'ar, and Drill, as I'm goin' to show ye, was good an' skared of him hisself. But this old b'ar that'd just lost his fat in the spring, *he* smelled that boar pig! And he come right down into the barnyard in noon-day light and grabbed him!

"When a b'ar ketches up a hog, he don't try to bite him dead; he wrops his arms 'round him, pressin' his back again' his own breast, and goes off skedaddlin' on his hind



"They let him know he wasn't goin' to join them."

legs. But this winter-lean hog of Drill's, his back spines bein' jaggeder nor flints, I reckon they hurted that b'ar's chest. Anyways he has to drop him. And when he does drop him, it shorely seems like that boar pig is one of them Gadarene swine the devils were driv' into!"

Here, without apparent rhetorical reason, "Baldy" came gradually to a dead stop.

"Heh!" he exclaimed at last. "Now, there's a thing that's never struck me before. In all the Sacred Writin's, while there's b'ars mentioned a-plenty, and hogs a-plenty, I don't really believe there's any mention made of b'ars goin' *after* hogs. Now, how in the Nation would you explain that?"

We did not attempt to explain it, but reminded him, with all tactfulness, that he had not finished telling us what had happened to Drill Brose's "sawback."

"I'd *started* on that," he corrected, "but, as you all have seen, what appeared to be only a fool yarn has opened out into a question of Scriptur'. O' course, if ye think ye'd *care* to hear the end of it—I was tellin' ye that Drill's pig turned on that b'ar like one of the Gadarene swine. And then that b'ar, hungry as he was, that b'ar—Jinks, though, *pigs* were the same then and now. Look what Peter says about them streakin' right back to the wallow after they've been washed. Ain't that just the pig we've got to-day? You couldn't be mistook in it! As for the *b'ars*, there's simply no doubt about it at all! See

what's said about *them*. Look at that verse: 'We roar all like b'ars.' You once hear a b'ar let out when the dogs hitch into him, and you'll know what that means. Then John speaks of his vision as havin' feet like a b'ar. And only them that's seen a sight o' b'ars would know how cur'ous a b'ar's foot is—halfway betwixt a man's and an animal's. It would pretty nigh *be* a man's, if a man growed hair between his toes. And, as far as that goes, I once knowed a feller down on Saddle Mountain that *had* hair between his toes, bunches of it. He'd show it to ye, too, if he knowed ye well. If he didn't, he was always mortal shy about it. And that's a cur'ous thing, too, if ye think it out to an end. For is there anything to shame ye in havin' hair between your toes?"

The postmaster knew "Baldy" somewhat better than we did. And this time he caught him at the crossroads, and let him use his own finger post.

"But they say as some bears will lose their hair, too," he interpolated in our behalf; "I've heard tell that if a bear gets a cravin' for honey, and can get all he wants of it, he'll eat so much that his hair will fall out and leave him balder than a rat-tail. I've heard tell that that makes them terrible savage, too, though why it would I never could understand."

"I can tell ye why it is," vaunted our host. "What's more, I can tell ye a story about it,



"'Drill's pig turned on that b'ar like one of the Gadarene swine.'"

that no other man in the Smokies could tell ye! About their goin' savage, it's just like this: A b'ar can take his share of honey in due season, and it won't hurt him none. But when a b'ar gets runnin' after honey trees till he won't, and can't, eat any other food, that's different again. It's exactly like young uns and sweets. You let 'em eat all the long-toms they want, and they'll neither be nourished none nor have any appetite left for vittals that *will* nourish them. And in time their innards get more and more fermented and festered up till they're in a 'tarnal torment, and everybody else in worse torment that's around them. Ordinarily a b'ar's a good-tempered sort of varmint, not pickin' on nobody, least of all *mankind*. But one of these honey b'ars can be about the ugliest-natur'd brute that you could chance on. And when they lose their hair it makes them a heap sight worse. For the other b'ars they won't recognize anything as b'ar that *ain't* got hair on. They won't clan in with or associate with them at all. And mind ye, now, no man on yurth can stand bein' turned off like that by all his kith an' kin just because of a little baldness. Instead of gettin' sympathy, to be cast out like ye had the lock step! 'Y gee, it makes them so boilin' dangerous! We call them 'rangin' b'ars, and rangin' b'ars they've been called ever since Bible times——"

Here, a second time, like a craft that, without intending to, has dropped an anchor, "Baldy" came to a halt, and marvelingly hove to.

"Well! Shorely now! Seem like you lads just started me talkin' to-night to bring up points of Scriptor'. For—as I've said already

—there's b'ars from Genesis to Revelations, and there's honey aboundin' everywhere. But why is there nothin' said about b'ars havin' such a *hankerin'* for it?"

Again we gave it up, unanimously and at once.

"I suppose a feller might argue," he suggested, pulling a venerable forelock, "that all the honey in Scriptor' is

spoke' of as bein' in the rocks, and therefore the b'ars couldn't get it if they did want to."

"Shore!" said Captain Jimmy. "Nary doubt but there you have the *precise* answer!"

"Ye say so! Then I argue ye down so quick you'd never knowed I pulled the trickier!" cried "Baldy"; "for don't it tell how Jonathan found honey on the ground; and additional to that, it was *droppin'*! If it was droppin', where from? Where but from a tree?"

He rocked himself into a very wheeze and paroxysm of triumph.

"By cracks, you-all don't want to argue with me! I bet there ain't any man in the mountains could argue with me!" Then he turned his eyes from Jimmy to our corner of the fireplace. "But I don't doubt that you two are college eddicated, and could get me by the slack and pitch me clear off the ledge at arguin'. Maybe, too, ye have a natural *eetchin'* to try, now?"

We negatived any such idea with all possible vigor.

"It'd help to pass the evenin', o' course."

Yes, it would help to pass the evening. And there were other things which would also help to pass the evening. We looked from the cluster of bear jaws nailed grinningly above that hickory bed to the dado of "claw hands" running along the wall, and then at the great hide beneath our feet. But we could only bite our fingers in impotence.

"Oh, if ye make it your faith never to argue on *anything*!" said "Baldy" with mildly contemptuous resignation. "I once knowed a feller that read right out of First Samuel how David slew that there lion and b'ar that came up against him; and if ye'll believe me, I couldn't get him to stand up on that!"

"Oh, well," said the Camera Crack, with intention to ingratiate, "I guess I'd have taken a chance against you there, anyway!"

"Then if ye *had*," shouted "Baldy," this time in a veritable ecstasy, "I'd have ketched ye up on it! I'd have argued ye right into the top of the tree! Let me just show ye, now. Does it say that he *actially* did slay them, or that he only give Saul to understand that he did? The last, shorely! But ye mind, too, that that same David, man and boy, was powerful foxy an' keen in his intellects. His son, Solomon, didn't get all his smartness from a passel of women, never think it! And look, now, at the way he *told* of that adventure. He says that the lion and the b'ar, they came up against him. There's

David done was this: He sees them two varmints a-comin' for him, and he takes that lamb it speaks about, and gives it a hoist so it lands right betwixt them. What happens then? Why, an Injun could tell ye! In ten seconds they're eatin' each other up like green corn. All David has to do is to look on and get his strength up!

"Well, the lion, he whips, though I'll just tell ye I've knowed b'ars that could whip any lion that ever traveled in a show, lock, stock, an' barrel! But let that go, *none* the less. There's only the lion left now, and you can bet your Billy Baxters that *he's* got about all he's good for, too! When David twists into his be'rd, ye might say that that lion'd *rather* be killed right up than not! David said later



"*'When a b'ar ketches up a bog.'*"

two of them, all right—but then he sort of slides around a corner in his story, and gives particulars only as to the killin' of one of them. 'I caught *him* by his *be'rd*,' he says, 'and smote *him*, and slew *him*.' 'Y gee, that's how it was he got Baldy McCollum's eye onto that yarn of his! But *secondly*, now, has a b'ar a be'rd? No more'n a speckly hen! But a lion has—whiskers, anyway. He's got 'em all down his neck, like Horace Greeley's.

"Now, you can swear to it, what young

on that he slew 'em both? And so he did, one by policy, and t'other by muscle! But he'd learned early that there's always a heap more things can happen than there's any need of tellin' about. If ye want more proof still, look at Samson again. Did he ever let it qut to the Israelites about his sewin' up that Philistine hog in the fresh b'ar's skin?"

It was perhaps an hour later that we made one last attempt. Nailed above the mantel

shelf was an unusually big "claw hand," flanked by two smaller ones. One might be reasonably confident that they did not come from any plantigrades of Bible times. And, from the place of honor accorded them, one might well also infer that when they were taken not the least interesting of stories came with them. At the next pause we broke desperately out of the labyrinth and asked for it.

And it was a flanking movement which appeared to promise entire success.

"How did I come to get them there hands?" His face mellowed into a kind of wrinkly effulgence. "Ain't anything on yurth I'd rather tell about! For there's a thing connected therewith that I got some reason, I reckon, for bein' proud of. It's a yarn which cleared up somethin', too, that had been taxin' me about b'ars nigh all my life.

"It had its start-off in gettin' me ketched about as tight and nasty as ever I want to be. I was out after the varmints on the lower Balds. I hadn't my dogs with me; I'd loaned them to Little Bud here. I was huntin' alone, too, which was takin' double chances, and, in a manner of speakin', *deserved* to get me into trouble.

"And it sartainly did! I'd been followin' up a b'ar trail that in some places was so steep I could stand up and bite the ground. And when I got into the worst of it—fallen poplars and chestnuts every which way around me—I come on a b'ar pup. He was maybe five months old, but capable. And I stood a-figurin' if there wasn't some way I

could get him home alive without too much work. As an average you lose money on tryin' to bring up b'ar pups. They eat the keep of a family and then break chain and clear out just when they're big enough to realize on.

"But this little dud, he ketched my fancy by the way he sot up there and just cussed and swore at me to beat a riverman! I was girdin' at him with the cleanin' rod to see if he had any words he hadn't used yet, when I heard some one cough behind me! I turned, and it *wasn't* some one coughin'! Next minute my gun barrel was bent so as it wouldn't be any trick at all to shoot around a tree with it, and that mother b'ar, with her foot on what was left of the stock, was studyin' how she'd do for *me*!

"Well, I was took in a crotch. But I had my knife yet, and I allowed I might be able to open a hole for myself with it. In the mean time another pup had come up, and he was a lot sassier than the first. He was for raidin' right in on me, if the old she hadn't knocked him back. And then the old lady opened her jaws and closed in herself. I made one try with the steel, but a b'ar's arm is the quickest thing south of the lightnin'. That knife went ten yard up in the air, and fell as far behind me. With the next slip she had me sprawled there on the flat o' my face, and feelin' just about as silly as ever I feel since I been born!

"But that was only the beginnin' of it. In general, a b'ar won't eat man—not when there's anything else to eat. But next thing



"*'They won't recognize anything as b'ar that ain't got hair on.'*"



"*That was only the beginnin' of it.*"

that old she reaches over, takes a piece out of my shoulder, and quoits it to that first pup of hers! I could watch him eat it, too! Nor he never stopped a-cussin' me while he was eatin' it. Then she takes me on the other side, and chooses out another hunch, and tosses it to that second pup!

"Well, shoats, I ain't a feller for lettin' myself get wroughted up when I'm out huntin'. But to see them two mis'able little whelps puttin' me down like pork tenderlines and cryin' out for more—y gee, I own now, I did come so *near* to bein' angered! And mind, ye, too, I was in a consid'able mort o' danger! It was worryin' me a lot. 'My Hickory,' I thinks, 'I don't see how any good can come out of this!'

"And right then and there the good in it shined out like the sun at noon! For twenty years I'd been puzzlin' myself how them two she b'ars on the way to Bethel had really come to do for forty-two children and all at one go. And, sirree, right there, without my even knowin' I was *thinkin'* about it, the explanation come to me!" He smacked one wizened knee and then the other. "Them two she b'ars had *their* pups along with them! And they weren't workin' *together*, neither. Both of them, like all womankind, were lookin' out for their own. Nary doubt they'd ketched them young uns in the school-house. What'd forty-two of them be doin' all in a bunch anywheres else? And havin' ketched them, each of them old shes, she says to herself: 'Maybe I can't use more than three

or four children—not more'n *five* at the outside—but I ain't goin' to stand by and see that old vixen get more for *hers* than I do for *mine*!' And so they went at it, claw and jaw, both bound to have the biggest pile, no matter if twenty pups couldn't 'a' et them all by Christmas! I reckon, too, if old Elisha's baldness hadn't made him look so bone thin, they'd have gone after him to boot."

We waited several minutes, but he still sat gloating. Finally we ventured it.

"And what about that she that was feedin' you to *her* pups?"

Mr. McCollum had shown us in the beginning that he knew what length of courtesy is due to the stranger within one's gates. But the forbearance of a host may be strained somewhat too far. He turned about and regarded us.

"Seem like some people need a heap sight of joggin' to keep them inter'sted. I'd got a day's march a-past that, and was tellin' about the b'ars that attackted them children of the Scriptur's. Seem like ye ain't found it worth your while to listen to me!"

It was plain that though "Baldy" was a man slow indeed to be angered, he was now not any too remote from that mood which had brought on so "scandalous a contention" with the Reverend Callander in the Turkey Cove Sunday school. Captain Jimmy was already kneeling us with palpable anxiety. And the postmaster began hurriedly to talk of something else.

RESTITUTION

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER



HE great brownstone house frowned down on her as she hurried up the steps. Its stern dignity always chilled her. And now it seemed like a silent, sinister reproof.

"Is Dr. Carlton in?" There was a breathless catch in her voice.

"Step into the reception room, please. The doctor is engaged just now."

"Oh, no! I cannot wait. I must see him at once!"

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but the doctor is with a patient and there are others waiting."

"Give this card to Dr. Carlton and tell him I wish to see him immediately." There was an imperative note in her voice, and even at that moment she felt a thrill of something like joy—triumphant joy, at the thought of how surely she could command the attention of this man, this grave, earnest man whom years of conscientious work had placed so high in his profession, who always put his work before everything else. And yet for her he would lay it all aside; a dozen patients might wait while he came to her.

It was hardly a moment before the maid returned.

"The doctor will see you in the library, ma'am."

It was a dim room, massive, with almost a cloistral effect. The light from the high, stained-glass windows brought into relief the dark Persian rugs and heavy carved chairs.

There was a strangling feeling in her throat; a sickening wave of presentiment was surging through her. She leaned back in the chair and closed her eyes. A subtle odor of iodoform, from the office, permeated the air. She saw, in swift mind-picture, an operating room with white marble walls, cases of shining instruments and rolls of bandages, white-capped nurses, and grave-faced surgeons.

Again she was lying on an operating table with this same sick fear at her heart and this same odor all around her.

She wondered vaguely why she should have suffered so then. What could there be in the thought of mere physical pain to have brought such anguish—to have brought any anguish at all? Oh, if it might only be that she were waiting for—just physical pain! If fate would take her back to that operating room, how unflinchingly, how joyfully she would bear it all—and more, a thousand times more, if only last night might be blotted from her life.

A step outside. The door opened and closed.

"Margaret! Something has happened!"

"Yes."

"My darling, what is it—you look so pale!" He was holding both her hands in his.

"The mail—the second delivery—has it come yet?"

"The second delivery?" He looked at her wonderingly.

"Oh, you must tell me! Has it come—the second delivery—*has it come?*"

He looked at his watch. "No, not yet. It is not due for fifteen minutes."

She hid her face in her hands. "I am in time then—I am in time! Oh, I was afraid I would be too late!"

He caressed her hands tenderly. "I know now what it is, dear. You wrote me a letter last night, that you do not want me to read. You wanted to get here before it was delivered. Isn't that it, dear?"

She did not seem to hear him.

"In fifteen minutes—it will be here in fifteen minutes! Who receives it—what is done with it?"

"The maid brings it in here."

"All of it?"

"Yes, dear, all of it. My poor little girl,

don't worry about it so. If you wrote something last night that you feel now you don't want me to read, I will give it to you unopened, if you wish it. You know that, don't you?"

"And you think it is that? Oh, if it were only that—if it were nothing more than that! How you will despise me when you know! Oh, it was such a hideous thing!"

A moment's intense silence. He was leaning heavily against a desk, his eyes fixed on a small bronze lizard that lay there.

"You—you wrote to—to her?"

She winced at the last word as though he had struck her.

"No. I did not write to her. It was more hideous even than that. I sent her—one of your letters—one of your most passionate love letters to me."

Through the stillness sounded the rhythmic click of a horse's hoofs on the asphalt of the side street, and the faint cry of a street vender, distant, mournful as a chant of the misericordia.

"If to do that was in your heart, why have you waited so long?" His voice was strained and tense.

"I don't know. I think I have had it in my thoughts for weeks but always crushed it down. Last night the jealousy and hatred and bitterness that swept over me was too strong. That your first thought should always be for her—to shield and protect her. She, who has the protection of your name—your home—everything. And I—I have nothing. It is of her you are always thinking; it is she you are always most anxious to protect.

"Monday, when I thought I had lost my purse with your last note in it, your greatest anxiety was for her—the fear that it might in some way reach her. You were more concerned about the vaguest possibility of its reaching her than you were about the almost certain shame and disgrace it would have brought to me. Surely in that case her hurt could not be so great as mine. I had everything to lose—everything. Oh, I know you were deeply anxious about me, too; you would have done everything in your power to shield me; but that was your second thought—your first was of her. It is always of her.

"And last night all my love for you was concentrated into a great burning jealous hatred of her—this woman you are always so anxious to shield; whose happiness you

place before everything else. I wanted to hurt her—to make her suffer, too. I took out your letters and read one after another with feverish eagerness. I wanted to find the one that would hurt her most. And then came the thought that I would let fate decide. Fate contrives more cruelly than mere human planning. So I looked away and picked up the first letter I touched. It was one you wrote on my birthday last April. I made this copy before I sent it."

She took from her dress a crumpled paper and laid it before him.

This will come to you on your birthday, together with a locket, a little heart-shaped trinket, which I hope you will like to wear for my sake. But whether you care to wear it or not, it is yours—in-
evitably, imperatively yours as is the heart that prompts me to send it to you.

You who know me so well—who have so softly and silently stolen behind the most impregnable reserves of my being—you should know how little store I set by the ordinary tokens and ceremonies of life.

Why I should want to send you this little trinket to-day, I hardly know, unless it is the result of a moment last night—a moment when I was all alone in the library thinking of you, when the thought of all that you are to me rose before me, imperious, all compelling to some finite deed that should weakly commemorate it.

And yet, how poor a token I send you of so supreme a moment! My effort to express myself here seems stilted, pompous, and involved, as does my outward manner to the world—the manner which only you know to be an outward crust, and which only you have penetrated.

Simple words are best, for what is there to say but "I love you!" and that the heart which says so is only yours to wear or to break if you wish, since it can know no beat of real joy save at your feet.

YOUR RICHARD.

He read it and laid it down quietly. He made no comment. She could not see his face; it was turned from her.

"I think I made that copy so that I might read it over and over again and know each word as she would read it. All night I sat by the window with that in my hand and a wild, fierce joy in my heart that the morning would bring her something from which you could not shield her. A wretchedness greater than she had ever known, and which all your care and anxiety could not keep from her."

He took up the little bronze lizard from the desk and turned it over in his hand, while he spoke:

"And you think she is happy. You think she does not suffer, too. You would not think that if you had seen her one evening last week when I found her up in the third

story alone in the dark, crying as though her heart would break. I tried to comfort her, asked what it was—what I could do. At first she would say nothing, but after a while she sobbed out that I did not seem to need her any more. That every day she felt I was growing farther away from her. That I was all she had, and if she should lose my love she could not live. I did what I could to comfort her; told her that she imagined much of it, because she was not well; that my work had been harder for the past year and took more of my time and thought. It was only a few nights later, at dinner, that she suddenly burst into tears and left the room. When I followed her, she said it was because she was sick and nervous. But I knew."

His voice broke. He put down the paper weight and walked over to the window.

"And I have tried so hard that she should feel no difference. I have tried to be more thoughtful and anxious for her comfort than ever before. I have neglected none of the little attentions I know she loves. But instinct tells her that I am not the same. You know I have never loved her with the complete, conscious love I have given you; but I gave her always a warm affection, sincere sympathy, and solicitous care that all these years she has taken for love and has been satisfied and happy with—until now.

"And now that she is no longer young and almost an invalid—to fail her now when her need for me is so great. A woman who has lived with me for twelve years, who has given me the best of her life; a good woman, who has tried to make me happy——"

Again his voice broke. He turned from the window and walked back to the desk.

A sharp, shrill sound from the street—the postman's whistle. The faint opening and closing of a door. Silence and then the sound of footsteps in the hall. A knock at the library door and the maid was laying the mail on a table.

A yellow envelope from a drug store, a long white one from a trust company, two circulars, and a medical journal. *It was not there!*

She shrank back, white and faint. "Oh—oh—could—could she——"

"No," he answered quietly; "she is out driving. There is some mistake."

He rang for the maid.

"Susan, is this all the mail? Did you bring it all in here?"

"Why, yes, sir."

"You are sure there was no other letter?"

"No, sir."

"I am expecting a letter that is not here. Look along the hall carefully. You might have dropped it."

"I will look, sir, but I'm sure I didn't drop anything. Perhaps Mrs. Carlton took it by mistake, sir."

"Mrs. Carlton!"

The maid looked up wonderingly at the sudden huskiness in his voice.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Carlton came in just as the postman did. She looked over the mail, took a letter, and gave me the rest. Shall I ask her about it, sir?"

"No—no, I will see her myself. That will do, Susan." The door closed after her.

He bowed his head on his hands. "Mary, Mary—my poor wife."

She threw herself on her knees beside him.

"Oh, don't—don't—it is more than I can bear. It may not be too late. Go to her at once. She may not have read it yet!"

He started up and then stopped. There was a hurried step and the rustle of silk outside. She turned to him with frightened, questioning eyes. But he did not see her. His face was turned toward the door.

"Oh, no—no. She must not come in here! Oh, it would be too pitiful. You must not let it be!"

He did not move or speak. His eyes were still on the door and in his face was infinite pity and tenderness for the woman who was coming toward them.

The steps were very near. Now they were at the door. With a stifled cry she slipped behind the heavy tapestry of the window. There was a straining sound from above of fixtures giving away. She was bearing her whole weight on the curtain. She relaxed her hold and leaned back against the window for support.

The door opened.

"Richard! Are you in here, dear? Oh, Richard, Richard, my dear husband!" A quick rush, a glad little cry, and she was in his arms. "It has just come—your letter, dear, your beautiful letter! The most precious birthday gift I ever had. And yesterday I was wretched because I thought you had forgotten—what day it was. And all the time you were planning this! Do you know how happy it has made me? Do you, dear? Oh, I don't think you can know because—because—" And then, sobbing, she hid her face against his breast.

"Mary, Mary," he whispered huskily. "Don't, dear! You have just said you were so happy."

"Oh, yes—yes—I am now. Because I know you love me now. You could not have written that letter unless you loved me very dearly. But, oh, I have been heartsick for so long! Your love is so much to me—it is all I have. And somehow for months I have felt that I was losing it. Despair was creeping into my heart. I am not young any more. There is nothing in me to attract you again. If I lose your love I could not win it back now. Oh, I know I could not. And all the future lay black and desolate before me. Health and youth and beauty have all left me. And to feel that your love was leaving me too!"

"Oh, Richard, now don't you understand what your letter means to me? It has made me happier than anything else in the world could have done! Because it shows that you *do* love me—have loved me all along. And all these months I have been breaking my heart without cause. I have been morbid, dear, because I am not well. But, oh, I won't be any more. I can never doubt your love again. And the locket! After my wedding ring it will be the most precious thing I own. Have you sent it by mail too? And did you address it on the typewriter as you did the letter, so I would not know until I opened it that it was from you?"

She put up her hands and drew his head down close to hers.

"Richard! How pale you are. You are ill?"

"No—no—only a headache—and a little tired."

"Oh, my dear husband, why do you work so hard? How good and patient you are with me, dear. I won't keep you any longer; no, not a second. I only want to tell you again that I am the happiest woman in the world to-day."

She nestled her face close against his, kissing him gently on forehead, eyes, and lips. A moment later the door closed softly.

A sound of sliding curtain rings grated on the tense stillness of the room. A rustle of a dress and she, with white strained face, was standing beside him, trying with feverish, trembling fingers to unfasten a locket from a chain at her throat. Her collar was open and there was a faint mark on the whiteness of her skin where the locket had lain. It came off at last and lay free in her hand. She held it out to him.

"Margaret—you mean——"

"Yes."

"You—you would have it so——"

"Yes."

She laid the locket on the desk before him, and then—with a broken little sob she turned toward the door.

"Margaret!"

But the door had closed after her. Almost instantly came the closing of another door—the outside door. And a moment later again the click of hoofs in the side street, swiftly trailing off into silence.

He took up the locket. It was still warm. With a great shuddering sob he bowed over it.

EARTH-WEARY

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

PALE brow too white for trceries of pain,
Frail hands too soft for this world's thorn and rue,
Unearthly eyes beneath whose drooping lids
There lay too much of heaven shining through.

Pale, weary feet that strove to keep the road,
But longed across the poppy fields to roam;
Then God looked down—saw anguish in her eyes,
And through a poppied sunset led her home.



THE WRECKING TRAIN READY TO START

THE RAILROAD "WRECKER" AND HIS WORK

BY A. W. ROLKER



HE career of the "wrecker" on a big railroad is like that of a fireman in the fire department of a big city, only more strenuous. Like the fireman, the wrecker is on duty every second, day and night, and like the fireman the wrecker braves blizzards and sleet storms, often facing hardships and cruel suffering and even death for the saving of life and property. But whereas even in emergency the fireman never covers an area greater than the most populous section of a city, the line traversed by the wrecker covers a hundred or more miles, and whereas the fireman is in touch with at least such comforts as he may snatch while on his feet, not infrequently the wrecker is landed in the heart of a wilderness miles and miles from the nearest town and the pangs of hunger are added to privation.

Sometimes, when a big wreck has happened and cars and engines are piled high on crushed and mangled bodies, the wrecker is

rushed through darkness and snowdrift to work from twenty-four to forty-eight hours without even a chance to take his cap off; and just as his "job" is nearly completed, along comes another alarm that sends him sixty or seventy miles in an opposite direction where box cars and coal cars have heaped themselves thirty feet high, paralyzing the road and costing thousands of dollars' worth of loss in time and prestige almost every hour.

Despite these hardships, the danger, the excitement, and the bustle of the work endear it to the men, and the wrecker who loses his place on a crew is never perfectly happy afterwards. Yet cases have been where these men, goaded to the limit of human endurance by hunger and fatigue and exhaustion, have flatly mutinied, refusing to continue work; and in one instance, during a blizzard on a Western plain, a wreckmaster tried to stand with cocked revolver to keep a crew from deserting.

What it means to the wrecker when a fast

express is wrecked is something that no man can appreciate unless he has seen it. No thousand pounds of dynamite exploded at a given point could wreak more havoc than a train coming to a sudden stop when running sixty or seventy miles an hour. As the wheels of the big locomotive, weighing from 100 to 125 tons, leave the track, there is a cloud of dust and a shower of clay and gravel and stones, a dull, crunching, grinding, rending, splintering crash that may be heard a mile away, and in an instant, even before the human brains of those aboard have had time to realize what has happened, all is over. The locomotive, that wonderful machine which a tenth of a second before was an almost breathing thing of might and beauty, the handsome, massive cars, the latest example of the builder's art in the construction of the modern palace on wheels, are masses of bent,

found a hundred yards away bent and twisted as if they were hairpins instead of the toughest of steel weighing thirty-five or more pounds to the foot. In a twinkling, property representing a money value of more than a quarter of a million dollars has been wiped out clean as if 250 \$1,000 notes had been thrown into a roaring furnace. And worst of all, the entire system is as if cut in two. Trains laden with anxious, impatient passengers are held up and stretch one after another, sometimes forming a string two or three miles long. Every hour's delay, every minute's delay advertises the gravity of the accident, imprinting it on patrons' minds, and adds to the confusion of the schedule, which, often, it requires days to straighten out.

This is the time when everything depends upon the grimy man in cap, pea-jacket, and overalls, who for a space becomes more important than the president of the road. As a rule he is not the husky, gigantic hero you might picture to yourself. On the contrary, he is the ordinary type of railroad man whom you have seen leaping from the top of one car to another while the "fast freight" dashes onward at the rate of



A WRECKING TRAIN
ON THE BROOK-
LYN "L"

twisted, split, shattered junk and kindling.

A hole, three or four feet deep and a hundred or more feet long, has been gouged clean out of the ground as if made by a gigantic chisel. Railroad ties, ground into match sticks, litter the woods and fields. Rails are



RESULT OF A COLLISION ON THE NEW YORK ELEVATED
RAILROAD

thirty or forty miles an hour. He may not be able to lift a ton, but he knows how to handle machinery that can lift 125 of them. He may not weigh more than 150 pounds, but so long as his paper of "loose chewing" holds out he can, if necessary, subsist on this and bad words for ten hours at a stretch without thinking of asking for food. Sometimes the roughness



A CRANE AT WORK

REMOVING THE CAR
AFTER THE ATLANTIC
CITY DISASTER

of his work creeps into his face and makes it hard; and the lurch of the train gets into his gait; also, his hands, this time of the year, are split open with frost, and coal dust and grime and black grease have settled black into the cracks. Altogether he is not the sort of rough-and-ready person you would be anxious to invite to your

home; but he is a brave, hard-working, honest sort of man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow if ever bread was hard-earned, and whose grim face has appeared to many an ill-fated man as the face of a rescuing angel.

The train which may be said to be the home of this man stands upon a siding among a maze of tracks in the unlovely, barren yard adjoining a roundhouse or a car shop. A disreputable-looking affair it is—designed for knocks and usage rather than to appear in a glitter of varnish and polished windows—consisting essentially of two flat cars and what seem to be two ancient railroad coaches be-



BEFORE THE WRECKER ARRIVES

neath the coat of grease and dust of which is dull paint of a rusty red.

The front car of this train is the "crane car"—a marvel of powerful, stumpy derrick on wheels—consisting of a flat car with a revolving platform under an upright girder eight feet high, bent at the top into a goose neck from which leads a ponderous steel chain connecting with a donkey engine, which can lift a locomotive weighing a hundred tons and swing it clear off the ground just as readily as you might pick up a horse-shoe on a country road. Behind this "crane car" is a flat car with spare trucks and extra rails and ties and switches to repair tracks or to build temporary tracks around obstructions that will take too long to remove. Behind this car comes one of the rusty coaches, bumped, bruised, and gouged without, but within a marvel of systematic order and neat storage. Hydraulic jacks, capable of lifting houses; hawsers, big around as a man's calf; steel chains with links weighing three pounds each, huge blocks and tackles, axes, crowbars, sledges, crosscut saws, picks, shovels, lanterns, and a hundred and one other tools are compactly arranged in racks and compartments. Every hammer, every nail is in place so that night or day, darkness or light, every man can lay a hand on anything he wants at an instant's notice. And last but not least comes the living car for the crew of twelve or fifteen picked men where, if all goes well, a cook prepares meals of ham and eggs and tinned things, where he makes piping hot coffee winter's nights when a sixty-mile-an-hour zero gale cuts ears and faces, and icy steel peels skin from bare hands, and where there are bunks to stretch out on after the men have worked sometimes for days without seeing the inside of a bed.

On the long Western stretches of our big roads where trains are few and wrecks proportionally scarce, wrecking outfits are stationed along the line at intervals from 150 to 200 miles, both trains rushing to the scene of any serious accident that may happen in the district lying between them. In these sections, comparatively free from trouble, the wrecker works in machine shops or in roundhouses between smash-ups, and often, to get an engine for his train, the wreckmaster is compelled to rob the first train down the line of its locomotive. But near the terminals of the big roads, where even the slight derailment of a coal car is felt seriously, there are permanent wrecking crews

with trains stationed from forty to sixty miles apart, and a heavy, fast express locomotive is ever in readiness.

The dispatch which flashes into the wreckmaster's office and starts the whole outfit in motion reads something like this: "No. 389, Engineer Jones, Conductor Black, with fifty-three loads, wrecked two miles west of Varnishwalla. Both tracks obstructed and badly damaged. X. Y. Z."

Should this come into a station where members of the wrecking crew are attending to various duties about a shop or a roundhouse, three long blasts from a steam whistle sound the alarm; and if a locomotive is within cannonshot, inside of a few minutes every man is aboard and the engineer opens the throttle. Should the alarm come in at night when the crew must be summoned from its homes by telephone, from fifteen to twenty-five minutes are necessary before the train, entire road thrown wide open to it, gets under way. In any case, night or day, hail, rain, ice, snow, or sunshine, with safety valve snorting, every pound of steam crammed on, and the fireman heaping on coal, the locomotive fairly bounds across the ribbons of steel, taking crossings, tunnels, and cuts just as fast as her gigantic drivers can whirl her, taking tall bridges and skyscraping trestles like a scared cat along a fence, and never slackening until the glimmer of a red light or the flutter of a scarlet flag ahead gives warning.

The trouble may be slight, like a switch engine loafing off an open switch; in which case a couple of jacks or the crane lifts the engine, and within fifteen minutes sets it back upon the rails. An axle may have broken under a fifty-ton coal car so that it has to be jacked up while the crane revolves, lifts a ponderous four-wheel truck from the flat car behind and deposits it on the rails in front of the car, neatly as you might help yourself to an olive. Or, freight, like steel girders or an entire bridge truss, may have toppled from a passing freight car and landed across tracks.

On the other hand, the wreck may be a serious one with a score of the first cars knocked into flinders, and thirty cars behind telescoped or climbed all over one another or stood upside down or on end, and scattered about the scenery as a boy might scatter a tin toy train by kicking it across his playroom.

Whatever the condition, like so many terriers sailing into a pit of rats, the wreckers dive into the work. There appears to be no



CLEARING AWAY WRECKAGE OF A HEAD-ON COLLISION OF PASSENGER TRAINS

head nor tail to the attack, and yet every man knows his place; the one man who is supreme, the one who decides at a single glance what to do, and the one upon whose official shoulders rests this mountain of junk and wreckage is called wreckmaster.

The wreck may be an appalling sight which, it might seem, would require a week to clear. But within five minutes after the wrecker arrives things begin to move—not piece by piece or singly, but by heaps and mounds and dozens. If conditions warrant, the wreckmaster sends for the repair gang and within an hour or two from 100 to 200 Italians or Japanese swarm like flies over the landscape laying and tamping ties, spiking rails so quickly that you can fairly see the tracks creep over the ground around the obstruction. And while this temporary switch is going down, the wreckers are performing miracles in the line of clearing things. While the crane crew burrows and tunnels and crawls beneath the locomotive to pass chains about the big machine to remove this most formidable of all obstructions, the rest of the

men have cut off the wreck-train locomotive to put her to work. Hawasers are passed about heaps of wreckage piled high as a barn. A warning "toot" to stand clear and amid a crunching and splintering as if a house were falling in the mountain of tangled, split oak is dragged over rails and ties until it topples of itself into an adjoining field.

What the locomotive cannot pull out of the way, the crane lifts. Within twenty minutes after arrival its donkey engine tugs and puffs and snorts at the bent, battered leviathan weighing a hundred or more tons and lying on its back, wheels in air and nose pointing in the direction it came from. Up comes the ponderous heap of junk, almost imperceptibly at first but steadily as if an unseen hand were lifting it into space. Wheels of its car clamped to the rails to prevent capsizing, the crane groans and trembles under the enormous strain, but in something like an hour the sorry-looking victim, boiler stove in, cowcatcher, cab, smokestack, and pilot truck stripped, and crusted with mud and

clay and ashes, is turned right side up and set upon its wobbly legs, where it stands like a mortally wounded giant, ready to hobble on to a siding.

"Clear the tracks at any cost." This is the unqualified order to the wreck-master, and under the touch of his wonderful engines confusion vanishes like magic. Anything that can be thrown into a ditch quicker than it can be hauled out of the way is sent flying. There is no time to investigate what is inside of partly damaged cars. Freight cars and coal cars worth \$1,000 each, sometimes laden with costly furniture, with pianos, glassware, or art pieces, are sent crashing over and over down forty-foot embankments.

Neither property nor men the wreck-master spares; for all this may take place while the world sleeps, after the wrecker has spent twenty-four hours of continuous duty elsewhere and fifty or a hundred miles from the nearest town, and while the night is so dark that you cannot see your hand in front of your eyes. For

his jacks, passing chains or hawsers through out torrential rainstorms, when bridges are



THE TOOL CAR



GALLEY OF A WRECKING TRAIN

threatened and he must grope and flounder through knee-deep mud and icy water, soaked through to the skin, chilled to the marrow and chattering with cold. Or he may work in a blizzard amid blinding snow dust whipped by a seventy-mile gale of arctic cold that heaps drifts while he lugs frost-nipped chains and bars and staggers up to his knees in snow, sticking to his post for the sheer love of the fight and for the sake of the snowplow stalled on one side of the wreck, praying to get through. Should the wreck be in the open and merely that of a freight train he thanks his stars. It is the coal wreck with its mountains of coal that must be shoveled away by hand which the wrecker detests. And if this train piles itself up within a cut where throwing overboard is impossible, and from where every stick of timber and every pound of coal must be hauled, sometimes for the distance of a mile, then the limit of the wrecker's profanity is reached.

eight or ten hours at a stretch the wrecker may crawl beneath shattered cars, planting

Not until he gets at least one track cleared

may the wrecker breathe at all, and not until both are cleared may he breathe easier. Long before then the repair gang with its gravel train and flat cars with ties and rails and switches is at work. But the wrecker

and crackling as they envelop the wreck, consuming every vestige of wood and leaving only fire-rusted wheels and axles and bars to be removed by a section gang, which takes away even ashes and cinders and, frequently,



THE OPERATING ROOM



WARD ROOM OF A HOSPITAL CAR

may not leave the spot until he has destroyed the wreck, not a bolt, not a brake wheel of which may remain to suggest to the timid patrons of the road that such a thing as an accident ever happened. A barrel of kerosene is rolled out of the tool car, and within ten minutes flames leap high in air, snapping

restores the spot of burnt grass to its former beauty.

There are two distinct sides to the work of the wrecker, and this is especially true of wrecked passenger-train "jobs." The first viewpoint is the one of business, best illustrated by an anecdote wherein, manifestly,

the names of the company may not be used.

A gentleman who made periodical trips between New York and California was known for his preference for the A. C. & L. R. R., one of two roads plying between these points. Recently, instead of coming in on the A. C. & L. he took the S. P. route.

"How is it you have forsaken the A. C. & L.?" asked a friend.

"Last time I came in I noticed a number of wrecks scattered along the line of the A. C. & L. and decided the S. P. was the safer," was the answer.

As a matter of fact, the S. P. had just as many wrecks as the A. C. & L., but its management had the good sense to clear away all evidences of trouble at once.

The other viewpoint of the passenger wreck is not that of the board of directors but of the wrecker. Satisfied and content though the wrecker may be with his strenuous job, there is one thing he dreads, not as if he were a hard-headed, rough man of action, but almost as if he were a woman. This is the passenger-train wreck when dozens may be killed in the most horrible manner while scores are injured frightfully.

"I've put in twelve years on a wrecking crew and I've seen many a lively smash-up and spent many a tough night; but what's worse than anything' about this business is what you see when a 'passenger' goes piling herself up," said a veteran wrecker recently. "You can get used to working day and night, you can get used to living on half of a bad, cold meal, and you can get used to freezing and to getting soaked to the skin, but what you never get used to is seeing Things, all stoved in and flattened, that you pull from under heaps. I've handled 'em so you wouldn't hardly know what it was you were lookin' at, and I've handled 'em so smashed and mashed that you wouldn't know where to catch hold first. Them's the sort of things that comes to you nights. I've seen a whole crew turn away from grub after a mussy job like that."

Still, every wrecker knows that just as long as human eyes cannot look inside of steel, just as long as a human brain may fail or a human hand may falter, just as long as the most perfect mechanical safety devices may get out of order, and just as long as lunatics and vicious men remain at large, there will be train wrecks to the end of all time, no matter how conscientiously heads of railroads

may try to guard against these catastrophes. The greater the road the more it is prepared for emergency in fatal accidents. All of the big railroads, like the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Erie, and the big companies whose tracks gridiron the vast West, are equipped with hospital cars for this very purpose. These cars are sent out attached to wrecking trains.

In every detail the railroad hospital car is perfect and complete as a ward or an operating room in St. Luke's Hospital. Every conceivable comfort to make as humane as possible the transportation of those severely wounded, every conceivable surgical instrument, every conceivable appliance to insure proper surgical cleanliness, and every convenience not only for the temporary but for the permanent accommodation of the badly injured, is there. Victims so seriously injured that removal to another hospital might result fatally may remain right in this car for weeks and be attended to either by private nurses or by the trained nurses in the company's employ.

Perhaps the most perfectly equipped hospital car of any railroad is the one recently turned out for the Erie. The body of this car, mounted on six-wheel Pullman car trucks and provided with the most delicate springs, resembles a combination smoker and baggage car with the usual sliding doors on each side near one end. There is nothing in its exterior to suggest its extraordinary purpose. As you enter, however, a surprise awaits you, for it is as if you were entering a long, narrow ward of an up-to-date hospital. Everything from the ceiling to the walls and to the sixteen enameled beds arranged lengthwise each side of the aisle against the windows is of an immaculate ivory white. Light, ventilation, and heat appliances are installed. During winter heat is maintained continually to have the car ready for immediate service. The floor covering, the curtains screening each bed, even the shades in front of the double windows are of white rubber. Nowhere is there a texture to afford a hiding place for microbes or germs.

At one end of this car, next the big sliding door, is the operating room with its operating table, glass-topped surgeons' tables, sterilizing apparatus, tanks with oxygen, running hot and cold water, closets for surgical instruments, and drawers full of fresh linens, pillowcases, sheets, towels, and woolen blankets. Everything a surgeon might require for

amputation, for the sewing and bandaging of wounds, and for the surgery of bones is found here. In fact, the list of surgical appliances and accessories contained in this car covers three closely typewritten sheets.

Under the body of the car is stored an adjustable stairway to lead from the sliding door to the ground, so the wounded may be transported without danger or jar when lifted. Also, here are stretchers and crutches, and acetylene gas generators, so that the car may be flooded with light should the surgeons have to work at night. Axes, crowbars, and saws and chemical fire extinguishers, everything conceivable with which to rescue victims pinned beneath wreckage is stored under the car—even telegraph instruments, telegraph-pole "climbers," and coils of copper wire so that a telegraph line can be broken into at any point if necessary.

But it is not until a fatal dispatch announces a catastrophe and the wrecker's train backs in to hook the handsome car to its rusty caboose that the neat, comfortable quiet of this car turns into a hustle and bustle of grim preparation. On the company's list are six surgeons and as many nurses, who are summoned by telephone the instant the news of a wreck comes in, and who have fifteen minutes' leeway in which to report. If the injured are very numerous, dispatches are sent to the nearest big town, where the wreckers stop just long enough to pick up additional surgeons and nurses who have been summoned by the local representative; and away goes the hospital at the rate of seventy or eighty miles an hour, while the nurses get out bed sheets and blankets and make ready the beds, start the sterilizing apparatus, and whatever else is in their department, while the surgeons roll up sleeves, put on aprons, and speculate on the work to come.

It is on the humble wrecker, however, that the brunt of the work falls. "Above all, save human life," is his unwritten order. Dripping with blood, cool-headed and steady amid excitement and shambles that would unnerve the strongest, the wrecker performs the hardest and most gruesome part of the work, often risking his life to save others.

It is into the midst of confusion the wrecker plunges; and from the moment of his coming there is a head and a tail to the rescue, even as a skillful general may change an utter

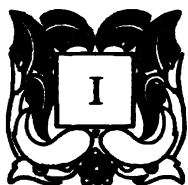
rout of his men into an orderly retreat. Every man in the crew knows exactly where he is at, what he is to do, and how he is to do it. There is no use for the wreckmaster to pass orders among these marvelously drilled men. From six to eight of them leap off the train with stretchers and begin to gather the injured, women and children first. Not a moment is to be lost. The men raise victim after victim and bear them to the hospital car swiftly and skillfully, as only a Red Cross squad may work on a battlefield.

While the stretcher men are at work the rescue detail chops and saws and hews and pries its way, smashing through the wreckage, crawling beneath tottering heaps of debris where the single misstroke of an ax might bring tons of oak and steel crashing down upon them. Sometimes for hours this work goes on, the men dragging forth wounded with blanched, set faces, fighting down their natural aversion to the dreadful scene. Now and then a wrecker is overcome and has to quit his job, but soon he is back again, swinging ax or sledge, and attacking madly wherever he hears a groan or a cry from beneath the mass.

When the last victim has been cared for and the last body removed, when even idlers have been turned away, sickened by the sights, then the wrecker's real work begins. The train may be a Sunset Limited or an Empire State Express or a Florida Special, each car worth from \$30,000 to \$35,000; yet the wrecker goes to work exactly as he did while clearing away the wreck of an ordinary freight train. Compared with the blockading of the road no expense within reason may stand in the way, and no Pullman sleeper, no parlor car, no dining car is spared; if it can be thrown out of the way quicker than it can be pulled to one side, it is dumped into a ditch to be burned or hurled down an embankment. The crane groans, the hydraulic jacks lift and strain, and the wrecking locomotive snorts and puffs while the wreck mountains move and crunch and topple to one side. Kerosene and the torch do the rest. Within twenty hours after the wreck curious passengers may gaze morbidly from car windows, looking in vain for the least trace of the catastrophe, so thoroughly has the wrecker done his work.

HOULMÉ HANUM, THE DISCONTENTED*

BY DEMETRA VAKA BROWN



I HAD been for over an hour in bed, but sleep would not come. I wondered whether the young Turkish girl, in her little bed at the foot of mine, was asleep, and I fell to thinking about her. She was half-sister to Djimlah Hanum, my childhood friend, whose guest I was in Selim Pasha's household. Since Houlmé, however, had been brought up by her maternal grandfather, I had never seen her until the present visit. Her home was in Asia Minor, but where I don't know, though she told me.

She was very friendly to me from a distance, like a timid dog, but never came near me, only sending me her smiles; and now and then I thought I read in her large Eastern eyes the desire to ask questions. Perhaps she wanted to know something concerning the outside world, but never till to-night did she speak to me.

She had come to my room like a vestal. She did not look modern and did not move like ordinary women. I always thought of her as Antigone. She came to give me my flower bath, which was a great honor to a mortal like me, for her grandmother had been a sister of the Sultan. I anticipated that now, at last, she would talk to me; but she gave me my bath almost without a word. Then, when she asked permission to spend the night with me, and after the slaves had made her bed at the foot of mine, I again expected some conversation from her; and again young Houlmé crept into her little bed, stretched her arms out, palms upward, and prayed that Allah, the only true God, should guard the living and help the dead, and quietly laid herself down to sleep.

My thoughts on Houlmé were interrupted

pleasantly by a nightingale. I have heard nightingales all over Europe, but they do not sing as they do in the East. The reason perhaps is because all over the world they are mere birds, while in the East they are the mythical Bul-Buls, the souls starved for love. It is believed that once a Bul-Bul loved a rose, and the rose aroused by the song woke trembling on her stem. It was a white rose, as all roses at the time were white, innocent, and virginal. It listened to the song, and something in its rose heart stirred. Then the Bul-Bul came ever so near the trembling rose and whispered words which the rose could not help hearing. "*Ben severim sana Gul-Gul.*" At those words of love the little heart of the rose blushed, and in that instant pink roses were created. The Bul-Bul came nearer, and though Allah, when he created the world, meant that the rose alone should never know earthly love, it opened its petals and the Bul-Bul stole its virginity with a kiss. In the morning the rose in its shame turned red, giving birth to red roses; and although ever since then the nightingale comes nightly to ask of the divine love, the rose refuses; for Allah never meant rose and bird to mate. Thus, although the rose trembles at the voice of the nightingale, its petals remain closed.

That night the memory of this story was particularly dear to me, because it brought back to me my childhood dreams. In order to enjoy better the nightingale I sat up. The little platform on which my bed was made creaked and Houlmé spoke.

"Are you awake, too, young Hanum?"

"I have been unable to sleep," I said.

"I have not been asleep either. There is no sleep to-night for mortals."

She got out of bed, went to a closet, and brought out two white silk burnouses.

* This is the third of Mrs. Kenneth Brown's articles describing the intimate domestic life of Turkish women as she observed them during a recent visit to her girlhood home in Constantinople.

"Come, young Hanum," she said. "Come, let us no longer stay in our beds."

I threw over my shoulders the soft garment. Houlmé put hers on. She took my hand, and we went out on the little balcony.

It was one of those wonderful Oriental nights, when the beauty of nature is intoxicating, maddening. The sky was indigo blue without the shadow of a cloud; the stars were brilliantly lighting the hills and the garden and a half-grown moon was traveling fast toward the Bosphorus. Except for the singing of the nightingale all was still.

"That is why we cannot sleep." It was Houlmé speaking. "There is too much love on the earth to-night; and we being of the earth cry for our own. My poor heart has traveled over endless seas and is with him now, and my young life is crying for him."

It was a strange night, and that Mohammedan girl standing next to me in her glorious beauty, and talking a language mysterious as the East, captivated my imagination. As I looked at her, at her large black eyes and arched eyebrows, her ivory complexion and her lovely mouth, I felt that she could do things that an ordinary woman could not. And the night had loosened her tongue, as it had the nightingale's.

"I sometimes think," she went on, "that it is wrong for women to think and to know much, for they kill nature with their thoughts. Men, great men, never think when it comes to love; they only love and taste life. It is as it should be, as Allah meant life and love to be. What has our poor woman's mind to do with the workings of the universe? If it were not for my foolish thinking, I should not be craving love now like the Bul-Bul."

There is something about Turkish women that those of other nations cannot easily realize. They may be more educated than our college girls, they may speak four or five languages, and read the masterpieces of each of these languages, but they remain children of nature, as we do not. If you spend a day with them and they love you, you will know their hearts and minds as they truly are. There is no false shame or prudery about them. They speak as they think and feel.

Houlmé apparently felt very much that lovely midsummer night, and her heart was breaking for something I could not well make out. She drew me to her and kissed me.

"Glorious one, do you suffer as I do?"

"I don't know how you suffer," I answered.

She clasped her hands to her bosom. "Oh!

I suffer as if my poor heart were on fire. It is crying out for that other heart which, but for my foolishness, would be near me now."

I did not care to ask anything for fear of stopping her half confession.

"Houlmé," I said instead, "you are very beautiful. I would give anything to be as beautiful as you are."

"Why should you like to have my beauty, beloved Hanum? You said you did not wish to be married; beauty is only good to a woman to give to the man she loves; you ought not to have any, and Allah ought to have made you black."

I shuddered. On a night like this, everything seemed possible, and I looked around for the wicked *ev-sahib* who might change my color.

"Foreign Hanum," said Houlmé, "tell me a little about the women of England. Are they so beautiful that they can make men forget their vows to other women?"

"Some of them are very handsome," I answered, "but not as beautiful as you women of the East. To my mind you are the only kind of women that could make men forget their vows, and Mahomet knew what he was about when he made his laws."

"You are not right about our Prophet, beloved Hanum, for he never meant women to be kept apart from men; but what you say gladdens my poor heart—or are you speaking thus because you have divined my sorrow and wish to comfort me?"

"I know nothing about you, Houlmé, except what little you have told me to-night."

"Oh! glorious Hanum, sometimes I should like to feel as you women of other lands, though I know it to be wicked to wish to be different from what the great Allah made me. But I am sorry I have been brought up as a woman of the West."

"But you are not," I said. "You are less of the West than any Mussulman girl I met. What makes you think that you are like us?"

"Because, young Hanum, I was brought up by foreigners. I speak English, French, and German as well as I do my own language, and I know more of your literatures than I know of our own. The thoughts of your great writers have made a great change in my poor Eastern thoughts. You see, young Hanum, I was brought up by my maternal grandfather, who is a Turk of the new school, which believes that women ought to be educated to be the companions of men. He brought me up with my cousin Murat,

to whom I was betrothed as soon as I was born. He is only four years older than myself, but I shared his studies and his games till I reached womanhood and had to take *tcharchaf*. I was then fourteen. Of course from that moment I did not see my cousin, as I was living in the haremlik and he in the selamlık. When I was eighteen my respectable grandfather called me to him and said that the time had come for me to be the wife of Murat Bey. As I said before, my grandfather is of the new school and does not believe in forcing marriage upon women. He asked me if I were ready? I was ready—not to marry—but to ask a favor.

"I must tell you, young Hanum, that from the day I took myself to the haremlik to be a woman and not a child I gave my limited mind to the studies of your great writers. From them I understood that there was a greater love than the love based on affection, and I wanted to make sure that Murat preferred me to other women. I asked therefore my learned grandfather to send Murat for three years out in the world, in the different capitals of Europe, in some diplomatic post. If at the end of the three years Murat loved me still, and thought me worthy to be his wife, I should marry him. He has been for a year in Vienna, then for a year in Paris, and now he is in England. As was my wish then, Murat never writes me—but he sends me books and presents all the time. Since he has gone I take one daily paper from Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and London. I also take several monthly periodicals, so that my mind may be ready for my cousin when he comes back to me. From what I read in your papers, I do not like your world, and I am glad that I am a Mohammedan girl. But I know also this, that it is wrong, wrong for women to think."

"It is a dangerous experiment," I said, "not for women to think, but to do what you have done. You sent the man you love away before he really knew you. If he had seen you as a woman, I doubt whether all the beauties of Europe could make him forget you. On the other hand, it is hardly fair to expect a youth to remember a child of fourteen. Why don't you write to each other, in order that at least he may know your mind?"

"Because I do not wish him to be reminded of me except by his own heart."

"Houlmé," I said, "are you not rather romantic? What in the name of all flowers made you do such idiotic things?"

"You don't understand me very much, young Hanum; that is why you think me romantic. The day before I took *tcharchaf*, Murat Bey took me to his father's grave and there he promised me to remain faithful to me all his life after he became my husband. He vowed that I shall remain his only wife, unless Allah did not send us boys. He gave me then a dagger with a poisoned blade and asked me to stab his heart if he ever was untrue to me after our marriage. As I grew older, and read much about life, I knew that it was unfair to Murat Bey to tie him down to such a great promise, unless I gave him a chance to see the world and many women."

"Does he know why he was sent abroad?"

"Oh, yes! I wrote him a long letter and explained to him my thoughts. At first he did not like the idea, for he said he knew that he loved me and wanted to be married to me, but at last he consented."

"Suppose that he falls in love with another woman and marries her, what will you do?"

"I shall use the dagger for my own heart," she said simply.

To think that she would kill herself for an idea! For Murat could be no more than an idea to her, she never really having known him as a man. I looked at her and wondered what things she might be capable of doing when she should love a real man.

"Houlmé," I asked, "suppose your cousin came back and you married him, and after a few years of marriage he wanted another wife, as so many good Moslems do, would you use your dagger?"

Her beautiful black eyes were wonderful on that glorious Oriental night; they looked like big stars, and as they met mine I had no need of an answer.

At that moment a light breeze from the sea passed, and in the stillness of the night we heard the moving of the leaves and flowers.

"They are awakening," said Houlmé. "The nightingale has reached their hearts. You can hear the rose tremble on its stem."

With the Eastern legend behind the notes I could fancy the Bul-Bul implore the awakening rose for a love that was never to be granted.

Houlmé was listening with all her heart in her eyes. One would say in watching her that she understood every syllable the lover bird sang. The song of the nightingale rose to a transcendent pathos and then abruptly stopped.

"Poor little feathered lover," the young Turkish girl murmured, "you have been de-

nied a little love which would make you singing immortal, and we shall hear you no more."

Houlmé made allusion to the Oriental belief that on some such night as this the nightingale's song, at its tenderest, most passionate note, does reach the heart of the rose, and that if then the rose still denies him, he dies. As the little body is never found it is believed that the other silent nightingales make his grave at the foot of the rosebush.

Whether this thought brought graves to the mind of my companion I don't know, but of a sudden she was on her feet and announced to me that she was going to the little cemetery to pray. There was no use arguing with her, as I saw her mind was made up, and in a few minutes, like two white phantoms, we were in the garden where Houlmé filled her arms with roses. Then she opened a gate, ever so little, made in the thick wall, and we were out in the open fields. She walked along majestically without the slightest misgiving of her misconduct, and in a short while we were in the little cemetery. Once there she walked directly to one grave, covered it with her flowers, threw herself on it and prayed. To me, crouching under the cemetery wall and imagining each tombstone either a phantom or, worse yet, a human form advancing toward us, it seemed as if she prayed an eternity. At last she got up, turned her tear-stained face to me, and asked me to give a prayer for an unhappy woman.

On our way home I asked her if she knew whose grave it was. Not till we found ourselves again on our balcony did she speak.

"That grave, dear blossom, is Chakendé Hanum's," she said.

"Who was Chakendé Hanum?" I asked.

Houlmé looked at me incredulously.

"You have been here so many days and no one has told you Chakendé Hanum's story?"

"No one," I answered, "and I am glad, for I would rather that you tell me her story since you love her grave so."

The light sea breeze became more audacious every moment and brought to our balcony the perfumes of the thousands of flowers growing beneath us, as Houlmé began.

"Chakendé Hanum was the daughter of Nazim Pasha. She was educated in the Western fashion. She was as beautiful as a houri and as good as Allah's own heart. She was given as a wife to Djamal Pasha, a young and dashing courtier. They were very

much in love with each other, and he promised her that she should remain his first and only wife. Their marital life was blessed with two boys and one girl. Chakendé grew more beautiful as happiness became her daily portion.

"One day when she was returning with her retinue from a visit she had made in Stamboul, on the bridge of Galata and in a closed carriage she saw her husband in company with a foreign woman. That night when he came home, she questioned him, and he only answered that the lady was a foreigner. Chakendé Hanum understood that her husband did not wish to be asked any more questions. Early in the morning, however, she sent for her brother, and from him she learned what was generally known.

"She took a few of her slaves and went to her country place. She stayed there for several days, giving the situation her whole thought; then she came back to her husband. She told him that she knew the truth, that she had thought the matter over, and had decided to give him back his word, as to her remaining his only wife. Thus he could marry the foreign lady. It was then that Djamal Pasha turned her from Allah. He laughed at her, and said that Mademoiselle Roboul of the French theatrical company was the kind of a woman that men loved but did not marry. Chakendé Hanum said nothing, but that very same day went into her garden and plucked roses from a laurel tree. You know, young Hanum, what you can do with those roses?"

A shiver ran down my back as I nodded.

"A few nights later when Djamal Pasha was about to retire, Chakendé Hanum prepared his sherbet for him. Her hand did not tremble, though her face was white as she handed it to him. It did not last long; Djamal Pasha died from an unexplained malady; but Chakendé Hanum kept on plucking laurel roses daily. After a little while they put her in her little grave, too, five years ago."

We sat silent for a while. The moon had traveled fast and was now near the water, bridging the Bosphorus with her moonglade. The garden, the hills, and the water changed with the changing slant of the rays, and became more wondrously enchanting still, though that had not seemed possible before, and enthralled me with the fascination of the East—the East whose language and ways of dealing with right and wrong had been alien to me for six years.

"It is wrong for women to think—it is wrong, at least, for us women of the East." It was Houlmé Hanum who spoke again. "They educate us and let us learn to think as you women of the West think, but the course of our lives is to be so different. Since they let us share your studies they ought to let us lead your lives, and if this cannot be done, then they ought not to let us study and know other ways but our own. If Chakendé Hanum were an Eastern woman in her thoughts as she was in her heart, she would have been with us now a happy woman, making her motherless children happy, too."

"Houlmé," I said, "for some of you, Occidental education is like strong wine to unaccustomed people. It simply goes to your heads. Look at Djimlah, your sister; she certainly is as educated as you are, but she could never behave the way you or Chakendé Hanum did."

"True," Houlmé assented. "My sister is educated as far as speaking European languages goes, but she has never been touched by Occidental thought. To her, her husband is her lord, the giver of her children. To me, and to those who think as I do, a man must be more. He must be to his wife what she is to him, all in all. Is not this what the Occidental love is? I did not use to think this way till I read your books. I wish I had never, never known. I do not like to hurt the feelings of my venerable grandfather, for I am the only child of his only daughter, as Murat is the only child of his only son, and I know that he did by me what he thought best. Sometimes, however, I should like him to know that with his new ideas he has made me miserable by allowing me to acquire thoughts that are not in accordance with our mode of living."

"Houlmé, if your cousin came back, and you became his wife and had any daughters, how would you bring them up?"

"I have thought of this very much indeed," was her answer, "and I should like to talk it over with Murat when he becomes my husband. I do not think Turkish parents have any right to experiment with their children. I should not like to give to my daughters this burden of unrest. I should like to bring them up as true Osmanli women."

"Then you disapprove of the modern system of education that is creeping into the harems? Were you to be free to see men and choose your husbands, would you still disapprove?"

"Yes. It took you many generations to come to where you are. Back of you there are hundreds of grandmothers who led your life and worked for what you have to-day. With us it is different: we shall be the first grandmothers of the new thought, and we ought to have it come to us slowly and through our own efforts. Mussulman women, with the help of Mahomet, ought to work out their own salvation, and borrow nothing from the West. We are a race apart, with different traditions and associations."

"Is this the thought of the educated women of the harems to-day?" I asked.

Houlmé's face saddened as she said:

"No, young Hanum, I am alone in this thought as far as I can make out. The others say that we must immediately be given freedom and liberty to do as we like with ourselves. Indeed, they look upon me with mistrust as if I were a traitor."

"Have they any definite plans of what they want to do?"

"I doubt whether *you* would call them definite plans, but I should like very much to have you come with me to our next meeting, which will be in two days. There are forty of them now and I think that they will do more harm than good, as they are going about it in a very irrational way. Their motto is, 'Down with the Old Ideas.' Naturally they refuse to obey their parents and husbands."

"How old are they, on the average?"

"The youngest of them all is seventeen and the oldest twenty-nine. They are all unmarried with the exception of five who have left their husbands."

"You are not in sympathy with their movement though you belong to it?"

"No, young Hanum, for I am afraid that it is more romanticism that guides them than thought for our beloved country. I call them to myself, 'Les Romanesques des Harems,' though they call themselves 'Les Louise Michel'."

"Goodness gracious!" I exclaimed, "Louise Michel was an anarchist!"

"So are they," said Houlmé, "and because I tell them that through anarchy we can do nothing, they will not hear me."

I promised Houlmé to go with her to the meeting and speak to them if they would listen. Moreover, I realized that Houlmé Hanum, instead of being romantic as I was inclined to think of her at first, was a sane, deep thinker, such as is rarely found among women reformers.

THE BROKEN SANCTUARY*

BEING AN ADVENTURE OF VISCOUNT ROCKHURST, LORD CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER,
SOMETIME FRIEND OF CHARLES II, AND NICKNAMED BY HIS
MAJESTY "MERRY ROCKHURST"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "Rose of the World," "If Youth but Knew," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER



RED dawn was breaking over London; through the undrawn curtains of the parlor in Lord Rockhurst's small house in Whitehall, the first rays darted in to mingle with the dying gleam of a pair of candles that guttered in their sockets.

Chitterley—my lord's old confidential servant, who had shared with him all fortune's vicissitudes, through prosperity and peace, through war and exile, since the last reign—rose from the high-backed chair upon which he had been dozing and stretched his stiffened limbs wearily. Muttering to himself, as old people will, he fell with sudden alacrity to replenishing the small cresset which burned at his hand; only just in time, for it was fast going out.

"All good spirits praise the Lord! Now I pray no misfortune may have happened this night! Heaven be merciful to us; these be times of terror!"

He flung a new handful of herbs upon the rekindled embers, and watched with satisfaction the column of fragrant smoke that rose circling, now blue, now white, to hang in clouds under the ceiling.

"'Twas your only remedy against the tainted air," had said Dr. Garth; and Dr. Garth was the King's physician.

"Morning already—and no sign of his lordship. Had it been a year gone now, I had got me to my bed, and ne'er a qualm.

But these be no times for frolic—and e'en if they were, my lord has had little stomach for it these weeks ago."

He shook his head, moved to the window, groaning for the aches in his joints, and peered into the street, in the hope of catching at last a glimpse of his beloved master, striding down Whitehall. Dim though Chitterley's eyes might be, he would know a full long away the swing of the tall figure, the cock of the sword under the folds of the cloak, the proud tilt of the hat. But the street was deserted. It seemed as if the day was rising again over the stricken city but to make visible its desolation. The unwholesome mists of the night still stagnated under the reddening light; there was none of that air of rejuvenescence, of waking life-cheer which morning ought to bring. The stillness was not of repose, but of hopeless expectancy. One of those street fires, which were kept burning at all crossroads to combat the pollution, could be seen in the distance toward Charing Cross, smoldering fitfully, unattended, the last thin shafts of tar smoke rising straight, dismal through the heavy air. Somewhere in the palace, behind the Holbein Gate, a bell rang the hour. It sounded like a knell for those that were that day to die. Presently a woman's figure appeared in this solitude, creeping round a corner, holding on to the walls, dragging herself painfully.

Chitterley shuddered; and muttering his haunting, "Lord, have mercy upon us!"

drew back from the windows to go tease again the reeking herbs in the cresset and shift needlessly my lord's chair.

"Not even a pomander could I persuade him to take with him."

He turned to extinguish the candles. There came a knock at the outer door. Hardly trusting his deaf ears, he paused to listen—everything, anything, was an added terror these days of terror. The knock was repeated, faintly, then vehemently.

"'Tis not my Lord; he hath the house key. Pray heaven this be no ill news! Coming, coming!" he cried shrilly as yet another summons rang.

Hardly had the door rolled back under his feeble hands when he found himself thrust on one side: a woman in low-cut dress with disheveled laces hanging in shreds at her shoulders, brushed past him, and walked tottering into the room beyond, to sink upon the great chair.

Like an old watch dog's, Chitterley's first thought was of his duty.

"Madam—madam!" he protested. "His lordship is not within—" Then, as she turned upon the querulous sound, and looked vacantly at him, he staggered back: "God a' mercy; Madam Mantes!"

An ice-cold clutch seemed to be at his heart. Madame de Mantes it certainly was, the grand French lady of the Court, whom Lord Rockhurst had many a time entertained, in this his house, in days (alack, how far off they seemed!) when people laughed and made merry; and among the gay she had been the gayest, among the bright and beautiful, the brightest and most fair. Chitterley could remember how in that very chair—they called it the King's chair, for that his Majesty always sat in it when he visited, as he loved to do, his neighbor, "my Merry Rockhurst," for an hour of pleasant converse—she had sung fit to make his old heart young again. Yet this was Madame de Mantes. Torn and haggard, through the strands of her uncurled hair, her glazed eyes looked at him, from red and swollen lids, piteously, scarcely as if she could see. Except for a patch of rouge her face was livid. He thought of the figure crawling along the walls, and dread was upon him.

"How hot it is—" she complained in a dry, whispering voice. "Fires, fires everywhere! Give me to drink!"

The man hesitated a moment upon the blind impulse of flight. But the long habit

of fidelity was stronger even than fear of the pestilence. He took up a flask from a table—the *en cas*, after the foreign manner, awaiting the master's return—poured out a glass of wine, and tendered it to her.

"Hot? Eh, but your hand is cold, my lady!"

She drank; seemed to gain a little strength.

"Cold?" She took up the word with an inconsequent laugh. "So would you be, *mon ami*, had you been roaming the streets, for months—years—as I have been, to-night. You are a kind old man. The others ran from me—one robbed me and beat me, and he, too, ran away—"

And then Chitterley marked how cruelly in sooth the woman had been dealt with; her gown and bodice rent where seemingly the jewels had been snatched; and there was blood on her neck, trickling from the torn lobe of her little ear.

"*Mon beau Rockhurst!*" she went on in that loud whisper, as of one light-headed. "I drink to you, to you." She lifted the cup again, but stopped, catching at her throat. "It is fire! Why did you give me fire to drink?"

He seized the glass from her failing hand.

"God a' mercy! you are raving, madam! You must—"

She turned her red glance to him, then beat the air with a fierce gesture, imposing silence, and seemed to strain her ear to sounds inaudible.

"Oh, don't laugh, Rockhurst, don't laugh! Oh, if you like hot a salt cheek, I can be merry—"

Chitterley had drawn back, step by step, to the farther end of the room. Then, of a sudden, very loud and angrily, he spoke:

"Madam, you are ailing. You are ill. You must go home!" She came back to her surroundings with a start and a cry.

"*Mon Dieu*, where am I? Ill? I am ill! I am strangling. I can't breathe." She clutched at her throat with both hands, feeling with frantic fingers; then, with a scream that rose and seemed to circle about the silent room like some phantom bird: "*Miséricorde!* they are there. *La peste!* I have the *peste!*"

Chitterley's gray hair bristled on his head.

"A physician!" he cried and turned to fly; but, in her delirium, she was quicker than he in his senile confusedness. She caught him by the wrist, with both her hands, now burning as though, indeed, she had drunk fire.

"No! You shall not leave me! I am dying. I will not die alone!" The fleeting of madness returned to her fever-wasted brain. "We are put in this world with five senses, and 'tis but common sense to pleasure them. Aye, Rockhurst—but when it comes to dying—!" Her grip relaxed; she wrung her hands. "How can such as we die? Old man, a priest, a priest!"

He felt that he would be less than man if he did not help her. Priest and physician—she should have both—poor soul, poor soul!

He tried to make her understand him, speaking loud as to the deaf, in little words as to a child. The priest, the physician—aye, she should have them—quickly—she might trust to him; but she looked at him, uncomprehending, with eyes ever wilder. A step farther on her awful journey, she seemed already worlds away from her fellow-humans.

Then, as if his meek, aged countenance, all puckered in distress, were a spectacle of unspeakable horror, she flung out both arms to ward him from her; stared round the room like a hunted thing, and ere he could call or arrest her, had darted through the half-open door of the inner room and flung it, clapping, into the lock between them.

"My lord's own room!" Chitterley stood a second helplessly; there came a groan from within; the sound of a heavy fall.

The old man called upon heaven and ran on his errand of mercy.

The wretched woman found herself in a darkened room, with heavy curtains closely drawn, illumined only by a dying night lamp. She staggered toward a couch, fought for a moment vainly for breath. Then strength, and with it, mercifully, consciousness, gave way; she fell face downward, clutching the silken hangings.

It seemed as if it had become suddenly broad day in that room where Chitterley had kept his night's vigil—that room, famed in Whitehall for gatherings of wit and beauty, convened for his Majesty's pleasure. A shaft of sunshine, yellow through the sullen mists, struck the chair where Charles had been wont to sit; where but a few moments ago had agonized one whose gay winsomeness and bird song he had so often commended.

The vapor of Sir George Garth's sovereign remedy rose but in feeble wisplike ex-

halations, ever fainter and wider apart—like to the breath of some dying thing. Occasionally a sigh or a groan and a muffled word or two came dully from the neighboring room; but after a while these ceased, and the only sound to be heard was that of a blue-fly, bloated and busy, circling about, emphasizing the stillness, to settle ever and anon with a heavy buzz on the wine which Jeanne de Mantes had spilled from her last cup.

Presently there approached, along the flags of Whitehall, the sound of steady foot-falls. They mounted the steps and halted before the door. A key grated in the lock and Lord Rockhurst led Mistress Diana Harcourt across the threshold.

She entered without a word, let herself fall in her turn into the King's chair, and lifted her face—blanched indeed with the miseries of the night, its terrors, the long vigil, the weary wandering, yet full of a brave, sweet strength—toward him.

None of her serenity was reflected on Rockhurst's countenance. His face was dark as with an inner conflict; he averted his eyes as hers sought them. There was a moment's heavy silence. He broke it, at length, standing over the fireless hearth, without looking at her.

"Now that you are under my roof, Diana, I trust you will consider yourself as if already"—he hesitated and then brought out the words harshly—"as if already in your father's house. I fear me," he went on after a pause, "you are dead weary after our wanderings this night—fruitless search for shelter—the flaming cross barring us from every threshold when it was not mean selfishness and childish fears that drove us to the street again. Your brother fled basely—"

She interrupted, wincing under the bitterness of his accents.

"Ah, poor Ned," she pleaded; "he is but a boy. And his wits were never of the strongest. In his way he loves me. And truly, I am glad he has escaped."

"You have a strong heart, child!"

Though the words were kind, voice and look were hard. She shivered and drooped her head.

"You are cold," he went on, with a sudden softening in his tone. "Indeed, 'tis the chill hour of the day." He glanced hastily round the room, and catching sight of the spilt wine and the soiled cup, frowned, then

laughed contemptuously. "So—even old Chitterley hath forgot his duty. These, in sooth, are days of test. I will rouse him and you shall have fire and refreshment."

She heard his strong tread on the stairs without, the opening and shutting of doors within the house. Quickly he came back to her.

"Aye, even my old Chitterley gone," he cried, with a bitter twist of the lip. "Neither brotherly love, nor lifelong service and companionship! Nay, what should still hold, these times, when no man knows the hour when his life will be withdrawn? Are you human—you, Diana, who sit so still and have no woman's plaint?"

His voice broke with sudden passion. She raised her eyes and strove to smile; but the shudder of fatigue seized her.

Without another word he lifted the cresset of charcoal from its stand, blew upon the expiring glow, cast fresh fuel upon it; then, the flame once more enkindled, flung the whole on the hearth. She watched him, and gave a little feminine cry of protest as he next seized the first thing at hand, a couple of books, and tore them ruthlessly to feed the fire.

"Oh, my lord!" she began, as the flame roared up the chimney; but the faint laugh died on her lips when she met his glance.

"I must leave you," he said when he had thrown in a couple of logs. "I must leave you; it will go ill, indeed, if within the hour I return not with coach and horses. If I have to plead King's service, I shall carry you out of the infection."

The door closed on him. Left alone Diana sighed deeply. All the bright look of courage faded from her face. How harshly he had spoken; how coldly he had looked upon her—when not averting his eyes as from something troubling. Diana Harcourt, widow of twenty; bound by a freak of fate, through the merest impulse of womanly pity, to Rockhurst's young son—so faithful a lover, so gallant a youth!—knew her heart given to Rockhurst himself. What shame—what treachery! Moments were when she deemed her hidden love as secretly returned; and then she felt herself strong and proud, and took a kind of high spiritual glory in the thought of how true they both would remain to honor and plighted troth. "Loved he not honor more," as the chivalrous song had it, she would have none of his love. But, to feel it in this sacred silence, in this noble

self-denial, that was a kind of pain more exquisite than any joy she had ever known.

Yet moments were, again, such as this, when his formal manner, the somberness of his countenance, smote her with distressing conjecture. Was this solicitude but for his boy's sake, after all? Was the self-betrayal—sweet and terrible—that had so often seemed to hover on his lips, but the gallantry of the high-bred courtier? Or—worse suspicion yet!—had he read her folly, and was it but compassion that spoke in his lingering gaze?

As she sat staring dully into the fire he had kindled for her, vividly the troubled scenes of this night of catastrophe rose before her. Her grandmother's great card-room, lit and decked as usual; the dwindled company, each with the heavy knowledge of the peril, without and about, stamped upon his countenance, each with his hypocrite smile for my Lady Chillingburgh who glared upon them from out her chair and forbade the pestilence to exist since she would have none of it.

Next, the fair French lady from the Court, courtesying in her waves of amber satin and fixing her, Diana—aye, and the Lord Constable—with such singular looks. Diana minded her truly, how those fierce eyes had followed Rockhurst, and how Cousin Lionel had smiled as he watched. Tush! the poor creature knew not what she was doing—was she not stricken, ill, and in fever—she might well have mad eyes.

It was Lionel who brought her; Lady Chillingburgh's own grandson who gave the citadel to the enemy it had so long defied. In rapid succession the horrid events re-enacted themselves in Diana's brain. She heard her brother screaming on the stairs, saw him break in upon them, a foolish country lad, frenzied in his panic. She saw the frightened faces of their guests, and Lionel's ever-mocking smile—"sheer poltroonery!" he was saying—and she sought and found the comfort of Rockhurst's strong protective glance.

Then came the end—the huddled figure in the great chair; the face of her that had had so stout a heart conquered in death, but less piteous, less awful sight than the living face of the French madame.

"*The plague is there!*" She heard Lionel's cry of warning; then all was black about her.

And now Diana relived the moment when she had awakened from her swoon. Dark-

ness and silence were all about her. She thought that nightmare had but given way to some exquisite dream. Rockhurst's arm was supporting her, her head rested on his shoulder, and the solitude of a somber night held them safe. Above their heads outstretched tree branches swayed murmurously as the breeze stirred. She heard his heart beats beneath her ear, and an unknown joy ran like music in her veins; life, reality seemed thrust as far away from her as yonder flickering lights in the black distance. It seemed indeed a dream; surely one might accept happiness in a dream! Sighing, she yielded herself to it one moment—one moment—alas, even as she stirred it was hers no longer! Beneath her hands the fine turf, in her nostrils the scent of fading roses; she knew where she was—somewhere under the beeches of Chillingburgh House gardens. She remembered; she understood. He had snatched her, unconscious, from the danger of the infected house. And, as she moved, his clasp relaxed. He spoke to her, coldly enough, she thought:

"You are better? It is well."

Then had begun their strange pilgrimage through the London streets; the long, long night. She went beside him, through the tangle of unknown, unlit ways, seeing him only, ever and anon, painted as it were against the darkness by the glare of the smoky street fires in the open spaces. In his white hand, the sword drawn, guarding her from the prowling thieves of the night—inhuman wretches, to whom the stricken city's extremity was fortune's boon—ever slinking after them like pariah dogs. They had spoken little; mostly words of bare need. But once he had told her she was brave; and once that she was strong indeed. She had at one moment noticed a great pity in his eyes. He need never have pitied her. She had been happy, being with him.

She started from her heavy reverie. Some one was knocking at the casement. Outside the window the lines of a man's head and shoulders, a man hatless, with disordered periwig, were silhouetted blackly against the morning light. She sprang to her feet, terror stifling the scream in her throat. She remembered the marauders that had slunk after them in the night, more to be dreaded these desperate days than pestilence itself. But it was her own name that met her ear, urgently cried:

"Diana, open! 'Tis I, Lionel."

Before the words had penetrated to sense she had recognized the voice. Upon the impulse of her relief she hastened to the window and flung the casement apart.

"Cousin Lionell!" But this was a cousin Lionell she had never before known. About his livid face the dank curls hung in wild dishevelment—he, whose person had ever seemed as sedately ordered as his mind! He motioned her from him so fiercely that she fell back in fresh alarm.

"Aye, Diana," said he, answering her look. "You may well be afraid; 'tis like enough I have it. And were it not that I am here to save you from worse than plague—for the sheer love I bear you, there should be leagues between us. Stand where you are, Diana! Come not a step nearer!"

He drew himself with effort up to the window sill from some ledge whereon he had climbed; and then, seated, he looked in upon her again; and to his pallid countenance came a ghostly semblance of the old sarcastic smile.

"Never inquire how I tracked you. I knew that the Rakehell who chivalrously took you from the charge of your own kin, to rescue you from the plague, forsooth! would find no shelter for you but that of his own honorable habitation!"

"Lionell!" Anger drove fear from her.

"You would have been safer at Chillingburgh House—once the Frenchwoman gone—and so my lord knew as well as I. Our grandame never died of the sickness, child, but of a fit of anger—and not before her time either! But let that pass. I saw thee on the Strand, Diana, a while ago, marked thee hither, and knew the trick played on thee. A-tramp the whole night, till your body and your spirit be worn out. Is't not so? And my lord—so tender, so protecting, so fatherly. Is't not so?"

"Lionel——!"

The man changed his tone.

"Diana, 'tis but a few hundred paces to her Majesty's House of the Blue Nuns, in St. Martin's Lane, where our kinswoman, Madam Anastasia, would shelter you in honor and safety. Come forth now from this place; 'tis worse, I tell you, than the pesthouse. I will go before thee; I can yet protect thee along the street if I may not approach thee."

Never had Diana heard that ring of passion from his lips. Even when he had pleaded for her love there had run an undercurrent

of mockery and cynicism in the tenderest word. Truly, these days changed all men's nature. But Diana was not swayed; she was afire at the odiousness of the slander cast on him she loved.

"I thank you, cousin," she returned coldly. "But I have placed myself under my Lord Rockhurst's protection; and since you have been pleased to watch me, sir, you will have seen the Lord Constable leave this house but a few moments ago. It was in search of a coach, and it is his purpose to escort me out of the town, even this day, to my own home."

The man on the window sill gave a fierce laugh.

"Art as simple, Diana, as thou would'st fain make out? Dost really believe thy protector—'tis a fine name in sooth—will find thee that coach?"

"Not a word more!" broke in the other. She had as strong a spirit as his own. "Who should know Lord Rockhurst better than I? Ah, who has better reason to know him? If all the world were to believe evil of him, yet would I still trust him with my life."

"And is there naught you value more than life?"

"How dare you, cousin!"

"Is your good name nothing to you?"

"How dare you!" she repeated.

"Nay, Diana, listen to me. Shall I tell thee what's to happen? The Rakehell will return to thee in a little while, dejected, aye, heartbroken. Far and wide, not a horse, not a coach, not a driver to be had for love or money. He has bargained, pleaded, threatened, in vain. So thou must even trust thyself to him further—to him who is as thy father." Diana started, bit her lip. The words struck her; and vehemently she thrust them from her. "Then, Diana," went on Ratcliffe, ever more cuttingly, "will he discover something strange in the character of his protective feelings. Thou, too, will read in thine own—filial heart. Behold, the end is not difficult to guess!"

"Oh, foul-mouthed!" cried the young widow, recoiling. Indignation and terror mixed were in her voice. To have the veil thus torn by sacrilegious hands from the innermost shrine; the sanctuary of her tender secret thus broken. Ratcliffe clutched the window frame with both hands and thrust his face into the room, his features working again with that unwonted passion.

"Diana—ah, Diana, for heaven's sake,

you must understand! These days, it seems, all barriers are broken down, all laws violated with impunity. And now, even you, even you, Diana, will surely pay the price if you accept the protection of Rakehell Rockhurst!"

Diana swept a gesture of final scorn.

"Begone, Lionel! Away with you as you came! I pity you—thief of men and women's good report. Alas! cousin, do I not know what purpose you have in this slander? Shame that even in this hour of God's wrath you should wake to no worthier mind!"

The man fixed her, a breathing space or two, without speaking. Had she been less incensed she might have noted something in his look singularly belying the thought she imputed to him—might have seen a purpose as earnest as it was selfless.

"One word, then, and I go. Di, from the days when we were children together, I have loved thee. Dost remember how I called thee my little wife? You'll have none of my warning now, so be it! In a little while you'll want me, you'll call on me. I shall be near, I shall hear thee. Stay; here is the gold whistle you once gave me—that Christmas—years ago. You have, of course, forgotten it. I have kept it close, you see." He hesitated a second, poising the bauble at the end of its long ribbon, frowning. Then he cast it into the room. "Risk for risk—all is risk! My lips have not touched it since the pestilence came so nigh them. Di, hark to me, Di. When you want my help this day, you have but to whistle; I'll hear and help—I go. Yet not so far but what I can guard my own."

She stood, her head averted; her foot beating the floor, image of scornful defiance. He slipped down from his perch to the ledge and poised himself yet a second, looking in on her as when he had first appeared.

"Thou, in the Rakehell's hands—and the world gone mad around thee! Shalt whistle sooner than thou thinkest."

She wheeled to silence him; he was gone. A bitter conflict rose in her mind as she stood staring at the blank window space. In spite of herself the memory of his look, of the deep earnestness of his voice, began to shake her sense of security. He thought he had the sickness, yet he came to warn her! Another man would have had little reck of aught but himself, with that shadow of doom spread over him. Yet he hated Rockhurst—

oh, how he hated him!—and had he not all but killed Rockhurst's son for aspiring to her? With the perspicacity of his relentless love for her, he had read her secret. Reason enough then that he should strive to poison her mind against one whom she knew so noble. Yet again, unscrupulous, daring, cruel even in his very love for her, Ratcliffe had taken piteous pains to guard her against himself. Now he was lurking in the lanes below, for her sake, instead of hying him to the nearest physician, so urgent did he believe her danger. Was there, could there be danger?

Her ear caught the sound of the key in the lock; she knew it was Rockhurst returning. On a sudden impulse she picked up the whistle, and thrust it into her bodice. Her heart beat to suffocation as she heard his hand on the door.

II

ROCKHURST came in slowly and stood a moment, contemplating Diana before he spoke. The bronze of his face singularly blanched; his grave eye alight with a threatening fire. Then he spoke quickly:

"I have beaten the neighborhood. Whitehall is as a desert, the name of the King itself an empty sound. The whole town is fled, dying, or dead." He took her hand, clasping it with a pressure so fierce as almost to draw a cry from her. "For love or money, it is impossible to obtain horse, coach, or man."

Her fluttering heart slowed down to the dull beat of misery. She sought to draw her hand from his.

"Oh, my lord!"

Unheeding, he went on:

"Pestilence is rushing onward like a flood. There is no rock, no hilltop that is not fated to be swallowed up in time. Diana, we are as those doomed by the Deluge, who have taken refuge on the mountain only to watch the deadly waters rise, only to count the hours left to them!"

He broke off; she had wrenched her hand from his grasp and had shrunk away from him, covering her face. Not the dreadful import of his words frightened her, but the fire of his glance, the mad exultation of the voice that thus pronounced their doom.

"What!" he exclaimed, his tones vibrating to a tenderness more terrible still to her ears, "have I scared thee? Brave heart, afraid at last?"

"Yes, yes, I am afraid," she murmured behind her clasped fingers. But, even as she spoke, her strong nature reacted against the folly of weakness. She dropped her hands, drew herself proudly up, and turned, looking him steadily in the eyes:

"No, my lord, 'twas but an evil thought."

He returned her gaze fixedly and she saw how the blood began to rise, slow, dark, in his cheek.

"Yet, why should I say we are doomed?" he went on, under his breath. "Why should not this house be as the ark of refuge? Diana"—the dreadful joy broke out again in eye and accent—"have you understood how it stands with us? There is no help for it; we are shut in together. Heaven itself has sealed the way that would divide us——"

So, it had come! That moment she had sought in her dreams with a fierce abandonment to its ecstasy; that moment, the very thought of which, in waking hours, she had prayed against with tears, as if the mere passage of its forbidden sweetness through her heart were sin! It had come, in this bitterness, this shame, this shattering of the ideal she held so high. She moved from him without a word, let herself drop mechanically into the King's chair, and sat, her hands clasping the carven arms, staring straight before her. Rockhurst fell on his knee beside her.

"Diana, Diana, I love you! And ah, Diana, you love me——"

She flung out her hands to push him from her. All her wounded heart spoke in the cry:

"Do not say it, my lord! I have so dreaded to hear you say it!"

But her very pain was triumph in his ears. As masterfully as he caught and imprisoned her hands once again, so did his passion seize and crush her woman's scruples. "We are alone in a dying world! Who knows if we shall see another dawn! Shall we not take the day that is given us, make use of life while life is still ours?" And while she looked at him, speechless, her eyes dark in the sorrowful pallor of her face, he cried in a tone that pierced to her very marrow: "Diana, come to my arms and teach me, let me teach thee, how sweet life can be—how sweet death can be!"

She had ceased to struggle against him. Her hands lay inert in his.

He put his arm about her then; and, motionless, she submitted. But the tears slowly, slowly welled to her piteous eyes. Then

he drew back from her, rose and stood again, gazing at her. The exultation, the fires of ecstasy fading from his face, and something hard, ruthless, taking their place.

"I can get a priest to wed us, in Whitehall, ere the day be an hour older," he said, frowning upon her. Through the tears she would not shed, her great eyes dilated upon him.

"And what will you say—what shall we say—to your son, to my betrothed, my lord?"

Rockhurst started as if he had been struck. A masterful man, who all his life had dominated others, he bent his brows with a terrible resentment on her who dared thwart him at this supreme moment of his will; dared lift against him the one weapon that could pierce his armor.

"You took the trust, my lord, even as I yielded my promise."

His anger broke forth, the more ruthlessly that he was, for the first time of his life perhaps, abandoning himself to an unworthy part, a part of weakness. Broken phrases escaped his lips, contradictions lost in the irresistible logic of passion:

"My son—my son? I shall answer for myself to my son. Nay, what account have I to render to my son! A beardless boy, shall he come between us? Diana, your eyes have lied a thousand times or you love me! That promise to Harry was no promise, wrested from you, from me, because of a white face, pleading—of a red wound! And, if he be true flesh of mine, he will have none of you, with your heart another's. Why, my dear"—his voice changed—"think you Harry will ever have his bride, will ever see his father again?"

So long as his eye flamed, as his voice harshly chid her, she felt strong. But against that note of tenderness, she weakened. A sense of physical failing came over her. She thought of the moment when, in the darkness of the garden, she had awakened to find herself in his arms. Perhaps, in truth, death was very near to them. To slip from the moorings of life, on the tide of his great love—ah, he had said it, it would be sweet! She clasped her hands to her breast; but at the touch of Lionel's gold bauble, something in herself that Rockhurst's words had lulled, started into vivid life again; something that would not let her accept the easier course. If death were, even at this moment, gloating upon them, the better reason to look on it with loyal eyes. Were Harry indeed fated never to meet bride or father again, then

must father and bride remain sacred in noble memory! And not because she and Rockhurst were so fain to break it, was a promise less binding a promise. One sentence of Lionel's rang in her ear, "Behold, the end is not difficult to guess," and the echo of her own voice crying back to him: "Oh, foul-mouthed!"

Quickly she made her choice; and brave in her pain had a smile as she turned to speak:

"Once, my lord, you saved me, when I scarce knew myself in danger. To-day it is given to me to pay my debt. And I save you. Give me your arm again, kind, beloved friend, and through the hot contamination of these streets, as once through the pure snow, bring me to honorable shelter."

For a second the unexpected check, the unlooked-for strength of her resistance kept him silent. Then gently, as if to an unreasonable child:

"And to what shelter? Poor Diana!"

Her smile took something of the divine maternal pity which lurks in every good woman's heart for the man she loves:

"But a stone's throw from this place, my dear lord, her Majesty's House of the Blue Nuns will not refuse to open its doors to me, as, indeed, I should have minded me sooner."

She rose and moved steadily toward the door, striving to seem as though she had no fear of his arresting her. But before she had time to raise the latch, his clasp of iron was on her wrist.

A cry rising from the street drove them apart like a sword. "Father, father!"

They looked at each other with staring eyes, blanched cheeks. Then the cry rose again: "My Lord, my Lord Rockhurst! Father, are you within?"

The color rushed back to Diana's face; a flame of joy leaped to her eye.

"This is no spirit call, but good human sound. Harry, honest Harry here! Ah, my lord, in time to save us!"

The revulsion of feeling, the unconscious admission of her words, a fierce flame of insane jealousy suddenly kindled by the glad note in her voice, broke down the last shred of Rockhurst's self-control. His passion escaped him tigerish:

"By the Lord God of heaven or the devil lord of hell, thou shalt not go to him!"

The young voice was uplifted again without. "Knock once more, Robin. I hear stirrings within," and a lusty shout succeeded: "Ho, Chitterley 'tis I, Harry Rockhurst!"

Rockhurst caught Diana in his arms. "Mine, Diana, mine, and none shall come between us!" He held her for a second against his breast, and she heard the great hammering of his heart. Then she found herself thrust within a curtained room, heard the door close upon her, the shooting of a bolt. A prisoner—and darkness all about her, a strange suffocating darkness, thick with the fumes of a burned-out lamp.

As the Lord Constable unbolted the outer door, he was met by the precipitate entrance of his son.

"Good heavens, Chitterley—" The broken words were cut short.

"My lord! Yourself in person! Thank God, thank God!"

Young Rockhurst cast himself impetuously upon his father's breast, sobbing with excitement. The latter suffered the embrace in silence, supported the boy, as he clung to him in sudden weakness, into the room, led him to a chair. Then he stood a second in gloomy silence, staring at the young bowed figure, sitting where she had sat, his face hidden in his hands, even as hers had been. Tears—and this weakling would wed Diana—Diana, who had not suffered hers to fall! Yet Rockhurst loved his son; and there was a strange rending pain at his heart.

Into the oppressive stillness, broken only by Harry's catching breath, there came from the inner room a stir as of curtains wrenched apart, as of creaking casements thrust open; and next a stifled cry. Rockhurst, expecting the instant of revelation, braced himself as a man may for the meeting of his death stroke. There was a long sweet whistle—some call in the street doubtless—no further sound. Ah, Diana would not betray him! Diana loved him!

As if the shrill sweet signal had roused him, Harry Rockhurst started, dashed the tears from his cheeks, and rising, seized his father's hand to pour forth a torrent of words.

"Alas, my lord, and how had you the heart to leave me in this ignorance of your peril? Had not Master Lionel writ to me. Oh, father, never look so sternly on me! I know I have transgressed your command to remain in the country, but how could I keep away; 'twas not in nature! Where is Diana? Oh, my God, Chillingburgh House is deserted, the doors open to the winds, the old lady abandoned, dead, stark in her chair! Where is Diana? Father, my Diana!"

His voice rose to a scream, as his father turned a terrible, set face upon him; his father from whom he had scarce ever known but loving and joyful looks. Evil beyond words must be the tidings awaiting him. He clutched his breast with both hands.

"Harry, be a man!" cried Rockhurst, starting at the livid change that spread over the young countenance. But he was too late.

"Dead?" cried the lad, and on a sudden gasped for breath. "A curse on this wound that will not heal!" He tore at the lapels of his riding coat, reeled and fell, barely caught, into his father's arms.

"My God, I have killed my son!" Blood welled out between Rockhurst's fingers as he clasped the slight, inert form.

"Harry!" he cried frantically to the deaf ears, "Harry, she is not dead. She is not dead! Diana! you shall even see her!" He raised a loud call for her; then, with a groan, remembered him—the shot bolt. Had ever a man been so mad, had ever a man been so base, been so punished? He lowered the body to the ground; 'twas the old wound indeed, that wound taken in the defense of his father's honor, his poor country lad, who had never heard, had never known of one in the town nicknamed the Rakehell!

Again he raised a desperate cry for help. "Robin, there without—!" And all at once the silent, abandoned house was full of voices and footsteps. Here was the white face of his old servant; the scared chubbiness of Yorkshire Robin—and another countenance, unknown and solemn. And behold, Chitterley was saying: "This way, good doctor." A physician!

When the moment holds life and death in its balance, there is no room for surprise.

"Chitterley, ha, Chitterley," cried Rockhurst. "Water and bandages, in heaven's name! This way, Sir Physician! A physician by divine mercy!"

The man of physic, who had been much occupied with his pomander, dropped it from his nostrils to stare on the unexpected scene. And Chitterley, whose dim eyes had only just become aware of his master, burst into a dismal wail:

"My lord, fly! Here is plague, here is death!" Then, in yet more piercing lamentation, "What? Master Harry too? Merciful heaven!"

"Sir," said Rockhurst to the physician. "Your attention hither!"



Drawn by Arthur Becher.

"I have so dreaded to hear you say it!"



Drawn by Arthur Becker.

"The tale of retribution was not complete."

"Truly," said the doctor, "this seems an urgent case." He was perhaps not displeased to find, instead of the plague-stricken patient he had been summoned to attend, a clean lad a-bleeding of a sword wound.

Old Chitterley ran feebly hither and thither, as father and surgeon bent together over the unconscious form. Robin stared, voiceless.

"It is an old wound, ill healed," cried Rockhurst. "My faithful son, he fought, a month ago, one who impugned my good name—now having heard I was in danger of the sickness, naught could keep him from me. All the way from Yorkshire . . . and he wasted with the fever of his hurt! When I saw him I chid him." The father looked with dry eyes of agony at the physician's thoughtful face.

"The bleeding has somewhat waned," said the latter, without committing himself, then rising stiffly from his knees. "I could attend to the young gentleman better," he pursued, "were he upon a couch. May I assist your lordship to shift him?" He had recognized the noble Lord Constable, the King's friend, and was full of solicitude.

"Nay, I need no aid!" The father gathered his boy again into his arms. "Chitterley, unbolt the door. How now!" The old man had flung himself before his master and, with clasped hands, was motioning him desperately back. "The wretch has gone crazy!"

"Nay, my dear master, in God's name, she lies there!"

"She?" For one mad instant Rockhurst deemed his ancient servant stood at bay before his own threatened honor. Almost he laughed in scornful anger. What recked he now of aught, except this bleeding burden on his breast? Aye, and if those purple lids, sealed in such deathlike peace, were to unclothe and Harry were to behold Diana, the father knew and was pierced, as by a two-edged sword of ruth and tenderness, at the thought that yet his son would never doubt him. Chitterley was still speaking. The tale of retribution was not complete.

"The French lady, your lordship, sick of the plague! She lies within, dying of the sickness. 'Twas for her I sought Mr. Burbage."

Rockhurst staggered as one struck from an unexpected quarter. In haste the physician advanced, but just in time to seize the limp body from the father's relaxing grasp. Here were strange events, enough to bewilder the ordinary decorous man of science on his professional round! But, as times went, astonishment had no part in men's lives. Catastrophes had ceased to shock. The Lord Constable and his servant, either or both, might be mad. Few people were quite sane these days, but here was a young life hanging on a thread; enough for the moment if skill of his could strengthen its hold. As for the creature with the plague yonder, whoever she might be, let her rot; 'twas only one added to the ten thousand bound to die that day. He laid the lad all his length on the floor, drew a phial of cordial from his breast, and set dazed Robin to bring him the water from the table, while Rockhurst stood staring at Chitterley, his face more stricken than that pallid one at his feet.

The old servant, on his side, still stretched out trembling arms in barrier. It seemed as if his mind had stopped on that effort of desperate warning. At last, tonelessly, Rockhurst spoke:

"In my room——?"

"Aye, my lord. She was dying. I could not keep her out!"

"Sick of the plague, said you?"

"Aye, your lordship."

The father gave a terrible cry.

"O God, Thy vengeance is greater than my sin! Diana!"

He looked down at the physician, absorbed in ineffectual efforts to recall the wandering spirit to its fair young sheath; and in a voice that smote even that ear so fully seasoned to sorrow's plaint:

"Sir, so has heaven dealt with me this day, that if I must needs hear now that he is dead, my only son—'twould be the best tidings—in very truth."



"In a few brief geological moments it rounds the shoulders of the haughtiest mountain."

THE STORY OF THE SOIL

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS



IF you were asked to name the most important of mineral substances, you would doubtless hesitate for a moment, and weigh the respective merits of coal, iron, and the precious metals.

Only after some consideration, probably, would it occur to you that these highly useful substances have insignificant value as compared with that familiar mixture of ground-up minerals which we call the soil.

Man could make shift to live and even in a measure to progress without glass or cement or metals; but his very life depends upon the little film of triturated rock that is spread over the surface of the globe in the form of earth. The constituents of this are metamorphosed into the substance of plants, and ultimately into the tissues of man himself.

Properly to understand the matter, however, it must be comprehended that the soil is no important part of the earth's structure,

except from a strictly human standpoint. At best it is only a little film of material frayed off from the jacket called the earth's crust. To a giant of such size that the earth were to him what an apple is to us, the soil would be no more than the bloom on the peach. With his handkerchief he could wipe off the films of water that we call oceans, like so much dew; and polish off the soil as we rub the bloom from an apple, clear down to the rock foundations, without changing appreciably the size or the weight of his toy. To scrape away the entire crust of the earth (so far as known to us) would be but to remove an infinitesimal shell; and the total bulk of air and oceans aggregates only seven per cent of that shell. Yet the oceans cover three fifths of the earth's surface, and, as measured in human terms, are some miles in depth. How, then, shall we estimate the insignificance of that little powdering of soil, only a few feet in thickness, that is dusted over the remaining two fifths of the earth's

surface? Let us follow somewhat in detail the processes through which nature gradually transforms a stratum of primeval rock into a layer of vegetation-bearing earth.

It has been said that the primal soil consists of disintegrated rocks. A moment's reflection will show that it could have no other origin, since the entire crust of the earth consisted of this material. The various processes by which the transformation from rock to soil was brought about may be detailed with great explicitness. Nor is this a matter of mere conjecture, for the process of soil formation is going on to-day precisely as it has gone on in past ages, and it may be witnessed by whoever cares to go into the country with his eyes open.

There are three type processes involved in soil formation. In the one, the rocks disintegrate, and their pulverized substance remains as soil, without changing position. Such a soil is sometimes spoken of as sedentary. The general surface of a level prairie land, overlying limestone strata, is often of this character. The second process consists of the deposit of soil substance brought from a distance by water. Such a transported soil is said to be alluvial. The less familiar term "colluvial" is technically applied to a soil that has been shifted somewhat from its original seat of formation, as on hillsides, where the soil is always creeping down toward the

valleys. The main soil of most rolling uplands is colluvial. A stony New England hillside furnishes a familiar illustration. Everyone knows how the stones in such a soil come to the surface, as the lighter portions of the soil are perpetually washed away.

There is no sharp line of demarcation to be drawn between the different types of soils, however, as regards the manner of their manufacture from the original rock. The same method of milling has been applied to them all. The two great classes of agencies involved are, respectively, the mechanical and the chemical forces of nature.

Mechanical agencies change the form of the materials—as from bowlders to sand—without changing its chemical character. The chief agencies operating to this end are gravitation, heat and cold, the wind, and water and ice.

The effects of gravitation are so familiar as to demand only the briefest mention; yet most of us, perhaps, seldom stop to consider how far-reaching these effects are. But for gravitation, the winds would not blow, the waters would not descend, and the mountaintops would not crumble into the valleys. Each particle of pulverized rock would remain where it was formed, and there would be no such thing as a mixed soil. But as matters are actually arranged, gravitation is perpetually active, and every particle of mat-



"Cracks and fissures are deepened and widened and vast rock masses may be split asunder."



"Roots clutched across the face of the rock, like the arms of an octopus."

ter is being eternally tugged at and urged to get nearer to the earth's center. So no sooner does a fragment of rock at a mountain crest become loosened than gravitation hurls it crashing down into the valley, shattering it into fragments, perhaps, or at the very least grinding off some portions of its surface, as well as of the surface of the rocks against which it is dashed.

By such means and with the further aid of its handmaidens wind and water, gravitation works its unceasing purpose of leveling the surface of the earth. In a few brief geological moments it rounds the shoulders of the haughtiest mountain; and, given time enough, it will bring every particle of rock back to the sea bed whence it originally sprang. Short of that, as a transition stage, it is forever mixing the different soil constituents on the one hand and sorting them out again on the other.

As witness to the effects of the perpetual activity of gravitation in this direction, we may note that such rounded peaks as the Catskills and Alleghanies were originally upheaved as precipitous rocky crags miles in height. Or, viewing the process at the other end of the route, so to speak, it may be observed that a river such as the Mississippi carries down to the sea each year an amount of soil estimated to be sufficient to cover a mile of surface to the depth of 268 feet.

Heat is the second great agency in the process of transforming rocks into soil. Heat, as everyone knows, causes bodies to expand; and we are able in some measure to explain that fact, as due to the increased activity of the molecules; but we do not know at all why each different substance has its own so-called coefficient of expansion—that is to say, why each substance expands by a different amount with any given increase of temperature. Yet this fact is the vitally important one in determining the effect of changing temperature upon a rock. If all parts of a given rock expanded equally, the probability of its rupture through heating and cooling would be minimized. Such is really the case with a few rocks, including limestone and quartzite; and these rocks are notoriously resistant to changes of temperature, though limestone is comparatively soft in texture.

But most rocks are composite in structure, and the different minerals of which they are composed rarely expand equally under influence of the sun's rays. Even a homogeneous crystal does not usually expand equally in all directions. Obviously, then, there must be a straining and jostling of the diverse particles of a rock when it is heated or cooled. Even slight changes of temperature may lead to the loosening of little crystalline particles at the surface of the rock; and where



"Where many roots act in unison the force is such that no rock can resist."

the changes are extreme, the entire substance of a rock may be riven asunder. In sandy, tropical deserts, where the temperature falls very suddenly at sunset, rocks have been observed to burst into fragments with explosive suddenness. Mountaintops also are subject to violent changes of temperature, and the incessant splintering and crumbling of the rocks always to be noted there have this initial cause. Stones carried on the surface of a glacier are subjected to variations of temperature so extreme—sometimes as much as 200° F. within the twenty-four hours—that their surfaces may crumble appreciably from day to day. Sometimes the disintegrated crystals may be scraped off by the handful from what seems to casual inspection a solid rock.

But in its actual work of destruction the sun is not alone. It has a most valiant ally in the form of water; and with the aid of this ally its task is performed in vastly less time than it would otherwise require. Water percolates into every minutest fissure in the rock; it even penetrates the porous substance of rocks that would be described as absolutely solid. Lodged thus securely, it awaits the time when the temperature shall sink below the freezing point; then, as it changes to ice, it expands by about one eleventh of its bulk, with a force that not even flint or granite can with-

stand. Minute crystals under which it lodged are split off from the parent rock; cracks and fissures are deepened and widened; and vast rock masses may be split asunder.

There are two other ways in which water exerts an enormous influence in facilitating the conversion of rocks into material for soils: as river and as glacier it carries masses and fragments of every size, grinding both the transported material and the rocky beds over which it moves; and percolating everywhere into cranny and fissure, it acts as the universal softener and solvent. The fragments transported by river and glacier are rounded into boulders and pebbles, the worn-off portions becoming sand and clay, often of the finest variety. Some of our richest soils were thus ground and mixed by the ice sheet of the glacial epoch; others represent the beds of former lakes or shallow seas, to which the rivers brought their offerings.

When we speak of the solvent action of water, we are at the border line between mechanical and chemical effects; for a large proportion of the chemical changes that are all essential in soil formation take place only in the presence of moisture. The combined effects are enormously important. A very vivid illustration of this is afforded by the share played by water in changing the beds of limestone of a level prairie into a rich



"Exposing this material to more violent processes of weathering."

"residual" soil. Almost half the bulk of the original beds of stone may consist of lime; and were this substance to be retained in any such proportion, the soil must be absolutely sterile. But all limestones except the very hardest are readily attacked—no one knows

why—by rain water, which is sure to contain a certain amount of carbonic acid; therefore the lime is steadily leached away. It has been estimated that, on an average, no less than fifty tons of lime are thus carried off in solution annually, from each and every acre



"The distribution of this humus and its final incorporation."

of limestone land in the world. Of course other soluble salts—potash, soda, nitrates, and the like—go the same way. The total bulk of soluble matter thus carried to the oceans each year by the rivers of the world is said to reach the unthinkable figure of about five billions of tons, and this is additional to the even greater quantity of matter that forms an insoluble sediment.

In this view, it would appear that the formation of a soil is a very wasteful process; but here as elsewhere in nature there are compensating effects to be observed if we search for them. Thus, for example, the lime carried off to the oceans, is there taken up to form the shells or the bony framework of all manner of living creatures, from coral polyps and crinoids to fishes and turtles; and the remains of these creatures, deposited ultimately in the ocean bed, are building up new strata of limestone precisely as our soil-forming limestone was built up in the sea beds of an earlier geological epoch. In the meantime, sandstones and the like are being formed from sedimentary deposits. The soils of a future era will be made by the weathering of the rocky strata that are forming in the sea beds of to-day.

A moment's reflection on the origin of the limestone beds will make it clear why the lime carbonate that is the essential constituent of the stone is mixed with so much extraneous matter. The ancient seas, like the seas of to-day, received a constant increment of sediment from their rivers, and this sediment was mixed with the shells and skeletons to form the conglomerate we call limestone. For the purposes of soil formation it is fortunate that it is so, as otherwise nothing would remain when the lime salt has been leached away; we should have simply a slowly vanishing, always denuded, rock surface instead of soil. The foundation substance of the soil is, in short, the insoluble or sparingly soluble residuum that remains after the rock has been crumbled by the weathering effect of the elements, and a large part of its soluble matter has been removed by leaching. And the main bulk of this insoluble matter, it may be added, consists everywhere of the compound of aluminum and silicon and oxygen that is popularly known as clay, and the equally familiar compound of silicon and oxygen called sand. Understanding this, it will surprise no one to be told that oxygen, silicon, and aluminum are the three most abundant elements that

enter into the composition of the earth's crust. Reduced to figures, it appears that oxygen makes up almost precisely half the substance of the earth's crust; silicon, a trifle more than one fourth; and aluminum about one fourteenth.

Oxygen is not only omnipresent, but it has the most democratic propensity to enter into alliances with all manner of other elements. As everybody knows, water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, and air is a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen. Carbonic acid, the solvent power of which has just been referred to, is a compound of water with carbon and an additional increment of oxygen. Phosphoric, sulphuric, and oxalic acids—all of them potent in the soil—are also compounds of oxygen. In a word, oxygen forms compounds of one sort or another with every other essential element that enters into the soil.

Quite frequently, indeed, oxygen enters into different combinations by uniting in varying proportions with the same elements, producing compounds of widely different physical properties. For example, carbonate of lime, a compound of oxygen, carbon, and lime that makes up the essential substance of pure limestone, is but little soluble in pure water; but when in contact with carbonated water it absorbs another increment of oxygen and of carbon and is changed to a so-called bicarbonate; and this bicarbonate, though containing no new element, is very soluble—no one knows why. Thus it is that the destruction of the limestone is brought about.

In similar fashion oxygen combines with the potash or soda or magnesium of a feldspar, making soluble compounds, and thus enabling water to gnaw into the vitals of a block of granite, honeycombing its substance until finally, as in the case of limestone, only sand and clay remain. And the hardest metals are equally susceptible; in particular iron, with which oxygen forms many compounds, most of them soluble. Everyone is familiar with the rusting—that is to say, the oxidation—of iron through the action of air. Similar changes are being effected constantly in rocks that contain iron, and in soils formed from such rocks. Not only is an insoluble iron compound thus often rendered soluble, but an interesting additional destructive effect is brought about as a sequel to these combinations; for the so-called "higher" oxides of iron, having absorbed an additional increment of oxygen, occupy more space than

their parent compounds, and so, expanding with the irresistible force that characterizes molecular activities, they exert a mechanical rupturing action precisely similar in effect to that exerted by minerals expanding under the influence of heat.

When we reflect on these manifold activities of oxygen, and then reflect further that no man in the world has the slightest inkling as to why any one of them occurs, it will be obvious that the inspection of this phase of our subject leads us into a veritable maze of mysteries.

Reasons aside, however, the facts of chemical action are very tangible. The results may be seen at the surface of any rock and in the substance of every soil. In many cases the chemical effects are curiously complementary to the action of mechanical agencies. Taken together, the two sets of forces find the weak spot in every rocky armor. If a rock is, like limestone, resistant to heat, or like granite of hard and intractable texture, it still may yield very readily before the insidious attacks of carbonic acid. If, on the other hand, it is proof against most chemical activities, it may be relatively soft and friable, like coal, or subject to easy cleavage, like mica. And even if a rock were to resist all the destructive agencies we have yet referred to, there are still others in nature's armamentarium, some of them utterly irresistible, that are operated with the aid of living organisms.

Here, for example, is a delicate little plant—let us say a lichen—clinging precariously to the side of a granite boulder. Harmless enough it seems, yet if you attempt to pull it away you will find that it brings with it a little portion of the rock substance. Its roots have secreted the powerful solvent, oxalic acid, and this has been eating into the structure of the rock.

Or observe yonder tree with roots clutched across the face of the rock, like the arms of an octopus. Seemingly the roots are reaching out for earth, and having trouble enough to find it. But at the same time they are sending down a multitude of tiny rootlets into every crevice of the rock. Each of these hairlike rootlets, consisting of a thread of protoplasm protected by a corky sheath, is capable of exerting an expansive force almost incredibly great. The pressure exerted by a rootlet of a delicate pea vine has been measured and found to register as much as 300 pounds to the square inch. Where many

roots act in unison, the force is such that no rock can resist it. So not merely the tree but every plantlet that clings to the side of a boulder or that clambers along a rocky ledge, is tearing at the vitals of its host, silently and insidiously exerting a force that in its final effect is like a blast of dynamite. And where the rootlet could not make its way by mere mechanical force, it drills an opening with the aid of its excreted acids, even as the workman drills a hole for his explosive.

Nor does the destructive power of a plant end with the life of the plant itself. The toppled-over tree may bring up with its roots a quantity of earth, and even large blocks of stone, exposing this material to more violent processes of weathering than would otherwise have attended it. And in any event, the dead roots, stems, and leaves, in the process of decay, become the source of ammonia, and of carbonic and other acids, all of which aid in hurrying on never-ending transformations.

It is this vegetable "humus," so called, that imparts the characteristic dark color to the upper layer of the soil. A certain amount of humus is an absolutely essential ingredient of an arable soil. The distribution of this humus, and its final incorporation with the pulverized rock substances, constitutes, indeed, what may be called the final and culminating process of soil formation—in so far as any one process of an endless cycle can be said to be more final than another.

This finishing touch is given with the aid of animal organisms, the most significant worker in this capacity being the familiar earthworm, though sundry insects, including ants, wasps, and various beetles, are valiant assistants, and the share taken by various burrowing mammals is not to be overlooked. The earthworm literally feeds on the soil, digesting a portion of its soluble content, and ejecting the residue in the form of the "casts" that may be seen covering the ground almost anywhere after a summer rain. Darwin, who first called attention prominently to the subject, estimated that in many soils the worms are so abundant as to thus work over and bring to the surface no less than a foot of earth in half a century. The worms further aid in the distribution of vegetable matter by dragging leaf stalks, blades of grass, and the like after them into their burrows. All in all, their work is so important that some of the most essential qualities of the surface soil—its porosity, lack of structure, and loose texture—as contrasted with the subsoil, are



"The main soil of most rolling uplands is colluvial."

considered to be very largely due to their efforts. They substantially till the entire depth of soil that is reached by the cultivator; they assist materially in preparing the humus for plant assimilation; and ultimately their own substance is given to enrich the earth.

The final product, as thus elaborately compounded with the aid of mechanical and chemical and organic forces, is a very different-seeming thing from the parent rocks in which it had its origin. But of course its chemical nature was largely predetermined. There has been no manufacture of new materials, in the chemical sense, but only the recompounding of old elements, in the entire process. Every iota of matter to be found in the soil existed in the primitive rocks, or in the atmosphere. But, on the other hand, the elements are very differently proportioned in an arable soil from what they were in any soil-forming rock. We saw an illustration of this in the leaching out of the major part of the carbonate of lime from a limestone soil, and of the potash, soda, and magnesia from a disintegrating granite. Where the rainfall is not adequate to effect such leaching, the disintegrated rock produces, not a rich loam, but an "alkali" desert.

And yet these same "alkalis" must by no means be completely exhausted in the process of leaching, or again the soil will be unable

to support vegetation. A mineral that poisons the plant when in excess may be an essential tonic when given in what we may call medicinal doses—a fact that emphasizes for the thousandth time nature's fondness for the happy mean. No one knows why these particular chemicals are essential to the plant's needs; but the truth is patent. Chemically speaking, the limits of soil variation are pretty narrowly drawn. There is a very definite list of ingredients that must be present, else the soil cannot support plant life. The list is a highly interesting one. It includes these elementary substances: oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, phosphorus, potassium, sodium, silicon, lime, magnesium, iron, manganese, sulphur, chlorine, and fluorine. There are other elements that are assimilated exceptionally, with or without benefit to the plant; but these fifteen elements are indispensable. Some of them are absorbed in much larger proportion than others, and hence assume greater prominence when plant foods are under discussion; but no substitute can answer for any one of them.

It will be observed that aluminum, which as we have seen is the most abundant of metals, is not named in the list of plant foods. Doubtless its absence is due to the insolubility of its compounds. The same reasoning explains, perhaps, the comparatively slight use made by the plant of silicon, the



"The final product as thus elaborately compounded."

most abundant of all elements next to oxygen. But in their influence on the physical character of the soil, aluminum, as the foundation of clays, and silicon, as the foundation of sands, take a position hardly secondary in importance to that of the most indispensable of plant foods. Taken together sands and clays make up the bulk of every arable soil; and the precise qualities and relative proportions of the two very largely determine the physical character of the soil—whether it is "sandy," "clayey," "loamy," or what not. The sand granules, being relatively large, and quite lacking adhesiveness, give porosity and friability to the soil; while the fine, adhesive particles of the clay give it plasticity, and enormously increase its capacity to absorb and retain moisture. Granted the right combination of these qualities, the soil is permeable to air, to water, and to the roots of plants. If the plant-food elements are also present in proper proportion, such a soil will—under right climatic conditions—support vegetation.

But, on the other hand, if the physical properties of the soil are not right, the soil may be arid, however rich it may be in the elements of plant food. And here again the conditions are rather exacting. To name but one of them, the particles of sand, clay, and humus making up the bulk of the soil must reach and retain a certain degree of average fineness if the soil is to be fit for cultivation. If the granules are too large,

the soil is loose and dries out rapidly; if they are too small, the soil is unduly compact and impervious. Under normal conditions, each soil particle is surrounded—thanks to the inscrutable force called capillarity—with a film of moisture—plant food in solution. The extent of this film of water will obviously depend upon the aggregate surface of the particles, and this increases surprisingly as the particles are more and more finely divided. A cubic foot of solid stone would expose only six square feet of surface to the influences of air and water; but the same foot of material when pulverized to the condition of soil may present a surface of no less than four acres—28,000 times the exposed area of the original stone. A surface area of about one acre per cubic foot represents the particles of an average loamy soil. It is clear, therefore, that air and water have enormously increased opportunities to continue their weathering effects upon the soil particles, grinding them ever finer and finer, by dissolving off fresh portions of their substance.

And this thought explains what I had in mind when I said that soil making is a cyclic process, in a sense without either beginning or end. We saw that the rock from which soils are ground was in itself made up from the substance of dissipated soils. And now it appears that even in the substance of the most perfect or "finished" soil, the process of soil making still goes on—even as the process of rock making still goes on in the

ocean beds. All things are cyclic in nature; such terms as "beginning" and "ending" serve merely to express human limitations.

It is given to man, however, to break in on the sequence of events in a good many of nature's cycles; this one among others. By plowing and harrowing the soil he renders it still more subject to the attacks of the elements; and by forced cropping he robs it of many of its ingredients. But he is able also to make amends by restoring to the soil, in concentrated form, substances equivalent to those he has removed. The three ingredients that give him greatest concern are nitrogen, phosphorus, and potash. Artificial fertilizers for the most part owe their value to richness in one or the other of these constituents.

Nitrogen is supplied by manures, by animal fertilizers, and by the nitrate of soda beds of Chile. It is also taken from the air by leguminous plants, such as peas and beans, with the aid of certain bacteria that form nodules on the plant roots; and very recently indeed science has discovered how to extract it directly from the air and convert it into a soluble compound with the aid of electricity. So there is no longer any danger, as there was until recently, that the supply of nitrogen in the soil will become permanently depleted.

Phosphorus occurs in nature chiefly as a compound with lime; and various beds of this mineral, mostly in conjunction with ordinary limestone, have been discovered. Certain kinds of iron ore also contain phosphorus, and the so-called "Thomas slag" of the basic process of steel manufacture furnishes a valuable phosphatic fertilizer. Animal bones, as utilized in the manufacture of fertilizers in the packing houses, also supply a certain amount of phosphorus, though in a less available form than that of the best mineral fertilizers.

Potash has until somewhat recently been

chiefly obtained from wood ashes, the burning of wood to obtain this substance having been an industry of some importance in Canada and in Hungary. But about a generation ago it was discovered that large beds of potash salts overlie the rock salt beds at Stassfurt, in Prussia, and in certain adjoining regions of Saxony. An important industry in the production of "Stassfurt salts" soon developed in this region, and the world's supply of potash, for agricultural as for other commercial purposes, has of late years been very largely drawn from this source. But now an attempt is being made to utilize the abundant supply of potash that lies locked in the kind of feldspar known as orthoclase, which is a prominent constituent of many common forms of granite. All that is necessary is to grind the granite to a powder, and the newer types of rock-crushing machines make this commercially feasible. Man thus accomplishes in a few hours a task for which the weathering processes of nature would require some thousands of years.

This method of producing potash is still in the experimental stage. Should it prove successful, the New England farmer of the near future may be able to turn to account the granite boulders that have so encumbered his lands and added to his labors in the past. Possibly the same water power that operates his rock-crushing machine may also generate electricity with the aid of which nitrogen may be taken from the air. Two of the three chief plant foods will then be his for the taking; and he may be able thus to replenish lands that were long since robbed of their richness and abandoned as unfit for cultivation. This is only a dream as yet; but it is a dream that has certain very practical foundations. At the very best, however, in this or in any other of his efforts to replenish the soil, man is but imitating, on a small scale, nature's world-wide and time-long processes of soil making.



THE NEW ECONOMIC RÉGIME IN JAPAN

BY THOMAS F. MILLARD

Author of "The New Far East"



NE cannot fail to be impressed by the remarkable energy and enthusiasm with which persons in all walks of life in Japan are throwing themselves into the movement to lift the nation into commercial and industrial supremacy in the Pacific. The national spirit engendered by the war with Russia has been adroitly shifted by Japanese statesmen into the pursuits of peace, where it is directed by the same firm hand that carried to success the military and naval operations.

But war and peace are very different conditions, and usually, in the course of history, have required different management. Even in war, as it progresses, enthusiasm subsides and belligerency becomes mechanical, its remaining incentive being chiefly supplied by discipline. Japan's newly created paternal system of national industry and commerce just now assumes a rather warlike attitude. The people are summoned to its support as by a call to arms, and with the intoxication of victory still coursing through their veins they respond. A reaction from this initial enthusiasm is inevitable, but while it lasts it is giving the new movement a tremendous impetus, and some of its manifestations are very interesting to Westerners. The genesis and development, so far as they have progressed, of the national industrial and commercial ownership policy, of the various stimulative and competitive methods proposed and already employed, and of the present and probable effects of the movement upon foreign interests in Japan and the Far East, are worthy of examination.

The tremendous impulse given to com-

mercial and industrial activities in Japan since the war has attracted much attention, and been the cause of much comment, usually optimistic. Since peace was declared (taking the latest official statement) there have been 314 new enterprises capitalized or old capitalizations increased, with an aggregate capital of \$197,151,514 gold. This is nearly one third the total capitalized industry of the country previous to the war. The enterprises represented in this enormous capitalization cover a wide field, but they nearly all belong in the category of what may be termed modern industries, in the sense applied in Japan. For instance, there are 51 new electrical companies, with an aggregate capital of \$55,000,000 gold; 10 new navigation and dock companies, with a total capital of \$20,000,000; 5 new insurance companies, with a total capital of \$7,500,000. New banking concerns aggregate a capital of \$11,000,000. There are 11 new steam railway companies, with \$10,000,000 capital; 14 new mining companies, with \$6,500,000 capital; while old corporations have increased their capital \$34,000,000. To many of them direct government assistance is being given, while nearly all of them have had or hope to secure stimulation through the government by indirect methods.

This enumeration of the new commercial activities of the nation does not, however, include the greatest enterprise of all. This is the national corporation, with a proposed capital of \$100,000,000 gold, for the purpose of pushing Japanese commerce and interests in Korea and Manchuria. This great company, in so far as its components have become public, is to include the government, with all the associated interests it can marshal, and

is to be thrown open to popular subscription, with a view to inducing the common people and middle classes to invest, thus enlisting their sympathy and direct pecuniary interest in the success of the scheme.

Persons who see, as anyone may by a study of the Japanese budget, that the government is deeply in debt, that it is at its wits' end to devise means to secure enough revenue to meet administrative expenses and interest charges, that its *pro rata* taxation is far higher than in any other large nation and that its people are the poorest, that the extraordinary war taxes have been extended for thirty years with no certainty of being able to remove them even then, may well be puzzled as to how all these undertakings are to be carried out. To put the matter in a nutshell, the plan is to draw foreign investors to the support of these various companies, and the government is used to stalk the foreign investor.

Three years ago, before the war with Russia, no sane business man familiar with the situation in Japan would have dreamed of indorsing any suggestion for a great and immediate expansion of the capitalized interests of the country. On the then existing capitalization, quotations on four fifths of the organized industries in Japan had been steadily declining in the market for a decade, and a leading financial authority had counseled reorganization of some enterprises on a more moderate basis. Since then the nation has fought a long and exhausting war which, to say nothing of the wastage of human material, has quintupled the national debt and nearly doubled the rate of taxation, which there is no prospect of reducing within a generation; and the bulk of the interest on the national debt has to be sent abroad, and is thus lost to the country. At the time the war began, and even at its close, the national credit was so unstable that the government was compelled to give collateral security for the payment of interest to foreign investors, and all the foreign war loans are backed by security, such as it is.

Yet within a few months new industrial and commercial capitalizations of approximately \$200,000,000 have been organized, and another corporation for half this amount is proposed. It is clear that this capitalization must be based on the same resources and opportunities, so far as Japan proper is concerned, as existed before the war, for the national wealth and resources have not been

increased, to say the least of it, by the war. The land and people remain practically the same. It seems that Japan is making an effort to capitalize her recent victory before its influence upon the imagination of the world wanes, and before its fruits turn to dead sea apples in the mouths of some Western nations.

Many of the enterprises which afford the basis for the new companies have, no doubt, a good chance of prospering; just which it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to say. But many of them have, so far as I could learn, no firmer foundation than a plausible prospect. Take, for instance, some of the mining companies. Now a new mining venture is not a particularly sound investment anywhere, and those in Japan are no exception. They are largely based on somewhat vague possibilities for development of prospects in Korea and Manchuria. And other important propositions depend, at least in the beginning, upon government support and assistance.

The method by which the government stalks the foreign investor operates, as do so many of Japan's new activities, through the banks. It is usually something like this: a stock company will be regularly organized, its stock duly subscribed for, and part of the capital paid in, the banks, if necessary, advancing the money. Then bonds will be issued, and placed, if the government is supporting the enterprise, with the Nippon Ginko or one of the other great banks which have branches and agencies all over the world, to be presented to foreign investors. The Japanese bank will not do this directly. It will split up the bonds in portions to be distributed in various countries, as the situation seems to warrant, and the portions be allotted to the agents or correspondents of the Japanese banks in those countries.

For instance, some of the bonds of an electric lighting and power company with a charter to conduct certain business in Japan, or one holding a mining concession in Korea or Manchuria, may be sent to a large banking house in Wall Street, which is the correspondent, say, of the Nippon Ginko. These bonds, by means of the customary process, will be offered by the American bank or house to their customers through their regular channels, with the statement that the Japanese Government guarantees the interest on the bonds. To the average investor in such securities this will probably "look pretty good,"

and he may put his surplus cash, if a better investment does not just then offer, into the bonds. This money goes to Japan, less the commission to the American concern (usually very liberal, in the case of some of the Japanese foreign loans netting nearly three per cent), and there helps finance the new national system.

The investor probably figures that even if the enterprise, of which he, of course, knows comparatively nothing, should fail to make money his interest is secure; and under ordinary circumstances this would be true, since most governments nowadays habitually meet their obligations. But here is clearly a different condition. The Japanese Government is going into this thing on a great scale; which means that it is really taking the same chance as the foreign investor in the success or failure of the enterprise.

In this connection the legal status of foreign investments in Japan becomes pertinent, for if enterprises in which foreign capital is invested cannot be operated at a profit and consequently fail, the only security for the capital will be whatever property may be owned by the business. And assuming that such a company fails, this question will arise in cases where the interest on its bonded debt is guaranteed by the government: Is the government, after the company has gone into bankruptcy and ceased to operate, obligated to continue to pay the interest on the bonds of an extinct enterprise, which would be forever unless the government paid the principal?

The equivocal legal standing of foreigners and foreign interests in Japan has often been discussed, and efforts have been repeatedly made to better their position, but so far without success. To put it flatly, the position of Japan toward the foreign investor she hopes to bring to the financial support of her new system amounts to this: "We want your money, but you must trust it absolutely to us." As for the great National Advancement Company, it has already been criticised in Japan as a plan to draw another great sum from the people, to be used in carrying out the government's policy—or simply a new way to float a domestic loan without liability for the principal should it be lost in the venture.

In some of the methods now being employed by the Japanese Government to promote the new national policy is exhibited commercial and industrial paternalism in its extremest form. Not only are municipalities throughout the Island Empire undertaking

to own and operate their transportation, light, electric power, and other plants, but the national government is actively taking a hand in commerce and industry. Here we find, for the first time, a great government operating as a business corporation.

THE MIKADO'S GOVERNMENT AS A BUSINESS CORPORATION

In entering upon this extraordinary and venturesome policy Japanese statesmen are apparently impelled by complex and often somewhat antagonistic motives. Surveying the position of Japan among the nations, it seems clear that her hope for substantial and permanent advancement lies along industrial and commercial lines; and her natural disadvantages are such, in comparison with present and prospective competitors, that her statesmen feel the necessity of throwing the united national energy into the movement. This, they conceive, can best be accomplished by direct governmental assistance and direction of certain activities.

In thus embarking upon a new national policy Japan is not hampered, to the same extent, by the handicaps and restraints which would impede most other nations. Her position is similar to that of the United States of America when the colonies formed a national government. As the Americans were able to begin a new political career without first having to break the full force of old institutions and traditions, so now can the Japanese begin their modern imperial policy with a practically clean slate. Japan has already broken with her old institutions and traditions. She has fully accepted the modern idea, and her people are much more easily swung, at this period, to support what is offered to them as an advanced policy or system than are the people of any Western nation. The success of the war has placed the oligarchy in complete control, and for the moment the national spirit is peculiarly susceptible to any proposition to which is tacked the national banner. And the flag has been adroitly hoisted over the new paternalistic policy, which at present is moving with all the energy a common national impulse can give it.

The termination of the war with Russia left Japan with many grave problems on her hands, and of these the most urgent is the state of the national finances. The government must have money, and the impera-

tive necessity for revenue is a primary, perhaps the chief, reason for the taking over of certain industries. This urgency became acute immediately upon the outbreak of war, when it was not only necessary to have new revenues and increase old ones, but when collateral to secure interest on the new foreign loans had to be found. Under these circumstances the government took over the tobacco, salt, camphor, opium, and other minor industries.

When the war ended a great debt and its accompanying interest burden had been rolled up. New revenues were required to meet the new expenditures, so the government cast about for anything that could be operated at a profit. It passed a bill taking over all railway lines not already under government control, while measures to control the silk and match industries, and also the breweries, are now under consideration. These plans are cited not to call special attention to Japan's financial situation, but to point out that the nationalization of industry, so far as it has actually been carried into effect, has not been the result of a consideration of the whole proposition on its merits as an agency for the common good, as some casual Western discussion seems to assume, but was primarily due to the immediate and imperative need for revenue, after all customary forms of taxation had been raised to the limit.

In so far as it has devised a system to develop and advance the national interests, the government purposes to lend directly its assistance to any form of industry that promises a profitable future.

Such a system pivots, naturally, upon the three usual bearings—financial, industrial, and commercial. The financial side operates through the banks, which in Japan are often directly associated with the government. Great financial institutions like the Nippon Ginko (Bank of Japan), the Yokohama Specie Bank, and the D'ai Ichō Ginko (The First Bank) are really as much a part of the government, in regard to transactions which may affect the national interest, as the Departments of War and Foreign Affairs. Through them are negotiated practically all foreign and domestic loans of any magnitude, and they always stand ready, at the suggestion of the government, to come to the support of any private or national industry or enterprise which may need assistance.

In the effort of the government to exploit

Korea and Manchuria and establish Japanese commerce so firmly in those localities that it cannot be disturbed by competition, an arrangement was effected by which the banks are to make loans to Japanese mercantile firms exporting to the continent, at a reduced rate of interest, with rebates to those who are able to do an annual business of a certain magnitude. It should go without saying that no bank can do profitable business after this method, and it is worth while to inquire how Japanese banks are able to manage it. When the war ended the government fortunately had in its possession the proceeds of the last foreign loan, which, taking advantage of Admiral Togo's naval victory, it had favorably placed in England, Germany, and America. This money was deposited with several of the larger banks, to be disposed as the government directed. Part of this money is now being used to supply the sinews of war to the new system, and is being loaned, in some instances, at a lower rate of interest than it costs the government.

Competition in trade is a general condition, and is often stimulative; but it has hitherto been chiefly confined to individual or corporate entities. We now see it added to the direct national activities of a cohesive and hustling nation. The possibilities are many. It may be, should Japan's daring innovation be successful, that the commercial and industrial rivalries of the future will become, to an extent not thought of to-day, international affairs. Not only does the logic of the proposition presage such a development, but Japan has deliberately announced her intention to drive other industry and commerce out of certain fields, and is marshaling the national energy and resources to support the movement.

In promulgating her new system Japan uses both the direct and indirect methods—that is, ownership and subsidy. This fact clearly indicates that the end, and not the means, is at present the chief consideration; since an analysis of the two methods as here applied reveals great inconsistencies, even absolute antagonism. Of the two methods, the subsidy, either by direct financial bonus or protective tariff, now covers far the wider field. In applying these long-used devices to the development of her industry Japan has gone much further than the average Western nation has yet dared or considered it wise to venture, and has taken advantage of circumstances in ways outside the pale of business

standards set by the West; as in the wholesale confiscation of commercial reputation and good will, represented by copyrights and trade-marks, which Japanese manufacturers and tradesmen have exercised so freely in recent years. It is not necessary to here rehash this old charge; but it is vital, and will not down until corrected. Even in the matter of direct government ownership this abuse has a foothold, particularly in the manufacture of arms and military and naval supplies.

In her use of direct subsidies Japan is covering a wide field. In manufacturing, various textiles are subsidized, particularly cottons; in agriculture numerous raw products are encouraged and assisted, and in transportation the large shipping companies have become virtually a part of the government, so closely are their policies connected. The government, through the banks, which are able to use public funds to bolster private credit, has encouraged and assisted the importation of machinery, to be used in inaugurating new industries and extending old ones. In some of these enterprises the government is reviving projects which have previously failed under private direction, and even government control; as the steel industry, and some of the dock and shipbuilding plants. Every effort is being made to discover any natural resources of the country that are susceptible of profitable development, and wherever such are found the government stands ready to promote, at least indirectly, companies to exploit them.

But Japanese statesmen realize that it is one thing to make products and another to sell them. The market in Japan can be to a certain extent controlled by handicapping foreign products through the tariff: but Japan's goal is commercial supremacy in the Far East, and this means that she must meet competitors in regions where she does not, at least now, have the advantage of control.

The chief agency employed in pushing the national commerce outside the national boundaries is the transportation facilities at the command of the government. These facilities now amount to an absolute monopoly by land and sea. The government owns and operates all the railways, and the great shipping companies, such as the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, and the Toyen Kisen Kaisha, are directly subsidized and practically a part of the government system. The majority of the stock of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha is owned by the

imperial family. Combined, the three great subsidized companies now operate about 180 vessels, with a total tonnage of over 300,000 tons. In creating and supporting her merchant marine Japan subsidizes all along the line. To vessels built in Japan a special subsidy is granted, and material for their construction which must be imported from abroad is admitted free in most cases. Then when the ships are put into operation they are again subsidized; in the case of the three great companies to the extent of a fair dividend on their original capital stock. So it will be seen that, should circumstances make it desirable, these companies are able to operate without ordinary revenue.

With these conditions in mind, the declaration of a national intention to dominate the Far Eastern shipping trade has unusual significance. This declaration was in the form of a statement of the managing director of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha to the company shareholders, which was published in one of the native newspapers of high standing. It was republished by a foreign newspaper in Japan, and immediately created such a sensation that the government organs, both among the native and foreign press, tried to deny or explain it away, but without entire success.

This was no ordinary corporation report. But the foreign companies are preparing to fight. Over one route the German and Japanese lines are now carrying freight and passengers for almost nothing, and the whole Far East is quietly preparing for a gigantic shipping war.

A disquieting phase of the new Japanese system, from the standpoint of foreign competitors in Asia, is the government's declared policy in respect to the extension of Japanese trade in Asia. Not only are merchants to receive loans at reduced rates of interest, but if it is found that certain Japanese products still cannot successfully compete with foreign articles, the Japanese railways in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria, and also the Japanese shipping companies, are to carry such merchandise free, or at half rates, as may be necessary. This intention has been openly declared, and the details of the method widely published in the Japanese press to encourage Japanese merchants to enter into the movement to push the national commerce on the continent. If Japanese industry, with subsidies to aid it in manufacture, with government aid in securing financial backing at less

than the market rate of interest, with free transportation to the market abroad and protection from foreign competition at home, cannot make headway it must be very feeble indeed.

This, briefly, outlines the new Japanese national business system. It places all the major national activities under common direction, presumably the best the nation can supply; in short, in Japan it practically centralizes all political, industrial, commercial, and financial administrative authority in the hands of a score or so of men. If we assume that they will decide honestly and wisely in respect to all, or a good majority of the matters they will be called upon to direct, we may anticipate great success all along the line. It will probably be either a complete success or a complete failure; for if, perchance, the wrong path is taken, everything may go down together.

What Westerners should bear in mind just now, and in the immediate future, at least, is that when dealing or competing with a Japanese bank, commercial house or corporation, whether in New York, London, China, or Japan, they are not doing business with ordinary concerns in the ordinary way, but really with the Japanese Government, and all the support it can command and extend.

JAPAN'S NEW TARIFF WALL

A matter which has not received in America attention commensurate with its importance, is the new Japanese tariff law, which went into effect on October 1, 1906. Although, at the time the measure was proposed and during the period it was under consideration, every attempt was made by the government to give the impression, both in Japan and elsewhere, that it was merely a revision in the interests of revenue, in its finished state it is revealed unmistakably as a protective tariff, and one of the forces by which Japan hopes to assure to herself commercial and industrial supremacy in that part of the world.

Notwithstanding the caution used in pushing the law through the Diet, and repressing public discussion of its provisions, it did not escape, even in its formative period, the notice of alert foreign representatives, who hastened to inform their governments of the true import of the measure. Henry B. Miller, United States Consul-General at Yokohama, let the cat out of the bag in a preliminary

report to the Department of State at Washington, which promptly gave out portions of the report for publication. Although the report, significant as it was, attracted little attention in America, it was not overlooked in Japan, where the press seemed to take the position that the matter was Japan's private affair, and that it was really almost an impertinence for foreigners to mention it.

But the chief significance of a majority of the utterances thus called out lay in an obvious tendency to deny the protective disposition of the law. The part of Mr. Miller's report to which these commentators were disposed to take exception follows:

The most important problem of Japan's future lies in the development of her fiscal system. Her growth along commercial and industrial lines, as is evidenced by the proposed new tariff, indicates that the question is demanding the serious consideration of her statesmen. Japan has entered upon a protective policy, following the United States, and is shaping her course accordingly. She is preparing herself to meet the requirements of the Oriental market and at the same time protecting her industries. Protection is the watchword of the Japanese, and in every line of commerce and industrial expansion the dominant idea of the government and the people is to assist in every practical way the development of infant industries and the protection of the old ones.

While Japan is admitting free the raw material in many cases, her scientists are daily experimenting with a view to produce this raw material. The fields for experimentation will chiefly be Korea and the leased territory in Manchuria, with such parts of China as are accessible. If these new fields can be made to produce, Japan with her superior merchant marine and other facilities will see to it that she offers the best market for such raw material. Japan has well-defined plans in this respect, and hopes by their solution not only to make herself independent, but to control the commercial destinies of Asia.

Articles imported from America on which the duty has been increased are barley, wheat, flour, oats, cottonseed, tinned goods of various kinds, fruits and nuts, dried fruits, oatmeal, ham and bacon, salted fish, condensed milk, butter, margarine, cheese, confectionery, jams and jellies, sole leather, sheep and goat leather, bar and rod iron, steel rails, metal pipes and tubes, wire of all kinds, nails, lead, tin plate, zinc, paper, bicycles, sewing machines, typewriters, telegraph and telephone instruments, all kinds of engines, boilers, electrical appliances, various kinds of machinery, petroleum, lumber, watches, jewelry, cotton goods, phonographs. This list, which might be extended, will give an idea of the broad scope of the new law, and the numerous places where it touches American commerce and industry. Commenting upon

some phases of the law, Mr. Miller reports as follows:

The raise in the tariff on wheat flour is one of the most important in its effect upon American trade, as this constitutes one of the large and growing imports into Japan. Seventy-two cents duty on 100 kin (133 pounds) is a very high rate. A duty of over half a cent a pound will place this article of diet beyond the power of the masses to purchase, and must therefore reduce the consumption of American flour. The new duty on wheat will be fifty-seven sen (twenty-eight cents) per 100 kin (133 pounds), an advance of only three and one-half sen. This will give a very comfortable advantage to the milling of wheat in Japan.

Manchuria offers a satisfactory solution to the high tariff on flour. Japan has possession of Dalny, and there is no doubt that she will establish free trade relations between the home land and this leased territory. The railway, now owned by the Japanese Government, extending from Dalny north, reaches into the great wheat fields of the Sungari valley in Manchuria, and also the great wheat plains and hills of Mongolia, now in grass, but susceptible of the highest production of wheat. This same railroad passes through the entire length of the fine grain-growing valley of the Liao. It is no doubt a part of the policy of Japan to make this most productive country the source of food supply for her millions of people at home, and use her railways and own ships to transport it. To accomplish this, and to make the investment in mills attractive, she places a high tariff on flour from other countries, and subsidizes ships. With a railway, the rates on which the government controls, with subsidized ships for bringing the grain or flour to Japan, and a high tariff on foreign flour, investments in mills at Dalny or in Japan will certainly be very good. And as wheat can be put on the cars of the Japanese railway for half the price it is delivered on cars in the United States, there seems to be no good reason why the flour for Japan should not be drawn from the fields of Mongolia and Manchuria. Several manufacturers of flouring mill machinery are already in Japan negotiating for a supply of machinery for mills as soon as this government measure becomes a law.

While raw and ginned cotton remains on the free list, in order to help the subsidized cotton industries of Japan, there is a general advance in cotton yarns and cotton goods of every nature, and the new law changes them from ad valorem to specific duties; but as cottons of almost every kind are specified in the conventional tariff this part of the law will not take effect until after 1910, the date of the expiration of the conventional tariff. The present duty on cotton drills is one and a sixteenth sen per square yard, and ten per cent additional ad valorem as a consumption tax. The new tariff will be 6.3 sen per square yard, and ten per cent consumption tax additional.

A protective tariff in Japan, as elsewhere, has inherent in it and will develop opposing and detrimental forces. In fact, notwithstanding the strong position of the present government, such opposing forces have already appeared. Quite an influential section of the press and public in Japan are bitterly

hostile to the new tendency, and while their opposition has so far proven futile, owing to the fact that the government is masking its protective policy, for the moment, behind pressing revenue necessities, it is certain to gain cohesiveness and strength. Recently Count Okuma, the venerable statesman, who has always counseled a conservative national course, made an address, in which he distinctly warned the people against too hastily embarking upon a policy of protection. On this occasion he is quoted as having said:

Those in favor of a policy of protection for Japan too often mean by the phrase a policy of retaliation, and retaliation can work both ways. Japan at present produces nothing which the world cannot do without, and it therefore follows that Japan's policy should be to place her goods upon the foreign markets at the lowest possible price, avoiding as far as possible giving cause for retaliatory duties against her. Further, most nations adopting a protective policy cannot be accused, except in very special cases, of using that policy against any one country. They may claim that the high duty on any article is merely part and parcel of the general tariff policy. How is Japan to distinguish between those protecting themselves against her and those merely acting on general principles? The dangers of mistaking a protective policy for a retaliatory policy are too obvious to need pointing out.

The popular cry is for a new and greater Japan, and persons who may think that certain measures are unwise are very apt to be shouted down as handicappers of the country's progress. Count Okuma, who is too strongly entrenched in popular esteem to be easily assailed, and who is too advanced in years to have selfish ambitions, may speak his mind, but persons of less importance cannot do so without making themselves a target for popular resentment and perhaps governmental discrimination. So I could only get a leading Japanese merchant, who is prominent in the movement for a lower tariff, or at least a tariff built on reciprocal rather than retaliatory lines, to talk freely with me by promising not to use his name.

"It is easy to foresee some effects of the new protective theory," he said, "which will undoubtedly be detrimental to important interests in Japan, by possibly provoking a policy of retaliation on the part of other countries. The new tariff bears particularly hard upon American products, to an extent that it is open to the accusation of being specially directed against that nation, which is undoubtedly destined to be Japan's greatest commercial rival in the Pacific. In my opinion this feature of the new tariff is a

great error. At present America is our best customer among the nations, and it is no exaggeration to say that some of our most important industries are almost dependent upon the American market.

"Take the silk industry. This product at present constitutes more than one third of the total exports of the nation, and about two thirds of this goes to the United States. Of all our industries none is so deeply grafted into the national life as the production of silk. It is produced in the homes of the poorer people, and largely made on household looms, and provides employment and a livelihood for more persons than any other industry next to rice growing. Any detriment to the silk industry is, therefore, felt directly in the homes of the common people, to say nothing of the various industries which depend upon its distribution and export. At present our silk goes mostly to non-silk-producing countries, where it enters at a low tariff rate. It is therefore a shining mark for retaliation, should our new tariff provoke it.

"Take America, for instance. We are putting a handicap upon the importation and consumption of many of her important products, of which flour will serve as an example. We are placing a high duty on flour. Now the wheat and flour industries are very important in America, and large transportation interests are to a certain extent dependent upon their prosperity. These combined interests can exert great political influence in the United States, and will undoubtedly not sit down quietly and see their prospects in this part of the world seriously crippled without making an effort to protect them. One way to do this is by retaliatory tariffs, and in the case of America the first thing struck at will be the Japanese silk industry. I and some who see what may come are endeavoring to check the present tendency toward protection, but the prospect is not good for success unless we can get some coöperation from abroad, particularly America."

"What kind of coöperation?"

"Some kind of a movement toward tariff reciprocity, which will compromise the coming conflict before it has time to develop to an acute stage, and sow the seeds of commercial belligerency between the two nations. Japan is not at present in a position to wage a tariff war with America, nor will she be for years to come, if ever. We who oppose the present course of the government are en-

deavoring to set a movement on foot to assure an even development of our commerce and industry by revising our tariff, as it needs revision, along lines of reciprocity rather than of protection, and in this effort we hope to secure the aid of commercial bodies in the United States."

Even a casual examination of the foreign trade of Japan shows that there is much foundation for the anxiety here expressed. In 1905 the trade of Japan with the United States was greater than with any other nation, and amounted to nearly one fifth of the total exports and imports. The United States took thirty per cent of Japan's total exportations, while Japan drew twenty-one per cent of her total importations from America, the United States being second only to Great Britain in this respect, which furnished twenty-three per cent. Germany furnished only eight per cent of Japan's imports, and took but little over one per cent of her exported products. The United States took in 1905 six times as much from Japan as did Great Britain. These figures show the importance of the trade relations between America and Japan, which are more vital to both nations, both in present and prospect, than is true of the Island Empire's commerce with any other nation except possibly China. Yet if an American ventures to protest against the new Japanese tariff, as likely to prove detrimental to American trade in the Far East, he receives a reply something like this: "You cannot blame us. The United States has a high protective tariff, and frequently directly discriminates against friendly nations in its schedules." And the mouth of the American is closed.

Notwithstanding the arguments advanced by the Japanese merchant quoted, and the fact that the Japanese people have been committed to it blindfolded, Japan's protective policy is now an accomplished fact, and is being shaped into one of the corner stones of the new paternal national system. Unless America looks to her fences it will not be long before her commerce and industry begin to feel the effects of Japan's actions. And a fact that should not be lost sight of, in this connection, is that the great exports of the last year, which give such a flattering appearance to the growth of American trade with Japan, consist largely of machinery to be used in establishing industries in Japan to compete with American and other foreign products in the Far Eastern markets.

WITH LINCOLN FROM WASHINGTON TO RICHMOND IN 1865

By JOHN S. BARNES

Late United States Navy

ILLUSTRATED BY WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A NOTABLE COLLECTION RECENTLY PURCHASED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR THE LIBRARY OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT

II. THE PRESIDENT ENTERS THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL



I was generally believed that General Grant was not particularly desirous of Mr. Lincoln's presence at City Point, and it was, in fact, a somewhat embarrassing factor during those trying days. However that may have been, General Grant never for a moment manifested any impatience, but gave to the President every possible consideration due to his exalted position. That morning was passed at General Grant's headquarters on the bluff. His log cabin was roomy, with one large room used as a meeting place and office. The tents of his staff were grouped about it. Here, on this and several other occasions when I was present, would meet the general officers of divisions, Admiral Porter, staff officers, senators, congressmen, and other visitors. There was no formality. The news of the day was discussed, and dispatches were read or referred to in general conversation. All seemed confident that Petersburg must soon fall, and with it Richmond. Sherman would be coming up victoriously from the South and uniting with Grant's army. The end of the rebellion was near. In the discussion that forenoon General Grant took little part, listening in grim silence, or only answering direct questions from Mr. Lincoln in short monosyllabic utterances. The President and Admiral Porter took the main parts in conversation. Each related several anecdotes apropos of the discussion, those told by Mr.

Lincoln being always very pertinent or illustrative. He seemed in very good spirits, and at his best when relating some of the war anecdotes that reached him in Washington. Admiral Porter told an old sea story, which navy men knew by heart, at which, I remember, Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily, and said, "Admiral, I like your sea stories; I never heard them before," and running his hands with an upward movement through his rumpled hair, his eyes glistening, his face expressing in every feature the keenest enjoyment, he would stretch himself out, and look at the listeners in turn as though for sympathy and appreciation. General Grant did not have much, if any, humor, or was too much oppressed with his responsibilities; he smoked steadily, and rarely did he even by the grimmest smile recognize the points of the anecdotes.

When I first met Mr. Lincoln I was singularly drawn to him; and brief as had been our intercourse, it was at such meetings and in the privacy of his own family, to which he admitted me, that I came to feel an affection for him that none other has ever inspired. Familiar as all are with his features through photographs, portraits, statues, and engravings, none do justice to him or can represent the kindness of the expression which ever betrayed the sweet and gentle mind and heart of this nature's nobleman.

We passed several hours in Grant's cabin, Mr. Lincoln returning for luncheon to the *River Queen*. The President was somewhat

disturbed by the report that General Sherman had left his army at Goldsborough and was on his way to City Point. After luncheon Captain Robert Lincoln came over to the *Bat* and conveyed an invitation from Mr. Lincoln to accompany his party in a visit to the Point of Rocks, on the Appomattox, the place celebrated for the historical scene of the saving of the life of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas. I was rather doubtful about the expediency of my going, but Captain Lincoln was very kindly urgent, saying his father had sent him and expressly desired it. As the President's requests were, as I told Captain Lincoln, equivalent to orders, I repaired on board the *Queen*, which at once pushed out from the wharf and started up the river. I found Mr. Lincoln in his office. He made me sit down and we talked for a few minutes, mainly I could see with the desire on his part to put me at ease. Thad was with him as usual, hanging or half sitting on his father's knees. The only other persons on board were Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Lincoln, Captain Robert, and, I think, Captain Penrose. The latter seemed specially attached to the service of Mrs. Lincoln, for I rarely observed his doing anything for Mr. Lincoln.

Leaving Mr. Lincoln, I joined Mrs. Grant and inquired for Mrs. Lincoln. Mrs. Grant was alone in the forward cabin. She pointed out Mrs. Lincoln standing out on the uncovered deck, near the pilot house. The boat had a little motion. Mrs. Lincoln was alone, and at Mrs. Grant's suggestion I pushed out of the door a large upholstered armchair, bade Mrs. Lincoln good morning, as I had not seen her before that day, and suggested that she should occupy the chair, which she declined; and finding that my presence was not agreeable to her, I returned to Mrs. Grant, who had witnessed the failure of my efforts. Very soon Mrs. Lincoln came to the window and beckoned to Mrs. Grant, who joined her at once. An animated conversation took place between them, succeeding which Mrs. Grant came back to the cabin and informed me that Mrs. Lincoln objected to my presence on the *Queen*, and had requested her to so inform me. This made things rather uncomfortable for a pleasure party, so that on our arrival at Point of Rocks, while Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln wandered arm in arm in the woods with Captain Lincoln and Thad, Mrs. Grant and I remained on board. Before their return, upon consulting with Mrs. Grant, I had the captain put me

ashore on the other side of the Appomattox, where I obtained a horse from the quartermaster with an orderly to show me the way and bring back the horse, and I rode, somewhat discomfited, back to City Point. I had gone upon this trip with some misgivings. I am sure that the President's invitation was in the desire to bring about more pleasant relations between Mrs. Lincoln and myself. It is only proper to add that, in these perhaps unnecessary allusions to Mrs. Lincoln, there can be found the cause of the sadness and melancholy which were at times so apparent in Mr. Lincoln's expression. She was at no time well; the mental strain upon her was great, betrayed by extreme nervousness approaching hysteria, causing misapprehensions, extreme sensitiveness as to slights, or want of politeness or consideration. I had the greatest sympathy for her, and for Mr. Lincoln, who I am sure felt deep anxiety for her. His manner toward her was always that of the most affectionate solicitude, so marked, so gentle and unaffected that no one could see them together without being impressed by it. I remember that in several telegrams from Mr. Stanton, he always inquired for Mrs. Lincoln and requested his remembrances to her.

The great catastrophe a few days later proved to be the breaking strain. Who can wonder at it? Few women there are who, ill and nervous, could have passed through such an ordeal and retained their reason.

That evening, March 27th, General Sherman arrived at City Point in an army transport from Goldsborough. I met him on the *Queen*, and afterwards at General Grant's headquarters. On the *Queen* were Mr. Lincoln, General Grant, Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, several other generals, and Admiral Porter—a notable gathering. It was an open meeting, and I heard many interesting relations of war events and movements past and prospective. Mr. Lincoln was particularly nervous about General Sherman's absence from his army, notwithstanding his assurances that he had left the army in good hands with no likelihood of any attack by Joe Johnston. Late that evening I was called to General Grant's headquarters and again met General Sherman, and from Admiral Porter received orders temporarily detaching me from service with Mr. Lincoln, and directing me to take General Sherman and his staff back to Newbern, or

such other place as he might designate, with all possible speed. Then I was to return at once and resume my duties with Mr. Lincoln. These verbal orders the Admiral supplemented by written ones late that night. The *Bat* filled up with coal, extra provisions were laid in, and the next morning, the 28th, General Sherman, General Leggett, General McClernand, General Sharpe, Colonel McCoy, Senator John Sherman, Lieutenant Baylor, and Mr. Stanton, son of the Secretary of War, came on board the *Bat*, and getting under way we steamed down to Fortress Monroe, stopped there for an hour, and then proceeded to sea. The *Bat* was urged to her utmost speed. I cut across the Hatteras Shoals, through the inside passage entered New Inlet, impressing an outcoming army transport to lead us in, as I had no pilot, struck lightly on the bar, and landed General Sherman safely at Newbern on the evening of March 30th. Those few days with General Sherman in the intimacy of such close quarters were extremely interesting, and I thoroughly enjoyed his relations of incidents of his march across the country. He was the most brilliant talker I ever met, and in my opinion the greatest general of the war.

After repairing some slight damage to my engine caused by overpressing in our haste, I left Newbern to return to City Point on March 31st, taking back with me Senator Sherman and Mr. Stanton, who on joining the ship handed me the following letter from General Sherman in his own handwriting:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION
OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

In the Field, Goldsborough, N. C.,
March 31, 1865.

CAPT. BARNES, U. S. N.,
Comdg. *Bat*, Newbern.

Dear Sir: I fear that on leaving your ship rather unexpectedly yesterday, I neglected to thank you in suitable terms for your politeness during our short but most agreeable trip from City Point. I beg to thank you most sincerely and beg that whenever I have it in my power to do you any service you will call on me by letter or in person, and should the fortunes of war bring you near my camp or quarters I will feel hurt if you do not let me know, that I may in part reciprocate your hospitality.

I beg to avail of your offer by telegraph to convey my brother, John Sherman, and Mr. Stanton to Old Point Comfort. They come down this morning and will have a small parcel of dispatches. Wishing you a pleasant trip I am, with respect,

Your obedt. servant,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Maj.-Genl.

I made a quick run to Hampton Roads, landed Senator Sherman and Mr. Stanton, and steamed rapidly up the James River to City Point, which I reached on the evening of April 2d. Great changes had taken place. The army was in motion around Petersburg and Richmond, General Grant's headquarters at City Point were abandoned, and several thousands of Confederate prisoners were collected there, guarded by a few troops and some five hundred sailors and marines from the naval fleet.

Mrs. Lincoln had returned to Washington. Mr. Lincoln had taken his quarters on the *Malvern* as guest of Admiral Porter, with his son Thad. Colonel Robert Lincoln was now with General Grant and on his staff. On the morning of April 3d I reported to Mr. Lincoln and Admiral Porter, and gave Mr. Lincoln an account of my trip to Newbern with General Sherman. He expressed great satisfaction in knowing that the General was again with his army, read the dispatches sent by him, and told me that Petersburg was evacuated and our troops in possession, and that if possible he would visit that city that day. I took ashore a telegram to be sent to Mr. Stanton and one to Mrs. Lincoln, announcing the fall of Petersburg and saying that the President would visit the town. Mr. Lincoln received a multitude of dispatches that day from various generals; and upon General Grant's telegraphing him that he was in Petersburg and would be glad to see him there, a train was made up, and with Admiral Porter, Thad, myself, and several others, we proceeded to Patrick Station, so called, a mile or so from the town. General Grant had said that he was too busy to meet him, but would send an escort. It was there, consisting of an officer and a few troopers, and an ambulance for Mr. Lincoln. Admiral Porter borrowed a horse from one of the cavalymen, Mr. Lincoln and Thad went in the ambulance. I went afoot, passing through the labyrinth of trenches, breastworks, batteries, and rifle pits constituting the defenses of the city, then held by our men. They were very elaborate with zigzag approaches and connections dug deep in the ground. It seemed impossible for any body of men, however brave or desperate, to have carried them by assault. I reached the town at last, found Mr. Lincoln, Admiral Porter, with General Grant, but learned they would soon return to the train, so I made my way back to it, my only trophy a bag of smoking



RICHMOND FROM THE RIVER

Showing ruins of buildings burned and blown up by the Confederates before evacuation.

tobacco, great quantities of which were lying about, eagerly seized by the soldiers. Mr. Lincoln remained in Petersburg only an hour or two, when, rejoining the train, we returned to City Point, the President going on board the *Malvern* for the night. He was in high spirits, seemed not at all fatigued, and said that the end could not be far off. I was on board the *Malvern* until ten or eleven o'clock that evening. General Weitzel telegraphed confirming the rumor which

had reached Grant at Petersburg, that Richmond was being evacuated and that General Lee was in retreat and President Davis had fled. All that evening a lurid glare lit up the sky in the direction of Richmond. Heavy detonations followed each other in rapid succession, which Admiral Porter rightly interpreted as the blowing up of the rebel iron-clads. Mr. Lincoln then made up his mind he would go to Richmond the next day. Mr. Stanton had sent him a telegram, which was



From an old print.

REMOVING OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE JAMES RIVER

U. S. torpedo boat *Spuyten Duyvil* preparing a passage for the fleet up to Richmond, April 2, 1865.

delivered that evening, expostulating with him about unnecessary exposure, and drawing a contrast again between the duties of a president and that of a general. This had reference to his proposed visit to Petersburg. Mr. Lincoln replied, in effect, that he had been to Petersburg and was going to Rich-

at Deep Bottom, and at eight o'clock in the morning of April 4th the channel was reported as clear and safe. The Admiral sent me word that he was going up to Richmond and would take the President along, and that the *Bat* could follow. At about 10 A.M., the *Malvern* leading, followed by the



PONTON BRIDGE AT DEEP BOTTOM, VA.

One of the first bridges constructed over the James for the passage of cavalry.

mond the next day, but would take care of himself.

Admiral Porter gave orders that evening to the gunboats to clear away the obstructions in the river and to make careful and systematic search for and remove the torpedoes, with which the channel was known to be strewn. This work went on all night. The United States torpedo boat *Spuylen Duyvil* was employed to blow up the vessels sunk

River Queen, with the President, who had returned to her that morning, passed me very near, the Admiral hailing me and telling me to "come on." Mr. Lincoln was standing on the upper deck of the *Queen*, and one can imagine his interest in the passing scenes. He waved his hat in answer to my salute as he passed so close that I could see the expression of his face.

We got our anchor up at once, and fol-



ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLAGSHIP THE "MALVERN"

On board of which the President made his headquarters just previous to the trip from City Point to Richmond.

lowed, passed first through the drawbridge of the pontoon, and then through the gap cleared in the obstructions, which we slightly touched and were delayed for a few moments, during which the *Malvern* and the *Queen*, under the guidance of a skillful pilot, got well ahead. The boats from the fleet, still at work searching for torpedoes, had already found many, and had cut the wires of the electric and dragged to the banks many of the floating and submerged mines. Still I could not avoid a feeling of anxiety for the *Malvern* and the *Queen*, as they pushed ahead rapidly, lest some undiscovered mines should be touched and the vessels blown to pieces.

A number of vessels had pushed through the obstructions, making quite a display with flags flying from each mast, and finally the *Malvern* ran hard and fast aground several miles below the city. I came up to her and close to the *River Queen* and anchored. Richmond appeared to be in flames, dense masses of smoke resting over the city. I found that the Admiral had taken Mr. Lincoln in his barge, and was then pulling under oars toward the city. Manning the gig, I pulled after them as fast as the men could row against a strong current, but Mr. Lincoln was well ahead and the barge finally made a landing on the edge of the town, at a place

called Rockett's, some time before I reached the spot; and when I got ashore Mr. Lincoln was, with the Admiral and a few sailors, armed with carbines, several hundred yards ahead of me, surrounded by a dense mass of men, women, and children, mostly negroes. Although General Weitzel had been in possession of Richmond since early morning or late the evening before, not a sign of it was in evidence, not a soldier was to be seen, and the street along the riverside in which we were, at first free from people, became densely thronged, and every moment became more and more packed with them. With one of my officers, the surgeon, I pushed my way through the crowd endeavoring to reach the side of the President, whose tall form and high beaver hat towered above the crowd. In vain I struggled to get nearer to him. In some way they had learned that the man in the high hat was President Lincoln, and the constantly increasing crowd, particularly the negroes, became frantic with excitement.

I confess that I was much alarmed at the situation and the exposure of the President to assault or even assassination. I did not know of Admiral Porter's destination, or where the route pursued by him would lead us. He had supposed, as I did, that General



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly.

RICHMOND IN 1865, LOOKING WESTWARD

Weitzel had full possession of the city, and that, upon landing, communication would at once be made with him, and proper escort provided. Nothing could have been easier than the destruction of the entire party. I cannot say what were the President's or the Admiral's reflections, but the situation was very alarming to me. I saw that they were pushed, hustled, and elbowed along without any regard to their persons, while I was packed closely, and simply drifted along in their general direction. This state of things lasted a half hour or more. The day was very warm, and as we progressed the street became thick with dust and smoke from the smoldering ruins about us. At last when the conditions had become almost unendurable, a cavalryman was found standing at a street corner, and word was sent by him to the nearest post that President Lincoln wished for assistance. He galloped off and in a few minutes a small squadron of mounted men made its appearance. They quickly cleared the street, and joining Mr. Lincoln and the Admiral, we were escorted

to General Weitzel's headquarters, which he had established in the Confederacy White House close to the Capitol grounds. It was a modest and unpretentious building, brown in color, with small windows and doors.

The President entered by the front door that opened into a small square hall with steps leading to the second story. He was then led into the room on the right, which had been Mr. Davis's reception room and office. It was plainly but comfortably furnished—a large desk on one side, a table or two against the walls, a few chairs, and one large leather-covered arm or easy chair. The walls were decorated with prints and photographs, one or two of Confederate ironclads—one of the *Sumter*, that excited my covetousness. Mr. Lincoln walked across the room to the easy chair and sank down in it. He was pale and haggard, and seemed utterly worn out with fatigue and the excitement of the past hour. A few of us were gathered about the door; little was said by anyone. It was a supreme moment—the home of the fleeing President of the Confed-



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly.

RICHMOND FROM GAMBLE'S HILL

The Capitol and Governor's house (the Confederate White House) appear in center.

eracy invaded by his opponents after years of bloody contests for its possession, and now occupied by the President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, seated in the chair almost warm from the pressure of the body of Jefferson Davis! What thoughts were coursing through the mind of this great man no one can tell. He did not live to relate his own impressions; what he said remains fixed in my memory—the first expression of a natural want—"I wonder if I

Carriages were then sent for, and under military escort Mr. Lincoln was driven to places of interest about the city. After looking with curiosity about the house, I saw from the door a lot of soldiers and people around the Capitol, and walked over to it. It was a scene of indescribable confusion. Confederate bonds of the denomination of \$1,000 were scattered about on the grass, bundles of public papers and documents littered the floors, chairs and desks were upset,



PILE BRIDGE AT VARUNA, VA.

From which the troops cheered the President on his way down the James.

could get a drink of water." He did not appeal to any particular person for it. I can see the tired look out of those kind blue eyes over which the lids half drooped; his voice was gentle and soft. There was no triumph in his gesture or attitude. He lay back in the chair like a tired man whose nerves had carried him beyond his strength. All he wanted was rest and a drink of water.

Very soon a large squadron of cavalry came clattering to the door. General Weitzel and General Shepley came in, and general conversation ensued. Congratulations were exchanged. In a few minutes luncheon was served, procured by the General—a soldier's luncheon, simple and frugal.

with every evidence of hasty abandonment and subsequent looting. Free access to all parts of the building was seemingly permitted, but at the State Library a sentry had been posted. I returned to Mr. Davis's house, now General Weitzel's headquarters, and finally secured a rickety wagon, drove around the town and back to the landing, where I found my boat and returned to the *Bat*.

Mr. Lincoln soon after came down to the *Malvern* in a tug and remained on the flagship that night. On the following day he had an interview with Judge Campbell, former Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and one of the most prominent citizens of Richmond, who came with Gen-



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly.

UNION ARMY ENTERING RICHMOND, APRIL 3, 1865

eral Weitzel. Conferences took place which have passed into the history of the war. I was told that other late Confederates called also, but I was not present at any of the meetings. With Admiral Porter's permission, I got under way and returned to City Point early in the forenoon. The *Malvern* came down later in the day.

Mrs. Lincoln had arrived that day also, coming from Washington with a large party, including Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, Senator Sumner, Mr. Colfax, and many others. Mr. Lincoln returned to the *River Queen*. I saw him but for a moment, when he told me that he would return to Washington within the next two days.

Mrs. Lincoln and her party went to Richmond the next day, the 7th, returning early in the afternoon. The President did not accompany them. That day came the news of Sheridan's victory over Lee's army and the proposals for surrender. The war was practically over.

Notwithstanding the situation at Richmond and the impending surrender of General Lee there were plots to seize the ferryboat at Havre de Grace, and other predatory expeditions were afoot in the Chesapeake Bay, so that some anxiety was yet felt for Mr. Lincoln's safety on the *River Queen*. Admiral Porter, somewhat conscience-

stricken at the danger to which he had unintentionally or unexpectedly exposed the President on the trip to Richmond, now became full of concern lest some mishap should occur during Mr. Lincoln's trip back to Washington, for which he or the Navy might be held responsible. My orders from the department were explicit that I should accompany the *River Queen* to City Point and thence to the national capital.

If possible he would have had the *Queen* convoyed by additional vessels and with more ceremony, but the *Queen* was fast; Mr. Lincoln was in haste to reach Washington, and there was no vessel in the squadron that could begin to keep pace with her except the *Bat*.

Before leaving City Point the Admiral summoned me to the *Malvern*, and talked over the precautions to be taken during the trip, and for him exhibited great uneasiness and solicitude for the President's safe conduct. As a result I caused to be domiciled on the *Queen* two officers, acting ensigns, with a guard of sailors, with minute instructions for guarding the President's person day and night. The crew of the *River Queen* were examined and their records taken.

We left City Point on the morning of April 8th, the *Queen* leading under direc-

A river pilot, the *Bat* following closely, to her utmost speed. I remained on the *Queen* until our arrival at Fortress Monroe, where a brief stop was made for mails to be sent and receive telegrams.

The President was more than kind in his manner and bearing toward me, and so ended himself to me that the affection I felt for him became veneration. Mrs. Lincoln was indisposed and I did not meet her. It was clear that her illness gave the President some concern.

After getting the mails, telegrams, and sketches, also a Chesapeake Bay and Potomac River pilot, I bade the President farewell and returned to the *Bat*, lying close by, not anchored. Mr. Lincoln was kind enough to thank me for the good care taken of him, and made some jocular allusions to the comforts of navy men in war times as we parted. It was the last I saw of him. Probably he never again thought of me; but the memory of his warm hand-clasp and kindly look remained with me and has never left me.

We left Fortress Monroe that afternoon and steamed rapidly up the bay. The *Bat's* boilers had a trick of foaming, when changing from salt water to fresh, so that we were hard put to it to keep pace with the *Queen*, and she slowed down once or twice to enable us to come up to her. After entering the Potomac River, despite our best effort, we fell behind, so that the *Queen* reached her dock at Washington some hours before us; and on going aboard of her I found that the President had been met by his carriage and had driven at once to the White House. This was on April 10th, the day after General Lee's formal surrender to General Grant. I reported in person to the Secretary at the Navy Department, saw Mr. Fox for a moment, and was directed verbally to return to Fortress Monroe. After making some slight repairs to the engines at the Navy Yard I started for Hampton Roads on April 11th, stopped at Point Lookout to visit my father, General James Barnes, then in command of the District of St. Mary's, visited the camp of Confederate prisoners established there, and witnessed their joyful reception of the news of Lee's surrender and the prospect of the immediate ending of their captivity. The next day I proceeded on my way to Hampton Roads. The weather was thick and stormy, and being without a pilot I deemed it prudent to anchor in the dense fog when within twenty-

five or thirty miles of the Roads. The fog lifting at last, I went ahead, reaching my anchorage on the 12th, and was informed by Commodore Rockendorf, senior officer, that he had a telegram from Admiral Porter at City Point, directing me to be ready to take him to Washington immediately on his arrival from the former place, and that he would be down the next day. On the 14th he came on the *Tristram Shandy*, also a converted blockade runner. I called upon him and found that he had made up his mind to continue on to Baltimore in the *Shandy*. He was delighted to know that the President was safe and sound in the White House. General Grant had left for Washington on the 12th, and the Admiral thought he also ought to be there, and said that there was now nothing left for the Navy to do but "clear up the decks"; that he should give up the squadron and seek rest and shore duty. He promised to look out for my interests in the same direction. Getting up anchor, he steamed off swiftly, leaving us to twirl our thumbs and wonder what next.

On the early morning of April 15th I was awakened by the orderly saying that the flagship had hoisted her colors at half-mast, and had made signals for me to come on board at once. It was an unusual hour for such a signal of distress and such a peremptory summons, so that I knew that something grave must have given occasion for it. I immediately thought of Admiral Porter, and feared that something had happened to the *Tristram Shandy*. I dressed in haste and, calling away my gig, was soon on the deck of the flagship *Minnesota*. Commodore Rockendorf received me at the gangway, his countenance showing the greatest consternation. He made no reply to my anxious inquiry, but taking me by the arm, led me to his cabin, and there placed in my hands this telegram from Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

"President Lincoln was assassinated last night in Ford's Theater, and is dead."

I read it and reread it. It seemed as though the fact could not impress itself upon my mind. For some moments I could not utter a word, while the Commodore walked away in silence. When at last I took in the meaning of those few words, I am not ashamed to say I sat down and gave way to a bitter grief that was heartfelt and sincere.



Drawn by S. de Ivanouitch.

"Run, Run!" whispered the Mother."

MOTHER*

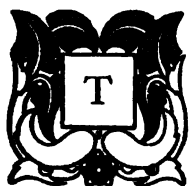
A NOVEL

BY MAXIM GORKY

ILLUSTRATED BY S. DE IVANOWSKI

CHAPTER XXVI

THE STRENGTH OF THE PRISON



HE mother fell quickly into a calm sleep, and rose early in the morning, awakened by a subdued tap at the kitchen door. Dressing herself rapidly, she walked out into the kitchen, and standing at the door asked: "Who's there?"

"Open." The quiet word was spoken in entreaty.

The mother lifted the hook, pushed the door with her foot, and Ignaty entered, saying cheerfully: "Well, so I'm not mistaken. I'm at the right place."

He was spattered with mud up to his belt. His face was gray, his eyes fallen.

"We've gotten into trouble in our place," he whispered, locking the door behind him.

"I know it."

The reply astonished the young man. He blinked and asked: "How? Where from?"

She explained in a few rapid words, and asked: "Did they take the other comrades, too?"

"They weren't there. They had gone off to be recruited. Five were captured, including Uncle Rybin."

He snuffled and said, smiling:

"And I was left over. I guess they're looking for me. Let them look. I'm not going back there again, not for anything. There are other people there yet, some seven young men and a girl. Never mind! They're all reliable."

"How did you find this place?" The mother smiled.

"I?" Seating himself on a bench and looking around Ignaty exclaimed: "They crawled up at night, straight to the tar works. Well, a minute before they came, the forester ran up to me and punched on the window. 'Look out, boys,' says he, 'they're coming on you.'"

"Well, they can't stun Uncle Mikhail even with a hammer. At once he says to me: 'Ignaty, run away to the city, quick! You remember the elderly woman.' And he himself writes a note. 'There, go! Good-by, brother.' He pushed me in the back. I flung out of the hut. I scrambled along on all fours through the bushes, and I heard them coming. I lay in the bushes. They passed by me. Then I rose and off I went; and for two nights and a whole day I walked without stopping. My feet'll ache for a week."

"I'll set you up with some tea soon. You wash yourself while I get the samovar ready."

"I'll give you the note." He raised his leg with difficulty, and frowning and groaning put his foot on the bench and began to untie the leg wrappings.

Nikolay appeared at the door. Ignaty in embarrassment dropped his foot to the floor and wanted to rise, but staggered and fell heavily on the bench.

"You sit still!" exclaimed the mother.

"How do you do, comrade?" said Nikolay. "Allow me, I'll help you."

Kneeling on the floor in front of the peasant, he quickly unwound the dirty, damp wrappings.

Ignaty snorted in embarrassment. Nikolay found the note, straightened it out, looked at it, and handed the gray, crumpled piece of paper to the mother.

"Read it."

"Mother, don't let the affair go without your attention. Tell the tall lady not to forget to have them write more for our cause, I beg of you. Good-by. Rybin."

"That's magnificent!" Nikolay said slowly and respectfully.

The mother, covering her tearful face, walked up to Ignaty with a basin of water, sat down on the floor, and stretched out her hands to his feet. But he quickly thrust them under the bench, exclaiming in fright:

"What are you going to do?"

"Give me your foot, quick!"

"I'll bring the alcohol," said Nikolay.

Ignaty's round face lengthened in amazement. He looked around helplessly with his wide-open eyes.

Nikolay brought a bottle of alcohol, put coals in the samovar, and walked away silently. Ignaty followed him with a curious look.

"A gentleman?"

"In this business there are no masters; they're all comrades!"

"It's strange to me," said Ignaty with a skeptical but embarrassed smile.

"What's strange?"

"This: at one end they beat you in the face; at the other they wash your feet. Is there a middle of any kind?"

The door of the room was flung open and Nikolay, standing on the threshold, said:

"And in the middle stand the people who lick the hands of those who beat you in the face and suck the blood of those whose faces are beaten. That's the middle!"

Ignaty looked at him respectfully, and after a pause said: "That's it!"

The young man arose, shifted his feet about, and stepped firmly on the floor.

"They seem like new feet. Thank you! Many, many thanks!"

He drew a wry face, his lips trembled, and his eyes reddened. After a pause, during which he regarded the basin of black water, he whispered softly:

"I don't even know how to thank you!"

Nikolay thoughtfully exclaimed: "How shall we get the leaflet about Rybin's arrest to the village?"

"Give it to me. I'll take it," Ignaty rubbed his hands, his eyes flashing. "Let me."

The mother laughed quietly, without looking at him.

"Why, you're tired and afraid, and you said you'd never go there again!"

"I'm tired; I'll rest; and of course I'm

afraid!" His manner was businesslike and calm. "But I'll pull through somehow at night. Never mind! Give me the leaflets. I'll go to the forest; I'll hide the literature, and then I'll notify our fellows: 'Go get it.' That's better. If I myself should distribute them I'll fall into the hands of the police, and it'll be a pity for the leaflets. You must act carefully here. There are not many such leaflets!"

Nikolay began to speak, all the time looking good-naturedly with screwed-up eyes at the young peasant.

"You're not going there!"

"Then what'll I do? Where am I to be?" Ignaty asked uneasily.

"Another fellow will go in place of you. And you'll tell him in detail what to do and how to do it."

"All right!" said Ignaty reluctantly.

"And for you we'll obtain a good passport and make you a forester."

The young fellow quickly threw back his head and asked uneasily:

"But if the peasants come there for wood what'll I do? Bind them? That doesn't suit me."

"Don't be uneasy!" Nikolay soothed him. "You won't have to bind peasants. You trust us."

"Well, well," said Ignaty, set at ease.

Late that night he sat in a little room of a basement at a table opposite Vyesovshchikov. He said in a subdued tone, knitting his brows:

"On the middle window, four times."

"Four."

"At first three times like this"—he counted aloud as he tapped thrice on the table with his forefinger. "Then waiting a little, once again."

"I understand."

"A red-haired peasant will open the door for you, and will ask you for the midwife. You'll tell him 'Yes, from the boss.' Nothing else. He'll understand your business."

Ignaty was still distrustful of Vyesovshchikov's memory, and reiterated all the instructions, words, and signs, and finally extended his hand to him, saying:

"That's all now. Good-by, comrade. Give my regards to them. I'm alive and strong. The people there are good—you'll see."

"There, now, I have work, too," said Vyesovshchikov, going over to the mother quietly. "Nilovna, did you hear how they

decided in regard to the escape? Will they arrange it?"

"They'll find out day after to-morrow," she repeated, sighing involuntarily. "One day still—day after to-morrow."

"You tell them, the older ones there—they'll listen to you. Why, it's very easy. You just see for yourself. There's the wall of the prison near the lamp-post; opposite is an empty lot, on the left the cemetery, on the right the streets—the city. The lamplighter goes to the lamp-post; by day he cleans the lamp; he puts the ladder against the wall, climbs up, screws hooks for a rope ladder onto the top of the wall, lets the rope ladder down into the prison yard, and off he goes. There inside the walls they know the time when this will be done, and will ask the criminals to arrange an uproar, or they'll arrange it themselves, and those who need it will go up the ladder over the wall—one, two, it's done. And they calmly proceed to the city because the chase throws itself first of all on the vacant lot and the cemetery."

"And they'll shoot him down," the woman said trembling.

"Who? There are no soldiers, and the overseers of the prison use their revolvers to drive nails with. And you'll see it'll all come out all right. You speak to them. I have everything prepared already."

On Sunday, taking leave of Pavel in the waiting room of the prison, she felt a little lump of paper in her hand. She started as if it burned her skin, and cast a look of question and entreaty into her son's face. But she found no answer there. Pavel's blue eyes smiled with the usual composed smile.

At home, after thrusting the note into Nikolay's hand, she stood before him, waiting while he smoothed out the tight little roll. She felt a tremor of hope; but Nikolay said:

"Of course, this is what he writes: 'We will not go away, comrade; we cannot, not one of us. We should lose respect for ourselves. Soothe and be kind to my mother; tell her; she'll understand all. Pavel.'"

The mother straightened herself easily, and proudly tossed her head.

"Well, what is there to tell me?" she said firmly. "I understand."

Nikolay quickly turned aside, took out his handkerchief, blew his nose aloud, and mumbled: "I've caught a cold, you see!" Covering his eyes with his hands, under the pretext of adjusting his glasses, he paced up and

down the room, and said: "We shouldn't have been successful anyway."

"Never mind; let the trial come off!" said the mother frowning.

"Here, I've received a letter from a comrade in St. Petersburg—"

"He can escape from Siberia, can't he?"

"Of course! The comrade writes: 'The trial is appointed for the near future; the sentence is certain—exile for everybody!' You see, sentence is pronounced in St. Petersburg before the trial."

"Stop!" the mother said resolutely. "You needn't comfort me or explain to me. Pasha won't do what isn't right—he won't torture himself for nothing." She paused to catch breath. "Nor will he torture others, and he loves me, yes. You see, he thinks of me."

"Your son's a splendid man! I respect and love him very much."

"I tell you what—let's think of something in regard to Rybin," she suggested.

The bell rang.

"That's Sasha," Nikolay whispered.

"How will you tell her?" the mother whispered back.

"Yes—it's hard!"

"I pity her very much."

The bell rang again, not so loud, as if the person on the other side of the door had also fallen to thinking and hesitated. Nikolay and the mother rose simultaneously, but at the kitchen door Nikolay turned aside.

"You'd better do it," he said.

"He's not willing?" the girl asked the moment the mother opened the door.

"No."

"I knew it!" Sasha's face paled. "Is he well?"

"Yes."

"Well and happy; always the same, and only this—"

"He says that Rybin ought to be freed." The mother kept her eyes turned from the girl.

"Yes? It seems to me we ought to make use of this plan."

"I think so, too," said Nikolay, appearing at the door. "How do you do, Sasha?"

The girl asked, extending her hand to him: "What's the question about? Aren't all agreed that the plea is practicable? I know they are."

"And who'll organize it? Everybody's occupied."

"Give it to me," said Sasha, quickly jumping to her feet. "I have time!"

She began to button up her coat again with sure, thin fingers.

"You ought to rest a little," the mother advised.

Sasha smiled and answered more softly:

"Don't worry about me. I'm not tired." And silently pressing their hands, she left once more, cold and stern.

The bell sounded again. It was Liudmila. She wore an overcoat too light for the season, her cheeks were purple with the cold. Removing her torn overshoes, she said in a vexed voice:

"The date of the trial is set—in a week!"

"Really?" shouted Nikolay from the room.

"Yes, really! In the court they say, quite openly, that the sentence has already been fixed."

The mother could not picture to herself what the trial would be like; how the judges would behave toward Pavel. In a cloud of perplexity and despondency under the load of painful expectations, she lived through one day, and a second day; but on the third day Sasha appeared and said to Nikolay:

"Everything is ready—in an hour!"

"Everything ready? So soon?" He was astonished.

"Why shouldn't everything be ready? The only thing I had to do was to get a hiding place and clothes for Rybin. All the rest Godun took on himself. Rybin will have to go through only one ward of the city. Vyesovshchikov will meet him on the street, all disguised, of course. He'll throw an overcoat over him, give him a hat, and show him the way. I'll wait for him, change his clothes and lead him off."

"I'm going to the prison," the mother said suddenly.

"Why?" asked Sasha.

"Don't go! Maybe you'll get caught. You mustn't!" Nikolay advised.

"My dear!" exclaimed the mother, pressing Sasha to her tremulously. "Take me; I won't interfere with you; I don't believe it is possible—to escape."

"She'll go," said the girl to Nikolay.

"That's your affair!" he answered.

An hour later she was in the lot by the prison. A sharp wind blew about her, blew her dress, and beat against the frozen earth, rocked the old fence of the garden past which the woman walked, and rattled against the low wall of the prison; it flung up somebody's shouts from the court, scattered them in the air, and carried them up to the sky.

Behind the mother lay the city; in front the cemetery; to the right, about seventy feet from her, the prison. Near the cemetery a soldier was leading a horse by a rein, and another soldier tramped noisily alongside him, shouted, whistled, and laughed. There was no one else near the prison. On the impulse of the moment the mother walked up to them. As she came near she shouted:

"Soldiers! didn't you see a goat anywhere around here?"

One of them answered: "No."

She walked slowly past them, turned the fence of the cemetery, looking slantwise to the right and the back. Suddenly she felt her feet tremble and grow heavy, as if frozen to the ground. From the corner of the prison a man came along, walking quickly, like a lamplighter. He was a stooping man, with a little ladder on his shoulder. The mother, blinking in fright, quickly glanced at the soldiers; they were stamping their feet on one spot, and the horse was running around them. She looked at the ladder—he had already placed it against the wall and was climbing up without haste. He waved his hand in the courtyard, quickly let himself down, disappeared in a crowd. That very second the black hand of Mikhaïl appeared on the wall, followed by his entire body. Another head, with a shaggy hat, emerged alongside of his. Two black lumps rolled to the ground; one disappeared around the corner; Mikhaïl straightened himself up and looked about.

"Run, run!" whispered the mother, treading impatiently. Her ears were humming. Loud shouts were wafted to her. There on the wall appeared a third head. She clasped her hands in faintness. A light-haired head, without a beard, shook as if it wanted to tear itself away, but it suddenly disappeared behind the wall. The shouts came louder and louder, more and more boisterous. The wind scattered the thin trills of the whistles through the air. Mikhaïl walked along the wall, then he was already beyond it, and traversed the open space between the prison and the houses of the city. It seemed to her as if he were walking very, very slowly, that he raised his head to no purpose. "Everyone who sees his face will remember it forever," and she whispered, "Faster! faster!" Behind the wall of the prison something slammed, the thin sound of broken glass was heard. One of the soldiers, planting his feet firmly on the ground, drew the horse to him,

and the horse jumped. The other one, his fist at his mouth, shouted something in the direction of the prison, and as he shouted he turned his head, with his ear cocked.

All attention, the mother turned her head in all directions, her eyes seeing everything, believing nothing. This thing which she had pictured as terrible and intricate was accomplished with extreme simplicity and rapidity, and the simpleness of the happenings stupefied her. Rybin was no longer to be seen—a tall man in a thin overcoat was walking there—a girl was running along. Three wardens jumped out from a corner of the prison; they ran side by side, stretching out their right hands. One of the soldiers rushed in front of them; the other ran around the horse, unsuccessfully trying to vault on the refractory animal, which kept jumping about. The whistles incessantly cut the air, their alarming, desperate shrieks aroused a consciousness of danger in the woman. Trembling, she walked along the fence of the cemetery, following the wardens; but they and the soldiers ran around the other corner of the prison and disappeared. They were followed at a run by the assistant overseer of the prison, whom she knew; his coat was unbuttoned. From somewhere policemen appeared, and people came running.

From the corner of the fence opposite her a constable with a black, curly beard, and two policemen emerged.

"Stop!" shouted the constable, breathing heavily. "Did you see—a man—with a beard—didn't he run by here?"

She pointed to the garden and answered calmly: "He went that way!"

"Yegorov, run! Whistle! Is it long ago?"

"Yes—I should say—about a minute!"

The mother nodded her head after them, and, satisfied with herself, went home. When she walked out of the field into the street a cab crossed her way. Raising her head she saw in the vehicle a young man with light mustache and a pale, worn face. He, too, regarded her. He sat slantwise. It must have been due to his position that his right shoulder was higher than his left.

At home Nikolay met her joyously.

"Alive? How did it go?"

"It seems everything's been successful!"

And slowly trying to reinstate all the details in her memory, she began to tell of the escape. Nikolay, too, was amazed at the success.

"You see, we're lucky!" said Nikolay, rubbing his hands. "But how frightened I

was on your account only God knows. You know what, Nilovna, take my friendly advice: don't be afraid of the trial. The sooner it's over and done with the sooner Pavel will be free. Believe me. I've already written to my sister to try to think what can be done for Pavel. Maybe he'll even escape on the road. And the trial is approximately like this." He began to describe to her the session of the court. She listened, and understood that he was afraid of something—that he wanted to inspire her.

CHAPTER XXVII

FACING RUSSIAN JUSTICE

ON the day of the trial, the mother carried into the hall of the session a heavy dark load that bent her back. In the street, acquaintances from the suburbs had greeted her. She had bowed in silence, rapidly making her way through the dense crowd in the corridor of the courthouse. In the hall she was met by relatives of the defendants, who also spoke to her in undertones. All the words seemed needless; she didn't understand them. Yet all the people were sullen, filled with the same feeling which weighed her down.

"Let's sit next to each other," suggested Sizov, going to a bench.

She sat down obediently, settled her dress, and looked around. Green and crimson specks, with the yellow threads between them, swam slowly before her eyes.

"Your son has ruined our Vasya," a woman sitting beside her said quietly.

"You keep still, Natalya!" Sizov chided her angrily.

Nilovna looked at the woman; it was the mother of Samoylov.

A dull, immobile light entered through the high windows of the hall, outside of which snow glided and fell lingeringly. Between the windows hung a large portrait of the Czar in a massive frame of glaring gilt. Straight, austere folds of the heavy crimson window drapery dropped over either side of it. Before the portrait, across almost the entire breadth of the hall, stretched the table covered with green cloth. To the right of the wall, behind the grill, stood two wooden benches; to the left two rows of crimson armchairs.

Suddenly one of the people said something aloud. The mother trembled. All arose; she, too, rose, seizing Sizov's hand.

In the left corner of the hall a high door opened and an old man emerged, swinging to and fro. On his gray little face shook white, sparse whiskers; he wore eyeglasses; the upper lip, which was shaven, sank into his mouth as by suction; his sharp jawbones and his chin were supported by the high collar of his uniform; apparently there was no neck under the collar. He was supported under the arm from behind by a tall young man with a porcelain face, red and round. Following him three more men in uniforms embroidered in gold, and three garbed in civilian wear, moved in slowly. They stirred about the table for a long time and finally took seats in the armchairs. When they had sat down, one of them in unbuttoned uniform, with a sleepy, clean-shaven face, began to say something to the little old man, moving his puffy lips heavily and soundlessly. The old man listened, sitting strangely erect and immobile. Behind the glasses of his *pince-nez* the mother saw two little colorless specks.

At the end of the table, at the desk, stood a tall, bold man, who coughed and shoved papers about.

The little old man swung forward and began to speak. He pronounced clearly the first words, but what followed seemed to creep without sound from his thin, gray lips.

"I open——"

"See!" whispered Sizov, nudging the mother softly.

In the wall behind the grill the door opened, a soldier came out with a bared saber on his shoulder; behind him appeared Pavel, Andrey, Fedya, Mazin, the two Gusevs, Samoylov, Bukin, Somov, and five more young men whose names were unknown to the mother. Pavel smiled kindly; Andrey also, showing his teeth as he nodded to her. The hall, as it were, became lighter and simpler from their smile; the strained, unnatural silence was enlivened by their faces and movements. The greasy glitter of gold on the uniforms dimmed and softened. A waft of bold assurance, the breath of living power, reached the mother's heart and roused it. On the benches behind her, where up to that time the people had been waiting in crushed silence, a responsive, subdued hum was audible.

"They're not trembling!" she heard Sizov whisper; and at her right side Samoylov's mother burst into soft sobs.

"Silence!" came a stern shout.

The mother felt she could breathe more

freely. She heard the indistinct questions of the old man, which he put without looking at the prisoners; and his head rested motionless on the collar of his uniform. She heard the calm, brief answers of her son. It seemed to her that the oldest judge and his associates could be neither evil nor cruel people. Looking carefully at their faces she tried to guess something, softly listening to the growth of a new hope in her breast.

On one side of the old man a judge with small, bleared eyes filled the armchair with his fat, bloated body. On the other side sat a stooping man with reddish mustache on his pale face. His head was wearily thrown on the back of the chair, and his eyes, half-closed, seemed to be reflecting over something. The face of the prosecuting attorney was also worn, bored, and unexpectant. Behind the judge sat the mayor of the city, a portly man, who meditatively stroked his cheek; the marshal of the nobility, a gray-haired, large-bearded, ruddy-faced man, with large, kind eyes; and the district elder, who wore a sleeveless peasant overcoat.

"There are no criminals here and no judges," Pavel's vigorous voice was heard. "There are only captives here, and conquerors!"

Silence fell. For a few seconds the mother's ears heard only the thin, hasty scratch of the pen on the paper or the beating of her own heart.

The oldest judge also seemed to be listening to something from afar. His associates stirred. Then he said:

"Hm! yes—Andrey Nakhodka, do you admit——"

Somebody whispered, "Rise!"

Andrey slowly rose, straightened himself, and pulling his mustache looked at the old man from the corners of his eyes.

"To what can I confess myself guilty?" said the Little Russian in his slow, surging voice, shrugging his shoulders. "I did not murder nor steal; I simply am not in agreement with an order of life in which people are compelled to rob and kill one another."

"Fedor Mazin, answer!"

"I don't want to!" said Fedya clearly, jumping to his feet. "I declined a defense—I'm not going to say anything—I don't regard your court as legal! Who are you? Did the people give you the right to judge us? No, they did not! I don't know you." He sat down and concealed his heated face behind Andrey's shoulders.

The mother smiled in perplexity. The proceedings seemed to be nothing but the necessary preliminary to something terrible, which would appear and at once stifle everybody with its cold horror. But the calm words of Pavel and Andrey had sounded so fearless and firm, as if uttered in the little house of the suburb.

The bald-headed prosecuting attorney arose, and, steadying himself on the desk with one hand, began to speak rapidly. In his voice nothing terrible was heard.

At the same time, however, a sudden dry, shooting attack disturbed the heart of the mother. It was an uneasy suspicion of something hostile to her, which did not threaten, did not shout, but unfolded itself unseen, soundless, intangible. The judges were not angry at Pavel or at Fedya; they did not shout at the young men, as she had expected; they did not abuse them in words, but put all their questions reluctantly, with the air of "What's the use?" Apparently they lacked interest because they knew everything beforehand.

There before her stood the gendarme, and spoke in a bass voice:

"Pavel Vlasov was named as the ring-leader."

"And Nakhodka?" asked the fat judge in his lazy undertone.

"He, too."

The familiar, yellow-faced officer stood before them, and told about Pavel and Andrey, stretching the words with an air of importance. The mother involuntarily laughed, and thought: "You don't know much, my little father."

And now, as she looked at the prisoners, she ceased to feel dread for them; they did not evoke alarm, pity was not for them; they called forth in her only admiration and love.

The noise of sighs and low exclamations, of coughing and scraping of feet, filled the hall as the court retired for a recess. The prisoners were led away. As they walked out, they nodded their heads to their relatives and familiars with a smile, and Ivan Gusev shouted to somebody in a modulated voice:

"Don't lose courage, Yegor."

The mother moved aside, and noticed that somebody was looking at her—a young man with a light mustache. He held his right hand in the pocket of his trousers, which made his left shoulder seem lower than the right, and this peculiarity of his figure seemed

familiar to the mother. But he turned from her, and she forgot about him immediately. In a minute, however, her ear was caught by the low question:

"This woman on the left?"

And somebody in a louder voice cheerfully answered:

"Yes."

She looked around. The man with the uneven shoulders stood sidewise toward her, and said something to his neighbor, a black-bearded fellow with a short overcoat and boots up to his knees.

Again her memory stirred uneasily, but did not yield any distinct results.

The watchman opened the door of the hall and shouted:

"Relatives, enter; show your tickets!"

The bellman rang; somebody announced indifferently: "The session has begun!"

Again all arose, and again, in the same order, the judges filed in and sat down; then the prisoners were led in.

"Pay attention!" whispered Sizov; "the prosecuting attorney is going to speak."

The mother craned her neck and extended her whole body. She yielded anew to expectation of the horrible.

Standing sidewise toward the judges, his head turned to them, leaning his elbow on the desk, the prosecuting attorney sighed, and abruptly waving his right hand in the air, began to speak.

She looked at the judges. There was no gainsaying that they were bored at having to listen to this speech. At times one of them changed his pose; but the lazy movement of the tired body did not rouse their drowsy souls. The oldest judge did not stir at all; he was congealed in his erect position, and the gray blots behind the eyeglasses at times disappeared, seeming to spread over his whole face. The mother realized this dead indifference, this unconcern without malice in it, and asked herself in perplexity, "Are they judging?"

The speech of the prosecuting attorney snapped off unexpectedly. He made a few quick, short steps, bowed to the judges, and sat down, rubbing his hands. The marshal of the nobility nodded his head to him, rolling his eyes; the city mayor extended his hand, and the district elder smiled.

"Next," said the old judge, bringing the paper to his face, "lawyers for the defendants Fedoseyev, Markov, Zagarov."

The lawyer whom the mother had seen at

Nikolay's arose. His face was broad and good-natured; his little eyes smiled radiantly. He spoke without haste, resonantly, and clearly.

"A live, strong man having in his breast a sensitive, honest heart cannot help rebelling with all his force against this life so full of open cynicism, corruption, falsehood, and so blunted by vapidty. Such glaringly evident contradictions the eyes of honest people cannot help seeing them—"

The judge with the green face bent toward the president and whispered something to him; then the old man said dryly:

"Please be more careful!"

The mother looked at them, and she actually saw something like a shadow of uneasiness on the faces of the judges. Another man was already speaking, a little lawyer with a sharp, pale, satiric face. He spoke very respectfully:

"With all due respect, I permit myself to call the attention of the court to the manner of the honorable prosecuting attorney, to the conduct of the safety department, or, as they are called in common parlance, spies—"

The judge with the green face again began to whisper something to the president. The prosecuting attorney jumped up. The lawyer continued without changing his voice:

"The spy Gyman tells us about the witness: 'I frightened him.' The prosecuting attorney also, as the court has heard, frightened witnesses; as a result of which act, at the insistence of the defense, he called forth a rebuke from the presiding judge."

The prosecuting attorney began to speak quickly and angrily; the old judge followed suit; the lawyer listened to them respectfully, inclining his head. Then he said:

"I can even change the position of my words if the prosecuting attorney deems them not in the right place; but that will not change the plan of my defense. However, I cannot understand the excitement of the prosecuting attorney."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE PRISONERS AT THE BAR

THEN Pavel arose; tense quiet prevailed.

"A party man, I recognize only the court of my party and will not speak in my defense. According to the desire of my comrades, I, too, declined a defense. I will merely try to explain to you what you don't understand. The prosecuting attorney des-

igned our coming out under the banner of the Social Democracy as an uprising against the superior power, and regarded us as nothing but rebels against the Czar. I must declare to you that the Czar is not the only chain that fetters the body of the country."

The judges began to stir heavily and uneasily; the marshal was the first to whisper something to the judge with the indolent face.

"We are Socialists! That means we are enemies to private property, which separates people, arms them against one another, and brings forth an irreconcilable hostility of interests. We maintain that a society that regards man only as a tool for its enrichment is anti-human; it is hostile to us; we cannot be reconciled to its morality. We want to fight, and will fight, every form of the physical and moral enslavement of man by such a society; we will fight every measure calculated to disintegrate society for the gratification of the interests of gain. We are workers—men by whose labor everything is created, from gigantic machines to childish toys. Everyone strives to utilize us, and may utilize us, as tools for the attainment of his ends. Now we want to have as much freedom as will give us the possibility, in time to come, to conquer all the power. Our slogan is simple: 'All the power for the people; all the means of production for the people; work obligatory on all. Down with private property!' You see, we are not rebels."

"Please, more to the point!" said the presiding judge distinctly and aloud. It seemed to the mother that his eyes began to burn with a sinister, greedy fire. The look all the judges cast on her son made her uneasy for him. And he, erect and tall, standing firmly and vigorously, stretched out his hand to them while he spoke distinctly:

"We are revolutionists, and will be such as long as private property exists, as long as some merely command, and as long as others merely work. We take stand, as your irreconcilable enemies, against the society whose interests you are bidden to protect, and reconciliation between us is impossible until we shall have been victorious. We will conquer—we workingmen! Your society is not at all so powerful as it thinks itself. That very property, for the production and preservation of which it sacrifices millions of people enslaved by it—that very force which gives it the power over us—stirs up discord within its own ranks, destroys them physically and morally. Property requires extremely great

efforts for its protection; and in reality all of you, our rulers, are greater slaves than we—you are enslaved spiritually, we only physically. You cannot withdraw from under the weight of your prejudices and habits the weight which deadens you spiritually; nothing hinders us from being inwardly free. What one of you can any longer fight for your power as an ideal? You have already expended all the arguments capable of guarding you against the pressure of historic justice. You can create nothing new in the domain of ideas; you are spiritually barren. Our ideas grow; they flare up ever more dazzling; they seize hold of the mass of the people, organizing them for the war of freedom. The consciousness of their great rôle unites all the workingmen of the world into one soul. You have no means whereby to hinder this renovating process in life except cruelty and cynicism. But your cynicism is very evident, your cruelty exasperates, and the hands with which you stifle us to-day will press our hands in comradeship to-morrow. Your energy, the mechanical energy of the increase of gold, separates you, too, into groups destined to devour one another. Our energy is a living power, founded on the ever-growing consciousness of the solidarity of all workingmen. Our work frees the world from the delusions and monsters which are produced by your malice and greed, and which intimidate the people. You have torn man away from life and disintegrated him. Socialism will unite the world, rent asunder by you, into one huge whole. And this will be!"

Pavel stopped for a second, and repeated in a lower tone, with greater emphasis, "This will be!"

The old judge stopped Pavel several times and explained something to him. Once he even smiled sadly. Pavel listened to him silently, and again began to speak in an austere but calm voice. Finally, however, the old man shouted to Pavel, whose voice in response flowed on calmly, somewhat sarcastically.

"I am reaching my conclusion. To insult you personally was not my desire; on the contrary, as an involuntary witness to this comedy which you call a court trial, I feel almost compassion for you, I may say. You are human beings after all; and it is saddening to see human beings, even our enemies, so shamefully debased in the service of violence, debased to such a degree that they lose consciousness of their human dignity."

He sat down without looking at the judges.

Andrey, all radiant with joy, pressed his hand firmly; Samoylov, Mazin, and the rest animatedly stretched toward him. He smiled a bit embarrassed by the transport of his comrades. He looked toward his mother, and nodded his head as if asking, "Is it so?"

She silently nodded her head and smiled, satisfied that her son had spoken so bravely, perhaps still more satisfied that he had finished. The thought darted through her mind that the speech was likely to increase the dangers threatening Pavel; but her heart palpitated with pride.

Andrey arose, swung his body forward, looked at the judges sidewise, and said:

"Gentlemen of the defense——"

"The court is before you, and not the defense!" observed the judge of the sickly face angrily and loudly.

"Is that so?" he said, swinging his head. "I think not. That you are not the judges, but only the defendants——"

"I request you to adhere to what directly pertains to the case," remarked the old man dryly.

"To what directly pertains to the case? Very well! I've already compelled myself to think that you are in reality judges, independent people, honest——"

"The court has no need of your characterization."

"It has no need of *such* a characterization? Hey? Well, but after all I'm going to continue. You are men who make no distinction between your own and strangers. You are free people. Now, here two parties stand before you; one complains, 'He robbed me'; and the other answers, 'I have a right to rob because I have arms——'"

"I'll prohibit you from speaking. You may say something about what directly pertains to the case."

The Little Russian looked at the judges, silently rubbing his head.

"About what directly pertains to the case?" he asked seriously. "Yes; but why should I speak to you about what directly pertains to the case? What you need to know my comrade has told you. The rest will be told you; the time will come, by others——"

The old judge rose and declared:

"I forbid you to speak. Vasily Samoylov!"

Pressing his lips together firmly the Little Russian dropped down lazily on the bench, and Samoylov arose alongside of him, shaking his curly hair.

"The prosecuting attorney called my comrades and me 'savages,' 'enemies of civilization'—"

"You must speak only about that which pertains to your case."

"This pertains to the case. There's nothing which does not pertain to honest men, and I ask you not to interrupt me. I ask you what sort of a thing is your civilization?"

"We are not here for discussions with you. To the point!" said the old judge, showing his teeth.

Andrey's demeanor had evidently changed the conduct of the judges; his words seemed to have wiped something away from them.

"You rear spies, you deprave women and girls, you put men in the position which forces them to thievery and murder; you corrupt them with whisky—international butchery, universal falsehood, depravity, and wildness—that's your civilization! Yes, we are enemies of this civilization!"

Resting his hand on the table the oldest judge arose. His head sank in the collar of his uniform, standing motionless, he began to read a paper in a droning voice.

"He's reading the sentence," said Sizov, listening.

Behind the judges the Czar in a red military coat, with an indifferent white face looked down from his portrait over their heads. On his face some insect was creeping, or a cobweb was trembling.

"Exile!" Sizov said with a sigh of relief. "Thank God! I heard that they were going to get hard labor. Never mind, mother, that's nothing."

They walked to the grill; the mother shed tears as she pressed the hand of her son. All were excited, but light and cheerful. The women wept; but, like Nilovna, more from habit than grief. They did not experience the stunning pain produced by an unexpected blow on the head, but only the sad consciousness that they must part with the children. The very novelty of the occasion rendered expression impossible. Words were spoken in plenty, but they referred only to common matters. The relatives spoke of linen and clothes, and begged the comrades to take care of their health, and not to provoke the authorities uselessly.

The younger Bukin spoke to his brother:

"You look out for the starling. I love him."

"Come back home, and you'll find him in perfect trim."

The mother spoke to Pavel, like the others, about the same things, about clothes, about his health, yet her breast was choked by a hundred questions concerning Sasha, concerning himself, and herself. The expectation of the terrible had died away, leaving behind it only a tremor at the recollection of the judges, and somewhere in a corner a dark impersonal thought regarding them.

"Young people ought to be tried by young judges, and not by old ones," she said to her son.

"It would be better to arrange life so that it should not force people to crime," answered Pavel.

Finally the prisoners were led away. The mother walked out of the court, and was surprised to see that night already hung over the city, with the lanterns alight in the streets, and the stars shining in the sky. Groups composed mainly of young men were crowding near the courthouse. Suddenly they were surrounded. The mother and Sizov stopped. They were questioned in regard to the sentence, as to how the prisoners behaved, who delivered the speeches, and what the speeches were about. All the voices rang with the same eager curiosity.

"People! This is the mother of Pavel Vlasov!" somebody shouted, and presently all became silent.

"Permit me to shake your hand."

Somebody's firm hand pressed the mother's fingers, somebody's voice said excitedly:

"Your son will be an example of manhood for all of us."

"Long live the Russian workingman!" a resonant voice rang out.

"Long live the revolution!"

The shouts grew louder and increased in number, rising up on all sides. The people ran from every direction, pushing into the crowd around the mother and Sizov. The whistles of the police leaped through the air, but did not deafen the shouts. The old man smiled; and to the mother all this seemed like a pleasant dream. She smilingly pressed the hands extended to her and bowed, with joyous tears choking her throat.

Just then Sasha appeared, caught the mother under her arm, and quickly dragged her away to the other side of the street.

"Come! They're going to make arrests. What? Exile? To Siberia?"

"Yes, yes."

"And how did he speak? I know without your telling me. He was more powerful than

any of the others, and more simple. And of course, sterner than all the rest. He's sensitive and soft, only he's ashamed to expose himself. And he's direct, clear, firm, like truth itself. He's very great, and there's everything in him, everything!" Her hot half whisper, the words of her love, calmed the mother's agitation, and restored her exhausted strength.

"When will you go to him?" she asked Sasha, pressing her hand to her body.

Looking confidently before her the girl answered:

"As soon as I find somebody to take over my work. You know I am also awaiting a sentence. Evidently they are going to send me to Siberia, too. I will then declare that I want to be exiled to the same locality."

At home they sat on the sofa closely pressed together, and the mother again began to speak about Sasha's going to Pavel. Thoughtfully raising her thick eyebrows, the girl looked into the distance with her large, dreamy eyes.

"Then, when children will be born to you, I will come to you and dandle them. We'll begin to live there no worse than here. Pasha will find work. He has golden hands."

"Yes," answered Sasha thoughtfully. "That's good—" And suddenly starting, as if throwing something away, she began to speak simply in a modulated voice. "He won't commence to live there. He'll go away, of course."

"And how will that be? Suppose, in case of children?"

"I don't know. We'll see when we are there. In such a case he oughtn't to reckon with me, and I cannot constrain him. He's free at any moment. I am his comrade—a wife, of course. But the conditions of his work are such that for years and years I cannot regard our bond as a usual one, like that of others. It will be hard, I know it, to part with him; but, of course, I'll manage to. He knows that I'm not capable of regarding a man as my possession. I'm not going to constrain him, no."

CHAPTER XXIX

THE MOTHER'S MARTYRDOM

NIKOLAY entered, exhausted, but brisk.

"Well, Sashenka, you must get away from here, as long as you are sound. Two spies

have been after me since this morning, and the attempt at concealment is so evident that it promises an arrest. I feel it in my bones—somewhere something has happened. By the way, here I have the speech of Pavel. It's been decided to publish it, and as soon as possible. Take it to Liudmila. Ask her to get at it as soon as possible. Pavel spoke well, Nilovna; and his speech will play a part. Look out for spies, Sasha. Wait a little while—hide these papers, too. You might give them to Ivan, for example."

While he spoke, he vigorously rubbed his frozen hands, and quickly pulled out the drawers of his table, picking out papers, some of which he tore up, others he laid aside. His manner was absorbed, and his appearance all upset.

"Do you suppose it was long ago that this place was cleared out? And look at this mass of stuff accumulated already! The devil! You see, Nilovna, it would be better for you, too, not to sleep here to-night. It's a sorry spectacle to witness, and they may arrest you, too. And you'll be needed for carrying Pavel's speech about from place to place."

The possibility of taking a part in the spreading of her son's speech was pleasant to her, and she answered:

"If so, I'll go. But don't think I'm afraid."

Sasha burned the papers in silence, and carefully mixed their ashes with the other cinders in the stove.

"Sasha, go," said Nikolay, putting out his hand to her. "Good-by. Don't forget books—if anything new and interesting appears. Well, good-by, dear comrade. Be more careful."

"Do you think it's for long?" asked Sasha.

"The devil knows! Evidently. There's something against me. Nilovna, are you going with her? It's harder to track two people—all right?"

"I'm going." The mother went to dress herself, and it occurred to her how little these people who were striving for the freedom of all cared for their personal freedom. The simplicity and the businesslike manner of Nikolay in expecting the arrest both astonished and touched her.

When she returned to the room she found him pressing Sasha's hand and saying:

"Admirable! I'm convinced of it. It's very good for him and for you. A little personal happiness does not do any harm; but

—a little, you know, so as not to make him lose his value. Are you ready, Nilovna?" He walked up to her, smiling and adjusting his glasses. "Well, good-by. Be careful to-morrow. This is what you should do—send the boy in the morning—Liudmila has a boy for the purpose—let him go to the house porter and ask him whether I'm home or not. I'll forewarn the porter; he's a good fellow, and I'm a friend of his. Well, good-by, comrades. I wish you all good."

On the street Sasha said quietly to the mother:

"He'll go as simply as this to his death, if necessary. And apparently he'll hurry up a little in just the same way; when death stares him in the face he'll adjust his eyeglasses, and will say 'Admirable,' and will die."

"I love him," whispered the mother.

"I'm filled with astonishment; but love him—no. I respect him highly. He's sort of dry, although good and even, if you please, sometimes soft; but not sufficiently human—it seems to me we're being followed. Come, let's part. Don't enter Liudmila's place if you think a spy is after you."

"I know," said the mother. Sasha, however, persistently added: "Don't enter. In that case, come to me. Good-by for the present."

The mother called "Good-by" after her. Within a few minutes she sat all frozen through at the stove in Liudmila's little room. Liudmila began to read Pavel's speech, at first reluctantly; then she bent lower and lower over the paper, quickly throwing aside the pages as she read them. When she had finished she rose, straightened herself, and walked up to the mother.

"That's good. That's what I like; although here, too, there's calmness. But the speech is the sepulchral beat of a drum, and the drummer is a powerful man."

She reflected a little while, lowering her head for a minute:

"I didn't want to speak with you about your son; I have never met him, and I don't like sad subjects of conversation. I know what it means to have a near one go into exile. But I want to say to you, nevertheless, that your son must be a splendid man. He's young—that's evident; but he's a great heart. It must be good and terrible to have such a son."

"Yes, it's good. And now it's no longer terrible."

Liudmila settled her smoothly combed hair with her tawny hand and sighed softly.

A light, warm shadow trembled on her cheeks, the shadow of a suppressed smile.

"We are going to print it. Will you help me?"

"Of course."

"I'll set it up quickly. You lie down; you had a hard day; you're tired. Lie down here on the bed; I'm not going to sleep; and at night maybe I'll wake you up to help me."

When the mother opened her eyes the room was filled by the cold, white glimmer of a clear wintry day.

"Good morning!" said Liudmila. "It'll soon be ten o'clock. Get up and we'll have tea."

"Why didn't you wake me up?"

"I wanted to. I walked up to you; but you were so fast asleep and smiled so in your sleep! Maybe you were seeing a happy vision."

The mother looked through the window. A cold, bracing day shone in the street. A desire to pray, which she had not felt for a long time, arose in her breast. Somebody's young face came to her memory, somebody's resonant voice shouted, "That's the mother of Pavel Vlasov!" Sasha's eyes flashed joyously and tenderly. Rybin's dark, tall figure loomed up, the bronzed, firm face of her son smiled, Nikolay blinked in embarrassment; and suddenly everything was stirred with a deep but light breath.

"Nikolay was right," said Liudmila, entering again. "He must surely have been arrested. I sent the boy there, as you told me to. He said policemen are hiding in the yard; he did not see the house porter; but he saw the policeman who was hiding behind the gates. And spies are sauntering about; the boy knows them."

"So?" The mother nodded her head. "Ah, poor fellow!"

"Lately he's been reading a great deal to the city workingmen; and in general it was time for him to disappear," Liudmila said with a frown. "The comrades told him to go, but he didn't obey them. I think that in such cases you must compel and not try to persuade."

Liudmila urged the mother not to go home until they found out whom the police were waiting for there.

"Maybe they are waiting for you. I'm sure they'll examine you."

"Let them. And if they arrest me, no great harm. Only I'd like to have Pasha's speech sent off."

"It's already in type. To-morrow it'll be possible to have it for the city and the suburb. We'll have some for the districts, too. Do you know Natasha?"

"Of course!"

"Then take it to her."

The time passed more quickly than on the other days. When they had done drinking tea it was already near midday.

"However!" exclaimed Liudmila, and at the same time a knock at the door was heard.

The little physician walked in. He quickly said:

"First of all, Nikolay is arrested. Aha! You here, Nilovna? They're interested in you, too. Weren't you there when he was arrested?"

"He packed me off, and told me to come here."

"Hum! I don't think it will be of any use to you. Secondly, last night several young people printed about five hundred speeches on the hektograph. I saw them—not badly done, plain and clear. They want to scatter them throughout the city at night. I'm against it. Printed sheets are better for the city, and the hektograph copies ought to be sent off somewhere."

"Here, I'll carry them to Natasha!" the mother exclaimed animatedly. "Give them to me."

Liudmila looked fixedly at her, and remarked:

"It's dangerous for you."

"Why?" the mother challenged hotly.

"That's why!" said the physician quickly and brokenly. "You disappeared from home an hour before Nikolay's arrest. You went away to the mill, where you are known as the teacher's aunt; after your arrival at the mill the naughty leaflets appear. All this will tie itself into a noose around your neck."

"They won't notice me there," the mother assured them, warming to her desire. "When I return they'll arrest me, and ask me where I was." After a moment's pause she exclaimed: "I know what I'll say. From there I'll go straight to the suburb; I have a friend there—Sizov. So I'll say that I went there straight from the trial; grief took me there; and he, too, had the same misfortune, his nephew was sentenced; and I spent the whole time with him. Do you see?"

"Well, go," the physician reluctantly assented.

"You all take care of me," the mother said, smiling. "You don't take care of your-

selves." And the wave of joy mounted higher and higher.

"It isn't true. We look out for ourselves. We ought to; and we upbraid those who uselessly waste their power. Now, this is the way you are to do. You will receive the speeches at the station." He explained to her how the matter would be arranged; then looking into her face he said: "Well, I wish you success. You're happy, aren't you?" And he walked away still gloomy and dissatisfied. When the door closed behind him Liudmila walked up to the mother, smiling quietly.

"You're a fine woman! I understand you." Taking her by the arm, she again walked up and down the room. "I have a son, too. He's already thirteen years old; but he lives with his father. My husband is an assistant prosecuting attorney. Maybe he's already prosecuting attorney. And the boy's with him. What is he going to be? I often think." Her humid, powerful voice trembled. Then her speech flowed on again thoughtfully and quietly. "He's being brought up by a professed enemy of those people who are near me, whom I regard as the best people on earth; and maybe the boy will grow up to be my enemy. He cannot live with me; I live under a strange name. I have not seen him for eight years. That's a long time—eight years!"

Stopping at the window, she looked up at the pale, bleak sky and continued: "If he were with me I would be stronger; I would not have this wound in my heart, the wound that always pains. And even if he were dead it would be easier for me—" She paused again, and added more firmly and loudly: "Then I would know he's merely dead, but not an enemy of that which is higher than the feeling of a mother, dearer and more necessary than life. You are happy," Liudmila added with a smile. "It's magnificent—the mother and the son side by side. It's rare!"

The mother unexpectedly to herself exclaimed:

"Yes, it is good!" and as if disclosing a secret, she continued in a lowered voice: "It is another life. All of you—Nikolay Ivanovich, all the people of the cause of truth—are also side by side. Suddenly people have become kin—I understand all—the words I don't understand; but everything else I understand, everything!"

In the street the frozen atmosphere envel-

oped the mother invigoratingly, penetrated into her throat, tickled her nose, and for a second suppressed the breathing in her bosom. She stopped and looked around. Near to her, at the corner of the empty street, stood a cabman in a shaggy hat; at a slight distance a man was walking, bent, his head sunk in his shoulders; and in front of him a soldier was running, rubbing his ears.

"The soldier must have been sent to the store," she thought. She arrived at the railway station early; her train was not yet ready; but in the dirty waiting room of the third class, blackened with smoke, there were numerous people already. The cold drove in all the road workmen; cabmen and some poorly dressed, homeless people came in to warm themselves; there were passengers, also a few peasants, a stout merchant in a raccoon overcoat, a priest and his daughter, a pockmarked girl, some five soldiers, and bustling tradesmen. The men smoked, talked, drank tea and whisky at the buffet; some one laughed boisterously; a wave of smoke was wafted over the head; the door squeaked as it opened, the windows rattled when the door was jammed to; the odor of tobacco, machine oil, and salt fish thickly beat into the nostrils.

A young man entered with a yellow valise in his hand, quickly looked around, and walked straight to the mother.

"To Moscow, to your niece?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes, to Tanya."

"Very well."

He put the valise on the bench near her, quickly whipped out a cigarette, lighted it, and raising his hat, silently walked toward the other door. The mother stroked the cold skin of the valise, leaned her elbows on it, and, satisfied, began again to look around.

One man in a short overcoat and its collar raised jostled against her and jumped back, silently waving his hand toward his head. Something familiar about him struck her; she glanced around and saw that he was looking at her with one eye gleaming out of his collar. This attentive eye pricked her; the hand in which she held the valise trembled; she felt a dull pain in her shoulder, and the load suddenly grew heavy.

"I've seen him somewhere," she thought, and with the thought suppressed the unpleasant, confused feeling in her breast. She would not permit herself to define the cold sensation that already pressed her heart qui-

etly but powerfully. It grew and rose in her throat, filling her mouth with a dry, bitter taste, and compelling her to turn around and look once more. His right hand was thrust between the buttons of his coat, the other he kept in his pocket. On account of this the right shoulder seemed higher than the left.

Without hastening, she walked to the bench and sat down carefully, slowly, as if afraid of tearing something in herself or on herself. Her memory, aroused by a sharp premonition of misfortune, quickly presented this man twice to her imagination—once in the field outside the city, after the escape of Rybin; a second time in the evening in the court. There at his side stood the constable to whom she had pointed out the false way taken by Rybin. They knew her; they were tracking her—this was evident.

"Am I caught?" she asked, and in the following second answered herself, starting, "Maybe there is still—" and immediately forcing herself with a great effort, she said sternly: "I'm caught. No use."

She looked around, and her thoughts flashed up in sparks and expired in her brain one after the other.

"Leave the valise? Go away?"

But at the same time another spark darted up more glaringly: "How much will be lost? Drop the son's word in such hands?"

She pressed the valise to herself trembling. "And to go away with it? Where? To run?"

These thoughts seemed to her those of a stranger, somebody from the outside, who was pushing them on her by main force. They burned her, and their burns chopped her brain painfully, lashed her heart like fiery whipcords. They were an insult to the mother; they seemed to be driving her away from her own self, from Pavel, and everything which had grown to her heart. She felt that a stubborn, hostile force oppressed her, squeezed her shoulder and breast, lowered her stature, plunging her into a fatal fear. The veins on her temples began to pulsate vigorously, and the roots of her hair grew warm.

Then with one great and sharp effort of her heart, which seemed to shake her entire being, she quenched all these cunning, petty, feeble little fires, saying sternly to herself: "Enough!"

She at once began to feel better, and she grew strengthened altogether, adding: "Don't disgrace your son. Nobody's afraid."

Several seconds of wavering seemed to have the effect of joining everything in her; her heart began to beat calmly.

"What's going to happen now? How will they go about it with me?" she thought, observant.

The spy called a station guard, and whispered something to him, directing his look toward her. The guard glanced at him and moved back. Another guard came, listened, grinned, and lowered his brows. He nodded his head to the spy, and walked up to the bench where the mother sat. The spy quickly disappeared.

The old man strode leisurely toward the mother, intently thrusting his angry eyes into the mother's face. She sat farther back on the bench, trembling. "If they only don't beat me, if they only don't beat me!"

He stopped at her side; she raised her regard to his face.

"What are you looking at?" he asked in a moderated voice.

"Nothing."

"Hm! Thief! So old and yet——"

It seemed to her that his words struck her.

"I'm not a thief! You lie!" she shouted. She jerked the valise, and it opened.

"Look! look! All you people!" she shouted, standing up and waving the bundle of the proclamations she had quickly seized over her head. Through the noise in her ears she heard the exclamations of the people who came running up, and she saw them pouring in quickly from all directions.

"What is it?"

"There's a spy!"

"What's the matter?"

"She's a thief, they say!"

"I'm not a thief," said the mother in a full voice, somewhat calmed at the sight of the people who pressed closely upon her from all sides.

"Yesterday they tried the political prisoners; my son was one of them, Vlasov. He made a speech. Here it is. I'm carrying it to the people in order that they should read, think about the truth."

One paper was carefully pulled from her hands. She waved the papers in the air and flung them into the crowd.

"She won't get any praise for that either!" somebody exclaimed in a frightened voice.

The mother saw that the papers were being snatched up, were being hidden in breasts and pockets. This again put her firmly on her feet; more composed than forceful, strain-

ing herself to her utmost, and feeling how agitated pride grew in her raising her high above the people, how subdued joy flamed up in her, she spoke, snatching bundles of papers from the valise and throwing them right and left into some person's quick, greedy hands.

"For this they sentenced my son and all with him. Do you know? I will tell you, and you believe the heart of a mother; believe her gray hair. Yesterday they sentenced them because they carried to you, to all the people, the honest, sacred truth."

Back of the crowd the mother noticed the spy and two gendarmes. She hastened to give away the last bundles; but when her hand let itself down into the valise it met another strange hand.

"Take it, take it all!" she said, bending down.

A dirty face raised itself to hers, and a low whisper reached her:

"Whom shall I tell? Whom inform?"

She did not answer.

"Out of the way here!" shouted the gendarmes, pushing the people. They gave way to the jostling unwillingly. The gray-haired woman with the large, honest eyes in her kind face attracted them powerfully. Those who were near stood in silence. The mother saw their gloomy faces, their frowning brows, their eyes, and felt their warm breath on her face.

"Get up on the bench," they said.

"I'll be arrested immediately. It's not necessary."

"Speak quicker! They're coming!"

"Go to meet the honest people. Don't be reconciled, comrades, don't! Don't yield to the power of the powerful. Arise, you working people! you are the masters of life! All live by your labor; and only for your labor do they untie your hands. You have no friends except yourselves."

"Out of the way! Disperse!" the shouts of the gendarmes came nearer and nearer.

"Is that all you have in the valise?" whispered somebody.

"Take it! Take all!" said the mother.

"The word of my son is the honest word of a workingman, of an unsold soul. Receive it with an open heart, feed on it; it will give you the power to understand everything, to fight against everything for the truth, for the freedom of mankind."

She received a blow on the chest; she staggered and fell on the bench. The gen-

darmes' hands darted over the heads of the people, and seizing collars and shoulders, threw them aside, tore off hats, flung them far away. Everything grew dark and began to whirl before the eyes of the mother.

A large gendarme caught her collar with his red hand and shook her.

"Keep quiet!"

"Fear nothing! There are no tortures worse than those which you endure all your lives!"

"Silence! I say!" The gendarme took her by the arm and pulled her; another seized her by the other arm, and taking long steps, they led her away.

"There are no tortures more bitter than those which gnaw at your heart every day, waste your breast, and drain your power."

The spy came running up, and shaking his fist in her face, shouted:

"Silence, you old hag!"

Her eyes widened, sparkled; her jaws quivered. Planting her feet firmly on the slippery stones of the floor, she shouted, gathering the last remnants of her strength:

"I'm reviving the soul; they will not kill it."

"Dog!"

The spy struck her face with a short swing of his hand.

Something black and red blinded her eyes for a second. The salty taste of blood filled her mouth.

A clear outburst of shouts animated her:

"Don't dare to beat her!"

"Oh, you scoundrel!"

"They cannot drown reason in blood."

She was pushed in the neck and the back, beaten about the shoulders, on the head. Everything began to turn around, grow giddy in a dark whirlwind of shouts, howls, whistles. Something thick and deafening crept into her ear, beat in her throat, choked her. The floor under her feet began to shake, giving way. Her legs bent, her body trembled, burned with pain, grew heavy, and staggered powerless. But her eyes were not extinguished, and they saw other eyes which flashed with the fire dear to her heart.

She was pushed somewhere into a door.

She snatched her hand away from the gendarmes and caught hold of the doorpost.

"You cannot drown the truth in seas of blood——"

They struck her hand.

"You heap up only malice on yourself! It will fall on you——"

Somebody seized her neck and began to choke her. There was a rattle in her throat.

"You poor, sorry creatures——"

THE END

THE FALLEN MASK

By RHODA HERO DUNN

I WOKE from happy dreams; the April air
Unburdened its soft sweetness in the night;
But as I lay there in its starry light,
This mask of resignation which I wear
Slipped from my broken heart and left it bare,
Unclothed of further pretense; to my sight
Uncovered, naked in its woeful plight
Of hopelessness and absolute despair.
Oh, I can meet with an uplifted face
The morning light when day has first begun,
Can do my work in my appointed place,
Keep to the road until the race be run;
But, oh, my God! Thy servant fill with grace
Against the setting of the evening sun!

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IS

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APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

for July



"The bloodhound and the bloody lash"

—the phrase has a sound of ancient history,

or at least of melodrama. But it is very much of today, according to the revelations of an eye-witness sent into the south by Appleton's Magazine. He has found that blood-hounds and whipping are still institutions in some parts of the country. Only, nowadays they are used for the control not of black, but of white slaves. And these white slaves have been duped or forced into their servitude after the manner of the old time press gangs. It makes strong reading, but this is a time when the public is determined to get at the truth in all places.

Alexander Irvine, who went into the peonage camps for Appleton's Magazine, contributes the second of his papers to our July number. In this, he speaks of his experiences with the so-called "Bull of the Woods" under whose iron hand he worked. He describes the persecutions of the men, and various abuses that make life in the lumber camps horrible. The article is illustrated with photographs taken by Mr. Irvine himself, who, owing to his disguise and his aforetime experiences as a laboring man was never suspected of being an investigator. Written by one who knows whereof he writes, the series, "**My Life in Peonage**," is bound to make a deep impression.

In strange contrast with the squalor, the cruelty, the grinding toil to which the white male slaves of American peonage are condemned, is the slavery of



APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

for July



women among the Turks. In that country, which we Americans slander with every allusion and misjudge with every thought, the ancient abomination of slavery is modified to a surprising extent. It might be called slavery *de luxe*. The July number will contain another of **Mrs. Demetra Vaka Brown's** remarkable articles on Turkish domestic life.

A slave woman in Turkey may become the wife of the Sultan. The grandmother of the present Sultan was a slave. In Mrs. Brown's words: "Slavery in Turkey is not what the word implies in Christianity. A slave in Turkey is like an adopted child, to whom is given every advantage according to her talents. If she is beautiful, she is brought up like a young lady and is given as a wife to a noble and rich man; if she is plain and clever, she becomes a teacher; if she is plain and not clever, she learns to do the manual work, sewing or domestic labor. According to the Koran, a slave must be freed after seven years of servitude and be given a dowry of no less than \$250. Slaves always fare better than if they stayed at home."

Few of our women readers, we think, will be inclined to prefer harem conditions to those of the American home and yet the faults of Turkish life have hitherto been so much over-emphasized that, for the sake of balance, it is desirable that the charms and virtues should be stated. We cannot imagine them being stated more gracefully than in Mrs. Demetra



APPLETON'S MAGAZINE



for July

Brown's account of a day she spent with
"Aïshe Hanum, the Official Wife." No

chapter in American history is more appealing than the true story of "**The Lost Colony of Roanoke.**" Sir Walter Raleigh sent this little band to Roanoke Island with promises of future supplies and reënforcements. The wars with Spain and the Invasion of the Armada prevented any relief for years. When finally a ship arrived, nothing was found but ruins.

The mystery of the survivors has haunted our chronicles like a ghostly tradition. A contributor to Appleton's for July will describe how he has found and visited an Indian tribe in North Carolina which claims descent from these settlers, retains many quaint English customs and still keeps the names of some of the colonists. The author of the article is the well-known traveller **Alexander Hume Ford**, who has taken many photographs. His article is not only an important contribution to American history, but a picturesque side light on the Jamestown Exposition.

In the development of the country, the trolley becomes more and more revolutionary. While it is changing customs and appearances, it is itself undergoing change. In an article entitled "**Emancipation by Trolley,**" Merrill A. Teague describes the elaborate systems of Indiana with their sleeping-cars, dining-cars, express and freight cars all run by trolley. Indiana is the most advanced of all our states in this respect,



APPLETON'S MAGAZINE



for July

and the article shows how the trolley has released the state from the greed and inefficiency of the steam railroad.

While the Christians are planning to reform Japan, the **Japanese are getting ready to reform Christianity.** In a most illuminating article **Mr. Harold Bolce** outlines the criticisms the Japanese make on Christianity, why they think it immoral and why they consider Shintoism, a more lofty creed.

The work of one of our most important poets of the camera, Alice Boughton, is described in "**The Higher Photography,**" by Rupert Hughes. The illustrations are exceedingly beautiful.

First place in the fiction belongs to the great serial "**The Younger Set,**" by **Robert W. Chambers.** In the grip of the main problem and the depth of the appeal to the emotions he has surpassed even his triumphant, "**The Fighting Chance.**" Other stories are the story of a blind tiger and his trainer, "**The Bandage,**" by Leo Crane; a humorous love-story, "**Hicks of Hackensack,**" by Porter Emerson Brown; the powerful adventure story, "**The Greater Hate,**" by Roy Norton; a story of east side children, "**The End of the Feud,**" by Ernest K. Coulter, long connected with the Juvenile Court of New York, and the last of the splendid series by **Agnes and Egerton Castle.**

Altogether the July number of Appleton's is about as good as a magazine can be made at any price.

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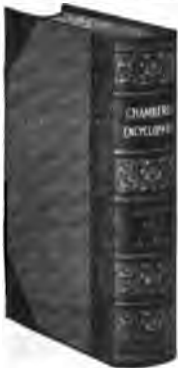
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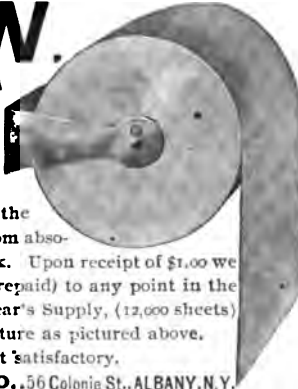


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